2
D4

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL OF

Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

VOLUME LXIV

January 3 to June 6, 1918

CHICAGO

KRAUS REPRINT CORPORATION
New York
1966

Reprinted with the permission of James S. Watson, Jr.
and Scofield Thayer.

Advertising has been omitted in this reprint edition.
The elimination of full-page advertisements accounts
for minor gaps in pagination.

Printed in U.S.A.

INDEX TO VOLUME LXIV

		PAGE
AIKEN, CONRAD, THE POETRY OF	*John Gould Fletcher*	291
ANNOUNCEMENT	*The Editors*	521
ANTIQUATED YOUTH	*Kenneth Macgowan*	390
ART, AND WHAT OF?	*Laurence Binyon*	93
ARTIST AND TRADESMAN	*Lord Dunsany*	473
BACKGROUND WITHOUT TRADITION	*C. K. Trueblood*	194
BARRYMORE'S IBBETSON, JOHN	*Marsden Hartley*	227
BRIEUX, EUGENE	*Benj. M. Woodbridge*	67
BROADWAY, A GORDON CRAIG FROM	*Kenneth Macgowan*	478
CABELL, JAMES BRANCH, A GOSSIP ON	*Wilson Follett*	392
CHANGING PERMANENCE, OUR	*William E. Dodd*	197
CHEKHOV, ANTON	*Louis S. Friedland*	27
CHESTERTON'S ENGLAND, MR.	*R. K. Hack*	65
CIVILIANS, THE SOUL OF	*Myron R. Williams*	241
CLIPPED WINGS	*Randolph Bourne*	358
CONSCIOUS CONTROL OF THE BODY	*H. M. Kallen*	533
COSMOPOLITE, A THWARTED	*Henry B. Fuller*	68
CRITICS, CORRUPTED DRAMATIC	*Kenneth Macgowan*	13
CROCE'S THOUGHT, THE RICH STOREHOUSE OF	*J. E. Spingarn*	485
CULTURE, THE DETERMINANTS OF	*Max Sylvius Handman*	438
CURIOSITY SHOP, NEW—AND A POET	*Conrad Aiken*	111
DEMOCRACY BY COERCION	*Clarence Britten*	235
EDUCATION AND SOCIAL DIRECTION	*John Dewey*	333
EDUCATION, THE CREATIVE AND EFFICIENCY CONCEPTS OF	*Helen Marot*	341
ENEMY, OUR, SPEAKS	*Randolph Bourne*	486
ESSAY-LOVERS, A HINT TO	*B. I. Kinne*	288
ESTABLISHING THE ESTABLISHED	*Henry B. Fuller*	233
FICTION, THE BREVITY SCHOOL IN	*Randolph Bourne*	405
FREE VERSE, THE RHYTHMS OF	*Amy Lowell*	51
GENTILITY, A VANISHING WORLD OF	*Randolph Bourne*	234
GOD AS VISIBLE PERSONALITY	*Edward Sapir*	192
GREEK MEETS GREEK	*H. B. Alexander*	63
GRENSTONE LAD, A	*Swinburne Hale*	23
HARVEST, A VARIED	*Henry B. Fuller*	539
IDEALISM, REVOLUTIONARY, A PRIMER OF	*Randolph Bourne*	69
IMAGIST NOVEL, AN	*Randolph Bourne*	451
IMPERTURBABLE ARTIST, AN	*Ruth McIntire*	527
INTERNATIONALISM AS THE CONDITION OF ALLIED SUCCESS	*Norman Angell*	427
INTOLERANCE, AMERICAN, A STUDY OF	*Alfred Booth Kuttner*	223, 282
IRELAND'S NEW WRITER OF FICTION	*Ernest A. Boyd*	445
JAMES, WILLIAM, A SWISS VIEW OF	*H. M. Kallen*	401
KEATS AS THINKER	*William Chase Greene*	64
KENTUCKY CUMBERLANDS, THE FOLK CULTURE OF THE	*William Aspenwall Bradley*	95
"LABOR, RIGHT OR WRONG"	*Charles A. Beard*	152
LETTERS TO UNKNOWN WOMEN	*Richard Aldington*	226, 430, 525
I. To the Slave in "Cleon"		226
II. To Sappho		430
III. To Helen		525
LIBRARY, THE PUBLIC, AND THE PUBLIC NEED	*Babette Deutsch*	475
LINCOLN IN BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS	*L. E. Robinson*	148
LITERARY BURLESQUE, REËNTER	*Clarence Britten*	450
LITERARY CLAPTRAP	*James Weber Linn*	401
LITERATURE, IF THIS BE, GIVE ME DEATH	*B. I. Kinne*	199

		PAGE
Little Theatre, A Happy Ending for the	*Kenneth Macgowan*	187
London Letters	*Edward Shanks*	103, 189, 286, 396, 480
Long Wait in Vain, A	*M. C. Otto*	355
Lords of Language	*Scofield Thayer*	536
Magics, The Two	*Conrad Aiken*	447
"Million-Footed Manhattan"	*Harold Stearns*	239
Mistakes, A Year of	*Harold Stearns*	293
Mysticism, The Middle Way in	*C. K. Trueblood*	534
National Frontiers, The Passing of	*Thorstein Veblen*	387
Novelist Turned Prophet, A	*Louis Untermeyer*	483
Oxford Spirit, The	*R. K. Hack*	350
Paris Letters	*Robert Dell*	59, 141, 230, 344, 435, 530
Past, On Creating a Usable	*Van Wyck Brooks*	337
Patriotism Without Vision	*V. T. Thayer*	19
Peace, Lasting, The Structure of	*H. M. Kallen*	9, 56, 99, 137, 180
Peur de la Vie, La	*Harold Stearns*	482
Pilgrim Sons of 1920	*P. W. Wilson*	522
Plays, New, and a New Theory	*Padraic Colum*	295
Plot, A Novel with a	*Myron R. Williams*	153
Poet, Why a, Should Never Be Educated	*Louis Untermeyer*	145
Poets as Reporters	*Conrad Aiken*	351
Poets, The Deterioration of	*Conrad Aiken*	403
Politics, The Painted Devil of	*Harold Stearns*	109
Promised Land, A Pilgrim Interprets the	*Elsie Clews Parsons*	107
Psychology, Applied, on Trial	*Joseph Jastrow*	353
Purpose and Flippancy	*Randolph Bourne*	540
Quadrangles Paved with Good Intentions	*Randolph Bourne*	151
"Queer Fellow, A"	*William Aspenwall Bradley*	297
Rimsky-Korsakov	*Paul Rosenfeld*	279
"Sage and Serious" Poet, The	*R. E. Neil Dodge*	487
Sancho Panza on His Island	*Edward Sapir*	25
Science, The True Authority of	*Robert H. Lowie*	432
Sense and Nonsense	*Harold Stearns*	439
Sherman's Garden, Professor, Thistles and Grapes in	*Henry B. Fuller*	105
Sinclair, May, Sentimentalist	*Herbert J. Seligmann*	489
Statesman Sacrificed, A	*Robert Morss Lovett*	441
Superstition Become Respectable	*Joseph Jastrow*	289
Thirteen, A Lucky	*Louis Untermeyer*	70
Thomas, Edward	*Edward Garnett*	135
Tone-Poet, A Modern Russian	*Russell Ramsey*	21
Tory Tomb, Shades from the	*Harold J. Laski*	349
Traps for the Unwary	*Randolph Bourne*	277
Trotzky, A Doubtful Ally	*Harold Stearns*	143
Ukraine, Poetry vs. Politics in the	*Louis Untermeyer*	238
University, The, and Democracy	*Charles A. Beard*	335
Vagabond, A Scholarly	*Myron R. Williams*	402
Victorian Suburbia, Art in	*Robert Morss Lovett*	191
Victorians, A Residuary Legatee of the	*Robert Morss Lovett*	16
Voice of Reason, The	*Harold Stearns*	399
War, The, and American Literature	*Robert Herrick*	7
War, Unromantic	*Robert Herrick*	133
War's Heritage to Youth	*Van Wyck Brooks*	47
West, Rebecca—Novelist	*Henry B. Fuller*	299
Yet Once More, O Ye Laurels!	*Conrad Aiken*	195

VERSE

		PAGE
After One Evening	*Leslie Nelson Jennings*	8
Desirable Residential Neighborhood	*Clara Shanafelt*	481
Distance	*Babette Deutsch*	140
For the Young Men Dead	*Florence Kiper Frank*	396
Gardens	*Annette Wynne*	526
Haven	*Leslie Nelson Jennings*	190
In Dedication	*Leslie Nelson Jennings*	477
Largesse	*J. M. Batchelor*	62
On the Breakwater	*Helen Hoyt*	344
Reproof	*Edward Sapir*	102
Return, The	*Guy Nearing*	434
Swallows, The	*Padraic Colum*	50
To Dorothy	*Maxwell Bodenheim*	288
To Rupert Brooke	*Maurice Browne*	229
Two Rains, The	*Amy Lowell*	98
Young World, The	*James Oppenheim*	175

AUTHORS AND TITLES OF BOOKS REVIEWED

PAGE

Acharya, Sri Ananda. Brahmadarsanam, or Intuition of the Absolute 245
Adams, Joseph Quincy. Shakespearean Playhouses..... 203
Aiken, Conrad. Earth Triumphant.—The Jig of Forslin.—Nocturne of Remembered Spring.—Turns and Movies 291
Aldrich, Mildred. The Hilltop on the Marne.—On the Edge of the War Zone..... 121
Alexander, F. Matthias. Man's Supreme Inheritance.. 533
Allen, James Lane. The Kentucky Warbler..... 248
Allen, Maude Rex, Japanese Art Motives..... 407
Alpha of the Plough. Pebbles on the Shore..... 539
Anderson, Sherwood. Mid-American Chants..... 483
Anthony, Joseph. Rekindled Fires..... 544
Atherton, Gertrude. The White Morning..... 205
Austin, Mary. A Woman of Genius..... 117
Austin, Mary, and others. The Sturdy Oak..... 117
Aydelotte, Frank. The Oxford Stamp..... 350
Badé, William Frederic, editor. The Cruise of the Corwin. By John Muir 156
Badley, J. H. Education after the War..... 350
Baggs, Mae Lucy. Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies 300
Balch, Emily Greene. Approaches to the Great Settlement 293
Ball, Alice E., illustrator and editor. A Year with the Birds 461
Barbagallo, Corrado, Guglielmo Ferrero and. A Short History of Rome. Vol. I: The Monarchy and the Republic 244
Barbusse, Henri. L'Enfer 231
Barbusse, Henri. Le Feu.....133, 232, 486, 490
Barker, Granville. Three Short Plays: Rococo, Vote by Ballot, Farewell to the Theatre..... 295
Barker, Granville, Dion Clayton Calthrop and. The Harlequinade 450
Barker, J. Ellis. The Great Problems of British Statesmanship 362
Barrie, Sir James. Fanny's First Play.—A Slice of Life 450
Bartimeus. The Long Trick.—Naval Occasions.—The Tall Ship 545
Bartley, Nalbro. Paradise Auction..... 78
Barton, Frank Townend. Ponies and All About Them 460
Barton, George A. The Religions of the World..... 74
Bassett, Wilbur. Wander-Ships 499
Bell, Archie. The Spell of China..... 303
Bell, F. McKelvey. The First Canadians in France..... 120
Benavente, Jacinto. La Malquerida..... 121
Benson, Arthur C. Life and Letters of Maggie Benson 30
Benson, E. F. The Tortoise..... 77
Bird, Charles S., Jr., editor. Town Planning for Small Communities 75
Blanchan Neltje, adapted from. Wild Flowers Worth Knowing 82

PAGE

Blashfield, Evangeline Wilbour. Portraits and Backgrounds 202
Blathwayt, Raymond. Through Life and Round the World 30
Boirac, Emile. The Psychology of the Future..... 492
Borst-Smith, E. F. Mandarin and Missionary in Cathay 120
Bosher, Kate Langley. Kitty Canary..... 413
Bosschere, Jean de. The Closed Door..... 111
Boyd, Ernest A. Appreciations and Depreciations..... 190
Boutroux, Emile, and others. Ce qu'un Français doit savoir des Etats-Unis. (The "Fait de la Semaine," No. 3) 141
Braithwaite, William Stanley, editor. Anthology of Magazine Verse: 1917 195
Brigham, Richardson. The Study and Enjoyment of Pictures 81
Brill, A. A., and Alfred B. Kuttner, translators. Reflections on War and Death. By Sigmund Freud..... 482
Broadhurst, George. Bought and Paid for..... 390
Brodhay, O. Chester. Verses of Idle Hours..... 249
Brooks, Charles S. There's Pippins and Cheese to Come 288
Browne, Henry. Our Renaissance: Essays on the Reform and Revival of Classical Studies..... 350
Bryant, Lorinda Munson. American Pictures and Their Painters 362
Bryce, James, Viscount. The Worth of Ancient Literature to the Modern World..... 350
Bunkley, J. W. Military and Naval Recognition Handbook 412
Burke, Edward. My Wife..... 78
Burke, Thomas. Limehouse Nights.—Twinkletoes..... 545
Burleigh, Louise. The Community Theatre..... 187
Butler, Nicholas Murray. A World in Ferment.....30, 496
Butler, Samuel. God the Known and God the Unknown 192
Bynner, Witter. Grenstone Poems..... 23
Bynner, Witter. See Morgan, Emanuel.
Cabell, James Branch. Branchiana.—Branch of Abingdon.—The Certain Hour.—Chivalry.—The Cords of Vanity.—The Cream of the Jest.—The Eagle's Shadow.—From the Hidden Way.—Gallantry.—The Line of Love.—The Majors and Their Marriages.—The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck.—The Soul of Melicent 392
Cabot, Mary R., Margaret Crosby Munn and, editors. The Art of George Frederick Munn..... 245
Cahan, Abraham. The Rise of David Levinsky..... 359
Calthrop, Dion Clayton, and Granville Barker. The Harlequinade 450
Calvert, A. S. and P. P. A Year of Costa Rican Natural History 492
Carr, H. Wildon. The Philosophy of Benedetto Croce... 485
Carroll, Lewis. Alice in Wonderland..... 246
Carter, Charles Franklin. Stories of the Old Missions of California 499
Cervantes, Miguel de. Rinconete and Cortadillo..... 114

PAGE

Chambers, Robert W. The Restless Sex..... 546
Chapin, Anna Alice. Greenwich Village..... 239
Chase, Daniel. Flood Tide..... 544
Chekhov, Anton. The Cherry Orchard..... 446
Chekhov, Anton. The Darling, and Other Stories.—The Duel, and Other Stories.—The House with the Mezzanine, and Other Stories.—The Lady with the Dog, and Other Stories.—The Party, and Other Stories.. 27
Cheney, Sheldon. The Art Theatre..... 187
Chéradame, André. The United States and Pangermania 109
Chesterton, Gilbert K. A Short History of England.. 65
Chesterton, Gilbert K. Utopia of Usurers, and Other Essays 25
Clark, George Herbert. A Treasury of War Poetry.... 351
Clark, John Spencer. The Life of John Fiske..... 355
Clark, W. E., J. W. Jenks and. The Trust Problem.. 460
Clarke, Austin. The Vengeance of Fionn..... 190
Clodd, Edward. The Question: "If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?" 289
Clopper, Edward N., editor. Child Welfare in Oklahoma 454
Coar, John Firman. Democracy and the War..... 235
Collins, Charles Wallace. The National Budget System and American Finance 156
Colum, Padraic. Wild Earth..... 445
Colvin, Sir Sidney. John Keats: His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics, and After-Fame..... 64
Compton-Rickett, Arthur, Thomas Hake and. The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Some Personal Recollections 396
Conklin, Hester M., Pauline D. Partridge and. Wheatless and Meatless Days 461
Cook, Albert S., editor. A Literary Middle English Reader 160
Coolidge, Louis A. The Life of Ulysses S. Grant..... 76
Cooper, Lane, editor. The Greek Genius and Its Influence 63
Corkery, Daniel. A Munster Twilight.—The Threshold of Quiet 445
Corwin, Edward S. The President's Control of Foreign Relations 453
Cory, Herbert Ellsworth. Edmund Spenser: A Critical Study 487
Croce, Benedetto. Æsthetic.—Critical Conversations.—Logic.—Problems of Æsthetics.—Theory of History 485
Crocker, Bosworth. Pawns of War..... 409
Crosby, P. L. That Rookie from the 13th Squad..... 248
Crosland, T. W. H. The English Sonnet..... 480
Cudworth, Warren H., translator. The Odes and Secular Hymn of Horace 243
Cumberland, W. W. Coöperative Marketing..... 157
Curran, Edwin. First Poems..... 145
Davis, Charles Belmont, editor. Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis..... 155
Dawson, Coningsby. Carry On..... 31
Deacon, J. Byron. Disasters..... 456
Debussy, Claude, composer. Images.—Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien.—Nocturnes.—Pélléas et Mélisande Preludes.—Quartet 365
Dennys, Richard. There Is No Death..... 452
Dickinson, Asa Don, adapter. Wild Flowers Worth Knowing. From Neltje Blanchan..... 82
Dickinson, Thomas H. The Insurgent Theatre..... 187
Diderot, Denis. Early Philosophical Works..... 360
Dillon, Charles. Journalism for High Schools..... 460
Dixon, Royal. The Human Side of Birds..... 461
Dole, Nathan Haskell. The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi.... 81
Dostoevsky, Fyodor. Crime and Punishment..... 447
Doubleday, Roman. The Green Tree Mystery..... 78
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan. His Last Bow..... 78
Dumas, Alexandre. The Neapolitan Lovers..... 413
Dunsany, Lord. A Dreamer's Tales..... 445
Dunsany, Lord. The Glittering Gate.—The Gods of the Mountain.—The Golden Doom.—King Argimenes.—The Lost Silk Hat.—The Tents of the Arabs..... 474
Dyer, Walter A. Creators of Decorative Styles..... 301
Eaton, Walter Prichard. Green Trails and Upland Pastures 120
Edgell, G. H., Fiske Kimball and. A History of Architecture 454
Edwards, Agnes. A Garden Rosary..... 120
Egerton, Hugh E. British Foreign Policy in Europe.... 71
Eliot, Charles W. Latin and the A.B. Degree..... 350
Elson, Henry Wilson. History of the United States..... 73
Escher, Franklin. Foreign Exchange Explained..... 248
Farrell, H. P. Introduction to Political Philosophy..... 248
Fenger, Frederic A. Alone in the Caribbean..... 402

PAGE

Ferrero, Guglielmo, and Corrado Barbagallo. A Short History of Rome. Vol. I: The Monarchy and the Republic 244
Ficke, Arthur Davison. See Knish, Anne.
Flint, F. S., translator. The Closed Door. By Jean de Bosschere 111
Flournoy, Thomas. The Philosophy of William James.. 401
Follett, Helen Thomas, and Wilson Follett. Some Modern Novelists 233
Food League, Patriotic, of Scotland. Savings and Savoury Dishes 461
France, Anatole. Le Génie Latin..... 344
Franck, Harry A. Vagabonding Down the Andes..... 498
Freud, Sigmund. Reflections on War and Death..... 482
Frost, Robert. North of Boston..... 447
Fryer, Eugénie M. The Hill-Towns of France..... 498
Fryers, Austin, producer. Realities. By Henrik Ibsen(?) 398
Fuller, Henry B. On the Stairs..... 405
Garland, Hamlin. A Son of the Middle Border..... 194
George, W. L. Literary Chapters..... 401
Georgian Poetry: 1916-7..... 104
Gibbs, George. The Secret Witness..... 78
Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson. Hill-Tracks..... 403
Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson. Whin..... 288
Gillmore, Maria McIlvaine. Economy Cook Book..... 461
Gjellerup, Karl. An Idealist.—The Pilgrim Kamanita.. 159
Glaenzer, Richard Butler. Beggar and King..... 351
Goldberg, Frank A., Alexander Petrunkevitch, Samuel N. Harper, and. The Russian Revolution..... 542
Gordon, Kate. Educational Psychology..... 353
Gosse, Edmund. The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne 396
Graham, Stephen. A Priest of the Ideal..... 115
Graves, Robert. Fairies and Fusiliers.....103, 159
Greene, Frederick Stuart, editor. The Grim Thirteen.. 70
Gwynn, Stephen, and Gertrude M. Tuckwell. The Life of Sir Charles Dilke..... 441
Hake, Thomas, and Arthur Compton-Rickett. The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Some Personal Recollections 396
Haller, William. The Early Life of Robert Southey, 1774-1803 73
Hamilton, Clayton. Problems of the Playwright..... 295
Handy, Amy L. War-Time Bread and Cakes..... 461
Hardy, Thomas. Moments of Vision..... 104
Harper, Samuel N., Alexander Petrunkevitch, Frank A Goldberg, and. The Russian Revolution..... 542
Harris, Frank. Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions 537
Hart, Albert Bushnell, editor. The American Nation, Vol. 27 197
Haworth, Paul Leland. On the Headwaters of Peace River 494
Hayward, F. H. Professionalism and Originality..... 244
Hearn, Lafcadio. Life and Literature..... 68
Hemenway, Hetty. Four Days..... 205
Henderson, Arthur. The Aims of Labour..... 399
Henderson, Helen W. A Loiterer in New York..... 239
Hendrick, Ellwood. Everyman's Chemistry..... 81
Hill, David Jayne. The Rebuilding of Europe..... 439
Hillyer, Robert Silliman. Sonnets, and Other Lyrics.. 492
Hitchcock, Alfred M. Over Japan Way..... 82
Hodgson, Ralph. The Last Blackbird.—Poems..... 403
Holliday, Robert Cortes. Booth Tarkington..... 297
Hollingworth, H. L., and A. T. Poffenberger. Applied Psychology 353
Holmes, John. Letters to James Russell Lowell and Others 543
Holmes, John Haynes. The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer 243
Holmes, R. Derby. A Yankee in the Trenches..... 412
Holt, Edwin B., and William James, Jr., translators. The Philosophy of William James. By Thomas Flournoy 401
Hopkins, Arthur. How's Your Second Act?..... 478
Hopkins, Arthur, producer. Hedda Gabler.—The Wild Duck. By Henrik Ibsen..... 479
Hotblack, Kate. Chatham's Colonial Policy..... 157
Hough, Lynn H. The Significance of the Protestant Reformation 455
Houghteling, James L., Jr. A Diary of the Russian Revolution 801
Howells, William Dean. Years of My Youth..... 460
Hoxie, Robert Franklin. Trade Unionism in the United States 152
Hughes, Dora Morrell. Thrift in the Household..... 461

PAGE

Hull, A. Eaglefield. Scriabin..... 21
Hutten, Bettina von. The Bag of Saffron..... 546
Ibsen, Henrik. Hedda Gabler.—The Wild Duck. Produced by Arthur Hopkins..... 479
Ibsen, Henrik (?). Realities..... 398
Irwin, Inez Haynes. The Lady of Kingdoms..... 248
Jacks, L. P. The Country Air..... 545
Jackson, Margaret Talbot. The Museum..... 74
Jackson, Sir Thomas Graham. A Holiday in Umbria.. 82
James, George Wharton. Reclaiming the Arid West.... 155
James, William, Jr., Edwin B. Holt and, translators. The Philosophy of William James. By Thomas Flournoy 401
Jastrow, Morris, Jr. The War and the Bagdad Railway 456
Jenks, J. W., and W. E. Clark. The Trust Problem 460
Jenssen, H. Wiers-. See Wiers-Jenssen.
Jesse, F. Tennyson. Secret Bread..... 153
Johnson, Robert Underwood. Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems of Italy.—Poems of War and Peace.. 409
Jourdain, Margaret, translator. Diderot's Early Philosophical Works 360
Joyce, James. A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man 446
Jurist, An American. America after the War..... 439
Keen, W. W. Medical Research and Human Welfare.. 303
Kellogg, J. H. A Thousand Health Questions Answered 81
Kellogg, Vernon, and Alonzo E. Taylor. The Food Problem 201
Keppel, Frederick P. The Undergraduate and His College 151
Kerlor, W. de, translator and editor. The Psychology of the Future. By Emile Boirac..... 492
Kerner, Robert J. The Jugo-Slav Movement..... 542
Kilmer, Joyce, editor. Dreams and Images..... 534
Kilpatrick, Van Evrie. The Child's Food Garden..... 461
Kimball, Fiske, and G. H. Edgell. A History of Architecture 454
King, Caroline. Cook Book..... 461
Klein, Charles. The Gamblers..... 390
Knish, Anne (Arthur Davison Ficke), Emanuel Morgan (Witter Bynner) and. Spectra: New Poems..... 410
Korsakov, N. A. Rimsky-. See Rimsky-Korsakov.
Kosor, Josip. People of the Universe..... 286
Kreymborg, Alfred, editor. Others: An Anthology of the New Verse, 1917..... 111
Kropotkin, P. Mutual Aid..... 32
Kuttner, Alfred B., A. A. Brill and, translators. Reflections on War and Death. By Sigmund Freud.. 482
Lanux, Pierre de. Young France and New America.. 47
Latimer's Progress, Professor..... 544
Latzko, Andreas. Men in War..... 486
Legrand, Philippe E. Daos. (The New Greek Comedy) 363
Leonard, Orville H. The Land Where the Sunsets Go.. 202
Liebknecht, Karl. Militarism 115
Lincoln, Abraham. Uncollected Letters..... 148
Lincoln, Joseph C. Extricating Obadiah..... 78
Lindsay, S. M., William F. and Westel W. Willoughby and. The System of Financial Administration of Great Britain 248
Linn, Edith Willis. A Cycle of Sonnets..... 492
Livesay, F. Randal, translator. Songs of Ukrania..... 238
Lodge, Sir Oliver. Raymond..... 289
Loeb, James, translator. The New Greek Comedy (Daos). By Philippe E. Legrand..... 363
Long, William J., editor. Alice in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll 246
Longstreth, T. Morris. The Adirondacks..... 498
Lorente, Mariano J., translator and editor. Rinconete and Cortadillo. By Miguel de Cervantes..... 114
Louis, Paul. Trois Péripéties dans la Crise Mondiale. 59
Lowie, Robert H. Culture and Ethnology..... 438
Luckiesh, M. The Language of Color..... 490
Lull, Richard Swan. Organic Evolution..... 301
MacDowall, M. W., adapter. Asgard and the Gods.—Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages. From W. Wägner 114
Machen, Arthur. The Terror 205
Mackay, Constance D'Arcy. The Little Theatre in the United States 187
MacMillan, Kerr D. Protestantism in Germany..... 455
MacQuarrie, Hector. Over Here..... 493
Malleson, Miles. Youth..... 390
Mardrus, J. C., translator. Hassan Badreddine..... 345
Mare, Walter de la. Motley, and Other Poems..... 288

PAGE

Masefield, John, translator. Anne Pedersdotter. By H. Wiers-Jenssen 200
Mason, A. E. W. The Four Corners of the World.... 117
Masters, Edgar Lee. Songs and Satires.—The Spoon River Anthology.—Towards the Gulf..... 447
Matthews, Brander. These Many Years..... 234
Maurier, George du, dramatized from. Peter Ibbetson. 227
McCabe, Joseph. The Romance of the Romanoffs.... 114
McClendon, J. F. Physical Chemistry of Vital Phenomena 204
McClintock, Alexander. Best o' Luck..... 120
McKenna, Stephen. Ninety-Six Hours' Leave..... 491
McLaren, A. D. Peaceful Penetration..... 455
Meigs, William M. The Life of John Caldwell Calhoun 460
Meynell, Alice. A Father of Women, and Other Poems 403
Meynell, Alice. Hearts of Controversy..... 302
Merrick, Leonard. The Actor-Manager.—Cynthia.—The Position of Peggy Harper.—While Paris Laughed.—The Worldlings 527
Millard, Thomas F. Our Eastern Question..... 82
Millay, Edna St. Vincent. Renascence, and Other Poems 145
Mille, William C. de. The Woman..... 390
Monkshood, G. F. The Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingana 543
Moore, Henry Ludwell. Forecasting the Yield and the Price of Cotton 493
Moore, Henry T. Pain and Pleasure..... 116
Morgan, Emanuel (Witter Bynner), and Anne Knish (Arthur Davison Ficke). Spectra: New Poems... 410
Morley, Christopher. Shandygaff..... 539
Morley, Christopher. Songs for a Little House..... 351
Morley, John, Viscount. Recollections..... 16
Morris, William. The Earthly Paradise..... 397
Morse, Frances Clarey. Furniture of the Olden Time 491
Mortimer, Maud. A Green Tent in Flanders..... 120
Muir, John. The Cruise of the Corwin..... 156
Munn, Margaret Crosby, and Mary R. Cabot, editors. The Art of George Frederick Munn..... 245
Murphy, Thomas D. Oregon the Picturesque..... 71
Murray, Gilbert. Faith, War, and Policy..... 30
Nesbitt, Florence. Household Management..... 456
Nexö, Martin Anderson. Pelle the Conqueror..... 158
Nobbs, Gilbert. At the Right of the British Line..... 72
Oberholtzer, Ellis Paxson. A History of the United States since the Civil War, Vol. I..... 457
Ogg, Frederic Austin. National Progress, 1907-17. (The American Nation, Vol. 27)..... 197
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Pawns Count..... 547
Oppenheimer, Rebecca W. Diabetic Cookery..... 461
Orczy, Baroness. Lord Tony's Wife..... 547
Osborn, E. B., editor. The Muse in Arms..... 103
O'Sullivan, Seumas. Mud and Purple..... 190
O'Sullivan, Vincent. Sentiment..... 78
Partridge, Pauline D., and Hester M. Conklin. Wheatless and Meatless Days..... 461
Passelecq, Fernand. La Question Flamande et l'Allemagne 232
Paton, W. R., translator. The Greek Anthology, Vol. III..... 452
Patterson, William M. The Making of Verse.—The Rhythm of Prose..... 51
Pearse, Padraic. Collected Works..... 190
Pennell, Joseph. Pictures of War Work in America.. 542
Petrunkevitch, Alexander, Samuel N. Harper, and Frank A. Goldberg. The Russian Revolution..... 542
Pitman, Frank Wesley. The Development of the British West Indies, 1700-1763..... 361
Plowman, Max. A Lap Full of Seed..... 403
Poffenberger, A. T., H. L. Hollingworth and. Applied Psychology 353
Pollard, A. F. The Commonwealth at War..... 235
Pontoppidan, Henrik. Enslew's Death.—Favsingsholm.—The Promised Land.—Publicans and Sinners.—Storeholt.—Torben and Jytte..... 158
Poole, Ernest. The Dark People..... 410
Poole, Ernest. The Harbor.—His Family.—His Second Wife 540
Porto-Riche, Georges de. Le Marchand d'Estampes.. 142
Prévost, Abbé. Manon Lescaut.—Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité 345
Price, G. Ward. The Story of the Salonika Army.... 363
Princeton Faculty, Members of. The World Peril... 19
Proud, E. Dorothea. Welfare Work..... 204

PAGE

Raphael, John N., dramatist. Peter Ibbetson. By George du Maurier..... 227
Ravage, M. E. An American in the Making..... 107
Ray, P. Orman. An Introduction to Political Parties and Practical Politics..... 303
Reade, Arthur. Finland and the Finns..... 498
Reinhardt, Max. Sumurun 390
Richardson, Dorothy M. Pilgrimage: Pointed Roofs; Backwater; Honeycomb 451
Riche, Georges de Porto-. See Porto-Riche.
Rickett, Arthur Compton-. See Compton-Rickett.
Rimsky-Korsakov, N. A., composer. Le Coq d'Or.—Scheherazade.—Sniegourochka 279
Robbins, C. A. The Unholy Three..... 78
Rogers, Julia E. Trees Worth Knowing..... 82
Rookie Rhymes 155
Rose, Mary S. Everyday Foods in War Time..... 461
Roth, Samuel. First Offering.....145, 249
Rothschild, Alonzo. Honest Abe..... 148
Royal Society of Literature, Transactions of the..... 499
Rumsey, Frances. Mr. Cushing and Mlle. du Chastel. 77
Russell, Bertrand. Mysticism and Logic..... 398
Russell, Bertrand. Political Ideals..... 69
Russian Mission, Members of. America's Message to the Russian People 542
Sassoon, Siegfried. The Old Huntsman..... 403
Savic, Vladislav R. South-Eastern Europe..... 494
Schafer, Joseph. A History of the Pacific Northwest. 408
Scheifley, William B. Brieux and Contemporary French Society 67
Scudder, Vida D. Le Morte Darthur of Sir Thomas Malory and Its Sources..... 453
Selincourt, Hugh de. Nine Tales..... 241
Seltzer, Adele, translator. Men in War. By Andreas Latzko 486
Sembat, Marcel. Perdons-nous la Russie? (The "Fait de la Semaine," No. 9)..... 141
Semple, Ellen Churchill. The Anglo-Saxons of the Kentucky Mountains 95
Shackleton, Robert. The Book of New York..... 239
Shackleton, Robert. Touring Great Britain..... 498
Shakespeare, The Arden..... 480
Shaw, George Bernard. The Dark Lady of the Sonnets 450
Shaw, George Bernard. Mrs. Warren's Profession.. 391
Sherman, Stuart P. On Contemporary Literature.... 105
Simonds, William Day. Starr King in California..... 121
Sinclair, May. The Tree of Heaven..... 489
Smith, Bertram. Days of Discovery..... 547
Smith, E. F. Borst-. See Borst-Smith.
Smith, E. Kirby. To Mexico with Scott..... 31
Smith, Logan Pearsall. Trivia..... 155
Sommers, Cecil. Temporary Heroes..... 205
Spindler, Frank N. The Sense of Sight..... 116
Squire, J. C. The Lily of Malud, and Other Poems.. 403
Stefansson, Jon. Denmark and Sweden with Iceland and Finland 542
Stephens, James. The Crock of Gold.—The Demi-Gods 445
Stimson, F. J. My Story..... 156
Stires, Ernest M. The High Call..... 235
Stitt, Innes, and Leo Ward. To-Morrow, and Other Poems 534
Stork, Charles Wharton, translator. Anthology of Swedish Lyrics..... 75
Stuck, Hudson. Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries 243
Sturgis, Mrs. R. Clipston. Random Reflections of a Grandmother 460
Swinburne, Algernon Charles. Letters..... 396
Synge, John. The Playboy of the Western World.—Riders to the Sea.—The Shadow of the Glen..... 445
Tagore, Rabindranath. Sacrifice, and Other Plays... 295
Tarbell, Ida M. The Life of Abraham Lincoln..... 148
Tarkington, Booth. The Gentleman from Indiana.—Monsieur Beaucaire.—Seventeen.—The Turmoil.... 298
Taylor, Alonzo E., Vernon Kellogg and. The Food Problem 201
Thayer, William Roscoe, editor. Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell and Others..... 543
Thomas, Edward. The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans.—The Heart of England.—The Life of Richard Jefferies.—Light and Twilight.—Rest and Unrest.—Rose-Acre Papers.—The South Country.—The Woodland Life 135
Thomas, Edward. A Literary Pilgrim in England... 302

PAGE

Thomas, Edward. Poems..... 403
Thorndike, Lynn. The History of Medieval Europe.. 303
Tobenkin, Elias. The House of Conrad..... 358
Tracy, Gilbert A. Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln 148
Trotter, L. J. History of India..... 360
Trotzky, Leon. The Bolsheviki and World Peace.... 143
Tuckwell, Gertrude M., Stephen Gwynn and. The Life of Sir Charles Dilke..... 441
Underhill, John Garrett, translator. La Malquerida. By Jacinto Benavente 121
Vachell, Horace Annesley. Fishpingle..... 78
Vallotton, Benjamin. Potterat and the War..... 241
Vandervelde, Emile. Le Socialisme contre l'Etat..436, 532
Van Dongen, Kees, illustrator. Hassan Badreddine... 345
Van Dyke, Henry. Fighting for Peace..... 235
Van Loon, Hendrik Willem. A Short History of Discovery 453
Vanzype, Gustave. Two Belgian Plays: Mother Nature and Progress 295
Veblen, Thorstein. The Nature of Peace.....246, 444
Verrill, A. Hyatt. The Book of the West Indies..... 157
Vreeland, Hamilton, Jr. Hugo Grotius..... 493
Wägner, W., adapted from. Asgard and the Gods.—Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages..... 114
Walker, H. F. B. A Doctor's Diary in Damaraland.. 81
Walpole, Hugh. The Green Mirror.....199, 287
Walsh, Correa Moylan. The Climax of Civilization.—Socialism.—Feminism 203
Ward, Leo, Innes Stitt and. To-Morrow, and Other Poems 534
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Missing..... 117
Warwick, Anne. The Best People..... 546
Washburn, Margaret Floy. The Animal Mind..... 412
Watson, Frederick. Children of Passage..... 412
Watson, Malcolm. Rural Sanitation in the Tropics... 120
Watts, Mary S. The Boardman Family..... 540
Wenley, R. M. The Life and Work of George Sylvester Morris 76
West, Andrew F., editor. Value of the Classics..... 350
West, Rebecca. The Return of the Soldier..... 299
Wheeler, W. R., editor. A Book of Verse of the Great War 351
Whibley, Charles. Political Portraits..... 349
Whipple, George Chandler. State Sanitation..... 249
Wiers-Jenssen, H. Anne Pedersdotter..... 200
Wilde, Oscar. The Ballad of Reading Gaol.—De Profundis 536
Wilde, Oscar. Decorative Arts in America..... 301
Willcox, Louise Collier, editor. A Manual of Mystic Verse 534
Williams, Albert Rhys. In the Claws of the German Eagle 82
Williams, Charles. Poems of Conformity..... 534
Williams, Jesse Lynch. Why Marry?..... 390
Willoughby, William F. and Westel W., and S. M. Lindsay. The System of Financial Administration of Great Britain..... 248
Wilson, Woodrow. In Our First Year of War: Messages and Addresses..... 293
Winter, Nevin O. Florida, the Land of Enchantment.. 300
Wolseley, Viscountess. In a College Garden..... 82
Woman of No Importance, A. Memories Discreet and Indiscreet 204
Wood, Eric Fisher. The Note Book of an Intelligence Officer 302
Wood, Mary Morton. The Spirit of Revolt in Old French Literature..... 361
Woodbridge, Elisabeth. Days Out, and Other Papers. 539
Woolcott, Alexander. Mrs. Fiske: Her Views on Actors, Acting, and the Problems of Production. 499
Woolner, Amy. Thomas Woolner, R.A., Sculptor and Poet 191
Workman, Fanny Bullock, and William Hunter Workman. Two Summers in the Ice Wilds of Eastern Karakoram 491
Wright, Willard Huntington, editor. The Great Modern French Stories 499
Wyatt, Edith. The Wind in the Corn..... 351
Yeats, W. B. Per Amica Silentia Lunæ..... 286
Younghusband, Sir George. A Soldier's Memories..72, 495
Zabriskie, Luther K. The Virgin Islands of the United States of America..... 490
Zahm, J. A. The Quest of El Dorado..... 408

CASUAL COMMENT

PAGE

Academic Control and a New College of Political Science 496
Ancient Wisdom Sometimes Comes to Our Aid..... 158
Anthologist, The Incorrigible..... 207
Artists, Eight American, Nominated to Accompany Our Armies 304
Birrell, Augustine, on Two American Doctors..... 496
Blake Collection, An Important..... 79
B. L. T. and THE DIAL..... 119
Books—America's Demand for Them During the War... 305
Booksellers' Association, American, The Annual Convention of the..... 459
Business as Usual Except in the Arts..... 33
Butler, President, to the Trustees of Columbia..... 118
Criticism, Are the Courts Usurping the Functions of?.. 159
Debussy—Death Did Not Come to Him Unexpectedly.... 365
Dell, Robert—His Expulsion from France..... 547
Democratizing of Knowledge, The..... 458
Durant, Mr.—His Provocative Letter to THE DIAL..... 364
Education, The Quarrels in the Field of..... 364
Espionage Act, The..... 497
F. P. A. and "The Bookman"..... 118
Gjellerup, Karl, and Henrik Pontoppidan, The Idealism of 158
Hamilton, General Sir Ian, Has Harsh Words for the Censor 32
Illinois's Centennial as a State, the Celebration of..... 34
James, William 80
Jaques, A Melancholy, Writes from "an Atlantic Port". 118
Labor Party, The British—Its Report on Reconstruction. 206
Laborites, The—The Alliance Between Them and the Intellectuals in England..... 207
Letters from the Young Men of Our New Army..... 33
Librarians' Salaries 496
Libraries, Our Public—What Do They Cost Us?..... 304
Library Association, American, The War Service of the 119, 497
Library, Our Great, in Washington, Annually Reminds Us 159
"Living Age," The 411
Magazines, Monthly, The Debuts of Three More..... 305
Music, The Æsthetic Function of..... 410

PAGE

National Institute of Arts and Letters, The Gold Medal of the..... 208
Nobel Prize, The, for Literature Goes to Denmark..... 158
Opposition, Legitimate, and Partisan Politics..... 458
Pageant, The—Its Possible Rôle in Our National Life... 79
Peace—Would Any Lover of It Derive Joy from the Fortunate By-Products of War?..... 80
Pedagogues, The—Will They Leave Us No Cozy Corners in the House of Letters?..... 246
Poem—On Printing One in Place of a Leading Article.. 206
Poetic Renaissance, Our So-Called, and the Spectrist School 410
Pontoppidan, Henrik, and Karl Gjellerup, The Idealism of 158
Press, Our—In What Degree Is It Responsible for the Dismal Uniformity in American Life?..... 365
Press, Our Contemporary—Its Flexibility of Mind..... 459
Red Cross, The, One Happy Scheme for Raising Money for 305
Reviewing and Advertising—What Part Do They Play in the Making of a Book?..... 497
Roosevelt, The Hon. Theodore, and Caution in Statement 247
Russian Revolution, The—The Completion of Its First Year 206
Sammies, The—A Vivid Description of Them in France. 208
Shanks, Mr. Edward, Writing from London..... 159
Shaw, George Bernard, on the Freedom of the Press.... 246
Sherman, Senator—His Kind of Opposition..... 458
Spectrism, The Genesis and Course of..... 411
Statesmen—Why Do They Not Abandon the Habit of Giving Speeches?..... 79
Symon, J. L.—His Complaint that Novels Are Too Short 33
Veblen, Thorstein, Self-Appointed Censors of..... 246
War, The Blackest News of the..... 304
War Is Not Necessarily Conducive to Great Literature.. 410
Wartime Economy, A Sane..... 206
Wilson, President—The German Imperialists and His Red Cross Speech..... 496
Wilson, President—Why Have American Liberals Been Slow to Support His International Programme?.... 364
"Zone System," The So-Called, of the War Revenue Act. 247

COMMUNICATIONS

American Liberals and the War.....*Will Durant*..... 366
Books on Palestine.....*Harold Kellock*..... 209
"La Malquerida."".....*J. Garcia Pimentel*..... 121
Literary Middle English Reader, A.....*Henry Barrett Hinckley*..... 160
Oxford Method in English Instruction, The.....*Eleanor Prescott Hammond*..... 500
"Réponse, Le droit de."".....*Marguerite Fischbacher*..... 550
Unpublished Poem by Poe, An.....*John C. French*..... 121
Why Critics Should Be Educated.....*Samuel Roth*..... 249

DEPARTMENTS

LONDON LETTERS.....103, 189, 286, 396, 480
PARIS LETTERS 59, 141, 230, 344, 435, 530
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.....30, 71, 114, 155, 200, 243, 300, 360, 407, 452, 490, 542
NOTES ON NEW FICTION.....77, 117, 205, 544
CASUAL COMMENT.....32, 79, 118, 158, 206, 246, 304, 364, 410, 458, 496, 547
BRIEFER MENTION.....81, 120, 248, 412, 460, 498
COMMUNICATIONS 121, 160, 209, 249, 366, 500, 550
NOTES AND NEWS.....35, 83, 122, 161, 210, 250, 306, 367, 414, 462, 501, 551
SELECTIVE LISTS OF SPRING BOOKS, 1918.....307, 368
SUMMER READING LIST..... 549
LISTS OF NEW BOOKS.....37, 85, 123, 163, 213, 252, 320, 374, 416, 464, 503, 553

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

The War and American Literature

From time to time I am asked like many other writers to discuss some tendency in our national literature. (It is assumed that we have a national literature, as of course every self-respecting people must have a literature.) I am expected to tell what is happening to it and to prophesy its splendid evolution. Often this takes the form of an inquiry about American fiction, as fiction is the bulkiest and the most popular of the literary modes. Again it is that irrepressible *mauvais sujet* of the literary family—the drama, which is always being reformed but never achieving the solid reputation desired by its friends. All such preoccupations seem to me futile: they resemble the preoccupations of the adolescent as to when he will become a man. When he is one he will know it without an extended investigation. Such self-conscious concern for the future of the American novel, for the development of an American literature, would indicate that as a people we are not yet sufficiently serious minded to create an enduring literature.

The way in which the world war has got into American writing, or rather the way in which it has failed to get into it, in any deep sense, confirms me in this belief. The publishers' lists, to be sure, are not wanting in titles of war books, nor do our reviews and magazines lack articles on every conceivable aspect of the great struggle. But such books and articles hardly pretend to be more than journalism, ephemeral record, momentary reactions to the stupendous drama. The war has not yet got under the skin of our writers so that it has become of their blood and bone. It is still "news" to them, with the sensation value of daily news. At first, in those first breathless, dazed months it was to be expected that the habits and preoccupations of our writers like those of our business men would rest in their fixed grooves. There was for a long time the inevitable inclination to regard the war as something remote from the personal interests of the New World, as from its political interests —something to be looked upon from a safe distance with curiosity mingled with aversion. Indeed, in certain quarters it was ignored as far as possible so that an unperturbed spirit might follow its accustomed path. Thus in the second year of the great war a substantial magazine of the "literary" class could announce with an ostrichlike complacency an editorial policy of wholly avoiding the war and keeping its pages free from the emotions and alarums that were distracting the civilized world.

For two or three years after the fatal summer of 1914 there continued to flow from American presses an undiminished stream of purely American books, novels of Alaskan wilds, of cowboys and ranches, of new millionaires and old "society," of extinct New England towns and musty religious problems, etc., etc. This mixed stream of national literary interest has not yet dried up, scarcely diminished in volume, although by now American authors must have exhausted pretty well their before-the-war crops of manuscript and, incidentally, must have discovered the war as a human phenomenon, if not as imaginative material for their craft. But now that at last, this nation has been absorbed into the conflict, the reflection of it in our letters should appear presently. No doubt instead of western stories or drummer tales or sociological anxieties we shall have a shower of war diaries, trench yarns, and spy stories, as well as more technical and philosophical discussions of this one most insistent human interest.

This shift of subject, of course, will not make literature, in the real sense, any more than the daily reports from the battle fronts make literature. To fuse this war

experience into literature, to make out of it a distinctively American contribution to the human record of the war, there must pass something from the tragic experience into the minds and the souls, not only of American writers but also of American readers —for to the making of any literature must go first an understanding public. In the welter of American war books already put forth there has been slight evidence of this spiritual transmutation of the raw material. Little enough, it might be added, in French and English war books. To put the matter more bluntly,—if the war were to end to-day—and the literary account of it were to be made up now—there would be a wealth of matter for the historian, but little, very little, to enter on the imaginative record of mankind. And we Americans would swiftly revert to our cowboys and girl heroines, to our old games and problems.

The war, however, will not end to-day nor to-morrow, and our participation in its dangers and sacrifices, in its spiritual drama above all, must inevitably grow with amazing rapidity. Soon there will not be a nook in all our great country that can safely ignore the war, nor a man or woman who can successfully put aside its persistent questioning and searching of the human mind. We cannot think as we once thought, we cannot feel as we once felt, we cannot plan as we once planned. We shall know that we have passed into a new world of self-consciousness, and for good or ill the doors of the old world are closed upon us—forever. The war will no longer pass before our eyes in the headlines of the newspaper as some inexplicable and remote phenomenon, that cannot touch our being. It will pass into our hearts and souls. And then the war, having got under our skins, having become part of the national consciousness, must inevitably pass into our literature as the larger, the more absorbing part of ourselves.

Specifically I take it the war will give us American ideas,—a larger knowledge of the world in which we live and of the tangled interests of the peoples of the world. We shall shed some of our complacent provinciality and ignorance. Again it will give us larger and more complex perceptions of human relations. And finally it will enrich us with emotions, not purely personal. The generation of Americans that will emerge from these years of world trial will have less in common with the past generations of Americans and more in common with other peoples. As a people we shall have grown in understanding not only of ourselves but of the world outside. And it is from understanding—also one might say from suffering and trial—that is created that fine, sensitive, complex consciousness of life necessary for the making of a serious literature.

ROBERT HERRICK.

After One Evening

Surely, we have not come so far to stand
  Dumb in the presence of our hearts' desire!
By more than sight, by more than touch of hand
  We must make known the old informing fire.
Surely, there is a language we can speak,
  Since winds may preach and silver tongues of rain
Chasten with fervor many a mountain peak
  And cleanse the gray communicants again!

This little movement of our lips has wrung,
  Some violence out of silence, like a threat.
    O now that all the earth has risen to shout
Praises of grass, and buds grow quick among
  The willow spinneys, can we not forget
    Symbols and words that answer but with doubt?

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

VI.

SOME PROBLEMS OF READJUSTMENT: POLITICAL BOUNDARIES AND NATIONAL RIGHTS

"No annexations, no contributions, no punitive indemnities" has become a familiar formula for the settlement of the war's issues, dear to the hearts of doctrinaire political radicals and to the minds of sentimentalizing pacifists. Its generality and vagueness are the best of its endearing virtues. It is as unreflective, as unregarding of the concrete and specific constituents of an organization of democratic peace as the formulæ of the pan-Germanists among the Central Powers or the panic-Americans and bitter-enders, like Col. Theodore Roosevelt and Bolo Pasha, among the democracies of the Entente. The notion on which the latter advocate their readjustment is the notion of *vae victis*, and for the junkers of Germany nothing could be more apropos to keep the people of Germany at war in their interest. The notion which guides the anti-annexationists is in effect that of the status quo ante, and that is only just less desirable to the irresponsible German governing class than German victory. The formula against annexations, contributions, and indemnities really looks backward. It denies to the war the salutary consequences in the reorganization of mankind which alone can a little mitigate its horror. If acted upon, it would in a generation bring on a new war with the same motives in play as in this one. Considered squarely, it is a piece of what William James used to call vicious abstractionism, generated without consideration of the specific issues and living problems it is intended to relieve and to settle; situations and problems which, moreover, have themselves so changed in character and implication since the beginning of the war, that the bearing of any formula upon them, including the formulæ of democracy and nationality that dominate these studies, require a constant and watchful readjustment which renders a priori assumptions of any sort venturesomely speculative.

Assumptions, however, must be made, and their danger is lessened in the degree in which they utter the enduring motives in human nature and social action. In the light of these, as well as in view of the originating conditions and purposes of the present war, a lasting peace cannot be a negotiated peace. A lasting peace must needs be a dictated peace, and the dictator's victory must needs be at least so thoroughgoing as to compel, should it be found desirable, those members of the Central-European establishment whose policy is responsible for the atrocities on the high seas, in Belgium, in France, in Poland, and in Armenia, to stand public trial for murder. Peace without this degree of victory is too likely to be only an armistice: students of ancient history may recall the "negotiated" peace of Nikias between Athens and Sparta during the Peloppenesian war, a peace that served only to prolong the intolerable agony of the noblest family of mankind that antiquity knew. Even a German peace would be better, because more enduring, than a negotiated one and a German peace would mean submission to the German hegemony over civilization. It would mean this even if the government of Germany were well-intentioned toward mankind. It would mean this because outside of the regions of sentimentality and dialectic might is right, because history is the record of claims and privileges of the few over the many yielded by the many to force, deferred to through custom, and finally revered and idolized through old age. The claims and privileges of dynasties and churches are the most notorious instances, and the less conspicuous ones are infinite. International democracy will have to be established by force and sustained by force, before it becomes naturalized in the economy of civilization by education, self-sustaining through habit, and finally sacred through immemorial old-age. Even national democracy, it must be remembered, is a very young and tender plant in this Christian civilization of ours, a plant not yet quite secure even in countries where it sprang

fully panoplied from the heads of the Fathers. Force alone can replace anarchy in international relations by law, even as it has done so in personal relations. Whether that force be military, or of another specification, is indifferent. The illusion that in personal relations "right is might" derives from the fact that the might which sustains the right that is might is not so visible in those relations as in the relations between states. Right is might only by the force of the collective pressure of society toward this "right." The rule of law is the rule of the largely unseen, but the ready and watchful power of the state whose visible symbol is the policeman on his beat.

Hence, lasting peace is to be grounded upon two postulated events. First, a democratic victory with the permanent maintenance of sufficient organized force, whether military, or economic, or both, to keep secure the fruits of this victory. Secondly, such definition of the settlement and such use of the insuring force as to invigorate and expand the creative instrumentalities that are inevitably making for the internationalization of mankind. These instrumentalities have gone, in our survey, by the names democracy and nationality. And the significant thing about them is that they are ideals even more than they are instrumentalities.

There exist, however, within the councils of the Entente itself strongly entrenched interests unwilling to consider a settlement in terms other than those of the traditional diplomatic piracy. Between the luckily abolished Russian bureaucracy and France and England, between Italy and these powers and Rumania and these powers, agreements exist which if carried out would have led to a new war within less than a generation, agreements altogether counter to the announced fundamentals for which England and the United States entered the war. Happily, events have taken the issue from the hands of intriguing diplomacy in Russia, and President Wilson, speaking for the people of the United States, is determined to keep unsullied the record of our country in this crisis in the affairs of mankind. But a traditionally ordained residuum remains, like the commercial "war after the war," and the land-grabbing claims of the various lesser allies of the Entente, and the claims of its numerous protegés—the "small nations" of Europe, Poles and Letts and Lithuanians and Jugo-Slavs and Ukrainians and Finns. These clamor for their establishment as sovereign states with all that this implies. Each of them has at its mercy minorities of other nationalities whom it bitterly opposes, the attitude of the Polish nationalists toward the Jews leaving nothing to be desired even by a Prussian in ferocious cruelty. The problem of readjustment is at bottom the problem of reconciling these counter-claims, of redefining the post-bellum economic programme and the actual territorial lusts of the major powers in harmony with the principles of democracy and nationality.

It has already been indicated how completely these principles controvert the traditional assumptions of exclusive state-sovereignties from which international "law" and diplomatic deviation derive; how they utter the more deep-lying conditions and forms of the organization of Europe—those that are so obvious that they go unnoticed save when an assault upon them is made. What they point to, in the post-bellum reorganization of mankind, is far less a shifting of ante-bellum boundaries than a redefinition of the rights and duties pertaining to peoples living outside as well as within those boundaries, in their relations to one another. At no point on the map of Europe are ethnic coincident with political boundaries. The political nationalism which seeks to create these coincidences, thus multiplying the number of irresponsible sovereignties, is as vicious as it is blind. It seeks merely to multiply the type of situation in which this civil war began. The festering areas of this situation were, of course, the Balkans, where the conflicts were in play of the Balkan peoples with Turkish dominion, of Serbian economic necessity with Bulgarian national confraternity, of Serbian national sympathy with Austro-Hungarian economic greed, and the group and personal aspirations of all these peoples with German economic greed and cultural paranoia. War only universalized and dynamified

these conflicts. Under the political system of independent state-sovereignties, it was unavoidable.

Where, however, the principles of democracy and nationality operate, the state is not, it will be remembered, the paramount and all-compelling social organization. It is one, among many others, coördinate with them, and serving a very definite and highly specialized function with regard to them—the function of umpire, of regulation and equalization, in the issues that arise between them. In terms of its function the state is an administrative area, not a cultural nor a racial one, and the problems and technique of administration are constituted of quite other considerations than those of race and culture. These others, and these alone, have any claim to enter into the definition of political boundaries, and they are reduceable to just one—the scientifically ascertainable limits of administrative efficiency in view of the economic and cultural interdependence of mankind. The geography of an area, the relation of its contiguous nationalities to waterways and harbors and railways are much more significant for the happiness of these nationalities in their political correlations than any form of racial hegemony. Thus, the unity of the British Empire is functionally of a very different kind from the unity of the United States of America or the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Great Britain's colonies and provinces, peopled by her own nationalities, have a tremendously completer independence than America's constituent "sovereign" states; Austria's Hungary has the sovereignty, and more, of Britain's Canada; Austria's Bohemia, that of an American state; her Bosnia none at all. The constituent nationalities of Russia, prior to the revolution without any sovereignty whatsoever, are now aiming at complete political independence regardless of all other considerations, regardless, that is, of the very conditions on which their national lives must be built.

Now political experience makes, on the whole, against the small nation-state. It is always quarreling with its equals and an object of desire to its superiors. Its sovereignty rests on sufferance, even with "international guarantees" (occasion turns these into "scraps of paper"), and its prosperity is a provocation. Experience would create quite other satisfactions, for the claims of the Entente's protegés, than political sovereignty. The case of the Jugo-Slavs is here the crucial, the test case. These eight or more varieties of the Slavonic species have all the traits of nationality. Among them the Serbo-Croats are politically the most significant and culturally the most self-conscious. They constitute, indeed, ethnically, as well as otherwise, a single nationality. Their political entanglements have precipitated the war. They are citizens in the two sovereign states Serbia and Montenegro, and subjects in the Magyar dependencies of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The programme of political nationalism would combine these areas into a greater Serbia under the present Serbian ruling house. The Montenegrin king is naturally reluctant to surrender his dynastic prerogative, and is said, in spite of his acquiescence, to be flirting with Austrian nuntios. The Berlin-Buda-Pesth financiers, again, and the promoters of Mittel-Europa, cannot imaginably relax their grip on Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the conduct of the Hungarian rulers toward their Slavonic subjects Prussianism had a perfect incarnation. This conduct is to be sharply distinguished from that of the Austrians toward their Slavonic fellow-citizens. The former is far more a model of frightfulness than Prussia in Alsace and Lorraine; the latter manifested the wise statesmanship that distinguished England's relations, since the Boer war, to her dependencies. Francis Ferdinand, the murdered archduke, planned to extend the Austrian policy to the whole of the Dual Kingdom. Rumor will not down that his murder was arranged in Berlin and Buda in order to prevent the federal coördination of all the nationalities in the empire, a coördination which would have made the way toward Mittel-Europa a difficult one indeed, and would have deprived the politico-nationalist Serbo-Croats of their most dynamic motive. The present emperor, it happens, is even more set upon this coördination than the late Archduke. His plans and

hopes, neither, suit junker Germany nor nationalist Slav. His plans and hopes, however, whether through self-interest or intelligence, are in harmony with the geographical and economic determinants of the fate of all the nationalities herein involved, the independent states of Serbia and Montenegro included. These states have undergone wars for the sake of railways and access to the sea. Those desirables, and many more, may come to their people by a political union with Austria-Hungary. Such a union would be a violation of the formula "no annexation"; but if it is a union on a democratic basis, under effective guarantees, it becomes as true that Austria is annexed to them, as they to it.

Such guarantees, however, require a radical change in the constitution of the Dual Monarchy, a great easement upon its sovereignty. They would need profoundly to alter the incidence of taxation, the scope of suffrage, and the conditions of cultural and religious organization. Even with the very desirable creation of the wished-for Greater Serbia as a part of the new Austrian Commonwealth of politically equal nationalities, the guarantees could not be merely written into the law of the land alone. To be effective, they would have to be trans-national, enforcible by international intervention. Prescription is futile without enforcement, as the notorious example of the much-chastened and newly enlightened Rumania shows. Under the provisions of the treaty of Berlin which established this dynastic and landlord-ridden state (now striving nobly and with heroic effort toward democracy, economic as well as political), Jews, on whom the Rumanian political mediævalism bore even harder than on the Rumanian peasant, were to be established in citizenship equally with their fellow-countrymen. Rumanian legislation rendered these provisions completely nugatory. The taboo on "interference in a state's internal affairs" kept the Jews from appeal and redress. The Jewish minority was and is completely at the mercy of the non-Jewish majority. The war has led the Rumanian government of its own motion to plan to remove this tragic injustice, but had there existed an international court with power to enforce its verdicts, to which the minority or the powerless could have appealed, the history not only of the Jews but of the downtrodden peasants of Rumania might have been otherwise written.

In a readjustment such as the basic needs of their peoples show as wisest for Austria-Hungary and her Slavic subjects and Slavic rivals, the lesson is obvious. The geographically and economically defined administrative area which may be the state of Austria-Hungary-Serbia, would be much larger than the original. The state would be a democratic coöperative commonwealth of nationalities with their social and cultural differences strengthened and enhanced by their economic and political unity. To secure this, however, to turn what is written as a law into what is practiced as a life would require a superior authority to which endangered minorities could appeal and from which they might actually get justice.

As with Austria-Hungary, so with Russia and her constituent nationalities, with France and Alsace-Lorraine, with the other Balkan states. The chief problem in a readjustment that shall be advantageous to the masses of men rather than to governments and other vested interests is the problem of creating a machinery that shall effectively safeguard the rights of minority nationalities to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Without such a machinery exclusive sovereignties, and wars, are inevitable. With it the nullification of international obligations becomes impossible, the whole political programme based on the present state-system irrelevant. The quarrels will fall to the ground that have arisen among Poles over dragooning the unwilling Bohemians, who have in recent years been perfectly well off with Austria, into union with their chauvinist fellow nationals of Russia, who have learned nothing from history and remain as intolerant and piratical as the Shlakta whose selfishness and sensualism destroyed the Polish state. And so the quarrels of the Ukrainians, the Ruthenians, the Finns, and others with the Russians. So, quarrels anywhere between

nationalities. Once democracy, in accord, of course, with the living law and the enduring moods of a people, is prescribed for an economico-political area, and minorities in such an area are safeguarded by the proper machinery of law, the creative and coöperative tendencies in human nature and the compulsion of the industrial machine will, other things being equal, automatically and without restriction effect the indefinite duration of peace.

H. M. KALLEN.

Corrupted Dramatic Critics

One of these days when the financial depression in the playhouse at last exceeds the mental depression, some Gordon Craig is going to rise up and propose to cure the theatre by killing the critics.

There will be sympathizers. The critics themselves, first of all. For little does the public appreciate the joy of buying a ticket at the box office of the speculator in the Hotel Astorbilt or of seeing a play with no more serious problem in mind than whether Robert Mantell wears a toupee or how much the feminine figure has deteriorated since the rigorous tighted days of Weber & Fields. But the critic is never likely to win such sympathetic understanding while he retains his position as a professional person, and profits by the public's inability to penetrate learned hokus-pokus. Barring an occasional Molière and Shaw, the world has failed to penetrate the pretences of the professions even when they were most vulnerable. Perhaps if dramatic critics were to be officially classed as day laborers—unskilled—under some wartime census, instead of special practitioners with office hours from 8:15 to 12 p. m. there might be hope. Perhaps they might then get over a few of their worst habits. They might stop behaving like mid-Victorian "literary men" accepting each play as a figment without economic, social, or ethical base. They might stop treating the American theatre as a series of separate plays, not as an organization. They might stop describing the effect of the play on themselves, instead of their—and your and my—effect on the play, and its presumable interaction with society. They might stop weighing that reaction of their mental epidermis in the fuddling old scales of absolute judgments. They might begin to understand society both behind the curtain and in front. They might begin to understand the economics of American industrialism. They might even begin to understand the economics of the American theatre. . .

Until they do, they will remain pettifogging "literary men," frank panderers to theatre owners and theatregoers, or, at best, men who abuse the "commercial manager" without understanding what makes him the worst business man, as well as the worst artist, in the world.

In such times as these, with the professional theatre going rapidly—though doubtless temporarily, as heretofore—to the wall, the callousness of the critic becomes peculiarly maddening. Perhaps as maddening as the theatrical system on which this callousness has been polished. It drives one to the desperate paradox of affirming that the critic is not familiar enough with the commercial methods of the playhouse because he is altogether too familiar with them—in a wholly subjective way. I like to think this true, not because it is charitable, but because I know that the majority of our plays are inferior trash and the majority of our critics corrupt or corrupted, and that the economic organization of the American theatre, with its long-run system in New York and its touring system on the road, is responsible for both conditions. I like to think that it is these facts which have driven me out of the newspapers into THE DIAL.

At any rate, in my six years of dramatic criticism I collected plentiful evidence of this critical corruption; and all of it did not leave me with the impression that the "commercial manager" was the root of the trouble. The public has been fully supplied, of course, with cases unfavorable to the manager: the story of Norman Hapgood's fight with the Syndicate; the barring of Walter Prichard Eaton and Alexander Woolcott by the Shuberts and of Metcalf and Alan Dale and Louis

Sherwin by Klaw & Erlanger; the troubles of Delamarter, Hammond, and Collins in Chicago, and of Salita Solano in Boston. But if you are close to the open secrets of the journalistic profession you may have heard that while the New York "Globe" and "Times" supported Hapgood and Woolcott in their fights, it was the newspapers which knuckled down in the cases of Walter Prichard Eaton, Alan Dale, and William Winter, and that at least two critics are supposed to have left a New York evening paper because of the hostility aroused in the breasts of a person of the prominence of David Belasco and communicated to the owner.

If you are as close to the newspapers as a critic, you would know that there are not more than half a dozen papers east of the Mississippi on which a critic has a free hand and is protected from corruption by innuendo as well as intimidation. To state only the most flagrant cases, in one of the four leading cities of the country the critic of the largest evening paper is also its advertising solicitor, while a morning paper pays its critic a salary in which is figured a percentage on the receipts from theatrical advertising. In another of these cities, one dramatic editor may be found of a Friday inspecting the list of Sunday advertising before making up his theatrical page, while persons asking for advertising rates on another page are referred to the dramatic editor for information; and in the same town a leading progressive paper requires its critic to write an absolutely fixed number of lines about each new opening paying for a corresponding size of advertisement.

If you are as close to the newspapers as, say, a press agent, you may receive from the dramatic department of a very prominent New York paper a letter containing the following sentence: "If you will see that the Evening ——— receives the full Sunday copy on Saturday, we will be glad to help your show along when it opens." This is the usual introduction to the "dollar criticism" of a chain of the country's most popular papers, where a rigid adherence to "so much for so much" replaces the older editorial motto, "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Some of us have been lucky enough not to work for this sort of paper. But, for all that, our way has not been straight and narrow—and simple. We have had to meet the competition of the other kind of critic, and the wiles of the commercial manager which these papers are encouraging. In the end it is a moral drive that the honest critic has to face—and no offensive is harder to stop.

For instance, it is the custom of the theatres to send their press agents round to the newspapers once a week with pictures and special articles, and they pick, of all days, Tuesdays. This means, in cities outside New York, that the day the critic's review appears, he knows he must face and talk to men who earn their bread by the thing that he may have to do his best to kill. Worse still, he knows that these men will come from other newspaper offices where their wares have been respectfully received.

When the manager is not reminding the critic corporeally of the existence of himself and his fortunes, he is doing it by mail. Not a week passed in which some notice from one of the major theatres in Philadelphia did not reach me with the penciled message in the bottom corner: "30 line ad Saturday," or "2 col. ad tomorrow," or "150 lines next week." Sometimes special notes came along, too. Here is a characteristic one: "The Blank Theatre will use 75 lines of advertising space daily during the week commencing Monday next. In view of this fact, can we ask that you will give extra attention to our press notice and see that this house is well looked after both as regards the Sunday notice and also Tuesday's review?"

To conclude my personal experiences with theatrical corruption, I had one very clear intimation, during my work in Philadelphia, of what would have happened to me and my job if I had worked on an average newspaper instead of the best in the city. It involved, first, a request from the manager of two of the leading playhouses that I cease to review his plays on Tuesdays, while continuing to give them routine advance notices, special articles and pictures; and, second, the cutting down of the advertising space of all the

major theatres to four or five lines each, when I added to my criticisms occasional reflections on the effect of economic organization on art in the American theatre.

So much for the pressure of managers and press agents. Its effectiveness, it must be obvious, does not depend on the honesty of the business office downstairs. Its purely spiritual effect is bound to be felt. No critic can face it month in and season out, if he has any of that sensitiveness which is not undesirable in a good critic. He knows that his fellow critics are jumping through the managerial hoop, and he knows that no matter how loud the business management of the paper may be in its declaration that the advertising department has no connection with the editorial, every time he ignores the managerial pleas to which his fellows accede, his paper stands to lose revenue. In the last analysis he feels at the bottom of his heart that newspapers prefer tact to truth; and when he contemplates the calibre of the art over which all this pother is raised, he finds it easy to understand the newspaper proprietor's lack of interest in serious criticism.

Perhaps some managing editor may think the American theatre and its plays worthy the labor and cost of solving this problem of criticism versus advertising. But even if it can be solved, the solution will leave untouched a far worse evil. It is a basic evil. It underlies both the American theatre and the American newspaper.

The long-run system of Broadway, with the touring system through the lesser cities, drives steadily towards the production of plays that are more and more broadly and obviously popular. The huge profits possible have made competition so keen that the costs of production have risen steadily as managers seek more costly casts and scenery to insure success. The increased costs have made only the most prosperous of runs possible. And the most prosperous of runs, first in New York and then on the road, must hinge on a play that has the broadest and most commonplace of appeals, and is bolstered up by criticism just as obvious. Our amusement gamble, calling for tremendously profitable successes to offset wasteful investments and big chances, calls just as loudly for startling, violent phrases of commendation to throw in the face of a public that has no other guide to what it may expect in any particular theatre.

The manager doesn't have to buy these phrases—if he only knew it. They are gladly supplied gratis by the man who wants to see his name quoted on the billboards and in the electric lights. "There's too much commercialism in the critics as well as the managers," says George C. Tyler. It all means a pandering to managerial cupidity and to the public's taste for sensation. The result ranges from banalities like "a happy hit" and "scores a ripping success," through extravagances like "It bites. It stings. It hits!" to such a gem as "Go and see the Barrie play if you have to pawn your socks."

Such criticism is on the face of it the reflection of an unhealthy theatre, a theatre that has become a combination of 8-day race, gladiatorial contest and a great public disaster. People who are interested in such a theatre want to "collect" the successes—to be "in on" all the "events of the season." They want the critic to help them—to tell them when to rush to this or that theatre where a play is sure to be all the vogue. Naturally the critic is soon trying quite as hard as the play to be a "success." In New York, where plays are unknown quantities on their first-nights, he conducts a guessing contest in popularity. On the road, where plays bring a record of Broadway success, he must rise to the still higher function of recording that success as capably and violently as possible.

Of course, the best thing that can be said of most critics is that they are no worse than the plays they have to write about; and the worst thing is that they do not see the system which brings them such plays, and how this system has corrupted their courage and reduced the quality of their work by capitalizing the obvious, the "punchy," in criticism as much as in plays.

Such criticism matches the system it pretends to guide. Criticism of that system—the most vital service a critic can do the American theatre to-day—is too much to expect. Until that system shall have been radically reformed we must content ourselves with criticizing the critics.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

A Residuary Legatee of the Victorians

RECOLLECTIONS. By John, Viscount Morley. 2 vols. (Macmillan Co.; $7.50.)

John Morley is the residuary legatee of the Victorian age. Born in 1838, he went to Oxford in the late fifties, the Oxford of reaction from the Movement, the Oxford of Bishop Wilberforce and Dean Stanley and Goldwin Smith, of Mark Pattison and Thomas Hill Green. He went up to London to become editor of the "Fortnightly Review," one of three new magazines which constituted the national forum in which the intellectual controversies of the age were fought out—in which Huxley defended Darwin and Agnosticism against Gladstone, and Mr. Frederick Harrison expounded Compte and Positivism, and Matthew Arnold preached the gospel of culture, and Mr. W. H. Mallock subjected all the new philosophies to the criticism of his trenchant logic, in the interest of Roman Catholic authority. All these Morley knew as fellow-journalists, and also the greater figures of the background—Carlyle, and John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer; George Eliot and George Meredith. He came into contact with the three foreigners who contributed the most powerful romantic strains to English sentiment and political thought, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and George Sand. He set forth the philosophic sources of the liberalism of the nineteenth century in his studies of Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, and Burke. He entered Parliament in 1883 under the aegis of Joseph Chamberlain. He wrote the biographies of the two men whose political conceptions marked most profoundly, one the earlier, the other the later, Victorian period, Cobden and Gladstone. Altogether, if any man is entitled to recollections of the Victorian age that man is Viscount Morley.

And recollections these are in form, not studied autobiography. Indeed, from the tone of autobiography, from self-analysis, or self-portraiture, or self-defence, these volumes are remarkably free. We are not told of the tragedy, if such there was, of declining faith in Morley's abandonment of the evangelicalism of his youth for the rationalism of his manhood. We are not told of the inner struggle, if such there was, of his separation from Chamberlain on Home Rule, or from Asquith and Sir Edward Grey on the issue of the present war. We are not told of love, or marriage, or pecuniary and social difficulties in the great world in which he came to move. There emerges, indeed, the outline of a splendid and fascinating career—of progress from briefless barrister and publisher's adviser, to editorial impresario and member of Parliament and Cabinet Minister, the Order of Merit and a peerage, but of the personal triumph of the attainment of these steps, not a word. The most sustained personal passage is that in which he dwells on his fondness for Lucretius.

And yet there is a personal note throughout the book which marks Lord Morley as, by temperament, the fit biographer of his age. The abiding impression which the book leaves is of an immense genius for friendship. Morley was personally or intellectually or politically almost the next of kin to an extraordinary number of the great figures whose names fill his pages. Perhaps the cordiality with which he, the son of a country doctor, was received and appreciated by men of higher station called forth an answering loyalty. At all events, he is content to appear in his memoirs always as the confidant, the acolyte. One wonders whether in the whole course of his recollections he has a keener pleasure than when he records the words which he found in Gladstone's diary, written during the second struggle for Home Rule: "J. M. is on the whole about the best stay I have."

It is remarkable indeed to what a number and variety of souls Morley played the *fidus Achates,* of how many confidences he was the recipient, of how many farewells and valedictories he was the speaker. He tells us with a certain stoic tenderness of his last meetings with John Stuart Mill, and George Meredith. At the unveiling of the monument to John Bright he was the orator. Herbert Spencer, as death approached, selected him as standing out "above others as one from whom words would come most fitly." He paid the last tribute to Matthew Arnold in the House of Commons. Of Leslie Stephen and Campbell-Bannerman and Vernon Harcourt he records in these volumes his final estimate with the beautiful and appropriate phrases of a classical epitaph. Of Joseph Chamberlain he tells us, "As his end drew near we sent one another heartfelt words of affectionate farewell. Meanwhile for thirteen strenuous years we lived the life of brothers." Nor can we forget his account of the scene in which he fulfilled the duty of a son in breaking to Mrs. Gladstone the news that her husband's

retirement from his great office was necessary—while Gladstone played backgammon.

> The poor lady was not in the least prepared for the actual stroke. Had gone through so many crises and they had all come out right in the end; had calculated that the refreshment of the coming journey to Biarritz would change his thoughts and purpose. I told her that language had been used which made change almost impossible. Well, then, would not the Cabinet change, when they knew the perils with which his loss would surround them? I was obliged to keep to iron facts. What a curious scene! Me breaking to her that the pride and glory of her life was at last to face eclipse, that the curtain was falling on a grand drama of fame, power, acclamation; the rattle of the dice on the backgammon board, and the laughter and chucklings of the two long-lived players, sounding a strange running refrain.

This quality of human intimacy, of companionship, gives a peculiar charm to the book, as of a sunny and smiling landscape. And in a subtle way this serves to characterize for us the Victorian era, the epoch which we are only just beginning to see in softening perspective as a checkered afternoon of sunshine and showers between the stormy morning of the opening century and the threatening evening of its close. It was a time of immense unsettlement, religious, political, social, and yet a time of serious confidence and of earnest hope. The pessimism of Carlyle, echoed by Ruskin, was of the past, and the workers of the present, differing as they did, were united in a belief in progress. Huxley believed that man, awakened to a sense of his true place in Nature and the lease which he held of her, would make intelligence a contributing factor in his survival. George Eliot assured Morley "that she saw no reason why the Religion of Humanity should not have a good chance of taking root." Matthew Arnold dared to talk hopefully of the pursuit of our total perfection, and of the state as representing "the right reason of the nation." Cobden, Bright, Gladstone believed in an international right reason based on the political economy of the Manchester school. These were the thinkers who made the psychological climate in which Morley grew up. This hopefulness, shared by workers in so many different fields, gave to the whole intellectual society a contagious confidence and a mutual buoyancy. The sense of great problems pressing for solution raised human intercourse to a higher intellectual level than ever before, and made intellectual respect, even among those who differed most widely, a basis of tolerance. Excommunication was unknown. A spiritual urbanity, as distinct as the literary etiquette of the Augustans, gave manners to dissent and took the sting out of controversy. In giving this total impression of his time, Lord Morley does for us what the letter writers have done for the earlier, and the diarists for the later, Georgian age. Among the throng of poets, novelists, philosophers, scientists, publicists called up by his "Recollections," he moves with gentle dignity and winning grace. Of the kindness, the intimacy, the intellectual Arcadianism of that now so far-away Victorian age no one is more perfectly representative than John Morley.

It is, of course, as a representative of Liberalism that Lord Morley is at the present moment a most significant, and, as the survivor of its bankruptcy, a most pathetic figure. He entered Parliament in 1883, under the ministry of Gladstone, which John Bright had quitted two years before when it surrendered to the imperialists and stamped out the promising national movement of young Egypt under Arabi Pasha. Morley's first significant appearance in the House was in moving an amendment against the government in regard to its course in Egypt and the Soudan. When Gladstone, as if to avert his eyes from the spectacle of the betrayal of nationalities, and the spectre of universal carnage which loomed behind it, turned with atoning zeal to free Ireland, however, Morley became his lieutenant. In the short ministry of 1886 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and resumed that office when Gladstone returned to power in 1892. He was fearless in his reliance on humanity and good faith in his dealings with the Irish. Unlike so many liberals when confronted with the responsibilities of office, he scorned to take refuge in repression. And always with the true faith of the Victorian Liberal he dwelt on the moral aspect of Irish Home Rule, linking it with the great triumph of liberal political thought in the *Risorgimento*. "Gladstone," he says in a characteristic passage, "was the only man among us all who infused commanding moral conception into the Irish movement—the only man who united the loftiest ideals of national life and public duty with the glory of words, the moral genius of Mazzini with the political genius of Cavour."

When the Boer War came in response to the policy of Chamberlain and Milner, once more it was the moral issue that preoccupied Morley. He literally took his life in his hand when he

went to Manchester to speak in support of the small republics and against the war.

"The war party had publicly advertised and encouraged attempts to smash the meeting, and young men were earnestly exhorted in patriotic prints at least for one night to sacrifice their billiards and tobacco for the honor of their native land. . . The Chairman was Bright's eldest son, but not a word was he allowed to utter by an audience of between eight and ten thousand people. Then my turn came, and for ten minutes I had to face the same severe ordeal." But he captured the crowd by the assertion that he was a Lancashire man, and was then allowed to proceed to his splendid peroration. "You may carry fire and sword into the midst of peace and industry: it will be wrong. A war of the strongest government in the world with untold wealth and inexhaustible reserves against this little republic will bring you no glory: it will be wrong. You may make thousands of women widows, and thousands of children fatherless: it will be wrong. It may add a new province to your empire: it will be wrong. You may give buoyancy to the African stock and share market: it will still be wrong."

To one fatal defect in the Liberal political system of these years Lord Morley bears witness. That he was aware of the importance of retaining control of the Foreign Office by the House of Commons is shown by his pregnant account of the negotiation which he and Harcourt conducted with Lord Rosebery on the latter's assumption of office in 1895. "This was to secure the point that the leader of the H. of C. was to see all telegrams and dispatches of the F. O. . . Harcourt at once drove up to B. Square, surrendered the point, and generally fell in with a Rosebery premiership. No doubt, if I had joined him in making a protest against a foreign secretary in the Lords, with a definite refusal to join unless that point were conceded, this, as R. afterwards told me, would have broken off the plan, and he would have thrown up his task. It seems curious that none of us realised how essentially fatal to the very idea of a sound and workable arrangement was the difference between two schools of imperial policy."

"Curious that none of us realized!" For the next twenty years, during more than half of which Lord Morley was a cabinet minister, he knew no more of what the Foreign Secretary was about than his constituents who sent him to Westminster to represent them. His recollections of this period are chiefly those of his correspondence as Secretary of State for India with Lord Minto, the Governor General, urging always a high-minded and liberal treatment of the people of that dependency. Indeed, so persistent is Lord Morley's recollection of his absorption in this one task that he gives the effect of an elaborate alibi from the cabinet of which he was a member. When in 1914 he discovered his total ignorance of the international engagements in accordance with which England went to war, he resigned. Of this there is no mention in the "Recollections," and to present-day politics but one reference, that to the surrender of Asquith and Lloyd-George to a coalition ministry.

> As it happened in the fulness of time our distinguished apostles of Efficiency came into supreme power, with a share in the finest field for efficient diplomacy and an armed struggle, that could have been imagined. Unhappily they broke down, or thought they had (1915), and could discover no better way out of their scrape than to seek deliverance (not without a trace of arbitrary proscription) from the opposing party that counted Liberalism, old or new, for dangerous and deluding moonshine.

These lines have a note of disappointment, even of bitterness, quite at variance with the spirit of the book. More characteristic is the passage in the last chapter in which Lord Morley pronounces, in his noblest manner, his final panegyric on the Victorian age.

> Whatever we may say of Europe between Waterloo and Sedan, in our country at least it was an epoch of hearts uplifted with hope, and brains active with sober and manly reason for the common good. Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of proportion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling, "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to Toleration was another.

Never has the intellectual beauty of the Victorian age been more truly and eloquently defined; never has it been more brilliantly and sympathetically exemplified than by Viscount Morley's "Recollections."

Robert Morss Lovett.

Patriotism Without Vision

THE WORLD PERIL. By Members of the Princeton Faculty. (Princeton University Press; $1.)

Seven Princeton professors have undertaken to educate public opinion to the fact that Germany is a world peril and to clarify the principles for which the United States is contending. In so far as it is typical of well informed opinion their book illustrates the urgency of a formative discussion if President Wilson shall enunciate at the peace conference an intelligent and clearly formulated programme representative of the determinations of the American people. The present trend of public sentiment is discouraging for those who have hoped this war might give birth to an international organization which would substitute a regulated behavior for a destructive competition of interests as between absolute sovereignties. Those who undertake to instruct the people are content to re-emphasize the reasons which made a break with Germany inevitable, rather than to concentrate attention upon the ideals which must become actualized if this war shall not have been in vain. German historians, statesmen, and writers upon international law are quoted voluminously in demonstration of Germany's purpose to rely upon the law of necessity as over against respectable acquiescence in the precepts of international law. It is assumed that international law, to quote Mr. Edward S. Corwin, expresses the "verdict of the tribunal of the civilized world." And, in this book, Mr. Corwin seems willing to substantiate the illusion. He attempts to confute German adherence to the law of necessity in relations between nations by an analogous case selected from an English court of law! It is important to distinguish between a description of fact and a rule of behavior. We should realize that the international situation is one in which law is merely the precedent established by the strong nation, observed only in so far as national interests are thereby fostered, and that it in no way voices the collective wishes of nations, and they will unite in an effort to substitute law for an unregulated competition of interests. We can admit that the Germans have accurately described the international situation. It is necessary, however, if we would make clear the purpose of the United States, as expressed by President Wilson, to prevent the Central Empires from transforming an existing fact into an approved and permanent rule of procedure. We hope to assist in the creation of a world of law out of a present world of chaos and anarchy.

The importance of accurately understanding the correct international situation is re-enforced by reading Mr. Clifton R. Hall's splendid paper concerning the two Americas. He contributes one of the best papers of short compass which has been written upon the relations of North and South America. It reviews the historical associations of the United States and the South and Central American republics, examines the Monroe Doctrine in the light of Pan-Americanism, portrays the development of our trade since the war, and discusses the means of coöperation and the requisites for those mutual understandings which alone will unify the two continents. Our exports to South America have increased three fold since 1913. They now constitute thirty-three per cent of the total imports to these countries. The conclusion of the war will involve the American merchant in a bitter contest to maintain what he has recently won. In the past, American business firms have been unable to compete with government supported foreign organizations. The English banking system and the German cartel excluded the American from the field. Until 1913 the United States banking laws forbade American banks from establishing foreign branches, and the Sherman Anti-trust Act prevented combinations of exporters for purposes of foreign trade. If by chance American merchants could overcome these handicaps they possessed no means of transportation. European lines have discriminated against Americans "by means of categorical agreements known as 'conferences' in which English, German and other companies have joined, dividing the territory among themselves, fixing rates of transportation, pooling their earnings and administering a system of rebates to crush interlopers."

Mr. Hall outlines the measures which have been adopted to overcome these difficulties. The Federal Reserve Act removes financial handicaps. The proposed Webb Law makes possible combinations of exporters in foreign trade, and the government through the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is now an effective helpmate. Secretary Redfield has developed an efficient system "of regular commercial attachés to collect data and furnish advice, special agents to travel wherever needed to study local conditions, and offices in our principal cities, manned by trained experts, to disseminate information to interested parties — all this in addition to our increasingly capable consular service." Finally, the revolution in the shipping industry brought

about by the war, together with friendly Congressional legislation, seems to guarantee a period of security and development for the American merchant marine.

We are not to expect, however, that European nations will relinquish their South American trade without a struggle. Says Mr. Hall, "Experts have pointed out that, since the war began, England has made greater strides in industrial efficiency than in fifteen or twenty-five years previously . . . and that, when peace is declared, far from abdicating her sovereignty over the world's trade, she will appear in the lists rearmed, rejuvenated, and more formidable than ever." Germany, likewise, will seek to regain the markets abandoned during the war. And, "moreover, the disconcerting activity of Japan in developing new ship lines and in greatly increasing her emigration to South America introduces an added complication into an already perplexing problem."

Not only has Japan entered South America. Mr. Mason W. Tyler discusses American interests in the Far East. He shows that under pressure of the European War England and the United States have yielded a virtual monopoly to Japan. Japan has "forced China to recognize her predominant position in Manchuria, secured an extension of the lease of Port Arthur and the Manchurian Railways to ninety-nine years, and full rights to establish in that region any Japanese enterprise. In Shantung she not only secured all the economic rights hitherto held by Germany, but also greatly extended them, including the right to build, under Japanese control, the new railway opening up the northern part of the peninsula. She secured the right to control and almost monopolize the great coal and iron fields in the Yangtze valley. Finally she secured at least a prior right to the development of Fu-Kien province in southern China. Taken altogether, these concessions constitute the commencement at least, of an economic monopoly for Japan in China." The Open Door in the Far East is closed.

Now, while Americans clearly recognize that the Great War has ended their national isolation, public opinion stubbornly remains blind to the fact that this makes inevitable a conflict with the vital interests of other nations. The world trade situation is becoming more and more one in which governments are assistants if not active partners with their subjects in foreign enterprise. This presages an international competition more keen than existed before the war. Unless there shall be what Bertrand Russell calls a neutral authority empowered to adjust interests and to institute readjustments peacefully, readjustments by force are inevitable. We should expect that a book written primarily to educate public opinion regarding war issues would squarely face this problem. The authors of The World Peril have not done so. Their emphasis is upon the past, not the future. Mr. Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker writes a chapter on Democracy Imperilled. The sum of his argument is to demonstrate that the development of modern Germany has been the coalescence of forces antagonistic to democracy. The implication is, crush the Kaiser and the world automatically becomes safe for democracy! The contribution of Honorable Henry van Dyke is a Fourth of July address which conforms to traditional standards. Only in the concluding chapter of the book is an attempt made to outline the essentials for world peace. In this chapter Mr. Philip Marshall Brown rejects the principle of balance of power. He represents an opinion the direct opposite of Mr. Tyler's who writes in behalf of a world balance of power. Mr. Brown clearly perceives that a peace which rests upon balance of power is a peace ultimately dependent upon force. But he suggests no tangible substitute. He insists that a first essential for future security is a democratic Germany. Secondly, the claims of nationalism must be recognized and in some way combined with local autonomy. Tariff rivalries must give way to freedom of trade between all nations. And when he has thus formulated a programme for world peace he proceeds to emasculate it in the following words: "If the law abiding, peace loving nations, however, are able to crush this outlaw (Germany) and then lay the foundations of peace in accordance with sound principles, they may have but little reason to concern themselves about the formation of 'councils,' 'leagues,' police, or even of courts. The application of the Golden Rule as the rule of enlightened self-interest among nations will need hardly any other sanction than its own sanction."

Exclusive attention to the past is peculiarly short sighted at this time. In each of the allied countries there exists a democratic element which favors a world organization for peace. Once these elements fuse and unite upon a constructive policy, they will sustain President Wilson and other liberal allied statesmen in the critical period of peace negotiations. An indispensable preliminary for this synthesis of views is a continuous discussion of the principles formulated in

recent issues of THE DIAL. Whatever a denunciation of the enemy may accomplish, it makes no approach towards that "concert of free peoples" urged by President Wilson. The question is no longer what caused us to enter the war, but what ideals we desire to make real through the conduct of the war. Their attainment is conditioned upon translating into definite and concrete terms what is now a more or less vague desire that nations abandon their insistence upon absolute sovereignty, that each nationality recognize itself to be a coöperative unit in a larger whole, and that the conduct of nations be no longer determined as in the past by reference to their own conceptions of vital interests but in accordance with rules of behavior based upon equality of opportunity for all and special privilege for none.

V. T. THAYER.

A Modern Russian Tone-Poet

SCRIABIN. By A. Eaglefield Hull. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25.)

From his biographical sketches of Handel and Beethoven, Dr. Hull has gone a long way for the subject of the third book in his series, choosing Alexander Scriabin, the revolutionary Russian tone-poet who, in less than twenty years, made some of the most interesting and important experiments which have ever been made in musical art. But he has been exceedingly happy in his choice, for he has presented a most cogent and readable analysis of Scriabin's development and compositions—the best analysis available in English.

Scriabin's name is as yet scarcely recognized outside the narrow circles of the musical elect. Born in 1871, his father a young lawer, his mother a gifted pianist, Scriabin developed into a musical wonder-child at the age of five. His acute ear and musical memory enabled him to reproduce any piece on the piano at one hearing. He showed many signs of an independent mind; he preferred always to invent rather than to copy; he extemporized on the piano with great credit long before he could write music. At the age of eight his creative genius expressed itself in musical composition and the writing of poetry; he also amused himself by cutting things out of wood and making miniature pianos. He was frequently taken to the opera, where his ears were more occupied by the orchestra than his eyes were by the stage, which may indicate why his later development was along non-operatic lines. At ten he was placed in the Army Cadet Corps, where he remained nine years, though he showed no love for the science of war.

Scriabin's first music lessons (on the piano) were taken privately from Professor G. A. Conus, and later from Zvierieff, who also had Rachmaninoff for a pupil. The breaking of his collar bone at this time forced him during his convalescence to practice on the piano with his left hand only, which may partly account for the difficulty of the left-hand parts of many of his compositions. Later he entered the Moscow Conservatoire, where he studied pianoforte with Safonoff and counterpoint with Taneieff, both fine men and musicians whose influence was of inestimable benefit to Scriabin. Scriabin remained under Taneieff for several years, but when the latter withdrew from the conservatoire and his place was taken by Arensky, Scriabin left the class in disgust at the end of Arensky's first term because Arensky "wanted to put him back too far." He finished at the conservatoire in 1891, and entered upon his life work as virtuoso and composer, which was uninterrupted until his death, except by a period of six years beginning in 1897. About this time also he contracted an unlucky marriage, which was soon dissolved. He spent much time in Switzerland and France, besides touring America in 1906-7, where for a time he conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. For two years (1909-10) he lived in Brussels, in close touch with a brilliant group of artists, thinkers, and musicians. Here his contact with the arts, science, philosophy, and religion undoubtedly influenced his naturally mystic mind, for here his masterpiece "Prometheus" was conceived and most of it written. Here also he met his second wife. He died in Moscow on April 14, 1915 from blood-poisoning, after an illness of only ten days.

In summarizing Scriabin's achievements during a busy fourteen years, it must be said that he was a modernist who evolved a new system of harmony, abandoned both major and minor scales, as well as modulation, chromatic inflection, even key signatures, and, at the time of his death, had well under way his experiments with the unification of music, color, and *mimique*. As if this were not enough, he also wove a system of theosophy into the art of his latest period. Still, one wonders whether Dr. Hull is not more prophetic than historic in his statement that "the sum total of Scriabin's work has brought about an artistic revolution unequaled in the whole history of the arts."

It is too much to expect that Scriabin should

be generally understood so soon after his death. No great composer has ever achieved full appreciation in so short a time—and probably none ever will do so, at least this side of the millennium. Indeed, Scriabin's music has scarcely been played in America. Outside of his tour of this country, the production of "Prometheus" in New York in 1915, and of the Third Symphony ("The Divine Poem") in Philadelphia about the same time, and some of his piano pieces which Josef Hoffman has played, the music of Scriabin is little known here. And because of the immense difficulty of Scriabin's music, especially the left-hand parts of his piano pieces, it will always remain beyond the ability of the common run of amateur musicians. Hence, sincere students of music will welcome the analysis of Scriabin's work which Dr. Hull has provided. Coincidentally, here is a virgin field for the makers of music for player-pianos and sound-reproducing machines.

The perfectly logical evolution of Scriabin's achievements is emphasized in this book. Starting with a style that was distinctly Chopinesque, Scriabin early developed piquancy and originality, and, having once found himself, went confidently forward, greatly extending the scope of pianoforte technique. Especially is the natural growth of the new harmony shown in the interesting chapter on the ten sonatas, which Dr. Hull declares "in every way worthy of ranking with the very greatest things in pianoforte literature." Similarly, Scriabin's marvelous skill in orchestration is revealed in the chapter on the five symphonies.

Scriabin abandoned the major and minor scales without inventing a new one. But he invented a new style of composition. The discoverer of many new chords or combinations, he would take a single chord and out of its extended harmonies evolve a whole composition. His foundation chord is accepted as a concord, whether sweet-sounding or not, leaving only "suspensions," "passing notes," and "appoggiaturas" as discords. Strange his music may sound to unaccustomed ears, but it has wonderful vitality and charm, especially on the evanescent and ethereal tones of the piano. Yet his innovations are not mistakes or the result of ignorance, for with all his adventures into the musically undiscovered, he had a profound knowledge of, and reverence for, form and design, as a study of his symphonies and sonatas shows. On the framework of classical form, which Schumann, Liszt, and Berlioz considered outworn, he weaves wonderful patterns of exquisite coloring and beauty. His intimate pieces seem quite as wonderful as Field's and Chopin's, sometimes arabesques of Æolian vagueness, and sometimes dual ideas poised in rondo form.

Perhaps it is because of the association of color with music in "Prometheus" that one looks eagerly to see what Dr. Hull says about this. But Dr. Hull is rather non-committal, for Scriabin's efforts in this direction were experimental and in no sense intended to be final. It is foolish to expect the relation between color and music to be established in one man's lifetime, when that between drama and music has not been finally determined in three hundred years. Of course the analogy between color and sound dates back to Aristotle, and many scientists have worked on it; but the red herring that is always drawn across the trail is the attempt to associate particular colors with certain keys or scales. This involves the difficulty that sound is much more quickly perceptible than color, and that what is an entrancing arpeggio or trill in music is a blinding maze when translated into color. Also a trumpet note conveys an idea entirely different from that of the same note on a muted violin, though the color organ emblazons both with equal intensity; that is to say, the color organ of the scientists utterly lacks timbre. Scriabin used Rimington's color organ; but he adopted a color scale of his own, and wrote his music in a novel harmonic and scientific system to give a color symphony a fairer opportunity to make itself—should I say seen or heard? This was aided also by having the color harmonies follow the bass notes of the musical harmonies. If there was little recognized connection between the music and color, at least the latter served to divide the senses of the audience much as opera does. Scriabin associated music and color rather on psychic lines, trying to produce with his colors the same effect on the mind that his music produced, and he must be given credit for new progress in this direction. How much further he would have gone if he could have concluded the further experiments which were interrupted by his untimely death, one can only conjecture.

Any attempt at more adequate comment on separate chapters is infeasible; yet it must be said that the discussions of the "mystic chord," music and color, form and style, and the source of Scriabin's inspiration are a distinct contribution to the literature of modern harmony and musical tendencies. Whether one reads to damn or praise, the value of Dr. Hull's commentary must be recognized.

RUSSELL RAMSEY.

A Grenstone Lad

GRENSTONE POEMS. By Witter Bynner. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.; $1.35.)

When Witter Bynner, some fifteen years ago, discovered "A Shropshire Lad," the direction of his poetic future was settled. To him those amazing poems of Housman meant the purest *poetry* since Keats. Where else has a simple stanza, or where have a bare two or three of them, gone so freighted with the burden of compressed beauty?

Bynner learned the "Shropshire Lad" not only by heart but by soul. He is still informed of it. The influence is deeper than any matter of literary chapter and verse. Bynner is, so far as an American can be, a Shropshire lad. The Grenstone Village of "Grenstone Poems" is an American Shropshire.

In one direction Bynner leaves his master. There is not much optimism, as all the world knows, in Housman; there is a great deal in Bynner—

> . . . a lad
> Who had intended always to be glad.

The intention to be glad runs through all Bynner's verse, beginning with that long and joyous essay in everything that he published some two years out of college—the "Ode to Harvard" (reprinted as "Young Harvard")—and continuing down through the resplendent democratic faith of "The New World" to the simple cheerfulness of "Grenstone Poems."

Of all Bynner's poetry "The New World" stands foremost. He came so near there to writing a great poem that one is brought to wonder at the accident that prevented him. I cannot quite discover why it is not a great poem. It has certainly the makings of one. Its theme is magnificent; it is bodied forth from the two greatest loves a poet could have—the loves of woman and democracy—here, in their source of "Celia," identical; it is full of lines of beauty and eloquence.

Perhaps, though, I slipped in saying "the two greatest loves a poet could have"; there may be a greater—and perhaps its not coming first in "The New World" is the reason why that poem does not quite attain the ultimate heights of poetry. The love of beauty is, after all, the thing that has made the most extraordinary poetry of the world—new or old—

> Music that is too grievous of the height
> For safe and low delight.

One does not love simplicity first and therefore produce beauty; one loves beauty first and the simplicity comes as one of its attributes: one does not make one's first love democracy and then set out to turn it to beauty; but the beauty itself must give birth to the democracy. Mrs. Browning was a poet whose first vision was beauty long before she wrote "The Cry of the Children"; Josephine Peabody had loved and followed beauty and on that road found "The Singing Man."

Perhaps that is the reason why "The New World" fails of the quality of greatness—for all its being a very remarkable poem. I sometimes wonder whether Bynner loves Beauty—just the old-fashioned capitalized Dame that has been so worshipped—enough. I believe Housman and Masefield and Yeats—and even Arthur Ficke—love her more. Bynner is a better poet than Ficke, to my thinking, because he is more in love with life—"and life, some say, is worthy of the Muse." Bynner is a great deal better poet than a host of American others, but I wonder if he has sufficient blind adoration for the capitalized One. I wonder if the Goddess of Simplicity has not a little prevailed at her expense.

Certainly in "Grenstone Poems" it is the pursuit of simplicity that comes first. Charming and delicate as they are, full of whim and fancy and loveliness, they are imbued above all with Bynner's ordered passion for simplicity. These poems illustrate his theory of the democratization of poetry, which he feels has been too largely an undemocratic art. Blake and Whitman and Housman in their several ways were poets of a democratic vocabulary. Bynner is anxious not only to be clear in thought, not only to convey his idea in as few words as possible, but to make the words themselves such as are found in everyday speech. He does not wish poetry to be the charming luxury of the withdrawn few, but the daily fare of the average man. And so he writes in such manner that the average man may read.

The theory is a healthy one; all poets should have a little of it. There has been for years too much "word-mosaic" turned out in rhyme. The free verse writers have thrown overboard the rhyme; Bynner has striven, instead, to purify the old music.

And yet I question if Bynner has not in "Grenstone Poems" gone a little far in his theory—if he has not even handicapped himself. I feel occasionally in this book that the word or the line which would have expressed more beauti-

fully the inherent Bynner has been discarded for something not quite so happily expressive which commended itself as more easily understandable.

Is it necessary to believe that people are more likely to read poetry if it is written from this point of view? After all, Shakespeare and Milton have got themselves more read than most poets—and they are anything but monosyllabic. I do not believe that a poet of Bynner's ability has the right to throw away a large part of the English vocabulary; he needs it; he cannot make poems of his own stature without the use of every tool that his native language has given him. How express things that are not in the consciousness of the ordinary everyday mortal if one is to be limited to the ordinary everyday vocabulary? And what is poetry but the vision beyond consciousness?

Bynner himself has only recently come to the full practice of this theory. "The New World" was written in just its due richness. "Young Harvard" was. A bit of it, reprinted as a lyric in the "Grenstone Poems," stands up conspicuously. Of course there were hints of this new philosophy in "Tiger" and strong hints in the Bynner translation of "Iphigenia in Tauris"—of which the second, it seems to me, therefore had to renounce any idea of following Euripides into his moments of more embroidered beauty. Perhaps "The Little King" suggested what was coming. At any rate "The New World" did not. I question if Bynner could harmonize with his present theory the following splendid passage from that poem, or successfully rewrite it to conform to that theory:

The times are gone when only few were fit
To view with open vision the sublime,
When for the rest an altar-rail sufficed
To obscure the democratic Christ. . .
Perceiving now his gifts, demanding it,
The benison of common benefit,
Men, women, all,
Interpreters of time,
Have found the lordly Christ apocryphal,
While Christ the comrade comes again—no wraith
Of virtue in a far-off faith
But a companion hearty, natural,
Who sorrows with indomitable eyes
For his mistreated plan
To share with all men the upspringing sod,
The unfolding skies—
Not God who Made Himself the Man,
But a man who proved man's unused worth—
And made himself the God.

I am grateful to Time, who got "The New World" out of Bynner before he found that "benison" and "indomitable" could no longer be in his vocabulary.

How far the theory goes let me illustrate from one Grenstone poem—one of the loveliest of the book, and of all Bynner's lyrics:

Name me no names for my disease
With uninforming breath;
I tell you I am none of these
But homesick unto death—

Homesick for hills that I had known,
For brooks that I had crossed,
Before I met this flesh and bone
And followed and was lost . . .

And though they break my heart at last
Yet name no name of ills.
Say only, "Here is where he passed,
Seeking again those hills."

A manuscript of the same poem, dated before "The New World," shows the last stanza thus:

Save that they broke my heart at last
Name me no name of ills,
But say that here is where he passed,
Seeking again those hills!

I put it to any critic that the first version was more direct, more poignant, than the new. The change is due principally to the fact that "save" has gone out of usual speech. But isn't that the fault of usual speech rather than of "save"? Must we who believe in democracy justify the reproach of its opponents that it will cause a levelling down rather than a levelling up?

There is another defect of the Bynnerian quality that I cannot help sensing in "Grenstone Poems." It seems to me that he is sometimes almost mathematical in the development of his simplicity. He loves to strike poetic balances and make poetic classifications—almost to replace poetry by a lengthened epigram. There is a poem—even called "The Balance"—which is successfully typical of a whole series, many of them not so successful:

Lose your heart, you lose the maid:
It's the humor of her kind.
So trim the balance to a shade;
Keep your heart and keep the maid!

Keep your heart, you keep the maid,
But yourself you cannot find . . .
Fling the balance unafraid!
Find your heart—and lose the maid!

A charming whim of writing, and worth repeating, but not to take the place of the poetry that Bynner could do, and has done.

This hankering for precision, for classification, appears also in the elaborately simple arrangement of the "Grenstone Poems." The book carries a table of contents that looks almost like a synopsis for a brief, with subdivision and resubdivision, the "Points" set up in verse couplets, and a hint of a narrative argument running

through it. Into this simple elaboration are sorted out nearly two hundred poems, some of which fit excellently, while others are forced into place rather at their own expense.

For example, the poem that I quoted beginning "Name me no name for my disease" was originally called "The Patient to the Doctors." In the book it is called "Hills of Home" and appears balanced against, on the opposite page, "Foreign Hills," another poem with which it has (really) nothing to do, both appearing under Article I, "Grenstone," Subdivision 1, "On the Way to Grenstone"—the effect of the whole effort at anecdotal veracity being, I think, to devitalize a very good poem and make it try to appear something it rather is not.

An example that I regret even more is "The Fields"—a delicate and lovely little war poem—placed in Subdivision 2, "Neighbors and the Countryside":

> Though wisdom underfoot
> Dies in the bloody fields,
> Slowly the endless root
> Gathers again and yields.
>
> In fields where hate has hurled
> Its force, where folly rots,
> Wisdom shall be uncurled
> Small as forget-me-nots.

So that the fields of France must become New England meadows, and oblige!

There is another exquisite war poem which should be quoted. A trifle shortened from its original form in "The Nation," "War" shows Bynner at his most deft and pointed best, where his sense of precision and poignancy combine to produce a perfect thing:

> Fools, fools, fools,
> Your blood is hot today.
> It cools
> When you are clay.
> It joins the very clod
> Wherein at last you see
> The living God,
> The loving God,
> Which was your enemy.

And here is a poem which gives the flavor of the whole Grenstone series—the thesis of "The New World" translated into simpler terms—the love of Nature and pleasant things and the democratic God. It is called "God's Acre."

> Because we felt there could not be
> A mowing in reality
> So white and feathery-blown and gay
> With blossoms of wild caraway,
> I said to Celia, "Let us trace
> The secret of this pleasant place!"
> We knew some deeper beauty lay
> Below the bloom of caraway,
> And when we bent the white aside
> We came to paupers who had died:
> Rough wooden shingles row on row,
> And God's name written there—*John Doe.*

Witter Bynner is the possessor of an unusual and lovely gift. My only wish is that he would content himself with being a very good and growing poet, instead of tending to preoccupy himself with a theory. His gift is sufficient, if he will permit it, to stand above theories. Can we not have the real Bynner as he started out, and first continued—imaginative, versatile, and unafraid, while being deft, to be purely spontaneous. So but the harvest be always richer from year to year, what care we what machinery does the threshing?

SWINBURNE HALE.

Sancho Panza on His Island

UTOPIA OF USURERS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. (Boni and Liveright; $1.25.)

Whether it is merely because Chesterton has given us a characteristic and, in its own way, peculiarly illuminating study of Shaw or because a subtle spiritual comradeship, underlying all their obvious differences, holds them bound in memory, I find it difficult to keep Shaw out of my mind when reading his fellow-craftsman in the art of paradox. When Chesterton makes a neat point or flares out with some unexpected antithesis, I find myself wondering how Shaw would have put the same idea. Both use their paradoxical panoply for the purpose of charging on us with what they really think or, at least, with how they even more really feel. They are always deadly in earnest. This is the reason why they can afford to laugh so boisterously, for only such as know what they are about and have found a foothold in the shifting sands of idea can find time and energy and, above all, courage to laugh. The well-balanced individual is too busy pairing off alternatives, too busy finding a sensible middle ground, to be capable of more than a preoccupied smile. Laughter presupposes comfort; the proverbial seat on the fence, advantageous as it may be in other respects, is too spiked for comfort.

Yet, like all similar things, Shaw and Chesterton are vastly different. Shaw's main concern is with ideals and with romance; he has a great joke on humanity because he alone sees that ideals and romance are but decorations that humanity has built about the commonplace, though I fancy, to judge from sundry wistful passages in the

Shavian writings, that he sometimes wishes his sight were duller. Chesterton's concern is also with ideals and with romance; but his laughter springs rather from a zestful sense of their abiding presence in the commonplace, from a feeling of security in the essential goodnesses and rightnesses of life that leaves him free for quips and fine scorns and puns—beastly ones sometimes. Shaw laughs heartily on an empty stomach, Chesterton easily on a full one. Shaw sees with amazing clarity the just beyond, while the present lies shadowed in a penumbra; Chesterton sees the just beyond only a trifle less clearly, but he sees it as a distorted shadow cast by the present and the past, especially the mystic past. Shaw wanders about in search of his perfect No Man's Land, struggling all the while against the foul machinations of sorcerers who invest spades with glamour; no wonder that he tilts a lance at an occasional windmill. Chesterton accepts the machinations of the sorcerers for the wonderful actualities they are. Were Shaw desophisticated and dehumorized, he would be Don Quixote; were Chesterton desophisticated but not dehumorized, he would be Sancho Panza.

But as sophistication and Shavian humor are what the biologists call acquired characters, we are left scientifically free to equate Shaw with the illustrious Don, Chesterton with his no less illustrious squire. And once we have accustomed ourselves to interpreting them in the light of an exegesis borrowed from Cervantes, much becomes doubly clear. Nature is never more purposeful than when she seems inattentive and accidental. Need we now wonder that Shaw is thin and humane, that Chesterton is fat and human? Are not Shaw's women as unclaspable as the famed Dulcinea del Toboso, and might not Chestorton find beauty and love in any country wench? But note chiefly this: Shaw scorns the governance of a mere island, his fancy must hold sway over vaster realms, the realms of a humanity untainted by localism. As for Chesterton, he is eminently qualified to govern an island. Let Shaw found the world state, he will be content to rule merry England (Chesterton's England will be merry, as she has been) and pontificate for all of Christianity that is worth saving.

In "Utopia of Usurers," a series of reprints of essays first published in periodical form, Chesterton has much to say about his island. He is in a bad humor. Things have not gone well with the island. Not only is a dastardly foe threatening it from without, but there is cause for endless disgruntlements within. The "all's well with the world" frame of mind of "Orthodoxy" has given way to scowls and apprehensive shakings of the head. Even the cheery mysticism of that book and of so many of its successors ("The Innocence of Father Brown" and "Magic" are types) is somewhat less in evidence than it should be in writing coming from Chesterton's pen, though faint-hearted, vestigial formulæ are not absent ("Robespierre talked even more about God than about the Republic because he cared even more about God than about the Republic"). The proverb-like epigrams that we naturally look for (it will be remembered that Sancho Panza reveled in proverbs) are with us again, but too many of them are burnished with the anger of the moment to be readily quotable out of their context. Still, there are some exceedingly good ones. For instance: "the materialistic Sociologists, . . . whose way of looking at the world is to put on the latest and most powerful scientific spectacles, and then shut their eyes"; or "when we talk of Army contractors as among the base but active actualities of war, we commonly mean that while the contractor benefits by the war, the war, on the whole, rather suffers by the contractor." Nor is that charming whimsicality, so often edged with as much *naïveté* as paradox, for which Chesterton is most to be loved, entirely absent. Take this opening of an argument, for instance, which has the matter of a Swift and the temper of an angel: "An employer, let us say, pays a seamstress twopence a day, and she does not seem to thrive on it. So little, perhaps, does she thrive on it that the employer has even some difficulty in thriving upon her." But all through the volume of essays runs a genuine anger, an anger that is by no means always careful to clothe itself in neat turns and whimsicalities but, on the contrary, may even break out into crude petulance ("And if anyone reminds me that there is a Socialist Party in Germany, I reply that there isn't").

What is it that angers Chesterton and fills him with grim forebodings for the future of his island? Many things and, especially, many persons. But chiefly the capitalists, the upper middle class, the usurers, or however they be termed, and the fear of the servile state, the state in which art and literature and science and efficiency and morality and everything else that has value in the eyes of mortal man become the humble servants of the money-changers, in short, the "utopia of usurers." In this state the Venus of Milo advertises soap, and college professors have to put up with such mental pabulum as can be digested and manages

to get published by the captains of industry. Hear Chesterton's own summary of the nine essays devoted to the dismal utopia: "Its art may be good or bad, but it will be an advertisement for usurers; its literature may be good or bad, but it will appeal to the patronage of usurers; its scientific selection will select according to the needs of usurers; its religion will be just charitable enough to pardon usurers; its penal system will be just cruel enough to crush all the critics of usurers; the truth of it will be Slavery: and the title of it may quite possibly be Socialism." There is exhilaration in the defiance of this from "The Escape":

> The water's waiting in the trough,
> The tame oats sown are portioned free,
> There is Enough, and just Enough,
> And all is ready now but we.
> But you have not caught us yet, my lords,
> You have us still to get.
> A sorry army you'd have got,
> Its flags are rags that float and rot,
> Its drums are empty pan and pot,
> Its baggage is—an empty cot;
> But you have not caught us yet.

And this, at the end of the poem, will serve to mark the Chestertonian contempt:

> It is too late, too late, my lords,
> We give you back your grace:
> You cannot with all cajoling
> Make the wet ditch, or winds that sting,
> Lost pride, or the pawned wedding ring,
> Or drink or Death a blacker thing
> Than a smile upon your face.

Other causes for Chesterton's scorn there are in the book,—the mean-spirited attempt of those infernal bores, the well-meaning people, to deprive the workingman of his ale; the dunderheadedness of parliaments and administrators; the incredible mendacity of the press; the absurdity of Sir Edward Carson in the rôle of loyal patriot; the shameless ignorance of public affairs exhibited by the well informed; the impertinence of Puritan meddlers,—but the capitalist and his utopia, the servile state, are at the back of these ills, present and to come. Don Quixote (in his Shavian avatar) is right. The nefarious enchanter, capitalism, is triumphant; he has cast his evil spell on all the springs of genuine, straightforward being; he is nigh unto choking the soul of humanity. It is high time that the Quixotes of the world bestirred themselves. It is well that the doughty Sancho Panza is caparisoned for the fray. He will give a good reckoning of his stewardship of the island.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Anton Chekhov

THE TALES OF CHEKHOV (to be complete in eight volumes). Four volumes: The Darling, and Other Stories; The Duel, and Other Stories; The Lady with the Dog, and Other Stories; The Party, and Other Stories. (New York: Macmillan Co.; $1.50 each.)

THE HOUSE WITH THE MEZZANINE, AND OTHER STORIES. (New York: Scribner's; $1.35.)

We are about to come into possession of Chekhov. It will be a priceless possession, for Chekhov is indispensable to our understanding of the psychology of the great people that has introduced into the present world situation an element so complex, so disturbing, so tragic and beautiful. Chekhov is the faithful reporter, unerring, intuitive, direct. He never bears false witness. The essence of his art lies in a fine restraint, an avoidance of the sensational and the spectacular. His reticence reveals the elusive and lights up the enigmatic. And what a keen, voracious observer he was! Endless is the procession of types that passes through his pages—the whole world of Russians of his day: country gentlemen, chinovniks, waitresses, ladies of fashion, shopgirls, town physicians, Zemstvo doctors, innkeepers, peasants, herdsmen, soldiers, tradesmen, every type of the intelligentsia, children, men and women of every class and occupation. Chekhov describes them all with a pen that knows no bias. He eschews specialization in types. In a letter written to his friend Plescheyev, Chekhov draws in one stroke a swift, subtle parallel between the two authors, Shcheglov and Korolenko, and then he goes on to say, "But, Allah, Kerim! Why do they both specialize? One refuses to part with his prisoners, the other feeds his readers on staff officers. I recognize specialization in art, such as genres, landscape, history; I understand the 'emploi' of the actor, the school of the musician, but I cannot accept such specialization as prisoners, officers, priests. This is no longer specialization; it is bias." Chekhov ignores no phase of the life of his day. This inclusiveness, this large and noble avidity that refuses to be circumscribed by class or kind or importance, makes the sum of his stories both ample and satisfying. His work illuminates the whole of Russian life, the main thoroughfares, the bypaths, the unfrequented recesses. Without Chekhov, how are we to embark on the discovery of Russia?

Within the limits of his day Chekhov is the perfect guide because his interpretations of a life that is alien to us have the essential qualities of

veracity and credibility. It is the spirit of wide-eyed, tolerant, dispassionate perception that gives Chekhov's works their character of true evidence. For him, subtle and balanced in his sensibilities, all reality is innately artistic. With no apparent effort, he lifts everything: the commonplace, the threadbare, even the banal, to the high plane of art. The relations of ordinary existence, the sombre dullness, the gray emptiness of uninspired life acquire interest and meaning. He creates, as the Russian critic Leon Shestov says, "from the void." Others flee from these things as from the valley of the shadow of death; Chekhov gives them color, harmony, inevitability; they become significant, infinitely sad, infinitely human. We may wish to turn away from these aspects of reality, we may wish to take refuge in dreams and visions and hopes, but the artist constrains us to stay; his tales become credible and strangely familiar. With poignant regret we acknowledge them as a true representation of our own lives.

A representation of life, but not an explanation. Chekhov, almost alone among the great Russians, does not set himself the task of solving the riddles of the universe. He is the honest physician who knows no panaceas and is skeptical as to palliatives. Explanations, commandments, reconciliations, consolings—he has none of these to offer. He shuns the admonitions and the comfortable words of the moral teacher, the impatient outcries of the embittered rebel, the grandiose creations of the symbolist, the vicarious solace of the mystic. He counsels neither rebellion nor acceptance.

For this shrinking from all forms of dogmatism, for this absence of burning indignation and passionate protest, most Russians hold Chekhov strictly to account. They refuse to forgive him for not coming to conclusions with life. Against what some of them are pleased to call his "complacency in political and social matters" they invoke the lines of the poet Nekrassov:

> He loves not the land of his fathers
> Who sings without sorrow and anger.

Chekhov was not unaware of his countrymen's predilection for strong, flaming words on the "accursed problems of life." But he was resolved to remain true to his temperament. And what was Chekhov's temperament? In one of his letters to his friend Souvorin, after dwelling on the soothing effects of Nature on his spirits, he writes, "Nature reconciles man, that is, makes him indifferent. *And in this world one must be indifferent.* Only dissatisfied people can look at things clearly, can be just, and do work. Of course, this includes only thoughtful and noble persons; egoists and empty folk are indifferent as it is." These words, I think, will give us a clue to an understanding of Chekhov's attitude to life. Nor do they stand alone. Again and again, in his letters, Chekhov replies in the same strain to those who complain that he has not solved the moral or ethical questions that arise in his stories. I quote from a few of his letters to Souvorin:

"The business of the writer of fiction is only to depict how and under what circumstances people speak and think about such problems as God, pessimism, etc. The artist should not be a judge of his personages and of what they say, but only an unbiassed witness. I overhear a conversation on pessimism between two Russians, and my business is to report the conversation as I heard it, and let the jury, i. e., the readers, decide as to its value. My business is only to be talented, that is, to be able to distinguish between important and unimportant testimony, to be able to illuminate the characters and speak in their language. . . And if an artist in whom the crowd has faith dares announce that he understands nothing of what he sees—this alone constitutes a large acquisition in the realm of thought and is a great step forward." "In my talks with the writing brethren I always maintain that it is not the business of the artist to decide narrowly specific questions. It is bad if the artist undertakes something he does not understand. For special problems there are specialists. . . But an artist is to judge only of what he understands. His sphere is just as limited as that of any other specialist. This I repeat and on this I always insist. That in his sphere there are no problems but only answers, may be said by one who never wrote and never had to deal with images. The artist observes, selects, guesses, contracts. These acts alone, in their nature, presuppose the existence of problems. If he had no problem before him there would be no need of selecting and of guessing. . . You are right in demanding from an artist a serious attitude to his work. You confuse two conceptions: *the solution of the problem* and *the correct statement of the problem.*" "You scold me for being objective and attribute this in me to an indifference toward good and evil and to a lack of ideals, etc. When I depict horse-thieves you want me to say: 'To steal horses is evil.' But everybody knows this without my saying it. Let the thieves be judged by a sworn jury—my business is to show them as they are. . . Of course, it would be fine to harmonize art with sermons, but in my case it would be very difficult, and, so far as my technique goes, almost impossible. You realize, do you not, that to depict horse-thieves within the space of seven hundred lines I must always speak and think as they do, feel as they feel? Otherwise, if I were to add subjective elements, the image would become blurred and the story would not be compact, as all short stories should be."

This artistic credo does not express the spirit of heartless indifference. It comes from the

resolve to present reality as seen by a calm, balanced, comprehensive, luminous temperament. Chekhov's attitude is one of clear-eyed refusal to grapple with the unattainable. In the stories and plays of this artist there is no coldness and hardness. Despite the reticence and the stern suppression of emotion personal to the author, you discern in these works, in the letters, and in the volume on the convict-colony at Sakhalin, the tender, sensitive physician, the mild, understanding eye, the kindly, aching heart.

To the everlasting question of the Russians, "What is to be done?" Chekhov answers, sometimes with a sad wistfulness, sometimes with a tender compassion, now with a merry twinkle, now with quiet resignation, "I do not know." "Is there a way out?" And again the reply, "I do not know." For him, too, the rest is silence. Life goes on, but it has no swing, no forward propulsion. It is a strange, rhythmless life that Chekhov surveys, a life without great adventures or feverish activity. It is life playing on muted strings, under gray skies, and in a time of dark reaction. And Chekhov stands awed in the presence of failure, of tragic insufficiency, of death-in-life, of broken hopes, broken hearts. Disillusionment has come to blight the energies and the spirit of these men and women and children. In all but a few there is some sad imperfection, some fatal *ámartia* that makes them the playthings of the imperturbable Fates. And the story of every one in the long procession is only another of life's little ironies. To view this stagnation over which the spirit of the Lord has not passed, to discern it all, to bear the consciousness of it in the heart, one must possess something of the imperturbability, the impassivity, the indifference of Nature. One must be, as Chekhov was, a physician who knew himself doomed to an early death.

I have been asked, "Are Chekhov's stories true to life? Do they convey the impression of reality? Is the life of the greater number of men and women so colorless, so passive, so full of dull regret, so unfulfilled of all desire?" I do not know. But I have stood in the great City, on Broadway, at the time when the clock struck the hour of six, and I have seen the men and women pour forth from the shops and stores and factories. Thousands upon thousands, they emerge after the long confinement of the day's work, and in a swift procession they walk home in the gathering dusk. What are the sudden revelations, the wondrous surprises that the future has in store for them—for the millions like them to whom the great adventures in life are a journey underground, supper, the marvels of the motion pictures, sleep? Ah, Chekhov knew! He knew of the glory of childhood, the dreams of youth, the miracle of hope and fresh beginnings; and he knew the dreary emptiness in the hearts of those who return home at the end of the day. He knew of the ceaseless quest for happiness, for a fuller life, for rest. And he knew that, high or low, whatever the path we follow, we are never far from the endless procession of the disillusioned.

But is there no release, and no fulfilment? Whenever I stand where the long line of those who hurry home in the gathering dusk passes by, I can see, in the west, through the great canyon that is the city street, the glory of the setting sun. There the sky is strangely beautiful. It seems to bend over a new and a different world. Who can tell? But in that world there seems to be joy and work, beauty and laughter, sunshine, freedom, stretching of limbs, rest. And, wondering whether we can create that world, no longer from the void, I recall Chekhov's many quiet words of encouragement and hope. Sonia speaks such words in the closing scene of "Uncle Vanya":

"What can we do? We must live our lives. [*A pause.*] Yes, we shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live through the long procession of days before us, and through the long evenings; we shall patiently bear the trials that fate imposes on us; we shall work for others without rest, both now and when we are old; and when our last hour comes we shall meet it humbly, and there, beyond the grave, we shall say that we have suffered and wept, that our life was bitter, and God will have pity on us. Ah, then, dear, dear Uncle, we shall see that bright and beautiful life; we shall rejoice and look back upon our sorrow here; a tender smile—and—we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, fervent, passionate faith. [*Sonia kneels down before her uncle and lays her head upon his hands*] We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see all evil and all our pain sink away in the great compassion that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and tender as a caress. I have faith; I have faith."

Louis S. Friedland.

Briefs on New Books

A World in Ferment: Interpretations of the War for a New World. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribner; $1.25.

The world may be in ferment; but not so Nicholas Murray Butler. He casts his eye upon the vasty deeps of time and remains the President of Columbia University, orotund, commonplace, upper-class, smug. One gathers that he has heard of patriotism, service, reconstruction, the Russian Revolution, internationalism. His thoughts upon them appear in the addresses and interviews assembled in this volume. He has said everything that a deacon and a director would approve of, nothing more.

There is much talk in these addresses of the process of thought, much speculation as to how the patriot, the wise man, the prudent man, the Butlerized man will think,—in fact, there is more such talk than evidence of thought. For winged thought does not consort with a leaden style of Rooseveltian alternatives. Mr. Butler's opinions on industry, on international affairs, we all know. Suffice it to say they are untainted with the heretical economics and psychology which have been revealing us glaringly to ourselves.

This aspect of the modern world Mr. Butler flees. He takes refuge in general statements, for the more general your statements the more noble they may be made to seem. His volume, therefore, is interesting not for any interpretation of our time so much as for its revelation of an anachronism—the florid oratorical mind still at work in the years 1914-17.

Through Life and Round the World. By Raymond Blathwayt. Dutton; $3.50.
Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By Arthur C. Benson. Longmans, Green; $2.50.

Here are an autobiography and a biography of two rather well-known persons, both of whom were active in work connected with the Church of England, Mr. Blathwayt as a curate and Miss Benson as a founder of Bible societies. Both offer us their reaction to the creed and the dogmas of that church.

Mr. Benson assures us that there is an immense future before the art of biography and that he believes it should not deal with notable persons alone but with interesting and striking personalities as well. While we are not inclined to allow this plea to stand when it is a question of indulging the exploitation of Bensonism, it yet carries a tincture of truth. It is true, for instance, in regard to Mr. Blathwayt. Here is a man preeminently of the world, a man of wit and loftiness of purpose, whose conclusions regarding men and things are neither commonplace nor dull. He started life as a curate, and finding himself unable to subscribe fully to the dogma he had to teach, courageously gave up the work, though doing so meant poverty until he discovered an opening in journalism. With the rather brief account of his life he includes gossipy bits of information about all sorts of notable people, and the book is a veritable gold mine for the after-dinner speaker, for it is besprinkled with quotable anecdotes.

The Benson family think themselves very interesting to the world, an opinion no doubt engendered by their countless admirers, but one is often wearily reminded of the Punch squib, "Signs of the Times; Self-Denial Week: Mr. A. C. Benson refrains from publishing a book." Their attitude of mind is, perhaps, shown by a habit of Maggie's referred to in the biography. She made up a special book of prayers with alternating blank pages. On these she put down the initials of the person whose faults and needs the prayer opposite seemed best to fit. The story of her life is set down from the first day to the last. Nothing is omitted, from the most trivial, meaningless letter of childhood to the girlish gushings of the teens. The life impresses her brother as a most useful one but he hardly succeeds in persuading the reader. She seemed always seeking self-expression in writing or Egyptology or what not, but found no permanent satisfaction except in her friendships. She might be said to have succeeded in life because of what she gave here to both men and women. Whether she would have wanted this exploited in a biography no one can ever know, but there is just a possibility since she was a Benson.

Faith, War, and Policy. By Gilbert Murray. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.

It would hardly be possible for Gilbert Murray to write a really illiberal book, but it has not been impossible for him to feel too constantly in this book the weight of his representative position. The result is not altogether satisfying. You feel that Professor Murray has been the victim of those exceptional circumstances which exact their heavy toll of the eminent. In acting as spokesman for England, he has had to strain his voice by pitching it in the popular key, and he has had to discuss subjects about which his opinions are far less valuable than they are about the Greek drama. What stands out most sharply and incongruously in the book is Professor Murray's complaisance in transferring the problems raised by the war to the shoulders of those very diplomats and statesmen whose inadequacy is sufficiently demonstrated by the present *débâcle*. He argues rather superficially against democratic control of foreign policy, on the ground that the

public cannot be expected to be as well informed on such subjects as the diplomats, and he is willing to assume that, so far as England is concerned, the diplomats may be trusted to pursue a disinterested and honest policy. In discussing the British Foreign Office, Professor Murray adopts a tone which is nothing less than smug; he is frankly the apologist, who can allow himself to write, "The fact seems to be that, if, some years ago, an angel had set himself to the task of saving Europe, he would not have begun by altering British policy. He would have begun by something else." This fatal complacency extends to everything British: "In peace we are the most liberal and the most merciful of all great empires; in war we have Napoleon's famous testimonial, calling us 'the most consistent, the most implacable, and the most generous of his enemies.' It is for us to keep up this tradition, and I believe that the men who rule us do keep it up." It is true that a watchful critic might be able to cite many instances of a less admirable sort, but Professor Murray is ready for such critics. He rules out cases that do not come under the definition as exhibiting traits that are essentially "un-English." There are fine things in the book, notably the picture Professor Murray gives of Arthur Heath, the brilliant young Oxonian who fell in the fighting at Loos. There is a constant sympathy with the idealism of the young men who gave themselves so unsparingly to save civilization, and it is in writing of their sacrifices that Professor Murray is at his best. But the book as a whole is disappointing, since it exhibits the author in a rôle which he is not fitted to fill with his usual distinction.

To Mexico with Scott. Letters of Captain E. Kirby Smith to his wife. Prepared for the press by his daughter, Emma Jerome Blackwood. With an introduction by R. M. Johnston. Harvard University Press; $1.25.

Not to the Mexican border with General Hugh L. Scott in our own time, but into Mexico with Winfield Scott seventy years ago, the reader is conducted in these letters of a gallant officer who fought and died in a cause hardly less perplexing than is the Mexican question of to-day. Here is a passage (one of many) that might almost have been written yesterday instead of May 6, 1847: "Some Mexican gentlemen came in this morning from Puebla. One of them, a very intelligent man, educated in Hartford, Connecticut, represents the country as in a most deplorable condition, the Government as utterly disorganized . . . not capable of carrying on the war or making peace. The roads are filled with bands of robbers under the name of guerillas, who are as ready to plunder and murder the Mexicans as they are to attack us." Striking and also rather discouraging is the applicability of these letters to present conditions in the turbulent republic to the south. The writer fell at Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, in his forty-first year, and his letters extend over the two years preceding his death. Professor Johnston and members of Kirby Smith's family have done their part well in preparing and annotating these letters for publication.

Carry On. By Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson. Lane; $1.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson of the Canadian field artillery is chiefly an author. As many grateful readers will remember, he has written "The Garden without Walls," "The Raft," and "Slaves of Freedom," which he waited to finish before taking up arms for England. However, he was not always an author, for upon his graduation from Oxford in 1905 he studied theology at the Union Seminary, New York, and remained there a year before he reached the conclusion that his life work lay in literature. Now, from the trenches, he has written a series of intimate letters to the folk at home, replete with natural affection, with description which is fairly vivid and reflection suggestive of a parson. He is essentially a theologian in his thinking in the sense that he attempts to put a good showing on a bad mess, translates butchery into sacrifice, and mass psychology into duty and honor. When a great soul engages in this revaluation, the result can be magnificent, a tribute to the sheer superiority of man over the world; but Lieutenant Dawson is too much of a dear fellow to be in danger of erecting a "City of God" upon the agony of our civilization. However, he is particularly effectual in putting himself on paper, and his book affords a clear view into the theological soul. The best part of it is that his letters are so full of incident that unless you are particularly interested, you need not bother with the theological interpretation at all.

The interest that leads men into repainting the world to their liking arises in that self-consciousness usually known as egotism. Further, the self-regarding habit leads men to value with a great ado of words and affection anything touching upon their personal life, and they easily achieve sentimentality. Dawson proves this by not being the exception. He is the kind of man who loves to dwell (in his own words) on "when I was a kiddie." He hasn't set sail from Halifax before he feels he has "become a little child again in God's hands." Spending all of a morning on the dock tending to the baggage leads

him to realize "there are so many finer things I could do with the rest of my days—bigger things." On the voyage, he marvels "all the time at the prosaic and even coarse types of men who have risen to the greatness of the occasion." He means his fellow-soldiers. Sir Willoughby Patterne wrote travel letters too.

When he reaches the trenches, his theologizing immediately goes into action. The horrors of the battle field receive a description that sets one tingling; hopes stir that perhaps this terribleness will deter men, at least those who have seen with their own eyes, from ever countenancing its recurrence; but the tingle dies away in despondency over man's irrepressible trick of turning evil into good when you read Lieutenant Dawson's conclusion: "There is a marvellous grandeur about all this carnage and desolation . . . when you see how cheap men's bodies are, you cannot help but know that the body is the least part of personality." There is much more of this sort of immoralizing. With considerable analysis, he indicates how this war wrecks even the lives and the hopes of its survivors, renders them unfit for future work, "does to the individual what it does to the landscape it attacks—obliterates everything personal and characteristic." Accordingly, after the fashion of this type of mind, it follows that "from these carcass-strewn fields of khaki, there's a cleansing wind blowing for the nations that have died." And, in the conclusion, all the nations of the earth are invited to step into the breeze. One despairs at the hopefulness of man.

Mutual Aid. A Factor of Evolution. By P. Kropotkin. Knopf; $1.25.

This is a new edition at a popular price of the book in which Kropotkin attacks the idea that mankind has progressed through the "survival of the fittest," that the strong have oppressed the weak and benefitted by their removal. He aims to show that on the contrary all forms of animal life have lived and are living better because of mutual aid. The author speaks with equal ease of ants, of South American birds, and of mammals, and his work gives every evidence of exhaustive research. As regards man, dealing with him chronologically, Kropotkin asserts that historians have all wrongly put the stress on battles and armies rather than on the great, unseen fermentation of progress among the masses. There are chapters on mutual aid among savages, among barbarians, and in the mediæval city, and on the causes of its decay. Kropotkin feels that communal possession of the soil and other like enterprises open the only way of escape from social oppression.

Casual Comment

General Sir Iaan Hamilton, who commanded the British forces at Gallipoli, has harsh words for the censor. "From my individual point of view," he writes, "a hideous mistake has been made on the correspondence side of the whole of this Dardanelles business. Had we had a dozen good newspaper correspondents here the vital, life-giving interest of these stupendous proceedings would have been brought right into the hearts and homes of the humblest people in Great Britain. . . cables . . . were turned by some miserable people somewhere into horrible bureaucratic phrases or dead languages, i. e., 'We have made an appreciable advance,' 'The situation remains unchanged' and similar phrases. As far as information to the enemy, this is too puerile altogether." The General concludes with an epigram which our own eager Prussians, welcoming reaction in the name of war-time necessity, may profitably ponder,—"Democracy and autocracy must fight with their own weapons; if they change foils in the scuffle, then like Hamlet and Laertes they both of them are doomed." Sir Hamilton is really generous in his selection of examples of stupidity. He might have sharpened his barbs of satire on "An Atlantic Port" or "Somewhere in France." Only an insensitive soul could have devised that ghastly euphemism for destroyed young life, "wastage," and where but in a General Staff office could have originated a phrase like "inappreciable losses"? A veil of cold technical phrases, like the morning mist over No Man's Land, interposes itself between the ugly realities of the mud and steel of war and the readers "back home." And between them and the beauty of the war, too. One might forgive the censor for making fighting mechanical, if he at least allowed some of the eerie and tragic beauty of the Gargantuan machine to be reflected in the official dispatches. Every correspondent, of course, has written his purple passages about the quick spreading splendor of shrapnel and the pyrotechnical magnificence of high explosives. But the deeper æsthetic perceptions, such as we find in "Le Feu" and in Hugh de Selincourt for example, rarely peep through the thick blanket of the censorship dark. Philip Gibbs is the one notable exception. In his dispatches to the New York "Times," he contrives to avoid the blighting dehumanization of which General Hamilton justly complains, and the equally sepulchral obtuseness of the conventional correspondent who has seen so much of the war that he may be said almost to pride himself on his callousness. Mr. Gibbs never has ceased to be shocked by the war—in all his writing there is a curiously constant quality of recoil, something of the shattered anger of a fine and sensi-

tive nature before the grimness and living agony. You become increasingly aware of this quality in his dispatches—excellent bits of accurate reporting, too—through strange metaphors like the sunny slopes with their slow-maturing fruit of young life, and the autumn battle harvest of laughing flesh. Imagination and perceptiveness such as Gibbs possesses, however, are rare, and the average newspaper man eventually succumbs to the industrious blue pencil, what the French cleverly call "expositions de blanc." Will General Hamilton's criticism effect a reform? "'I doubt it,' said the Walrus, and shed a bitter tear."

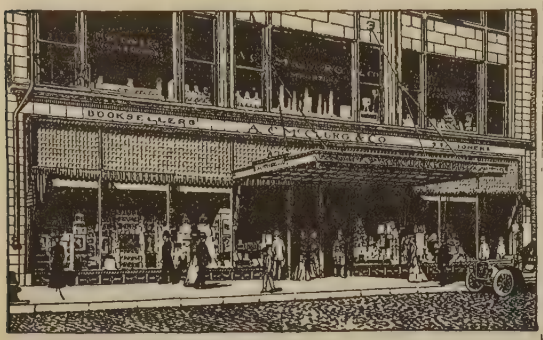
• • •

Mr. J. L. Symon's complaint in "The English Review" that novels are too short has all the air of flaming paradox. It was not many months ago that Henry B. Fuller uttered a moving plea for shorter fiction, pointing out that "swollen novels" had become as great a pest as "swollen fortunes." He even distinguished a new type of serial, beloved of newspaper readers, which can be drawn out in successive lengths like a telescope and with a little ingenuity and persistence can be made to run forever. If Mr. Symon had not assured us that the novel is too short, we should never have discovered the fact for ourselves. Nowadays trilogies appear to be decidedly the thing among the younger writers and many of the outstanding works of the day have the bulk of "The Brothers Karamazov," if not that of "War and Peace." When you consider the substance, they are often unforgivably long and of an exquisite tedium. They abuse the privileges of the confessional by failing to respect its natural limitations. Yet there has been little complaint, and one is driven to accept Mr. Bennett's explanation that a provident public likes its money's worth when it comes to fiction. Mr. Wells has acted on that assumption and so has Mr. Dreiser—often disastrously. In fact, it would never occur to anyone to suppose that the publishers were putting on the screws or exercising any coercive force whatever on the creative imagination. If one considers the commercial novel, then the notion of the publishers that "a very convenient length for a novel is 75,000 words," is certainly not far amiss. Here there is no question of art at all, but simply of so many hours of "escape" from reality and so much bulk in the traveling-bag; and 75,000 words is surely ample. If some sort of mechanical check were not imposed and every ego were allowed to expand to the limits of tenuity, sensible people would soon ask to be excused from inflicting gratuitous boredom on themselves.

When Great Britain declared war a certain Canadian critic prophesied "business as usual except in cut flowers, jewelry, and music." The prediction was sound. First of all Canada denied herself tournées, sacrificed her one symphony orchestra, and abandoned the hope of opera. A tacit moratorium protected all who had rashly subscribed to any artistic enterprise; luxuries must be done without. Now we across the line, being at war, prove once more that the arts are in no way native amongst us, but are house guests, for whose support, if they lack the tact to withdraw, we can no longer be responsible. Thus early in the season there are rumors of more than the conventional deficits in opera and of orchestras hard put to it by the curtailment of their usual tour revenues. As for the theatre, it is said that New York has already seen—that is, has already gone without seeing—some fifty failures. We can well believe that most of the fifty deserved no better, but we cannot therefore congratulate ourselves on any sudden reformation of American taste. For Americans are also denying themselves the better dramatic fare provided by the little theatres. In Chicago, for instance, where for six years Maurice Browne has somehow maintained a genuinely artistic stage, the seventh year discovers a social moratorium under which so many of the subscriptions toward his current season have been cancelled that he is forced to close and withdraw. This deprivation would be tolerable if it were a real war sacrifice, reluctantly made; but, with a very few exceptions, the perfunctory letters of cancellation betray a more than patriotic alacrity in abnegation. The war comes as a convenient excuse for redevoting ourselves to the more congenial maintenance of "business as usual." Other peoples may inexplicably crave such decorations as good music and significant drama, achieve them with difficulty, and surrender them grudgingly: we Americans, thank God, are made of sterner stuff; we can take the arts fashionably if we must, and we can leave them alone again as soon as decently we may. The strenuous necessities of life we must have; but the luxuries of aesthetic feeling, of disciplined thinking, of beautiful expression—these are elegances we can still do without.

• • •

We continue to receive letters from the young men of our new army, showing the spirit in which they have taken up a task that was alien to all their earlier thoughts or hopes. They are inspiring letters, full of a manly cheerfulness and the feeling of comradeship; almost never is there a word of complaint or a hint of reluctance to meet unfamiliar demands and to sink individual purposes in the common purpose. There is, on the other hand, an eagerness to take advantage of



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other book-dealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

Special Library Service

We conduct a department devoted entirely to the interests of Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities. Our Library Department has made a careful study of library requirements, and is equipped to handle all library orders with accuracy, efficiency and despatch. This department's long experience in this special branch of the book business, combined with our unsurpassed book stock, enable us to offer a library service not excelled elsewhere. We solicit correspondence from Librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

Retail Store, 218 to 224 South Wabash Avenue

Library Department and Wholesale Offices:
330 to 352 East Ohio Street

Chicago

the new opportunities (less obviously promising than those they had looked for, perhaps) to make their influence tell for the cause of brotherhood, an abounding good-will. "If I were a communist," writes one, "my happiness would be complete. We are, in fact, communists, and even the fudge which a sweetheart sends belongs to the squad, if not to the whole barracks. And as for uniformity, it regulates every detail, even to the way the spare shoes are placed under the carefully aligned cots, and the nine inches of top sheet turned back over the blanket. When I was a civilian and a student—and utterly irresponsible on both counts—my greatest concern was to satisfy my conscience for cutting classes, and to find some means for filling up the time between midnight and bed-time with something less boresome than drinking black coffee at Franks's while debating the merits of this best of all possible worlds. Now my greatest worry is lest some new order absorb what time I call my own, or some additional regulation prescribe the use and stowage of some as yet unregulated part of my belongings. I feel exactly like a card-index, a peripatetic file of all the orders and regulations which headquarters has been able to devise in the last two months." And from a librarian who has charge of one of the libraries in a southern cantonment, we get word of the progress of his work among the men and of the absorbing interest he has found in it. For the first time in his life, he writes, he is completely happy; and he adds with proper emphasis, "By the Lord, this is a man's job."

• • •

The celebration of Illinois's centennial as a state is well under way at Springfield and Urbana. At Springfield the Illinois Blue Book of 1917-18 is ready for distribution. This issue, while paying the usual heed to the current affairs of the state, gives considerable space to a review of its one hundred years of statehood. The chief article in the book is by Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, secretary of the State Centennial Commission and librarian of the State Historical Library. It deals with Illinois history. Other forms of celebration devised at Springfield are statues of Lincoln and Douglas and a pageant of Illinois history through the past century. At Urbana progress is being made on the Centennial History of Illinois, a coöperative work in five large volumes by members of the faculty of the state university. This enterprise has been aided by the formation of the Illinois Historical Survey as a department of the graduate school, under the direction of Clarence W. Alvord, professor of history. This is, in effect, a "laboratory" of state history, well organized and fully manned, and its product is expected to be a scientific history of Illinois of high and permanent value.

Notes and News

The publisher takes pleasure in announcing the following additions to The Dial staff: Mr. Harold E. Stearns assumes with this issue the duties of Associate Editor. Mr. Stearns, after graduation from Harvard, became engaged in newspaper and magazine work in New York. Shortly before the war he went abroad for the purpose of making a study of the labor movement and industrial conditions in France and England, remaining in Europe during the first part of the war. For the last fifteen months he has been on the staff of "The New Republic."

Mr. Clarence Britten also joins the staff of The Dial at the present time. Mr. Britten was president of the "Harvard Monthly" while at Cambridge, and after graduation became engaged in publishing, carrying on his activities in Canada and afterward in Boston.

Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, who joins the staff of Contributing Editors, will write regularly of the drama. Mr. Macgowan, after taking his degree at Cambridge, acted as associate to H. T. Parker of the Boston "Transcript." He later became literary and dramatic editor of the Philadelphia "Ledger." Last year he acted as manager for Joseph Urban and Richard Ordynski during their season at the Bandbox. He is now engaged in journalism in New York.

Of the contributors to this issue Robert Herrick needs no introduction. Mr. Herrick has now returned to the faculty of the University of Chicago and the present article is the first of a series which he will contribute to The Dial.

Leslie Nelson Jennings lives in Rutherford, California.

Robert Morss Lovett, who is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, has contributed frequently to The Dial.

Russell Ramsey is engaged with the National Child Welfare Association of New York.

Swinburne Hale, since graduation from Harvard, has been engaged in the practice of law in New York and has recently devoted himself to journalism.

Louis Friedland is editor of the "Russian Review."

In "Rodin: The Man and His Art" (Century), Judith Cladel describes Rodin's flight to England during the German drive toward Paris in the early days of the war. Mlle. Cladel herself conducted the sculptor and his aged wife across the channel. "He did not wish to remain in London," she says. "Too many relationships would have hindered him from collecting himself and from preserving that dignity of solitude, that reserve of a refugee, which was proper to his situation. He preferred to accompany us to a small country town, where for six weeks he lived a modest life, very retired, interested only, but passionately interested, in the reading of English newspapers, which we translated for him. When we apprised him of the burning of Rheims Cathedral, he replied with a laugh of incredulity. For two days he refused to believe it. It seemed

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMERICAN BRANCH
NEW YORK

HISTORIES OF THE BELLIGERENTS SERIES

Italy
Mediaeval and Modern

A History by E. M. Jamison, C. M. Ady, K. D. Vernon and C. Sanford Terry.

Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. viii+564, with eight maps and a preface by H. W. C. Davis..Net, $2.90

"A clear outline of the subject * * * a brilliant piece of work."—*London Times.*

The Balkans
A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey

By N. Forbes, A. J. Toynbee, D. Mitrany, and D. G. Hogarth.

Cr. 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. 408, three maps..Net, $2.25

"Accurate, singularly free from bias, and pleasant to read, it gives a surprisingly clear view of a confusing and often difficult subject."—*Athenaeum.*

Portugal Old and Young

An Historical Study by George Young.

Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. viii+342, with a frontispiece and 5 maps.....Net, $2.25

A new volume in the *Histories of the Belligerents Series* explaining why Portugal is at war.

"One of the best written volumes in a well-known series. He knows all about Portugal and writes about it in a lively way."—*Daily News.*

"Brightly written and thoughtful volume."—*London Times.*

The Evolution of Prussia
The Making of an Empire

By J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson.

Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. 460, with 8 maps.Net, $2.25

"A valuable book in a time of need. No other English treatment of the subject shows equal learning and philosophic insight. We may wait long before the appearance of another book which presents so well within three hundred pages the origin and growth of Prussia down to 1848."—*Nation.*

The Eastern Question

An Historical Study in European Diplomacy by J. A. R. Marriott. With nine maps and appendixes giving list of Ottoman Rulers, Genealogies and the Shrinkage of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, 1817-1914.

8vo (9x6), pp. viii, 456.....Net, $5.50

"An able and scholarly work."—*London Spectator.*

Japan, the New World Power

Being a detailed account of the Progress and Rise of the Japanese Empire. By Robert P. Porter, 1915. A re-issue of the author's *Full Recognition of Japan*, with a new introductory survey of Japan's share in the war and the questions arising therefrom.

Medium 8vo (9½x6¼), pp. 814, with 7 colored maps .....Net, $2.50

The Provocation of France
Fifty Years of German Aggression

By Jean Charlemagne Bracq.

Crown 8vo (7¾x5), cloth, pp. vii+202..Net, $1.25

"A scholarly work, combed out, cut to the bone and as brisk reading as Macaulay."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

JUST ISSUED

by the General Education Board

"Latin and the A. B. Degree"
By CHARLES W. ELIOT

"The Worth of Ancient Literature to the Modern World"
By VISCOUNT BRYCE

"The Function and Needs of Schools of Education in Universities and Colleges"
By EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

Copies of these papers may be obtained by addressing General Education Board, 61 Broadway, New York City

BOOKS

OUR stock of some thirty thousand carefully selected volumes affords the book-lover a wide range to choose from.

Our stock of first editions of modern writers is probably not exceeded by that of any other dealer in this country.

No author of merit is too inconsiderable to be included while the work of the minor neglected poets finds a refuge on our ample shelves.

In Biography, Belles Lettres and in Drama our stock is especially rich.

We endeavor to secure for our clients any book whether in or "out of print."

We issue catalogues, execute commissions at the auction rooms, appraise and purchase Libraries and invite correspondence from the lover of books.

The Brick Row Print and Book Shop, Inc.
New Haven

The Mosher Books

"At the outset (1891) I wanted to make only a few beautiful books."
I am still making beautiful books as my 1917 List will show.
This new and revised Catalogue is now ready and will be sent free on request.
THOMAS BIRD MOSHER - - PORTLAND, MAINE

AMERICANA

New Catalogue of 1000 titles, covering a large variety of subjects—mostly of rare books—including THE WEST, INDIANS, REVOLUTION, COLONIAL HOUSES and many other interesting topics. Sent free.

GOODSPEED'S BOOKSHOP
BOSTON, MASS.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
FIRST EDITIONS
OUT OF PRINT BOOKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED CATALOGUES ISSUED
ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH
4 East Thirty-Ninth Street, New York City

to him an invention of the press designed to stir the public and increase recruiting. At last, convinced, he said, with inexpressible sadness: 'The biblical times have come back again, the great invasions of the Medes and the Persians. Has the world, then, reached the point where it deserves to be punished for the egotistical epicureanism in which it has slumbered?' After this he became absorbed in his own thoughts."

Is Japan a menace or a comrade? This is the question discussed by Jabez T. Sunderland in "Rising Japan," which is announced by Putnams. The author spent 1895 in India on a commission from the British Unitarian Association and in 1913 was Billings Lecturer in Japan, China, and India.

The first number of The Miscellanea, published by the Brothers of the Book, Chicago, has just been issued. It is designed as a medium through which members may keep in touch with the activities of the society. This issue contains information about several of the recent publications of the society and several which are now out of print.

In addition to their Modern Library, Messrs. Boni and Liveright are also publishing a number of important volumes, one of the most recent of which is a translation of the Russian masterpiece, "A Family of Noblemen," by M. Y. Saltykov. This is the first complete English version to be published.

Isaac Don Levine, author of "The Russian Revolution" (Harper's), says of Lenine, the supposed power of the new revolution, that to him "a capitalist was worse than a king. An industrial magnate or leading banker was to him more perilous than a Czar or a Kaiser. The working classes, he said, had nothing to lose whether their rulers were German, French, or British. The imperative thing for them to do was to prepare for a social revolution. Meanwhile, preached Lenine, the Russian or any other labor class might as well live under the rule of the Hohenzollerns as be governed by a capitalistic organization."

"Among Us Mortals," the volume of cartoons by W. E. Hill with text by Franklin P. Adams, which is a feature of Houghton Mifflin's list this season, has met with widespread popularity among the soldiers. These drawings have attracted much attention in the New York Tribune, striking a new and very penetrating note in American caricature.

The "Boy Scouts' Year Book" for 1917 contains messages from President Wilson, Colonel Roosevelt, and from many Cabinet officers and members of Congress. Boy scout activities in connection with the war are featured. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The spies! "What is the situation in the United States?" poses Horst von der Goltz in "My Adventures as a Secret Agent" (McBride). "Germany has installed in this country thousands of men, whose nationality and habits are such as to protect them from suspicion, who work silently and alone, because they know that their very lives depend upon their silence, and who are in communication with no central spy organization, for the very simple reason that no such organization exists. There is no clearing house for spy information in this country. There are no 'master spies.' "

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 97 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

POETRY.

A Book of Verse on the Great War. Edited by W. Reginald Wheeler. 8vo, 184 pages. Yale University Press. $2.

English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. Collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. 8vo, 341 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

The Everlasting Quest. By Henry L. Webb. 12mo, 114 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

At Vesper Time. By Ruth Baldwin Chenery. 12mo, 89 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The Kid Has Gone to the Colors. By William Herschell. Illustrated, 12mo, 137 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25.

Kitchener and other poems. By Robert J. C. Stead. 12mo, 163 pages. The Musson Book Co., Toronto. $1.

Songs of the Stalwart. By Grantland Rice. 12mo, 253 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

Airy Nothings. By George Gordon. 12mo, 144 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25.

Barbed Wire. By Edwin Ford Piper. 8vo, 125 pages. The Midland Press.

A Garden of Remembrance. By James Terry White. 16mo, 132 pages. James T. White & Co.

FICTION.

A Woman of Genius. By Mary Austin. 12mo, 515 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Christmas Tales of Flanders. Illustrated, 4to, 145 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.

The Emerald of the Incas. By Charles Normand. Translated from the French by S. A. B. Harvey. Illustrated, 8vo, 215 pages. Duffield & Co. $2.

Temporary Heroes. By Cecil Sommers. Illustrated, 12mo, 244 pages. John Lane Co.

The Shadow on the Stone. By Marguerite Bryant. 12mo, 382 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.35.

Laughing Bill Hyde and Other Stories. By Rex Beach. 12mo, 393 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.35.

The Adventuress. By Arthur B. Reeve. With frontispiece, 12mo, 343 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.35.

Mark Tidd Editor. By Clarence Budington Kelland. Illustrated, 287 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

A Little Book for Christmas. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. 12mo, 178 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

American Jewish Year Book. 5678. Edited by Samson D. Oppenheim. With frontispiece, 12mo, 710 pages. Jewish Publication Society.

Translations of Foreign Novels. A selected list by Minerva E. Grimm. 12mo, 84 pages. The Boston Book Co. $1.

The Rockefeller Foundation, Annual Report, 1916. 12mo, 458 pages. The Rockefeller Foundation.

Where to Sell Manuscripts. By W. L. Gordon. 12mo, 70 pages. The Standard Publishing Co. $1.

A Manual of Style. By the Staff of the University of Chicago Press. 12mo, 300 pages. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases. By Grenville Kleiser. 12mo, 453 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.60.

RELIGION.

Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Volume 9. 4to, 911 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Studies in the Book of Daniel. By Robert Dick Wilson. 8vo, 402 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Militant America and Jesus Christ. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. 16mo, 74 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 65 cts.

The Gospel of Mark. By Charles R. Erdman. 12mo, 200 pages. Presbyterian Board of Publication. 60 cts.

Spirit Power. By May Thirza Churchill. Fourth edition. 12mo, 64 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

Important Publications

World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State

By DAVID JAYNE HILL, LL.D., former American Ambassador to Germany. Reprinted with new Preface. 12mo, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Author points out in his new preface the fact that although several political revolutions and four European wars have occured since the book was first published in 1911, these events have not made necessary the change of a single sentence.

American City Progress and the Law

By HOWARD LEE McBAIN, Ph.D., Professor of Municipal Science and Administration, Columbia University. Author of "The Law and the Practice of Municipal Home Rome." 12mo, cloth, $1.50 net. The Hewitt Lectures, 1917.

Dynamic Psychology

By ROBERT SESSIONS WOODWORTH, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology, Columbia University. 12mo, cloth, $1.50 net. The Jesup Lectures, 1917.

Columbia University Studies in the History of Ideas

A collection of essays by members of the Department of Philosophy, Columbia University. 8vo, cloth, $2.00 net.

Constitutional Government in the United States

By WOODROW WILSON. 12mo, cloth, pp vii + 236. $1.50 net.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
LEMCKE AND BUECHNER, Agents
30-32 West 27th Street New York

PRESIDENT WILSON

in a recent address described the Bagdad Railway project as "The Heart of the Matter."

THE WAR AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

The Story of Asia Minor and Its Relation to the Present Conflict

By MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D.
14 illustrations and a map. Cloth, $1.50 net.

This is a Different Kind of War Book

This is a different kind of war book but one of the utmost importance by an authority on Eastern civilization. Professor Jastrow takes up a subject that has not been covered in the war literature of today. The story of the Bagdad Highway is romantic and fascinating. The possession of it has always determined the fate of the East. Europe is fighting for its control today just as the Persians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, and Turks fought for it in the past. To understand its importance and the relation it bears to our civilization is to understand one of the underlying causes of the war, and one to which the utmost consideration must be given at the Peace Settlement. Professor Jastrow's prophetic look into the future will be of intense interest to serious students of the problems of the war. No less important and thrilling is the story of Asia Minor, here told in the author's lucid style from ancient days to our time. The history of the region illuminates the world wide significance of the railway. The carefully selected illustrations are a feature, as is also the comprehensive map of the Near East, in which both the ancient and modern names of the important places are indicated. AT ALL BOOKSTORES

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1904*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-seventh Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

If you want first editions, limited editions, association books—books of any kind, in fact, address:
DOWNING, Box 1336, Boston Mass.

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

The Advertising Representative of THE DIAL in England is
MR. DAVID H. BOND
407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.
W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

Autograph Letters of Famous People
Bought and Sold.—Send lists of what you have.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City
Publisher of **THE COLLECTOR:** A Magazine for Autograph Collectors. $1.00. Sample free.

NATURAL HISTORY, AMERICANA, OLD MEDICAL, QUAKERIANA. BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PRINTS, AUTOGRAPHS. **Send 4c. stamps for big Catalogs—naming specialty.**
FRANKLIN BOOKSHOP (S. N. Rhoads)
920 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

The Adult Department. By Ida S. Blick. 12mo, 91 pages. Presbyterian Board of Publication. 40 cts.

The Social Theory of Religious Education. By George Albert Coe. 12mo, 361 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Three Men of Judea. Henry S. Stix. 12mo, 101 pages. The Open Court Publishing Co. $1.

A Book of Prayers. By Samuel McComb. 12mo, 244 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

The Peaceful Life. By Oscar Kuhns. 12mo, 234 pages. The Abingdon Press. $1.

Modernist Studies in the Life of Jesus. By Ray O. Miller. 12mo, 52 pages. Sherman, French & Co. 80 cts.

Q. E. D. or New Light on the Doctrine of Creation. By George McCready Price. 12mo, 144 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cts.

The Protestant Reformation and Its Influence. 1517-1917. 12mo, 150 pages. Presbyterian Board of Publication. 75 cts.

Ultimate Ideals. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt. 12mo, 110 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

The Church After the War. By William Oxley Thompson. 16mo, 32 pages. The Abingdon Press. Paper, 25 cts.

The Historical Development of Religion in China. By W. J. Clennell. 12mo, 260 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The Book of Nations. Transcribed by J. E. Sampter. 16mo, 120 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Creative Psychics. By Fred Henkel. 12mo, 81 pages. The Golden Press. Los Angeles. Paper.

EDUCATION.

Re-Education. By George Edward Barton. 12mo, 119 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

Observation. By Russell H. Conwell. With frontispiece, 12mo, 167 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.

Das Erste Yahr Deutsch. By L. M. Schmidt and E. Glokke. 12mo, 286 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. $1.20.

Kleine Deutsche Grammatik. By Alfred E. Koenig and Walter R. Myers. 12mo, 96 pages. The Perine Book Co.

Problems of Intermediate and Senior Teachers. By Eugene C. Foster. 12mo, 68 pages. Presbyterian Board of Publication. 40 cts.

The Worth of Ancient Literature to the Modern World. By Viscount Bryce. 8vo, 20 pages. General Education Board. New York City.

Latin and the A.B. Degree. By Charles W. Eliot. 8vo, 42 pages. General Education Board.

The Exceptional Child. By Maximilian P. E. Groszmann. Illustrated, 12mo, 764 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Permanent Values in Education. By Kenneth Richmond. 12mo, 136 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

La Navidad en las Montañas. By Ignacio Manuel Altamirano. With introduction, notes, and vocabulary by Edith A. Hill and Mary Joy Lombard. With frontispiece, 12mo, 107 pages. D. C. Heath & Co.

A History of the University of Buffalo. By Julian Park. Illustrated. 8vo, 87 pages. Paper.

Handicaps of Childhood. By H. Addington Bruce. 12mo, 310 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Value of the Classics. Edited by Dean Andrew F. West. 12mo, 396 pages. Princeton University Press. $1.50.

Linguistic Change. By E. H. Sturtevant. 12mo, 185 pages. University of Chicago Press. $1.

Readings in English Prose of the Nineteenth Century. Part I. Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden. 12mo, 334 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.65.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Killis Campbell. With frontispiece, 12mo, 332 pages. Ginn & Co. $1.50.

New Geography, Book One. By Alexis E. Frye. Illustrated, 4to, 252 pages. Ginn & Co. 88 cts.

General Zoology. By A. S. Pearse. Illustrated, 8vo, 366 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Laboratory Exercises in Chemistry. By William A. Noyes and B. Smith Hopkins. Illustrated, 8vo, 91 pages. Henry Holt & Co. Paper. 60 cts.

Extraits des Prosateurs Français. Edited by J. E. Mansion. 12mo, 298 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 65 cts.

How to Master the Violin. By Pavel L. Bytovetzski. Illustrated, 12mo, 108 pages. Oliver Ditson Co.

Department-Store Education. By Helen Rich Norton. 12mo, 79 pages. Department of the Interior. Washington.

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

Woman as Decoration. By Emily Burbank. Illustrated, 8vo, 326 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. Boxed. $2.50.

The Chinese Cook Book. By Shiu Wong Chan. 12mo, 201 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Why Not Marry. By Anna Steese Richardson. Illustrated, 12mo, 229 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.40.

Uncle Bill's Letters to His Niece. By Ray Brown. 12mo, 115 pages. Britton Publishing Co. $1.

The American Girl. By Winifred Buck. 12mo, 157 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.

The Housekeeper's Apple Book. By L. Gertrude MacKay. 12mo, 122 pages. Little, Brown & Co. 75 cts.

Salads and Sandwiches. By Mary M. Wright. 16mo, 197 pages. Penn Publishing Co.

Preserving and Pickling. By Mary M. Wright. 16mo, 168 pages. Penn Publishing Co.

JUVENILE.

The Possible You. By Clara Ewing Espey. 12mo, 60 pages. The Abingdon Press. 50 cts.

Little Star-Gazers. By Julia Augusta Schwartz. Illustrated, 12mo, 104 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.

Mother West Wind "When" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated, 12mo, 227 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.

The Magic Slippers. By Mabel F. Blodgett. Illustrated, 12mo, 91 pages. Little, Brown & Co. 75 cts.

The Way to Wonderland. By Mary Stewart. Illustrated, 8vo, 194 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

The Toyland Mother Goose. By Patten Beard. Illustrated, 4to, 147 pages. Frederick A. Stokes & Co. $1.50.

The Boys' Book of Mounted Police. By Irving Crump. Illustrated, 12mo, 297 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co $1.35.

The Arctic Stownways. By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated, 12mo, 322 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Songs and Stories for the Little Ones. By E. Gordon Browne. New and enlarged edition. 12mo, 255 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

AGRICULTURE AND FARMING.

The Strawberry in America. By S. W. Fletcher. Illustrated, 12mo, 234 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Food, Fruit and Flowers. By Walter P. Wright. Illustrated, 12mo, 336 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

In a College Garden. By Viscountess Wolseley. Illustrated, 12mo, 255 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Around the Year in the Garden. By Frederick Frye Rockwell. Illustrated, 12mo, 350 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

Physical Training. By Lydia Clark. Illustrated, 12mo, 415 pages. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.

The Dynamic of Manhood. By Luther H. Gulick. 12mo, 158 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.

A Thousand Health Questions Answered. By J. H. Kellogg, M. D., LL. D. 12mo, 775 pages. Good Health Publishing Co.

Keeping Young and Well. By G. W. Bacon. 12mo, 177 pages. Edward J. Clode. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Compendium of Natal Astrology and Universal Ephemeris. By Herbert T. Waite. 16mo, 212 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The Revived Cynic's Calendar. By Ethel Watts Mumford, O. Herford, and A. Mizner. Illustrated, 16mo. Paul Elder & Co. 85 cts.

Impressions Calendar 1918. Designed by Harold Sichel. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Co. Boxed. 50 cts.

Big Business. By Ralph Parlette. 12mo, 156 pages. Parlette-Padget Co. $1.

How to Make Your Will. By William Hamilton Osborne. 12mo, 56 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cts.

Amateur Entertainments. By Cranstoun Metcalfe. 12mo, 112 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cts.

Letters from Roy. By Leon H. Stevens. 12mo, 114 pages. Christopher Publishing House. $1.

GREAT WAR, BALLADS

By Brookes More

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the war.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

$1.50 Net

For Sale by Brentano's; The Baker & Taylor Co., New York; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; St. Louis News Co., and All Book Stores

THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.
Fort Smith, Arkansas, U. S. A.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
announce their new
CATALOGUE OF BOOK BARGAINS
1918 Edition—Just Issued

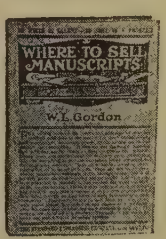
Showing their greatly reduced prices on hundreds of books from their overstock, including many of recent issue.

Sent Free On Request
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK
At Twenty-Sixth Street

Where to Sell Manuscripts

By W. L. Gordon

Book gives names, addresses and *wants* of over one hundred publishers buying short stories, serials, poems, special articles, etc. Invaluable to every aspiring author. Write for full descriptive circular.



THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Desk 38, Cincinnati, O.

Columbia University Press
(LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents)

New Catalogue of Meritorious Books Now Ready

AMERICAN BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS sent to any address, here or abroad

DIRECT IMPORTATION FROM ALL ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

LEMCKE & BUECHNER (Established 1848)
30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

TO LIBRARIANS, PUBLIC, SCHOOL, OR HOME

That Rare Thing—
A Good Book for Girls

H. M. H. writes to May Lamberton Becker of "The Readers Guide" department of THE NEW YORK EVENING POST: "My little sister, who is nine years old and has just joined the public library, asked me for a list of books that I thought she would like to read. . . . I should appreciate your advice."

Mrs. Becker gives a list of such books and then adds:

So far, I have kept closely to books sure to be in the Children's Room of any library. There is, however, a book that has just been published, and that may therefore have not yet been included—that it will not be is unthinkable, for it stands a chance, and a very good chance, of entering that only permanent, unshakable body of "immortals" in American literature, the small but firmly defended group of children's favorites. Conservative in this, as in everything, children go on reading "Little Women" over and over, one generation after another, while wave after wave of juveniles breaks unheeded at their feet. But this book, "UNDERSTOOD BETSY," by Dorothy Canfield (Illustrated, $1.30 net), has come to stay; the children say so. When it was coming out in St. Nicholas, a mother of my acquaintance used to read it aloud to a group of children of all ages, and I have seen it charm children in this city as well as those in the same sort of Vermont town as that where it happens. A little girl who has been nearly "understood" to death by a devoted relative who has kept her feeling her own spiritual pulse, goes to Vermont on a farm and is gloriously let alone; that is practically all there is to it, but it is enough to hold laughter, some excitement, and all outdoors.

Dorothy Canfield's UNDERSTOOD BETSY (4th printing, $1.30 net). By the author of "The Bent Twig."

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 19 West 44th Street New York City

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO., CHICAGO.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

War's Heritage to Youth

Pierre de Lanux is the ambassador of a group of ideas and tendencies, in their infancy before the war, and still at the awkward age where they have to be loved a little before they can be understood at all. His "Young France and New America" (Macmillan; $1.25) will for the first time bring to the attention of many people in this country a certain question over which our own writers have long been meditating, without being able to arrive at very definite conclusions. He has in mind, if I am not mistaken, a sort of conquest of the world carried out by the common action of the young people of all nations. Conquest, I say; I mean rather the sloughing off of the old skin of society, the conscious and deliberate formulation of a new way of living, a new way of seeing life and arranging its conditions.

Let us say that industrialism has developed among the nations a certain community of experience, and that this community of experience has in turn given birth to certain universal desires, emotions, hopes, ideas, and plans, universal, yes, even in the face of the war. Well, M. de Lanux constantly touches upon this group of desires, emotions, hopes, ideas, and plans. The writers from whom he quotes, the leaders of the young French intellectual class during the twentieth century, have ardently expressed perhaps the greater part of them. Is it necessary to mention Verhaeren, for example, a "good European" if there ever was one, the spokesman of modern humanity? And behind Verhaeren there is Whitman, whose influence on the French literature of to-day, M. de Lanux says, may well be called decisive. What do they portend, these writers, if it is not a heightened common consciousness in all who are still young enough in spirit to harbor generous hopes for civilization, a common aim leading them to struggle for a world that is able to keep and use the whole of its creative energy?

I do not mean that M. de Lanux develops this general idea. But it is, I believe, the matrix of his argument. And it implies that if we are to develop this common aim, if we are to unite in this common programme, it is of the highest importance for us to understand the unique conditions that hamper the creative life in each individual country. What we want is the fullest and the freest expression of every people along the lines of its own genius, for it is of the nature of the creative spirit that its manifestations cannot conflict with one another and that the more various they are the richer and the more harmonious life becomes. That is why M. de Lanux, in selecting certain of our writers to translate into French, says that the more genuinely American they are the more France will be inclined to welcome them.

Now, there is something so disinterested and so beneficent in the French spirit and we feel so keenly our debt to it at the present time that we are much more disposed to be virtuous for France's sake than for the beautiful eyes of virtue itself. If M. de Lanux tells us that his countrymen are certain to rejoice in the work of Vachel Lindsay, whose "muse essentially belongs to Springfield, Illinois, and knows no other shores," adding that "that is precisely why we shall be glad to welcome her," is it not the simplest of all deductions that we ought to set to work immediately producing as many poets as the homely muse of America can be induced to yield? I say this lightly because I want to take advantage of the present French alliance that seems to appeal so strongly to the common sense of the average American of the dominant class. In point of fact, of course, it implies a complete reorientation of American life. This of itself the average American of the domi-

nant class could never be brought to contemplate. But how far would he not be reconciled to it if he were obliged to see that it is merely the logical outcome of his own loyalties in the war and that the more closely he draws to any of the societies of Europe the more he will have to surrender the baser elements of his own Americanism?

We speak of the obligations the war has laid upon us. Have we in fact begun to realize how grave they are? We say that the time has come for us to play our part among the societies of the world. But we do not yet see that this means infinitely more than "men, money, and ships," that it requires nothing less than a mobilization of new, characteristic, and unique forces for the universal contest between darkness and light. Let us say that, thanks largely to our isolation, the spirit of our life in the past has been innocent of many of those baser elements in European life that produced the war. Let us say this if we find it comforting, for it is true. But what have we to put beside those finer elements in European life that the war has not been able to destroy and that are even now giving birth to whatever the future seems to hold of promise for the human spirit? A great deal, I should say, but little indeed in presentable form. That is what enables our unkinder critics to assert, with a certain air of plausibility, that we really have nothing at all.

We have been a primitive people, faced with an all but impossible task. But is it not abundantly evident now that we have accomplished this task and that most of the customs we developed in the process of meeting it have long since passed into the limbo of "good customs that corrupt the world"? The struggle that has hitherto engaged us has been a struggle not between the more creative and the less creative in man, but between man and nature, and the impulse that has determined it has come not from the pressure of humane desires within, but from the existence, the allure, and the eventual decay of material opportunities outside. The resultant character of our civilization we know too well. Like children whistling in the dark, we reassure one another that we like it and find it good. How simple we are! How little we know of the realities that our unconscious life reveals to the least experienced observer! Have we never tried to explain to ourselves that weary, baffled expression one sees in so many thousand middle-aged American faces, typical American faces, "successful" faces, the faces of bewildered men like Mr. Henry Ford? Has it never occurred to us to compare Mr. Ford's face with Mr. Ford's recent career?

I think, indeed, one could hardly find a more perfect symbol of American life in the present decade than Mr. Ford presents—Mr. Ford and his millions and his peace ship and the total failure of these elements to coalesce in any effective purpose. If, therefore, we are dreaming of a national culture, it is because our characteristic idealism has itself forced the issue. The gifts we possess are unique gifts, but of what avail are these gifts if we have no technique that enables them to find their mark? And what sort of technique will ever do this that has not arisen out of a consciousness of those gifts, that is not peculiar as they are peculiar and so adapted as to make them yield their fullest value? We want to share in the higher life of the world, and we are incapable of doing so because we have no organized higher life of our own. Could there be a more unmistakable demand for just that release, that synthesis of the creative energies of the younger generation which M. de Lanux proposes and which the younger generation itself desires more deeply even than it knows?

An organized higher life—that is to say, in the first place, a literature fully aware of the difficulties of the American situation and able, in some sense, to meet them. For poets and novelists and critics are the pathfinders of society; to them belongs the vision without which the people perish. Our literature in the past has failed to produce sufficient minds capable of taking that supreme initiative; in consequence, it has fallen by its own weight under the chaos of our life. But for this it has not only the best of excuses, it has also at least one striking precedent. Could there be a stranger parallel to the

state of our literature to-day than the state of German literature in 1795, as Goethe describes it in the following words:

"Germany is absolutely devoid of any central point of social culture, where authors might associate with one another and develop themselves by following, each in his own special branch, one aim, one common purpose. Born in places far remote from each other, educated in all manner of ways, dependent as a rule upon themselves alone and upon the impressions of widely different surroundings; carried away by a predilection in favor of this or that example of native or foreign literature, driven to all kinds of attempts, nay, even blunders, in their endeavor to test their own powers without proper guidance; brought to the conviction, gradually and only after much reflection, that they ought to adopt a certain course, and taught by practice what they can actually do; ever and anon confused and led astray by a large public devoid of taste and ready to swallow the bad with the same relish with which it has previously swallowed the good—is there any German writer of note who does not recognize himself in this picture, and who will not acknowledge with modest regret the many times that he has sighed for the opportunity of subordinating at an earlier stage of his career the peculiarities of his original genius to a general national culture, which, alas! was nowhere to be found? For the development of the higher classes by other moral influences and foreign literature, despite the great advantage which we have derived therefrom, has nevertheless hindered the Germans, as Germans, from developing themselves at an earlier stage."

How keenly our conscientious writers of the older generation must have experienced that regret, those, I mean, who have never quite submitted to the complacent colonialism that has marked so much of our culture in the past! But, unfortunately, they have left no testimonies behind them. They have considered it so much an obligation to justify American life merely as American life that they have glossed their own tragedies, not realizing perhaps that in this way they have glossed also the failure of those higher aims that they themselves were born to represent. "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end." That is the essential European doctrine, and it is because Europeans value life as such that so great a part of their vital energy goes into the production of minds capable of heightening that value, minds that are able to keep the ball of life rolling in the sight and to the glory of all. But that was not the doctrine of our forbears; quite the contrary, indeed. In consequence, the writers of the younger generation inherit all the difficulties of their elders, and at compound interest.

For the intellectual life is sustained by the emotional life; in order to react vigorously against one's environment one must in some degree have been emotionally nurtured by it. Our gifted minds lack too generally a certain sort of character without which talent is altogether fickle and fugitive; but what is this character if it is not the accumulated assurance, the spiritual force that results from preceding generations of effort along the lines toward which talent directs us? Professor Brückner points out in his history of Russian literature that "the direct transition from uncultured strata to strenuous mental activity is wont to avenge itself: the individual succumbs sooner or later to the unwonted burden." And as for us young people, how often do we not wear ourselves out constructing the preliminary platform without which it is impossible to create anything! We have so few ideals given us that the facts of our life do not instantly belie. Is it strange, therefore, that we have, unlike the peoples of Europe, no student class united in a common discipline and forming a sort of natural breeding ground for the leadership that we desire?

Nevertheless, a class like this we must have, and there are, I think, many signs that such a class is rapidly coming into existence. To begin with, the sudden contraction of the national cultures of Europe during the war, owing to which many currents of thought, formerly shared by all, have been withdrawn as it were from circulation, has thrown us unexpectedly back upon ourselves. How many drafts we have issued in the past upon European thought, unbalanced by any investment of our own! The younger generation have come to feel this obligation acutely. At the same time they have been taught to speak a certain language in common by the social movements of the last twenty years. Acquainted through study and travel with ranges of human possibility which their ancestors were able to contemplate only in the abstract, they feel that the time has come to explore these possibilities and to test them out on our own

soil. They see that we Americans have never so much as dreamed of a radically more beautiful civilization, our Utopias having been so generally of the nature of Edward Bellamy's, complex and ingenious mechanisms, liberating the soul into a vacuum of ennui. They see that it is art and literature which give the soul its higher values and make life worthy of intercession, and that every effective social revolution has been led up to and inspired by visionary leaders who have shown men what they might become and what they miss in living as they do. "Thought," according to one of the greatest of modern philosophers, "is strong enough to disturb the sense of satisfaction with nature; it is too weak to construct a new world in opposition to it." Only desire can do this, they feel, these Americans of the new age; that is what separates them not only from our traditional leaders, but also from our awakeners, the pragmatists, who are so busily unfolding the social order of which they form an integral part.

They feel this, I say; they feel it very deeply. How deeply they desire another America, not like the America of to-day, *grande et riche, mais désordonnée,* as Turgeniev said of Russia, but harmonious and beneficent, a great America that knows how to use the finest of its gifts! Is there in this fact any promise for the future? . . . Who can say? So many of the best minds of our own younger generation have already, owing to the aridity of our cultural soil, fallen victims to the creeping paralysis of the mechanistic view of life! So many, more poetically endowed, have lost themselves in a confused and feeble anarchism! So few Americans are able even to imagine what it means to be employed by civilization!

Certainly no true social revolution will ever be possible in this country till a race of artists, profound and sincere, have brought us face to face with our own experience and set working in that experience the leaven of the highest culture. For it is exalted desires that give their validity to revolutions, and exalted desires take form only in exalted souls. But has there ever been a time when masses of men have conceived these desires without leaders' appearing to formulate them and press them home? We are lax now, too lax, because we do not realize the responsibility that lies upon us, each in the measure of his own gift. Is it imaginable, however, that as time goes on and side by side with other nations we come to see the inadequacy of our own, we shall fail to rise to the gravity of our situation and recreate, out of the sublime heritage of human ideals, a new synthesis adaptable to the unique conditions of our life?

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

The Swallows

(The Swallows sang)—
Alien our hearts are
From your springs and your cotes and your glebes;
Secret our nests are,
Although they are built in your eaves;
Uneaten by us are
The grains that grow on your fields!

(The Weathercock on the barn said)—
Not alien to ye are
The powers of un-earth-bound beings:
Their curse ye would bring
On our springs and our cotes and our glebes,
If aught should befall
Your brood that is bred in our eaves!

(And the Swallows answered)—
If aught should befall
Our brood that 's not travelled the seas,
Your temples would fall,
And blood ye should milk from your beaves:
Against them the curse we would bring
Of un-earth-bound beings!

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Rhythms of Free Verse

An artist works intuitively; a scientist deliberately. Yet there seems no reason why each should not recognize the value of the other's method. The long quarrel between artist and scientist is based upon a misconception. Neither opponent understands the peculiar language of the other well enough to see when they are saying the same thing. The more ignorant artists exclaim at the desecration of analysis; the more unimaginative scientists recoil from what appears to them the illogical and vague mind-processes by which the artist gains his end. But let us forget the quarrel; let us see what can be done when sympathy takes the place of hostility, and let us bear in mind a simple and incontrovertible fact; namely, that science is merely proven truth.

I have been a good deal amused lately to read in many of the reviews of Dr. Patterson's book, "The Rhythm of Prose" (Columbia University Press; $1.50), that the author has finally disposed of the claims of *vers libre* to be considered as poetry, and that my theories in particular have hereby suffered a total eclipse. This would undoubtedly be an unfortunate thing for me if it were true. The facts, however, are quite otherwise. Dr. Patterson and I are not at variance, but perfectly in accord; and for a year we have been working together to prove, not my theories or his, but the facts. It is true that the sun has not yet risen in this first book, "The Rhythm of Prose," but the clouds are beginning to disperse! and in his next book, which I believe he is to call "The Making of Verse," there is a good chance that they may be swept away altogether. Dr. Patterson has given me leave to state his new theories in this paper. But, before doing so, I must first state his fundamental bases and mine, in order that our final agreement may be fully understood.

In the first place, it should be clearly recognized that Dr. Patterson does not use the words "verse" and "poetry" as interchangeable terms. I speak advisedly, for I charged him with a too narrow conception of "poetry" and asked him if he considered metrical verse to be its proper vehicle. To my relief, he disclaimed any such idea, and explained that he had carefully used the word "verse" throughout his book, never "poetry" in that connection. This proved at the outset the refreshing accuracy of the scientific mind. We are so likely to consider the two words as interchangeable that the distinction has become blurred to the average person. The man who could write "by listening for rhythm in irregular sequences, in the criss-cross lapping of many waves upon the shore, in the syncopating cries of a flock of birds, in the accelerating and retarding quivers of a wind-blown tree, we have found a new form of pleasure," knows very well what poetry is.

Dr. Patterson's theory of prose and verse rhythm as set forth in this first book is very simple to state, but immensely difficult to have conceived. It is, briefly, that in "verse" the rhythm is what he calls "coincident"; in "prose" it is "syncopated." This result is achieved through a system of tapping. For instance, repeat "Mary had a Little Lamb," and at the same time tap the rhythm of the stressed syllables with your finger on a table. It will be found that the tappings and the stressed syllables exactly coincide. Now tap again and read any prose passage you like while you are doing it. You will find that the syllables and stresses come every which way, sometimes on the beat, it is true, but more often before or after it, either directly between two taps or at varying distances from one or the other.

Dr. Patterson has made a great number of experiments with a number of subjects, and his main theory would seem to be absolutely proved. His object—to show that verse (really metrical verse) and prose have a different mechanical base, but that prose also has its rhythm or rhythms—he has certainly achieved. So far so good, but it is not the whole of the story.

At the conclusion of the chapter on *vers libre* in the first edition of "The Rhythm of Prose," is this sentence: "On the whole, however, the message will always be blunted for those 'timers' who feel, in reading or hearing these productions, the disquieting experience of attempting to dance up the side of a mountain. For those who find this task exhilarating, *vers libre,* as a form, is without a rival." It is significant that this passage was omitted from the second edition.

Dr. Patterson calls "timers" those people who have "an aggressive time sense"; people who have no difficulty in performing complicated tasks of syncopation, and who are capable of holding in their minds a psychologic beat from which they may depart at moments by accelera-

tion or retardation, or by sublimating such beat into images, etc., and yet of holding constantly to the unexpressed rhythm. Dr. Patterson has named this psychological beat the "unitary pulse."

Where the suppressed passage ran thoroughly wrong was just in the premise that an "aggressive timer" would feel discomfort in tracking the rhythms of *vers libre,* the fact being that only an "aggressive timer" can properly interpret these subtle and various rhythms. The mistake came in overvaluing syllabic import. Metrical verse, being based upon accent, has everything to do with the counting of syllables. Prose, containing as it does so many rhythms in a single page, even in a single paragraph, may very well be termed "syncopated" as far as syllables are concerned, but it, too, is based upon "cadence," or rather "cadences," for it is just here that it differs from *vers libre.* The returning cadence unit of *vers libre* has slight counterpart with the changing cadences of even the most rhythmic prose. Where the *vers libre* poem as a whole keeps to a single recurring psychological beat, the prose page or chapter conforms to no unit. A passage of prose divorced from its content may sound like a section of a *vers libre* poem; but, if it be taken with what goes before and after, the uniformity is lost.

So long ago as March 1914 I wrote an article on *"Vers Libre* and Metrical Prose," in which I endeavored to prove the difference of "curve" in *vers libre* and even the most rhythmical prose. Having neither the psychological training nor the apparatus, I was obliged to rely entirely upon my intuition. I felt cadence as a line rising to a certain height and then dropping away to mount again, farther on. I called this rising and falling line a "curve." In a letter to me, written last winter after one of our experiments, Dr. Patterson says:

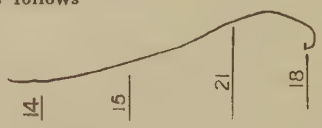
"It is interesting, first of all, to find that the measurements made from the film on which are recorded your readings of *vers libre* cadences prove that you possess an unusually accurate time-sense."

Then, after a reference to another poem and an explanation that the figures refer to the intervals between the chief accents, he continues:

"Cadence from 'Thompson's Lunch Room':

14-15-21-18

The cadence from 'Thompson's Lunch Room' is also suggestive of syncopating experience, but it is distinctly more subtle. The interval 14 rises gently to 15, then violently to 21, after which it rebounds to a moderate 18. The curve of progression might be drawn as follows



A series of such progressions could possibly be taken as the basis for your feelings of *vers libre* cadence."

We see therefore that intuition may sometimes hit upon a fact, without realizing exactly how such a conclusion is reached.

I did not meet Dr. Patterson until after the publication of his first edition. We were brought together by a common friend who felt that we were working toward the same end, but with apparent hostility. I confess that I went to this meeting with misgiving. I feared to find Dr. Patterson so wedded to a theory that nothing would induce him to forgo a tittle of his attitude. I was wrong. I found an open-minded man who cared more for truth than for anything else, who had not an ounce of vanity, and who was chock full of artistic feeling. A man who reacted keenly to music and poetry, and whose sympathy and perception made the whole discussion a delight instead of a labor.

I told Dr. Patterson that with his main contention in the chapter on *vers libre*—that there is no *tertium quid* between prose and regular verse—I was in perfect accord. I insisted that none of the better instructed *vers libristes* had ever held such an opinion, but that we took our stand from Paul Fort's dictum, "Prose and verse are but one instrument graduated." Of course, Dr. Patterson could hardly concur with this view, and—noting that he has carefully defined "verse" as "regular verse"—his point undoubtedly holds. Of course, one might be said to graduate from "syncopation" to "coincidence," but that is merely to confuse the issue. From the exact scientific analysis of Dr. Patterson, we find "regular verse" to be based upon a rhythmic conception quite other than that of prose.

Still Paul Fort's phrase held good for a form of poetry founded upon a different scheme from that of metrical verse. Upon a verse built upon cadence, in short. What was cadence? How did the cadences of *vers libre* differ from those of prose? I did not know. I could feel it, could illustrate by examples, but of course this was too personal to warrant a scientific deduction's being drawn from it. But Dr. Patterson was immensely interested. He arranged to set up his sound-photographing machine, which had

been taken down, in order that we might make some experiments. I found out that he had never heard *vers libre* read by an expert, and I well know how it can be garbled by a poor rendering.

That first day we experimented with two examples only, the passage from one of my own poems given above and "H.D." 's "Oread." I read both poems into the machine several times, and then, at Dr. Patterson's desire, I repeated the poems to myself, pronouncing the syllable "tah" aloud on the chief accents. Dr. Patterson then gave me certain tests which proved me to be "aggressively rhythmic," and permitted me a certain right to say "I feel." This was satisfactory as far as it went, but the result was all to be found. The films would have to be developed and the intervals measured.

I returned to Boston and shortly afterwards received the letter from Dr. Patterson of which I have already spoken. The result of his measurements of the passage from my own poem, I have given. The measurements of "H.D." 's "Oread" were as follows:

"'The Oread': (intervals between chief accents given in tenths of a second, roughly estimated).

13-22-15-24-13-13-19-13-15-13

The recurrence or 'return' of 13/10 sec. as the interval length in five cases in the 'Oread' is quite remarkable, and seems to indicate that you had in your mind an exact interval which you increased or retarded twice by 1/5 sec. (giving intervals 15/10 sec. in length), and three times by from 3/5 to 11/10 sec. (giving one interval as long as 24/10 sec.)

You must tell me exactly what you think about the significance of the figures. This much, at least, seems clear. The opening sequence of four intervals:

13-22-15-24

involves acceleration and retarding of an obviously irregular nature. As soon, however, as we strike the 5th intervals, 'return' is evident in the presence of '13,' which interval-size dominates conspicuously the rest of the passage, and so suggests at once coincident and therefore typical 'verse experience.' The opening sequence, on the other hand, could hardly suggest anything else but syncopating and therefore 'prose experience.'"

That the reader may understand what this means, I will print here "Oread" broken up into time units. It will be seen at once that the form is non-syllabic, in that the chief accents come after a greater or lesser number of syllables. The units conform in time—allowing for the slight acceleration and retardation of the unitary pulse, guided by an artistic instinct—but not in syllabic quantity.

Whirl up/ sea—/
Whirl/ your pointed pines/
Splash/ your great pines/ on our rocks/
Hurl/ your green over us/
Cover us/ with your pools/ of fir./

It was immediately after this that Dr. Patterson published the second edition of his "Rhythm of Prose."

In the preface to this new edition, Dr. Patterson referred to our experiments, and added the conclusions to be drawn from them. As his diction, however, is a little difficult of comprehension, I will quote the concluding paragraph of the letter already referred to so often. It contains the gist of the preface, and is expressed in simpler language.

"My own decision at this date, February 12, 1917, a decision which depends partly upon my having heard you read with such tremendous effect bits of your own free verse, is that the spell of *vers libre* is at its best when syncopating experience predominates—when the 'cadences' follow each other in the magical manner and with the occult balance of good prose. Is there then no difference between such 'unrhymed cadence' as you have written and good prose? Yes, I am ready to admit what I have not admitted before. There is at times, not always, a difference; but it is a difference not of kind, but of degree. The separate spacing of the phrases, whether printed or orally delivered, puts emphasis upon the rhythmic balancing *as such*. It keeps us from forgetting it when we see the phrases, first of all. On the other hand, when we hear them spoken by another, we detect this suggested emphasis on the speaker's part upon a sequence of balances which might readily be blurred, both for him and for us, were the text from which he reads printed in the solid blocks of ordinary prose."

I quite agree with Dr. Patterson that "*vers libre* is at its best when syncopating experience predominates." In my "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," I spoke of Richard Aldington's and "H.D." 's practice of *vers libre* as always following the syncopating experience. These poets arrived at their conclusions quite independently, and I remember an animated discussion of the subject which I had with them in the summer of 1914. This is again a proof of the intuitive working of the artist's mind, followed more slowly by the accurate foot by foot advance of the scientist.

Dr. Patterson's preface goes on to say:

"Miss Lowell delivers her *vers libre* with much more swing and vim than one commonly hears in prose; but surely all particularly vigorous prose, if it is to be valued as a fit medium for vigorous thought and feeling, must also be thus delivered."

This has seemed to the reviewers a negation of my attitude. It is no such thing. I have always maintained that oratory, being impassioned speech, is therefore exceedingly rhythmical, for it is well known that all emotion tends

to become rhythmic. The rhythms of oratory differ from those of *vers libre* principally in being so diverse. That is, in having no definite time unit for the whole speech. It is a fact that *vers libre* may change its time units several times in a long poem, but these changes fall into sections, a device long practiced in metrical verse where the metre often varies. For instance, Matthew Arnold's "Church of Brou" has three sections and in each section is a change of metre. In other metrical poems, changes of metre occur in alternate stanzas, or even at irregular intervals. So many examples may be given that I will leave my readers to think of them for themselves.

It is undoubtedly Dr. Patterson's calling *vers libre* "spaced prose," which has led reviewers to prophesy my immediate demise. And yet Dr. Patterson has carefully, if astringently, explained his use of the term, not only in the preface, but in a paragraph which he has added to the chapter on *vers libre*. He says:

"A word, finally, must be added as to terminology. When regular prose becomes consistently emotional, whether through richness of tone-color, abundance of images, or conspicuous 'return' of certain prose refrains, such as we find in Matthew Arnold's repetition of 'sweetness and light' or De Quincey's 'Fanny and the rose in June,' all we need is to space the phrases on separate lines in order to obtain something which is not to be distinguished from the best 'free verse.' This resulting experience is different from that obtained from ordinary prose in that the spacing serves to focus our attention upon the *rhythm as rhythm;* but, in spite of this self-consciousness and its emotional consequences, our 'glorified' prose still remains a *kind* of prose. What shall we call it? Since all prose has its rhythmic possibilities, 'rhythmic prose' is as misleading a name as *vers libre*. Rhythmically self-conscious 'spaced prose' is an uninviting but fairly accurate description of it in its more inspired manifestations, such as abound in the work of Miss Amy Lowell."

This last sentence should have proved to the critics that Dr. Patterson was in no way hostile to the results obtained by the freer forms; and it must never be forgotten that he is concerned in this book with rhythm only, and that he is juxtaposing, by means of his tapping experiments, prose and "regular verse," that is metrical verse. The word "prose," in his "spaced prose," has no more significance as far as poetry is concerned than the "prose" in my own "polyphonic prose." He uses "prose" because of the syncopation involved in *vers libre;* I used "prose" because of the typical form in which "polyphonic prose" is printed. In neither case does it imply an absence of "poetry" in the forms concerned, for once more let me call the reader's attention to Dr. Patterson's strict denial of the identification of "verse" and "poetry," in his use of these terms.

The preface to the second edition is dated March 31, 1917. So we may take the above as Dr. Patterson's theories up to that date. But nine months have passed since then, and much progress has been made beyond the standpoint taken in that edition.

Independently of Dr. Patterson, I continued to study the rhythms of *vers libre* as well as I could with no testing apparatus. My endeavors to beat time to *vers libre* poems led to the discovery that every poem had a more or less consistent beat. That the accents were, of course, determined by the sense; but that in accepting or rejecting words, the poet was guided by the necessity of having his beat fall consistently with this sense. It could not come upon connecting words, for instance, like "and" or "the." Of course, I had always known this subconsciously, but now I began to analyze it consciously. I also found that some poems, although apparently read as slowly as others, had a much faster beat. What determined this beat? It must be some psychological time unit in the poet's mind. For years I had been searching the unit of *vers libre,* the ultimate particle to which the rhythm of this form could be reduced. As the "foot" is the unit of "regular verse," so there must be a unit in *vers libre*. I thought I had found it. The unit was a measurement of time. The syllables were unimportant, in the sense that there might be many or few to the time interval. The form being therefore non-syllabic, Dr. Patterson's system of tapping seemed not to apply. But in setting aside his system, I was wrong, as we shall see.

In May, I again saw Dr. Patterson, and again read into his sound-photographing machine. I also told him my time unit discovery, and read several poems to a metronome. The reading did not, in every case, exactly follow the metronomic swing, but the variance was so slight as to be accounted for by the natural acceleration and retardation of the artistic impulse. Dr. Patterson has dealt with this variation from a strict time unit in his chapter on "The Sense of Swing," where he says:

"But surely the sense of swing means nothing unless it be a sense of progressive movement. When a melody is played in strict, unvarying metronome time, swing is at its lowest, and the 'psychological moment' for an accent is merely a matter of remembering that two and two make four. What is usually meant by swing is really 'elastic' swing, where the simple mathematical relations are complicated for purposes

of expression. Compensation figures conspicuously. Time stolen in one place, is repaid in another. What Reimann calls 'agogic accent' (the deliberate addition of length to a note, instead of stress in order to give it prominence) and, of course, tempo rubato (stolen time), belong to this category; so, though it does not seem to be generally remembered, all effects due to accelerating and retarding the standard tempo. . . Varying rates of speed, in a broad and general sense, need now to be distinguished from the specific form in which they can appear as 'Progressive motion,' which means nothing more than varying rates of speed in which the variation is roughly spoken of as 'gradual,' and more accurately as occurring according to some law of progressive increase or decrease. An interval, for instance, of at first one second, is shortened by one tenth of a second, successively, until it becomes three tenths of a second, after which it is lengthened by similar steps until it reaches its former size. This would be a case of rapidly progressing acceleration and retarding. The rate of decrease in the interval could be expressed by a mathematical equation. Another equation could express the retarding movement. The number of ways in which an interval could become progressively shorter is, of course, infinite. The point to keep clear is that every 'gradual' (i. e., not jerky) progression, such as is plainly implied in what we mean by swing, must be subject to some law, instinctively felt, no matter how difficult to phrase. The 'sense of swing,' then, would mean the ability to move according to progressive laws, however occult."

I again saw Dr. Patterson in September, and the results he had then reached commanded my instant admiration and acceptance. Working on the possibility of a time unit, he had come to the conclusion that there were really several forms of *vers libre*. These he determined by a combination of time tests and tapping experiments. One was the "spaced prose" which he had cited in the second edition of "The Rhythm of Prose"; another, a more obviously rhythmic form, which he has named "unitary verse" because it conforms to a satisfying time unit; while still a third is marked by an alternation of prose and verse experience. Dr. Patterson defines seven distinct groups, starting from metrical verse, in a paper prepared for the meeting of the Modern Language Association held at New Haven in December. In the bulletin of the Association his paper is listed as follows:

"An attempt at a sharper analysis of verse and prose. Seven types: (1) 'metrical verse,' in which the effect of a repeated stress-pattern is in evidence; (2) 'unitary verse,' in which equal time-intervals (marked by chief accents and filled in with a quite variable number of less accented syllables) form a satisfying succession of units; (3) 'polyphonic prose,' in which tone-color patterns are more in evidence than in ordinary prose; (4) 'spaced prose,' in which the balancing of broader groupings in prose rhythm is accentuated by printing the phrases on separate lines; (5) 'fluid prose,' in which the rhythm as rhythm is less obvious than in 'spaced prose'; (6) 'mosaics,' in which verse and prose, or several kinds of verse and prose, alternate successively; and, finally, (7) 'blends,' in which effects not commonly found together are superimposed."

Of these divisions, it is not necessary here to explain Dr. Patterson's use of "metrical verse," "unitary verse," "polyphonic prose," or "spaced prose." Everyone knows what the first is. The second and the fourth have been sufficiently noticed already in this article; it is enough to say that in "unitary verse" the sense of swing is more marked than in "spaced prose." The third has been so often analyzed as to need no farther explanation. By "fluid prose," Dr. Patterson means a highly stylistic and rhythmic prose, such as is found constantly in Walter Pater's works, in which, however, the rhythm is not sufficiently conscious to warrant separate spacing for its phrases. "Mosaics" are those *vers libre* poems which are sometimes "syncopated" and sometimes "coincident." "Blends" are rare in English practice. He regards "polyphonic prose" as practically the only English "blend," but he has found other such forms in Sanskrit literature. As "polyphonic prose" employs all the rhythms of metrical verse, *vers libre,* "fluid prose," and prose proper, so combined as to produce the impression of a constant weaving, and also affects its own movement by the use of rich *timbre* and "return" of thought and images, we see why it is a "blend" rather than a "mosaic," in which verse experience and prose experience follow each other in sharply edged blocks.

It should be observed that Dr. Patterson's groups differentiate carefully every possible form of rhythmic poetic experience, but that, if we employ the term as a defining artistic form, only three of them properly come under *vers libre.* These are "unitary verse," under which head he places "H.D." 's "Oread"; "spaced prose," which is illustrated by my own "Reaping"; and "mosaics," where he takes Mr. Masters's "Father Malloy" as an example. Metrical verse on the one hand, "polyphonic prose" on the other, stand out as individual forms, while *vers libre* is another, subdivided again into three distinguishable sections.

"Fluid prose" is really a prose form (the others are really verse forms); but owing to its suitability for poetic content, Dr. Patterson has included it in his grouping.

It is not very difficult to prove that the cadences of even the most highly developed "fluid prose" differ from those of true *vers libre.* I have already shown that "fluid prose" is built, not upon one unitary pulse, but upon many. To

go a step farther, it can easily be demonstrated that although certain single cadences of "fluid prose" may coincide with the cadences of *vers libre,* others, satisfying in their position in a "fluid prose" piece, would completely fail to satisfy in a *vers libre* poem. To illustrate, I will take this sentence from Walter Pater which Dr. Patterson has used in so many of his tests: "It is the landscape, not of dreams or of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of finesse."

Leaving out the question of wording as not pertinent to the present discussion, we can hear, if we read the passage aloud, a strange jar between its two halves. The first cadence ends with "withdrawn." If the passage stopped here we should have a perfect *vers libre* cadence. But it does not stop; it goes on, and how? No new cadence, conforming to the original unitary pulse, is announced by "and hours selected from a thousand." This reads, not like a second self-sustaining cadence, but like a continuation of one already partly completed, and yet the rhythm of the passage ending on "withdrawn" is so rounded and final that, read it as we will, we cannot consider it incomplete. Dr. Patterson has tapped "hours" as two syllables, but whether it be taken as one or two, the objection remains. To make the passage fall into a perfect *vers libre* cadence, we should have to add some words to the second part; for instance, we might say, "and of hours carefully selected," etc. . . I admit that this spoils Pater's sentence, but it adds the second cadence necessary to the beating of the unitary pulse.

I fail to see how any thoughtful person can discard these divisions which Dr. Patterson has been at such pains to discover. To me, they clear up much which had hitherto remained dark. For even in France, where more attention has been paid to the technique of the freer forms than in any other country, no experiments have been conducted with any such thoroughness, and no such far-reaching results have been achieved. Other books upon the subject appear as merely a brushing of the surface.

For the ordinary reader, it is undoubtedly a pity that Dr. Patterson's style is so technical and so devoid of explanatory additions. He takes no account of misunderstandings arising from the incorrect, but popular, use of words. He says exactly what he means, and expects his readers to approach his work with the same exactness. He announces that he is dealing with rhythm, and with rhythm only, and he does not allow for those persons who read into his study of rhythms a study of the whole content of poetry. Taken for what it is, a technical inquiry into the mechanism of rhythm, his book is a volume rich in knowledge and suggestion, and it must perforce augment, and in many ways supersede, all other textbooks on versification.

The Modern Language Association paper stands as the nucleus of his next book, "The Making of Verse." Together, the two treatises form a theory of rhythm more advanced than any heretofore suggested, and it is probable that they will come to be considered as definitive.

AMY LOWELL.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

VII.

SOME PROBLEMS OF READJUSTMENT: CONTRIBUTIONS AND INDEMNITIES

That the formula, "no contributions, no indemnities," is sound economics anybody is bound to acknowledge who has read Mr. Norman Angell's trenchant and convincing dissipation of the "great illusion." But that it is sound psychology is itself an illusion. If it were sound psychology, wars would never be waged by nations, nor murders and thefts committed by men. In the long run both are foredoomed to economic failure and social scorn. Both recur, nevertheless, with such constancy and so typically as to be institutional to civilization. When defining the place of contributions and indemnities in the foundation of lasting peace, therefore, it becomes more needful to regard their indirect influence on the mental states of the nations between whom they are to pass, than their direct influence upon national economies. Now it is significant that the formula against indemnities and contributions is a democratic and socialistic formula. It is heard in Russia and the United States and England, not in Germany. And it comes from the mouths of those who are preoccupied with economic, not psychological, relationships. In terms of the latter, contributions and indemnities are of the same type of thing

as the pinch and blow of the childish bully. They constitute jointly and severally an immediate gratification of the sense of superiority, of the lust for power, regardless of future consequences. They belong to the intoxicants, and although specious ratiocination may give the demand for them the appearance of a policy, they are, if history is to be trusted, the most impolitic thing a conqueror can undertake who wishes to hold his conquests with ease and permanence. "Frightfulness" is merely a nearer and directer view of the gratification of the same lusts.

The problem of contributions and indemnities is at bottom the problem of the control and extirpation of these lusts. No doubt the democracies allied against Germany have them, but precisely because they are democracies, the lusts have their own counterpoise in the national mental states: the creation of the formula about contributions, indemnities, and annexations is sufficient proof. The lusts are most constitutional to Germany. The German rule in Belgium and northern France, for example, has consisted of resurrecting and applying the imperial malpractice of the piratical empires of antiquity. This usage has established, in the attitude of the inhabitants of these lands, in their emotional set, a hatred toward Germany that is deep-rooted and permanent. Nothing short of complete extermination can mitigate the blood-feud which has been created by the use of the levy and the *corvée*, the wanton and malicious destruction of property and of the self-respect of women and men. Any plan looking toward the permanent holding of these territories by Germany, or in case of their evacuation, any friendly relations between their governments and that of Germany after the war, would—had it been guided by considerations of advantage and the lessons of history instead of sadistic vainglory—have required a policy precisely the opposite of that adopted, particularly in the very beginnings of the occupation. The conspicuous absence of such a policy is symptomatic, and the terms of peace must be such as to remove the causes of the symptom. These causes are the German ruling class and the system of education they imposed upon the German masses.

There are, hence, two sets of considerations for the peace conference to heed in the financial adjustments between the German government and people and the democratic powers. The first of these is of reparation for goods stolen and damage done. All levies should be returned, with interest at an appropriate rate. All forced labor should be paid for, at twice the market rate, because it was forced, with interest at an appropriate rate. For the murder of helpless civilians there can be no adequate compensation, but their dependents should receive a pension at the hands of the German nation. All property wantonly destroyed should be paid for, with an additional contribution for the absolute loss involved.

The foregoing stipulations apply to matters individual and private, and the obligation of the Germans on both fronts is not without its analogue in the obligations of the Russians in the East. The Germans, it is to be remembered however, are the aggressors. Damage done is the direct consequence of their initial and malicious act. There is a type of fundamental damage to which the technique of modern warfare compels the defenders also to contribute. Such is the damage suffered by the terrain of Champagne. The soil of that once beautiful and prosperous region has been literally shot away. Its subsoil is chalk, of the same formation as the unbearing chalk-cliffs of England. The latter have been barren from time immemorial, and the Champagne region is likely to be so henceforth. Should this prove to be the case, France has suffered a fundamental damage, one that means for her an altered economy after the war. For this damage full payment is impossible, but that payment should be required, sufficient at least to ensure life and health and security to the natives of the region while their government helps their lives into new channels, seems not only just, but indispensable. What that payment should be could of course be told only by a body of geological and economic experts.

Payment for such and the other damages reviewed above would be in the nature of reparation. And for reparation the German people as well as the German government is responsible. The people is

responsible because the whole nation assented to the government's aggression, because its representatives in the Reichstag raised at no time and under no circumstance any significant voice against the policy of "frightfulness" of the political and military leaders. That not even the Socialists uttered such a protest is testimony to the extraordinary grip of the government upon the fears and hopes of its subjects. Its grip on their fears is obvious enough. Its grip on their hopes would have been impossible without its thoroughgoing and programmatic use of the nation's educational system for its own especial purposes. By its almost absolute control over education, a control the only parallel for which is that exercised by the priesthood over the Catholic's education, the government succeeded in keeping the people of Germany subjects of a dynasty when they should have been citizens of a state. By virtue of its control of education the German government is a *cause* of the iniquity of the German people, instead of one among other constituents in that iniquity. According to some thinkers, its control of education makes it the chief, if not the only, cause. Now the elimination of this causal power from the government of Germany is the second of the two sets of considerations in the financial readjustments between that goverment and the democracies of the Entente. This set of considerations demands the annihilation—in fact, only a little more in Germany than elsewhere—of governmental control of education. Annihilation may be accomplished in two ways. First, educational institutions can be rendered completely autonomous (a consummation devoutly to be desired everywhere) at home. Secondly, as many as possible of the German youth can be educated abroad.

For the second method the democratic use of indemnities offers precedent. The precedent derives from the relations between the Western powers and China, and its application—in the form established by the United States—to their relations with Germany cannot but be liberal and liberating. When the Western powers exacted from the quite helpless Chinese government and people indemnities for the damage done by the Boxer rebellion of which it was a victim even more than they, the United States alone, of all the powers, directed the application of its share to defraying the expenses of educating young Chinese in America. Let the democratic powers follow this precedent with regard to the government of Germany. Let the terms of peace require that one young German out of every thousand, both men and women, shall from his or her twelfth year on be educated abroad—in the United States, in England, in France, in Italy, or in Russia. An indemnity should be required to defray the cost of so educating the new generation. The money of this indemnity ought not, however, to be raised by taxes from the German people. It ought to consist of a trust-fund, created by confiscating all the properties of the royal families of Germany, and of the great German landlord class, the Junkers. This trust might be held and administered by an international commission for the good of mankind.

There are certain desirable extensions of this procedure to other governments that I shall discuss in connection with the organization of peace. At present I am concerned only with its influence on the mental set of the government and people of Germany. An indemnity so specified as the foregoing should be satisfactory to liberals as well as conservatives in the matter of war-settlements. It obviously can work no injustice upon the people of Germany. Rather is it a service to them, deriving as it does, not from taxation, but from the appropriation to public use of the property of their exploiters and masters. It is bound to set them free from one of the most potent instrumentalities of this mastership. Upon the minds of the masters, on the other hand, it is bound to impress the fact that they have been whipped in the only language that they, like all bullies, are capable of understanding. It is bound to go a long way toward converting the bully into a peaceful citizen, for the expropriation of the propertied classes cuts the ground from under their arrogance, while participation, through educated men, in the life and labor of other peoples, leads the citizenry of a land to respect and understanding for these others.

H. M. KALLEN.

Our Paris Letter

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

M. Paul Louis is one of the best-informed and shrewdest observers in France of international affairs. A Socialist in politics and an active member of the executive committee of his party, he has the faculty, too rare among publicists, of taking an objective view of the facts and not allowing his judgment of them to be warped by his own sympathies, desires, or prejudices. Thus he is able without any compromise of his principles to be the expert on foreign affairs of the "Petit Parisien," to which he contributes daily a commentary on events, as frank and objective as the censors will allow. Since the war the number of people able to take an objective point of view has become smaller than ever. Indeed, most people seem to regard such a point of view as unpatriotic and to think it their duty always to believe and anticipate what they desire. They seem incapable of understanding that, if one considers at a given moment that things are not going well for the Allies, it is not necessarily because one desires them to go badly; and they are disposed to dismiss any expression of what, in ignorance of the real meaning of that term, they are pleased to call "pessimism," as an indication of "pro-boche" sympathies. This tendency has been encouraged by the governments in all belligerent countries and by the press, which they control by means of the censorship. Some of its results were exposed by Mr. Lloyd George in his now famous "Paris" speech. Nobody can doubt that one of the causes of the numerous military and diplomatic blunders mentioned by Mr. Lloyd George, which have prevented the Allies from profiting by the superiority of their resources over those of their enemies, has been the lack of informed and balanced criticism, due to the press censorship. Moreover, this so-called "optimism," which is not optimism but merely a refusal to see things as they are, inevitably leads sooner or later to dangerous reactions of real pessimism. A whole people, as you were told long ago in America, cannot be fooled all the time; sooner or later illusions are dispelled by obstinate facts and those that have cherished them fall from their fool's paradise into the abyss.

The few men that have kept their heads and tried to see things as they are, not as they would like them to be, are, therefore, more than ever valuable at the present time. M. Paul Louis is one of such men, as is shown by the little volume just published with the title: "Trois Péripéties dans la Crise Mondiale" (Paris: Alcan; 1 fr. 25). It is a collection—the fourth of its series—of eight articles originally published by M. Louis in the "Revue Bleue"; they date from October 1915 to April 1917. Two of the articles are concerned with the Austrian Empire, three with Russia, and the remaining three with the policy of President Wilson. A writer that republishes long afterwards, and without the alteration of a word, articles written on the spur of the moment exposes himself to a severe test, for all his readers have now the wisdom that comes after the event; but M. Louis stands the test well. As he reminds us in his short preface, he had to write under the eye of the censor, so that he could not say all that he thought, but he managed to say enough to prove his possession of that prescience that comes from knowledge. The articles on the death of the Emperor Francis-Joseph and on the "new era" for Austria-Hungary that many people anticipated as a result of the new reign have been in many respects confirmed by the events. M. Paul Louis thought last February, when the second article was first published, that this anticipation of a "new era" would prove to be an illusion, "for so old a construction cannot easily be repaired," and events seem to justify his skepticism. He foresaw that Austria must remain under Prussian domination.

M. Louis's historical sketch of the four Russian Dumas, the first in date of the articles, is still a valuable aid to the understanding of developments in Russia. The article, "Veille de Crise," written a month before the outbreak of the Russian revolution, foretold that revolution as plainly as the censors would allow; and that on the downfall of the Tsarism, originally published last April, is a shrewd appreciation of the consequences of the revolution to the Allies and the Central Empires. If those consequences have not been quite what M. Louis anticipated, that is because the Allies have not known how to deal with the forces of democratic Russia; their delay in revising the secret treaties, the imperialist and aggressive nature of which has now been revealed to the world, their omission to re-state their war aims, the violent and indiscriminating attacks of a large part of the French and English press on the revolution and its leaders: all these factors have contributed to the present state of affairs in Russia. But M. Paul Louis is probably still right in his belief, first expressed eight months ago, that in the end the Russian revolu-

tion will injure the German and Austrian autocracies, not the allied democracies, if the latter will not forget to be democratic.

Of the three articles on President Wilson's policy, the first was originally published immediately after his election, the second last March, and the third, on American intervention and the society of democracies, on April 21. All three show an understanding of Mr. Wilson's policy and its guiding principles which contrasts with the superficial comments of most of the French papers, which, at the time of Mr. Wilson's election, criticized him very unjustly. Last March M. Louis was able to say that his very different judgment had been completely justified, and to show that the development of Mr. Wilson's policy had been perfectly logical. He would not admit that Mr. Wilson's breach with Germany was sudden; on the contrary, he maintained that Mr. Wilson's policy had been settled nine months before, that "he had foreseen all the hypotheses, particularly that which has been verified, and decided on a line of conduct appropriate to each of them." In the last article M. Louis deals with that "society of democracies" which he believes to be Mr. Wilson's chief aim; he says with truth that even the allied countries are not yet real democracies, but only "democracies in course of formation," and he does not except America.

If I have given so much space to a book which costs only a quarter of a dollar and little exceeds a pamphlet in size, it is because the size and price of a book are no indication of its value and M. Paul Louis is representative of an important section of contemporary French thought, which is likely to be paramount in the near future. For the future in France is in the hands of the Socialists and M. Louis is an influence among the Socialists, although he is not in Parliament and has not, so far as I know, any intention of entering it. During this war each belligerent country has known very little of what is being thought and done in the others; all the Americans newly arrived in France that I have met agree that there is an astonishing difference between the real state of things here and what it is supposed to be in America. I gather that even the American military chiefs have had some surprises. This is inevitable with a censorship that suppresses facts and doctors opinion. It is therefore desirable that the American public should not take its notions of French opinion from the newspapers, which cannot possibly be well informed in the circumstances, and should make the acquaintance of such representative writers as M. Paul Louis.

One by one the great artistic figures that have survived the nineteenth century are passing away; the death of Rodin has followed closely on that of Degas, who was his senior by six years. Renoir and Claude Monet, who were both born, if I am not mistaken, in the same year as Rodin (1840), still remain, and so does Bartolomé, who, although he cannot be put on anything like the same level as Rodin, will still be immortalized by his Monument of the Dead in Père Lachaise, so immeasurably superior to all the rest of his work. Rodin was buried in his own garden at Meudon, in the tomb surmounted by his famous "Penseur," where lay already the faithful companion of his life, whom he had married just before her death. To have buried him in the Panthéon would have been to fly in the face of his own formal injunctions, but the Government thought at first of bringing his body to Paris for a State funeral before its interment at Meudon; the idea was abandoned, however, in consequence of the present critical military conditions and there was only a simple lay ceremony at Meudon, at which a member of the Government spoke. It was a touching scene, that last farewell to the great artist in the hillside garden under whose trees he had so often walked with many of those present.

Rodin, who had once been so violently attacked by all the artistic pontiffs and regarded by the public as a crank, lived to become one of the chief glories of France. The State gladly accepted from him the generous gift of his works, and the Hôtel de Biron, that beautiful old house with its huge garden at the corner of the rue de Varenne and the boulevard des Invalides, will in future be the Musée Rodin. By an irony of fate Rodin died just at the moment when the Académie des Beaux Arts had at last discovered that his absence from its ranks was not to its credit and was thinking of asking him to allow himself to be proposed as a member. Would he have accepted? I hardly think so, for the proposal came too late to confer any honor on him and there was no particular reason why he should have honored the last rampart of artistic obscurantism. You have, I believe, no official academies in America and you may be thankful for it. They are the bane of literature and art, and the enemies of individuality. A pupil of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, which is controlled by the Académie, has either to sink his individuality and ruin himself for life as an

artist, or else to live in a state of constant conflict with his teachers, unless, like Degas, he leaves it in disgust after a few months. It is melancholy to read the list of former "Prix de Rome" and notice how very few of them count at all as artists; there is not among them a single painter or sculptor of the first rank. Nor have the great artists of modern France belonged to the Académie des Beaux Arts, not Rodin, nor Degas, nor Renoir, nor Claude Monet, nor Bartolomé, for instance. Yet, because the Académie is an official institution, it is to the academicians that the State has almost always given its commissions; that is the reason why public monuments and paintings ordered by the State are usually so bad. As Degas used to say, art should not be "encouraged."

Even the unofficial Académie Goncourt, founded by the brothers Goncourt in order to encourage the sort of literary work that the Académie Française discourages, is falling into the conservatism of its official prototypes. It has just preferred to M. Georges Courteline a gentleman called Ajalbert, who is generally liked and is the director of the State tapestry factory at Beauvais, but whose literary production is unimportant both in quantity and quality. The election had been postponed several times because no candidate could obtain a clear majority. Yet the claims of M. Courteline were infinitely superior to those of all the other candidates. The author of "Le Train de 8h. 47," of "Messieurs les Ronds-de-cuir," of "Boubouroche," of all the marvelous studies of military service, is a genius, with limitations, it is true, but with a power of observation hardly ever surpassed. Moreover, his work, so intensely realist, is exactly of the kind that the Goncourts wished to encourage. It is understood that the objection to him was that he is a "humorous author"; I hope that this is not true, for it would imply a failure on the part of the majority of the Académie Goncourt to recognize the pathos that underlies M. Courteline's humor, like that of Bret Harte. He might say with Beaumarchais's Figaro: "Je me presse de rire de tout . . . de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer."

During the last month we have had Lord Lansdowne's letter and President Wilson's speech to Congress, which agreed on several important points. Both have had a great effect on public opinion, but perhaps that of Lord Lansdowne's letter was the greater, for the simple reason that it was shorter and set forth clearly five definite propositions. The speech to Congress, being of an entirely different character, could not take the same form and, as it was rather long, too many people have not taken the trouble to read it through and have been content with cross head-lines and newspaper comments. The French translation of the speech, by the way, was much better than that of Mr. Wilson's reply to the Pope. Some of the papers, for their own purposes, selected for comment only such passages of Mr. Wilson's speech as seemed, when separated from their context, to support the theory that the war must be continued until the Allies have a victory in the field, or that of an eternal boycott of Germany. M. Maurice Barrès, for instance, in an article in the "Echo de Paris," actually represented Mr. Wilson as having declared that we must never again have any relations of any kind with Germany in any circumstances, basing the assertion on the passage in the speech about "this intolerable thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face," which says nothing of the kind. "Nothing that is German," said M. Barrès, "must ever again come out of Germany or remain in our midst." Previous articles of his show that this means a permanent boycott even of Goethe and Wagner. The result of all this is that there is considerable confusion in the public mind here as to President Wilson's real meaning. It would seem desirable that the American administration should have some means of correcting misunderstandings and misrepresentations.

There were at first few press comments on Lord Lansdowne's letter, for the papers that would have liked to criticize it hesitated to attack the statesman who is universally respected in France as the founder of the Entente Cordiale. The "Figaro" and the "Echo de Paris" even deprived their readers of any extracts from the letter. But, although no paper published a complete translation, the extracts given in the press excited immense interest. Lord Lansdowne, in fact, said what the majority of the French people already thought; that is the explanation of the profound effect of his letter. The force of public opinion is shown by a leader in the "Intransigeant" warmly supporting Lord Lansdowne's views. For the "Intransigeant," which has the largest circulation of the Parisian evening papers, is extremely Nationalist and jingo. Another sign of the influence of public opinion is the declaration made by M. Clemenceau to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber that if the Central Empires made serious peace proposals, he would consider them.

There is a great deal of talk about "pacifists" and "défaitistes" (a barbarous word recently coined), but in reality the difference is between those who say, with President Wilson, that the war will be won when we have attained our aims by any means and, therefore, also say that our aims must be clearly defined, and those who hold that our sole aim is a military victory and that it will be time enough to decide what use to make of it when we have won it. M. Clemenceau has hitherto belonged to the latter category; he seems now to have joined the former.

To the numerous scandals has now been added a far greater one, the proposal of the Government to prosecute M. Caillaux for treason. It is already plain that France will be divided into two hostile camps and we shall have another Dreyfus affair. Ever since he prevented war in 1911, M. Caillaux has been pursued by the bitter hostility of a certain party both in France and England. The London "Times" in 1911 opposed an arrangement between France and Germany and has never forgiven M. Caillaux for making one. Lord Northcliffe was the first to begin the campaign against M. Caillaux in regard to his visit to Italy a year ago, which is the chief basis of the present accusation. Yet M. Caillaux went to Italy with the consent of the Foreign Ministry, which gave him a diplomatic passport, and M. Briand and M. Ribot, who were respectively Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time of the visit, took no action on the reports now made the ground of a charge of treason, nor did their successors until M. Clemenceau came into power, after a violent controversy with M. Caillaux. Another reason of the hostility against M. Caillaux is the fact that he was the author of the income tax, which is deeply resented by the French *rentiers*.

As to M. Caillaux's policy in 1911, there can be no doubt that he made an excellent bargain for his country when he obtained complete control of Morocco in return for a small piece of the Congo and that, by preventing war, he saved France from disaster. Russia had definitely declared that France must not count on her support in the event of war with Germany about Morocco. Since the present war, he has undoubtedly been one of those that desired to make peace whenever it should be possible to obtain our conditions, and he has always advocated a clear statement of war aims on democratic lines, and opposed imperialist designs. But none of his friends has ever heard him suggest that France and Italy should make a separate peace behind the back of England, which is the crime now alleged against him. There has been so much personal and party animosity against M. Caillaux that suspicion of the motives of the present affair is inevitable; it has all the appearance of a political move and its preliminary stages have had a disquieting resemblance to those of the Dreyfus affair. I am convinced that M. Caillaux's innocence will be established, if he has a fair trial (a secret court martial would not be one); the whole affair might in certain circumstances turn out to his advantage and lead to the discomfiture of his enemies. But the possible consequences, to both France and the Allies, of the terrible political conflict that is inevitable cannot be contemplated with equanimity. M. Caillaux has against him the forces of militarism, which are powerful in war time, but he has for him the Socialists and Trade Unionists. The internal situation is critical and M. Clemenceau is running a grave risk.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, December 13, 1917.

Largesse

The moon, new-minted, an untarnished treasure,
O mendicant, behold!
How will you hoard or hazard for your pleasure
That coin of gold?

Pauper no more, no longer shall you wander
A beggar in the land;
Kingdoms are yours, and royal wealth to squander
Lies in your hand.

Streams of surprise, swift cataracts of wonder
Flow in your realm to buy;
Mountains of miracle, that glimmer under
A magic sky.

Think you to purchase with the polished guerdon
Laughter to wear—or tears?
No ransom can redeem your beggar's burden
Of outworn years.

The chest of days, for all that you may offer
Is ever bolted fast;
You cannot buy from Time's eternal coffer
One moment past.

Miser or prodigal, whate'er your spending,
Illiberal or free,
As they began, so must your days have ending
In poverty.

J. M. BATCHELOR.

Greek Meets Greek

THE GREEK GENIUS AND ITS INFLUENCE. SELECT ESSAYS AND EXTRACTS. Edited, with an Introduction, by Lane Cooper, Ph.D. (Yale University Press; $3.50.)

Lane Cooper has performed another of those creditable tasks that fall in the twilight zone between pedagogy and scholarship. It is neither a handbook nor a set of texts that he has prepared, but a sort of anthology, in the main culled from the broad meadows of prose criticism, but ribboned by a few passages from the poets—Shelley, Milton, Browning. The immediate purpose of the book, so the preface tells, is to supply the need of background to a class studying Greek and Latin masterpieces in standard translations; yet it looks, with an ulterior eye, also to the classical specialist, and again to the incorrigible possessed of "the provincial notion that we have nothing to learn from the past."

This comprehensive order is met by a score of selections chosen with that studied wilfulness which is in the anthologist's charter. To say that they are of various value were platitudinous; besides, it might not be true, for the selections are obviously chosen for various ends—not all of them self-evident. Certainly, the levy is made only upon the irreproachable, and it is stoutly international and without taint of the tempestive—Newman, Jebb, Gildersleeve, Gilbert Murray, or again, Croiset and Renan, August Boeckh and von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, all honorable men. Certainly, too, the reading is good reading, for the whole two hundred odd pages. Only—and one must ask it—why isn't it edited? If the book were merely for the scholar, other editing than the arranger's meticulous bibliography would be unnecessary; but then, the book is hardly necessary for scholars. If it is primarily for the collegian and the more studious of the public called general, it is absurd to let such a characterization of Attic education as Newman's go with an unexplained apology for anachronism, to pass without exposition a polemical condemnation of neo-classicism such as is represented by S. L. Wolff's review of one of Mahaffy's books, or, more than all, to present without something of the correction which stores of more modern learning afford, such a myopic view of ancient paganism as Renan's. The "keystone of my arch," says Professor Cooper (referring to the structural self-sufficiency of his collection) is the translation from Boeckh's "Encyclopädie und Methodologie der Philologischen Wissenschaften" (pp. 263-300), devoted to a general appraisement of the nature of antiquity. Many of Boeckh's specific studies are, of course, of unsuperseded value, and in this particular extract there are numerous sagacious observations; but not only as a whole does it move in that omniconscious *Weltanschauung* and *Geschichtsphilosophie* which make the stream of German speculation such muddy swimming, for there are few of the thirty pages that do not contain judgments challenged or condemned by the course of time. An instance is Boeckh's statement that "it was a fundamental notion of antiquity that fate necessarily determined everything, even the will of the gods." The essay by Abby Leach, which follows Boeckh in the sequence, is devoted to refutation of this judgment—though it must be confessed that the brand of fatalism which Miss Leach is interested in showing to be non-Greek probably never had any existence except as a fiction-writer's explanation of his hero's foolhardiness or of his heroine's inability to control her passions. Boeckh, indeed, gives the proper corrective of his own statement when he adds that, after all, the old idea of necessity and the modern idea of freedom are the same, "since in God freedom and necessity are identical." What the Greeks were concerned about, as are most Christians, was not the absence of Providence but its inscrutability—which is the devil of it for us poor mortals. In any case, a note on the subject should have added philosophical quality to the implied controversy.

But it must not be inferred that the editor is blind to what might be termed the indiscretions of contributors. Their differences of opinion, he hopes, will be so neutralized by their agreements that in the composite presentment which results the accidental will dissolve away and the pure Hellene be shown in true perspective. And something like this actually takes place as a result of the collocation; for the reader can hardly turn from the book without a vivid image of Lane Cooper's true Greek. Needless to say, this Greek is stylistically correct, and not at all unfamiliar. He is verily humanistic and rationalistic and is endowed with all the academic virtues—nice as to his pomades, with manner so subdued as to convert his thorough conceit into a proper charm, as to his tongue with just enough of the *risqué* to give him spice, and what with his garlands and his architec-

tural backgrounds (a sort of archetypal college campus) converting the whole of life into a series of pleasantly plastic tableaux. Any teachers' bureau would guarantee to place him from the mere description! To add, as it were, the grace of a final modesty to this image, our Greek is already deprecatingly rearing his altar to the "Unknown God," in solicitous anticipation of St. Paul—(my reference here is to the last of the essays, in which Gilbert Chesterton defends Christianity as against Lowes Dickinson's honeyed paganism).

Now I, too, have a Greek, but of quite another build—a most fascinating savage (for, *culpa mea!* I move with the anthropologists), with whom I should dearly love to do "field work." He has all the unblushing vices and shameless imaginings that beset the natural man, and he roars with vainglory and panics with peril like the other barbarians—whom, incidentally, he despises in proportion to his ignorance of them. Yet, for all this, his utterance is endowed with so wicked a sagacity as shall never cease to ruin human complacency, and such mordancy of double intention as shall eternally tantalize human ingenuity. Like his books, so his art: all is two-faced—for, by all the singing heavens! my Greek knew that the power of his handiwork was in no smooothness to the sense, that his marbles are but horrible blanks of life if they be not transfigured by unearthly glories, that than sensuous beauty no thing is less possible, and that the very essence of the beautiful is something never serene, but always troubled.

Very likely an historical Hellene, could he sojourn among us, would regard both these, and the multitude of other portraits by which his memory has been perpetuated, with small recognition; certainly he would feel some wonder at the attention paid him. To be sure, as he became habituated, this attention would gradually grow intelligible to him, and eventually he, too, would be looking back to his native age with a sigh for an hour happy in that, for once, the life of the mind was lived unweighted by apparatus. Which is a noble argument for the most direct possible acquaintance with the classical books. The roads of indirection lead by facile grades; they are pleasant, and not profitless. But what would one not give to take Plato or Euripides aside for a quiet quiz, or to treat Aeschylus or Sophocles to an honest pipe after the play?

H. B. Alexander.

Keats as Thinker

John Keats: His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics, and After-Fame. By Sir Sidney Colvin. (Scribner's; $4.50.)

Thirty years ago Sir (then Mr.) Sidney Colvin published his life of Keats in the English Men of Letters series; it has held the field ever since as the best treatment of the subject for the general reader. Even now, when the author returns to the subject in his admirable new work, he seems to find little cause to revise or to retract any of his former judgments; his task is chiefly one of amplification. Books will still be written about the poetry of Keats; but it may be doubted whether the present biography will ever be superseded, either in completeness or in charm. It is a book to read with delight; better still, it is a book that compels one to turn back and reread the poet himself. Its form is attractive; the illustrations are well chosen and well executed; even the very exhaustive index is inviting.

Sir Sidney is fortunate in his subject, for the material is abundant—he is able occasionally to add to our knowledge by tapping sources hitherto not available—and much of this material consists of writings by men of talent, if not of genius. He does well to paint carefully for us the society in which the young poet found his wings, quoting freely from the letters of Keats and of his friends; for Keats was nothing if not impressionable, and even when he reacted most decidedly against his environment, it is only by understanding that environment that we can hope to understand him. So we welcome the portraits of his friends and acquaintances: Leigh Hunt, elegant and always sipping the deliciousness of life, tea-cup fashion; Wordsworth, vain and rather heavy, but indubitably a great poet; the irrepressible Lamb; Shelley, during the life of Keats, never in spirit more than a neighbor; the faithful Cowden Clarke; Haydon, the sure critic and pompously mediocre painter; and Severn, to Keats a *fidus Achates*. We are glad to learn, through liberal quotation, such homely details about the poet's life as these, by himself half-humorously recorded: "the candles are burnt down and I am using the wax taper—which has a long snuff on it—the fire is at its last click—I am sitting with my back to it with one foot rather askew upon the rug and the other with the heel a little elevated from the carpet. . . To know such trifles," observes Keats, "of any great Man long since dead it would be a great

delight: As to know in what position Shakespeare sat when he began 'To be or not to be'—such things become interesting from distance of time or place."

More important is the biographer's record of Keats's mental life. Here again we trace the workings of a personality quick to appropriate vicarious experience, whether it is old English poetry, in which Keats was at times entirely steeped, or an engraving of a painting by Claude or a print of an ancient vase. Not that Keats ever slavishly imitated anything or anybody. In such a matter as the handling of the heroic couplet, as Sir Sidney's masterly sketch makes clear, he was bound by no worship of precedent; meanwhile he was learning to take what he needed for his purposes from the graphic arts and from myth and from romance and to jumble them without much consideration of context. When is the story recounted in "St. Agnes' Eve" supposed to have taken place, in the Middle Ages, or last night? And how much does it matter what the setting is supposed to be?

So even a life of Keats proves to be necessarily much more than a calculation of influences and counter-influences. The central fact is not that Keats enjoyed this or disliked that; it is that various experiences, almost always felt as concrete images, were by him fixed in the most musical of verse. More than that, Keats was thoroughly cured of his early tendency, bred by his association with Hunt, merely to voice the deliciousness of things. We have learned to realize how large a part of him was "flint and iron," to use Matthew Arnold's phrase. Mere reaction to the stimulus of the beauties of nature was not for him; "scenery is fine," he wrote as early as the spring of 1818, "but human nature is finer." Hence his devotion to "the continual drinking of knowledge." Let any one who thinks of Keats as the mere dreamer, preoccupied with sentiment and romance, listen to the poet's own words: "I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world. . . There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it. . . An extensive knowledge is needful to thinking people. . . The difference of high Sensations with and without knowledge appears to me this; in the latter case we are falling continually ten thousand fathoms deep and being blown up again, without wings, and with all [the] horror of a bare-shouldered creature—in the former case, our shoulders are fledged, and we go through the same air and space without fear." The man who could write thus was not the man to be killed by adverse reviews, and one is glad to see with what emphasis Sir Sidney has disposed of the foolish legend to the contrary. Whether Keats was altogether wise in trying to pack so much significance into such a poem as, for example, "Endymion," a poem that was from the first bound to be read, if at all, chiefly for its purple patches, is another question. The gift of "invention" and of making images was his in a supreme degree, as well as the gift of music; yet a great part of his glory lies in his ability to enter into the spirit of an old myth or an old work of art, and to seize with unerring instinct that element of it which is as much alive for us as it was for its first creator. Such interpretation and transmission of the life of things is in itself a claim to originality of the first order. Rediscovery is, after all, discovery.

WILLIAM CHASE GREENE.

Mr. Chesterton's England

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By G. K. Chesterton. (Lane; $1.50.)

G. K. Chesterton has committed a great sin; he has written a didactic poem, a work of art, and has called it history. It is no easy thing to give a list of all the complex sanctities that he has violated by this one act; as a mere incident in the accomplishment of his main purpose he has arrayed against himself anti-Catholics, materialists, aristocrats, plutocrats, and the whole tribe of scientific historians. But it is true of Chesterton's "History of England," as it is true of any work of art, that the sanctities which it violates are not so important as the vision which inspires it. The hero of this poem is the people of England; and it is Chesterton's central thesis that the people of England spent the Middle Ages in fighting and earning its way towards liberty and independence, that in the fourteenth century the people made an unsuccessful revolution in the attempt to consecrate and complete its partial independence, that Parliament, an aristocratic and plutocratic council, frustrated that revolution, and that the sixteenth century was marked by a successful counter-revolution of the rich. From that time on the condition of the populace grew worse; the social reforms of the nineteenth century all tended in the direction of the Servile State. The sign of the Servile State is the permission granted to employees "to claim certain

advantages *as* employees, and as something permanently different from employers."

The relapse into slavery was interrupted by the war. "The English poor, broken in every revolt, bullied by every fashion, long despoiled of property, and now being despoiled of liberty, entered history with a noise of trumpets, and turned themselves in two years into one of the iron armies of the world. And when the critic of politics and literature, feeling that this war is after all heroic, looks around him to find the hero, he can point to nothing but the mob."

Now this is poetry; and the fact that it is didactic does not destroy or even seriously impair its essential value. Chesterton intends to wake men up, and to urge them to see the past for themselves. He addresses himself to his task with all the vigor of a man trying to rescue a friend from the deadly effects of an over-dose of opiate. Hence comes his use of paradox and emphasis. They are far from being the idle devices of a man who "stands upon his head and cries that the world is upside down"; on the contrary, they are desperately earnest attempts to awaken the public out of its torpor. It is no more relevant to criticize Chesterton for his extravagance than to praise him for his brilliance; we do not criticize a doctor, under similar circumstances, for shaking the patient roughly, any more than we praise him for rare intelligence when he announces that the patient has been drugged. The real and relevant question is the question of fact. Has the patient been drugged? If not, Chesterton's poetry is superfluous, to say the least. But if the public has been drugged, then we must also ask who the criminals were that put the people to sleep, and what was the nature of the opiate.

To each of these questions, Chesterton has an answer ready; but the philosophy on which they are based is so unfamiliar to most men that it runs a risk of being denounced without being understood. Chesterton believes that the torpor of the nineteenth century, which still afflicts much of our thinking, was due to a radically false conception of the past, to a misinterpretation of history, administered by popular scientists and popular historians. "The complaints of the poor were stilled and their status justified" by a fairy story told in the name of evolution and of progress. The only remedy, therefore, is to inform the public that progress is not automatic, and that the sufferings of men in the present are not due to the impersonal action of rigid social and economic "laws," but to entirely human and personal causes which are quite within the power of the public to control.

Thus Chesterton issues a direct challenge to the historians, and thus at the same time he publishes his recipe for the improvement of society. For decades past, historians have proclaimed that "the aim of history is not to please, nor to give practical maxims of conduct, nor to arouse the emotions, but knowledge pure and simple." They have thought that it was sacrilegious, a sin against science, to write a history which suggested any particular course of political or moral action. And now, ironically enough, Chesterton accuses them of having done the very thing they were most anxious to avoid; inasmuch as all their histories did suggest a course of action, or rather of inaction, to the disinherited English people. But if this is true, it is obvious that history can never be "knowledge pure and simple," since whatever men believe about their past is bound to affect their action in the present. Therefore the "scientific" historian may struggle as he will; he cannot prevent his history from being in some degree a pamphlet and a creed. Chesterton's "History of England" is both a pamphlet and a creed; but he has one great advantage over his "scientific" rivals. He really knows what he is writing and why; whereas the science of the ordinary historian has not even taught him what history is. Chesterton is a poet, and therefore he is still capable of the emotion of wonder which is the beginning of all philosophy; while the historians who try to treat the past as if it were knowledge pure and simple, prove perhaps their simplicity and their purity, but not their knowledge.

It is to be hoped that Chesterton's book will assist in destroying this old and popular but false conception of the relation between past and present. Otherwise intelligent men are always telling us to forget the past and set our faces resolutely towards the future, which is like urging us to be really progressive marble statues. Nothing forgets the past more readily than inanimate matter; nothing has its face set more resolutely towards the future. The very definition of living beings is that they do not wholly forget the past; and it is worth noting that their control over the future is precisely proportionate to their control over the past. One does not render a baby more gloriously and gladly free by telling it each day to forget all that it learned the day before. On the contrary, memory is essential

to freedom. But it is equally essential that the memory should be correct. We maintain asylums for men who remember that they were Napoleons and Cæsars. But if the delusion of past grandeur is mad, so also is the delusion of past slavery. Neither the growth nor the loss of human freedom is automatic; and as men can be enslaved by being taught that they were never free, so can they be liberated by being taught that they were never wholly slaves.

R. K. Hack.

Eugene Brieux

Brieux and Contemporary French Society. By William B. Scheifley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.)

"Such are the victims of fathers who have married in ignorance of things which you now know, things which I should like to shout in the market-place!—I have told you everything, without dramatising anything." Thus the doctor, mouthpiece of the author, in "Damaged Goods," and the declaration may stand for the epigraph of Brieux's theatre. There are many things he would shout from the house-tops and he finds the stage the most effective medium. He uses it as a rostrum to bring before a wide audience the great social questions of the day. For him the theatre has no nobler goal, and he would doubtless say with Voltaire: "J'ai fait un peu de bien; c'est mon meilleur ouvrage." Many of us may disapprove this mingling of stage and pulpit, but Brieux is a master of his craft and the thesis seldom proves fatal to the artist. One of his most successful and admired plays, "Le Berceau," seems almost a challenge to the critic. The text —there shall be no divorce where there are children—is never for a moment forgotten, and we are reminded of a geometric demonstration. The theorem is rather ostentatiously enunciated in the first scene, and each one following adds a line to the construction figure; at the end we have the Q. E. D., where the thesis assumes the dignity of the ancient fate. "I see dimly something which is soaring above you, above me, above us all, above human laws, and of which we may well be only the victims."

Unfortunately the work by which Brieux is best known in America is "Damaged Goods," perhaps the unique example in his theatre of a thesis without a play. It is in the effort to right this injustice that Mr. Scheifley has published his book. He makes no attempt to discuss the legitimacy of thesis drama, but it is obvious that he has no quarrel with the genre. His one *obiter dictum* on the subject, in a footnote, will scarcely satisfy hostile critics. "If the thesis is good, why should the play not be good also?" Of course the thesis must not only be "good" in itself, but adapted to treatment on the stage. And even so, there is always the lurking danger that the thesis may warp the characters or lead to special and undramatic pleading. Brieux is by no means beyond censure here. But Mr. Scheifley is chiefly concerned with his author as a realist, dealing with certain social conditions in France. He analyzes in detail sixteen plays, gives a rapid historical sketch of the question treated, and examines the same problems as presented by contemporary dramatists, novelists, and social and literary critics. Thus the reader is given a large perspective and is made to realize the vitality of Brieux's themes. One of his constant preoccupations is the lot of children of divorced parents. No fewer than eight of his plays turn on this subject and there is hardly one in which the welfare of the children has not a prominent place. Mr. Scheifley's chapter on the place of the child in French life at the present time and in the past is among the best in the book.

Probably no two critics will agree on the literary merit of the different plays. Mr. Scheifley is so intensely interested in their value as social documents that he is too often lenient toward the havoc wrought in character-portrayal by the requirements of the thesis. There are too many examples in Brieux of a sudden shift from clinging-vine weakness to Cornelian heroism, or the contrary. A dash of skepticism concerning the legitimacy of thesis drama might have led with profit to a study of the greater or less intrusiveness of the thesis in Brieux. As it is Mr. Scheifley finds thesis everywhere and fails to mark its relative importance in the plays. Thus he remarks in passing of "Les Hannetons" that it "explodes the claim that free love is less enslaving than marriage." Possibly, but Brieux is wont to use explosives of higher power, which leave no doubt of his intentions, and it is probable that ninety-nine out of a hundred spectators will see in "Les Hannetons" only a delicious bit of realistic farce.

In general, Mr. Scheifley deplores the comic or farcical scenes, although these are always in character, as lessening the serious effect of the play. He fails to see that, in addition to the needed relief from angry denunciation of social injustice, these little scenes, which are intensely realistic, prove close observation and incline the spectator to accept the whole play as true to life. The

thesis drama, if it is to make for reform, must at least give the impression of realism. We must be convinced that the giant is genuine and not a windmill before we charge. Doubtless this is the explanation of the introduction of statistics into certain of Brieux's plays.

Mr. Scheifley's two introductory chapters are excellent. The first contains a brief biography showing Brieux's humble origin and early struggles for recognition, to which he owes his sympathy for the working classes. His six years' sojourn as journalist at Rouen perhaps gave him his insight into the provincial character. His peasants are among the best that French literature has produced. The second chapter gives a rapid survey of the author's early plays through which he was led to find his proper field.

The American public owes a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Scheifley for his scholarly and sympathetic treatment of Brieux. He has shown admirably Brieux's sincerity and versatility, and amply justified, for American eyes, the place accorded to the author in his native land.

BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE.

A Thwarted Cosmopolite

LIFE AND LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. With an Introduction by John Erskine. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; $3.50.)

This is the third volume of selections from the lectures delivered by Hearn at the University of Tokio prior to 1902. The other volumes appeared in 1915 and 1916. All three have been constructed in great part from the notes of his Japanese students. Hearn, as Mr. Erskine instructs us, spoke slowly and distinctly, using simple words and constructions; and in some instances the students were able to take down his lectures word for word.

These volumes are different indeed in text and tone from those which he addressed directly to the English and American public. Here we sip from a cup of clear cold water a succession of draughts quite uncolored and unseasoned. But it all serves admirably for the high-school or university student in our own country, as well as for the older reader who enjoys being freshened up by a series of capable résumés.

The range of subjects seems quite hit-or-miss. Doubtless the young Orientals need to know about the French romantics and about George Meredith's poetry (which is presented both in the original text and in a series of careful paraphrases); but who would quite have expected to find them learning about the verse of Lord De Tabley or about the fairy literature of the North? For matured Anglo-Saxons the most interesting of Hearn's chapters are the first three, which deal with general opinions and which state his views on the reading and writing of literature—particularly the one in which he gives his ideas on Composition.

He considers the architecture of composition: How shall one overcome the difficulties of beginning? he asks. By not beginning at all, he answers. When you draw a horse, do as the Japanese artist does: he is no more likely to start with the head than with the tail or the hoof. Hearn, in fact, seems to see a work of literature evolving and shaping just as nebulæ spin and whirl into concrete solidity. Once more we are conscious of him as the devotee of color rather than as the devotee of form. "The literary law is, let the poem or the story shape itself. Do not try to shape it before it is nearly done. The most wonderful work is not the work that the author shapes and plans; it is the work that shapes itself. . ." In other words, one may best put his intellectual pride in his pocket, and plunge himself, at hazard, into an irresponsible emotional welter.

Hearn's observations on style may meet with more acceptance. What we once called "style," he says, no longer exists. What is called "style" ought to be called "character." He might have paused to mark the distinction between style and diction. Style, of course, is "of the man"; it will attend to itself—must do so inevitably, since anything a man writes is necessarily a disclosure, a give-away. Yet diction, that lesser concern, is by no means to be neglected. What the books on rhetoric and composition have to say about "clearness," "correctness," "unity," and the like still holds valid. No due heed to sentence-structure or to paragraph-building is going to screen the essential man from his perceptive readers—though Lafcadio Hearn, addressing the Japanese student-body according to its peculiarities and needs, does offer, to those familiar with his usual manner, an aspect which is almost a disguise.

His general table of contents rather tends to lead the reader into literary bypaths. Hearn himself, as a reader, seems to have had a wide scope—and to have felt that anything which interested him could be absorbed and assimilated

by others, regardless of race or tradition. Perhaps not every Western student, even, would follow him through all the ins and outs of "Rossetti's Prose" or would share his interest in "French Poems on Insects." But youth is teachable and tends to absorb, and Eastern youth can doubtless respond when Duty seems to whisper, "Thou must." And who, after all, shall decide as to what, among the accumulations of the mind's vast lumber-room, may or may not be turned, later, to account? After all, a university is not a bargain counter, at which one satisfies merely one's immediate and clearly perceived needs.

Mr. Erskine's introduction is graceful and sympathetic. If he inclines to stress a little unduly the importance of his material, that is a fault which leans—properly enough in the circumstances—to generosity. At all events, the book helps build up the inner life-story of a thwarted cosmopolite.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A Primer of Revolutionary Idealism

POLITICAL IDEALS. By Bertrand Russell. (Century; $1.)

"In dark days, men need a clear faith and a well-grounded hope, and as the outcome of these the calm courage which takes no account of hardships by the way. The times through which we are passing have afforded to many of us a confirmation of our faith. We see that the things we had thought evil are really evil, and we know more definitely than we ever did before the direction in which men must move if a better world is to arise on the ruins of the one which is now hurling itself to destruction."

The emotion with which one reads these opening sentences of Bertrand Russell's must be like nothing so much as the thrill which went through the men who opened "Le Contrat Social" and saw on the first page: "L'homme est né libre, et partout il est dans les fers." Just as they must have felt that in Rousseau were the liberating ideals of the immediate future, we feel that it is around the ideas expressed in this book that the younger generation will rally for a clear faith and a well-grounded hope. Mr. Russell has expressed these ideas in his other books. But here they are organized into what is virtually a primer of revolutionary idealism, written with a passionate soberness that stirs the mind as deeply as it moves the heart. In him intellectual power and concern for human values have fused at a more intense point than in almost any other mind of our time. He has welded together ideas from the newer psychology, from syndicalist socialism, from the philosophy of internationalist aspiration, into a coherent and creative philosophy, at once the basis for a personal as well as a social idealism. The need of liberating the creative rather than the possessive impulses, the principle of growth, the value of reverence towards individuality, the obsolescence of a society based on property and power, the inadequacy of security and liberty as sole political ideals, the need of autonomy within the state for subordinate groups, the hope for gild socialism, and the organization of an international order that shall harmonize with the true community of sentiments among mankind—these are the ideas which have been made familiar in "Justice in Wartime" and in "Why Men Fight." In this summary, one finds the same style, the calm, clear, pragmatic flavor of science and not of religion. Without any mystical taint, and with none of the traditional vague symbols that have become charged with emotion, Bertrand Russell's fusion of intelligence with what we can only call "love for humanity" gives these ideas an emotional drive that we are accustomed to associate only with the mystical. This is the novel power of his writing.

"Political ideals must be based upon ideals for the individual life. The aim of politics should be to make the lives of individuals as good as possible. There is nothing for the politician to consider outside or above the various men, women, and children who compose the world. The problem of politics is to adjust the relations of human beings in such a way that each severally may have as much good in his existence as possible."

Is there not a peculiar appeal in these clear old truths, so almost trite in their expression? Russell keeps something of the noble intellectuality of Huxley and Mill, but with an added declassed revolutionary spirit that they did not feel. We have no thinker in this country to do this forward-pointing work. What irony that it is Bertrand Russell who comes from the chill and remote regions of mathematics with this liberating idealism!

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

A Lucky Thirteen

THE GRIM THIRTEEN. Short Stories by Thirteen Authors. Edited by Frederick Stuart Greene, with an Introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.40.)

From time to time, and often with surprising mildness, we hear complaints of the low quality of magazine fiction and the even lower opinions that the editors of most of our "leading journals" have of the public that reads and runs. "The New Republic" has attained its position of authority in so short a time, since it realized from the first the force of F. P. A.'s epigram that the average reader was a good deal above the average. And it is because most of the magazines still fail to recognize the essential truth of this simple paradox that they remain (at least as far as their fiction is concerned) the flabby, cheaply sensual, or falsely sentimental monthlies that fail to interest even the proverbial mid-western barber's wife for whom they were designed. Especially shortsighted has been the "happy ending" fallacy. The theory behind tragic tales and dramas holds as good today as it did in the time of Sophocles and Shakespeare. All art is an unconscious *catharsis;* and it takes a violent purge to rid us of violent emotions. This old philosophic platitude is given new life daily in every extreme, from a consideration of the most horrible of wars in the most peaceful of ages to a scrubwoman weeping at the movies. The need of violence and tragedy is something that many of our editors do not dare or do not desire to believe in. They forget that the great mass of people is no less interested in the dark hazards of life than were the Greeks or the Elizabethans; they refuse to believe that the tamer we become, the wilder grows our only half-repressed imagination. They offer an adventure-hungry public a series of pink and white heroines with perfume in their veins, endless variations of the Cinderella-Zenda romances, wax dummies with virile pretentions on their lips and riding breeches on their souls—and wonder why they cannot compete with the eloquent, richly detailed, and—elementary though its psychology still is—the more searching spool of film. Mr. O'Brien hints at the reason in the preface to this interesting volume, which started as a discussion around the fire. After a few speculations by the six who had gathered there, it became clear that, in spite of many differences, there was a taboo against the gruesome stories and "that American editors believed the public demanded the happy ending."

"We began to call a roll of American story-tellers, and as name after name was mentioned, the question arose in our minds as to whether or not every story-teller might not have one story in his private drawer which no magazine would agree to publish because of its gruesome character. The conviction grew among us that a grim story, no matter whether it was a little masterpiece or not, was hoodooed.

And then the inspiration came. Why not try to find thirteen hoodooed masterpieces by thirteen unlucky masters, and throw them upon the mercies of the public for a vote? No sooner suggested than done. Story-tellers, critics, and publisher for once agreed. If there were thirteen unlucky stories in America good enough to print in a book, we would find them and publish them with our appeal for judgment."

This book is the result—an excellent record for the now fortunate thirteen and a definite indictment of the editors that made it necessary. The consistent rejection of some of these stories is nothing short of amazing. And the puzzle deepens as one examines them in detail. Vance Thompson's "The Day of Daheimus" is several shades less "grim" than some of Irvin Cobb's tales published a few years ago in so representative a publication of the middle-class as "The Saturday Evening Post." Dana Burnet's "Rain," Richard Matthew Hallett's "Razor of Pedro Dutel," and Wadsworth Camp's "The Draw-Keeper" might have appeared in "Collier's" or "Every Week." And Robert Alexander Wason's "Knute Ericson's Celebration," far from having the prohibited "unhappy ending," comes to a major and decidedly buoyant climax. Truly the American editor's mind moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform! There is not one story in the volume that is mechanical, mediocre, or of the merely competent order that suffices for our monthly fiction. And what is similarly surprising is the distinguished style, the poetic perception, the high literary quality revealed in most of the rejected thirteen. Examine Vincent O'Sullivan's story, "The Abigail Sheriff Memorial," and observe how delicately yet deeply the characters, the landscape, and the psychology are etched with a masterly hand. I snatch one illuminating fragment—a description of a house in New England—from its context to indicate his power:

"Something unfriendly and depressing emanated from the house as soon as you crossed the threshold. If I were a practiced writer, I suppose I could bring the sensation home to you; but as it is, it baffles me to realize it on paper. It was not so much a sensation of mystery as of secrecy. Those who had died in that house, in the seventy years or more it had been standing, had not quite gone away; something of them remained in the still rooms. At mealtimes there always seemed to be some other presence, or presences, at the table besides the master and mistress of the house.

The word for them is subdued. They are subdued to the atmosphere of their house, to their traditions, to the naïve furniture they sat among. This unprotesting acquiescence in the unlovely was, of course, to be expected, given the locality. The tradition was the same as that of the British small tradesman, nonconformist in religion and politics—the stock they originated from. Dreary and unpicturesque religion had no doubt in the first place inspired the dreary and unpicturesque surroundings. In a community which had never opened its eyes to any of the arts except literature, and to that only on its inartistic side, the absence of any testimony to aesthetic needs was not surprising."

It is too bad that these highly differentiated stories end on so obvious and overemphasized a note, a note that is in many ways the weakest. Frederick Stuart Greene's tale, "The Black Pool," has, in common with one or two of the others, a specious and melodramatic horror that tries to take the place of raw strength. In its very desire to adhere to a realistic programme, it ceases to be real at all and depends on a fictitious and forced romanticism; a plot whose villain is as overdrawn, whose terrors are as stereotyped, and whose atmosphere is as artificial in its way as the pallid and precise society-fiction from which it revolted. Otherwise the collection is an unusual and noteworthy one, and its publication is not only a sort of trial of the public but a test of our editors. It is something more than an interesting assemblage; it is an experiment that is also a challenge.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

OREGON THE PICTURESQUE. By Thomas D. Murphy. Page; $3.50.

Oregon is one of the few states west of the Rockies that have not been advertised to the point of familiarity. References to it in history centre chiefly around the Columbia River, which it shares with Washington for the last few hundred miles of its course, but the bibliography is limited in comparison with that of almost any other state. Tourists are only beginning to know it for its more spectacular sights, such as Crater Lake, the Columbia River Highway, and the Pendleton Round-up. Mr. Murphy endeavors to show that these are but a few of Oregon's claims to the attention of the world in general and motorists in particular. The subject is presented in an informal and somewhat personal manner, as one might write a detailed record of a trip by automobile, including comment on hotels, garages, the price of gasoline, and the color of sunsets.

Although Oregon furnishes the inspiration for most of the book, the trip chronicled begins at Sacramento, California, and includes Lake Tahoe and other points east of the Sierras on the way north. There is a short account of a stopover at Reno, Nevada, a town which, it will occur to the reader, is one of the least familiar of places, though its name is celebrated in song (of a kind) and story. The chapter on Crater Lake embraces most of the data included in the Government bulletins, and its originality consists principally of notes that may assist future motorists. Its value to motor tourists is, in fact, the book's best justification, for as a piece of descriptive literature it does not take high rank. The author fails to invest the open road with the charm that it has in this region, while his portrayal of the major scenic marvels lacks the power of conveying even a modicum of the reactions produced by the originals. "Into the Yosemite by Motor" and "A Run to the Roosevelt Dam and to the Petrified Forest" are articles supplementing the main narrative. There are automobile maps showing the routes covered, and many excellent illustrations in color and halftone.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY IN EUROPE. By Hugh E. Egerton. Macmillan; $2.

It has often been charged "by German publicists and historians that the past history of British foreign policy has been conspicuous for its display of perfidy and unscrupulousness." So impressed was a recent German writer with the vicious character of English diplomacy that, while heartily supporting the movement to rid his native language of foreign words, he felt that an exception should be made of the word "perfidious" in its German form, as otherwise it would be impossible to characterize properly the policies of Westminster. Apparently Englishmen have come to feel that the charge ought to be refuted; and Professor Egerton, of Oxford, has undertaken to provide the refutation.

Professor Egerton is widely known for his studies in colonial history; and since the growth of the British Empire is in large measure the result of diplomatic activities, a student of colonial problems is peculiarly fitted for the task in question. The author has produced a readable, interesting, and useful work, but it is not likely to add to his fame as a historian. The book is to a large extent a compilation and gives evidence of somewhat hurried preparation, as is true of so many of the "timely" books that have been published since 1914. Professor Egerton is less concerned with the details of diplomatic history than with the opinions and purposes of the statesmen who have controlled the policies of the British foreign office; his work is consequently a discussion rather than a narrative. After having

presented and examined all the important facts relating to English foreign policy since the days of Elizabeth, he concludes that, while English diplomats have always watched carefully over what were supposedly British interests, the treatment accorded to neighbors and allies by the English government has nearly always been in agreement with the highest political morality of the time. He denies that the Emperor was betrayed in 1713 and that Frederick II was deserted by the English in 1763; in both instances the original issues of the conflict had been settled and there was no longer any good reason for continuing the war. During the wars with the French Republic and the Napoleonic Empire England alone of all the countries allied against the French was steadfast in maintaining the cause of European freedom. Time and again Prussia and Austria came to terms with the enemy and left England in the lurch; and the record of Russia during that trying period is scarcely more creditable than that of her Teutonic neighbors.

The author discusses in some detail the many difficult problems of the nineteenth-century diplomacy, and he finds that with few exceptions the positions assumed and the methods employed by the English government have been not only defensible but in accord with rational principles. As one might expect, the problem of Belgium in its various phases is given a prominent place in the history. Professor Egerton concludes his survey with a chapter on British sea power: he holds that the vulnerability of the British Isles makes a large navy necessary; that in the treatment of enemies and neutrals the English admiralty has shown less arbitrariness and ruthlessness than any other naval establishment; and that in times of peace the British navy has rendered important service to humanity, the suppression of the slave trade being cited as a conspicuous instance.

At the Right of the British Line. By Captain Gilbert Nobbs. Scribner; $1.25.

A war book likely to be widely read is Gilbert Nobbs's "At the Right of the British Line." A civilian officer of the new English army, Captain Nobbs was only five weeks in the fighting line. His small command was given what proved to be an impossible task in the fighting on the Somme, and after losing most of his men, Captain Nobbs was struck blind by an unlucky bullet and lay many hours in a shell hole until found and made prisoner by the Germans. After a short term of captivity, which enabled him to write an interesting description of two German prisons, he was sent back to England where he is today, "happier," as he says with pathetic cheerfulness, "than he has ever been before in his life."

This is not a great book. It is so unpretentious, indeed, that one wonders why one has finished it at a single sitting. But as a graphic, moving picture it will hold any reader. The story is rapidly told, the scenes are unforgetable, the human touches vivid, and underneath all runs the tone of cheerfulness and quiet courage of the man who has forgotten that he is brave. Such a book is a tonic and its popularity will be richly deserved.

A Soldier's Memories. By Major-General Sir George Younghusband. Dutton; $5.

It is not the fortune of everyone, General Younghusband says, "after traveling six thousand miles and arriving in time for lunch, to discover incidentally in the course of conversation that he is expected to take part in a bloody battle shortly after the completion of the meal." But it was repeatedly his own experience. Consequently he has in greater degree, perhaps, than any other writer about modern warfare the spirit of the soldier-adventurer. His reminiscences reflect an unshackled joy in adventure, and an evidently keen delight in sharing his memories to the full with his readers.

"One learns much, and sees much," is his own conclusion after his years on the Indian frontier and his campaigns during the Boer War, the Burmese War, and the Egyptian Campaign. The reader sees much, too, through his eyes, and possibly because the author is not consciously pedagogical, the reader also learns much of the feelings and the character of the men of every sort and degree that he has known. Of Tommy Atkins and his evolution there are some interesting revelations. "I myself," he writes, "had for many years served with soldiers, but had never once heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used. Many a time did I ask my brother officers whether they had ever heard them. No, never. But sure enough, a few years after, the soldiers thought, and talked, and expressed themselves exactly like Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories! He would get a stray word here, or a stray expression there, and weave them into general soldier talk, in his priceless stories. Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier."

Whether General Younghusband writes of Kitchener and Lord Roberts, of his dogs, his Indian servants, the too frequent sallies of other native gentlemen "who were out for a short road to Paradise by killing a British officer," of the long marches over dusty Indian roads, or of life in the officer's mess, he writes with appreciation of that individual difference in men that makes part of the infinite humor of life, with vigor and good humor, and care that every point in his narrative shall be well made. "Memories,"

from the point of view of interest and of workmanship, is one of the best collections of reminiscences that have recently been brought out. One is envious of the life that has made them possible.

THE EARLY LIFE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774-1803. By William Haller. Columbia University Press; $1.50.

Southey played so prominent a part in the intellectual and literary generation that sprang from the French Revolution that a competent study of him has long been needed. That need is now being supplied. Dr. Haller's biography, as published thus far, brings the story down to the poet's settlement at Keswick in 1803. If the second volume is marked by the same qualities of care, accuracy, and poise, the biography will be indispensable to students of the period.

Materials for a study have not been lacking, for Southey was a prolific author. The mere bulk of his writings has frightened scholars, however, and the vanity of the man has to some extent repelled them. Nobody has been willing to grapple with an author who wrote endless letters, reviews, biographies, lyrics, and epics, and complacently deemed them all masterpieces. Yet the story of this man is not only worth the telling; it is rich in interest besides. In this interest the chief elements are his association with Coleridge in the pantisocracy scheme, the condemnation along with Wordsworth as a Lake poet, and the savage mockery he underwent at the hands of Byron. But these elements are by no means all.

Before he settled at Keswick, Southey was an outspoken rebel against the existing order. He was expelled from Westminster School; he was driven from his aunt's house on a rainy night; he was distrusted as an enemy of the country and religion. Yet this man, like Wordsworth, only in greater degree, became in his old age a hidebound conservative. Burke had not loved change, but had been willing that the rotten bough should be lopped off that the tree might be saved. Southey grew unwilling that a single bough should be touched. From his beloved library by the lake he hurled anathema after anathema at the champions of political, economic, or religious innovation. In the course of this metamorphosis from iconoclast to conventionalized laureate, Southey was absolutely honest and outspoken. That is why he is so interesting. He always wished that everybody should know exactly where Robert Southey stood. In the days of his respectability, to be sure, he was vexed that his enemies should make known where he had stood when he wrote "Wat Tyler." But this was only a token of his hatred for what he himself had once been. The two halves of his life show the extremes to which men rushed during the French Revolution and the reaction to institutionalism afterwards.

On Southey the writer, time has already given its verdict. He was better in prose than in verse, he always had merit, and yet he was always second-rate. Still, he played for high stakes and it often seemed he was destined to win. Those ambitious epics of his have nearly every analyzable quality of great poetry. Southey put into them practically everything that counts except the ultimate thing—genius.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Henry William Elson. Macmillan; $1.80.

This "revised edition" is merely a reprint of the original edition of 1904, with the addition of two new chapters. The first, on "The Twentieth Century," carries the story from 1904 down to the election of 1916; another on "Latest Industrial Progress and Inventions" purports to give in some eight pages a survey of American industrial development since 1850. Any extended discussion of the older parts of this book is out of place here. The reader is referred to contemporary reviews. But time is a sore trier of books and especially books of history. In this case the author's habit of illuminating text and footnotes with forward-looking passages and his finality of statement render the book especially vulnerable. The fact that similar generalizations in the new chapters attempt to set matters right but calls attention to the need of real revision.

Perfunctoriness might be expected in the new chapters published under such conditions, and in this the reader will not be disappointed. Especially is this true in the chapter on industrial progress, which is not at all illuminating, is distressingly inadequate, and contains many irrelevant things that belong in earlier chapters. It gives the impression of being dragged in to meet the growing demand for more industrial history, and serves only to furnish the book with an anticlimax. The chapter on the twentieth century is better. But even here there is almost an entire failure to correlate events into movements or to show their significance. Legislative acts are listed with apparently little regard for their connection with each other and less for their bearing on the industrial development hinted at in the succeeding chapter. The author is left with a group of miscellanies, which he must crowd into the closing paragraphs for want of some better place. The result of the whole is to come short of a real explanation of recent United States history, an achievement which was quite within reach.

Since the middle of the nineteenth century a great change has taken place in American life.

In unnumbered ways it has been apparent that America has been growing up. Rank individualism, born of our frontier and of our rapid expansion, has been giving way to socialization and group action. At times scholars have singled out special phases of this change and given us accurate and permanent appreciations of their meaning, even while the change was going on. It has remained for the present decade to bring to American scholarship generally a realization of the national development as a whole which had expressed itself in these various ways to various observers. In 1904 Dr. Elson purposely foreshortened and condensed that part of his history treating the period subsequent to 1884, on the ground that the events were too close to admit of proper perspective. Since then events have moved so rapidly and so much light has been thrown upon them that it would seem possible and practicable now to present a unified story of our national development down to the present. There is a real place for a medium-sized history of the United States such as Dr. Elson conceived, and a thorough-going revision of his book in the light of recent scholarship with a greater emphasis on recent history would be welcome. But it should be done rightly or not at all.

THE MUSEUM. By Margaret Talbot Jackson. Longmans, Green; $1.75.

As a pioneer in its field this study of the museum, its site and its architectural plan, its needs, its management, the preparation and care of its collections, and kindred matters, is a noteworthy book. The author has spent several years in visiting and examining the chief museums of this country and of seven European countries, and her advice on the practical questions presented is therefore worthy of a respectful hearing. Among other wise counsels she urges economy of space in the architectural plan of a museum. The grand staircase, which in a European museum is often a reminder of the original palatial character of the building, of its having been erected in the first place to house royalty or nobility, has no useful or appropriate place in a modest museum planned for the preservation and exhibition of a growing collection of art objects, natural-history specimens, or other products of genius or skill, industry or research. On the topic of wall-coverings the writer well characterizes the too-prevalent burlap as somewhat suggestive of potato sacks. Miscellaneously comprehensive museums, such as the South Kensington and the Metropolitan, she pronounces "monstrosities" and advises instead a number of smaller specialized collections "dotted about in the different quarters of the city." But there is something to be said in favor of the vastness and variety of a great museum. Such a storehouse of wonders attracts the young especially, and facilitates certain studies of a widely inclusive nature and those which call for research along parallel or divergent lines.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. By George A. Barton. University of Chicago Press; $1.50.

Instruction in comparative religions has had a varied history in American colleges. When it first appeared, it was as an advanced course in "Bible." Later, anthropologists began to talk about primitive religions, diverging from them into the higher types. But recently sociologists have been claiming the field as theirs. They have not succeeded, however, in substantiating their claim to any great extent. The present work makes one wish they had, for its author is obviously a Protestant theologian, though one who has read some anthropology. His work is colored throughout by the conviction of the Protestants that man is saved by faith alone; his book is little more than a summary of the views which various peoples have entertained in regard to God, the soul, immortality, and so on. The following passage, which contains not the slightest hint that it is to be taken ironically, well sets forth the author's opinion: "Among primitive peoples the essential part of religion is not belief but practice. One must be careful to *do* the things that are pleasing to the gods. They are supposed to be pleased not with what men think of them, but by the service that is rendered them. The emphasis in early religions is quite different from that in the so-called positive religions."

As we read this book, therefore, we see a number of religious philosophies spread out before us. One can take one's choice. In concluding his chapter on Christianity, the author tells us that he prefers his own particular choice, and that he thinks it would be better if all men were of his opinion. But if men persist in disagreeing, it can, in the last analysis, only be because tastes differ; perhaps with the advancement of public education tastes will be brought into closer harmony. But this is all that can be said so long as it is generally believed that a religion is merely a system of metaphysical propositions, unanimously admitted as true by all the believers in that particular religion, and rejected as false with equal unanimity by all others, and as to the truth or falsity of which, argument is impossible.

As a matter of fact, we are told to-day that concepts are but tools, and that philosophical systems are generally *ex post facto* justifications

of what we are doing—or at best rationalizations of it. A society organized in a certain way, and pursuing certain aims, may find the metaphysical statement of one religion useful, and another prefer a different one. Thus these differences of metaphysics reduce to differences of social environment: a history of religious thought should be the story of the repercussions of society and metaphysics upon one another.

But our author does not realize this. For example, in the chapter on the Hebrew religion, he speaks of the development which that religion underwent at the time of the prophets; he is apparently oblivious of the fact that at just that time the Hebrew people were engaged in a life-and-death struggle for their national existence. In agony and bloody sweat, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the others hammered out a conception of God and the world, which they induced their countrymen to accept and which enabled this people to survive when another would have gone into oblivion. To speak of this conception as "purer" or "higher" is meaningless; it was more useful on that particular occasion. In so far as all races of men are generally in a position somewhat analogous to that of the Hebrews in the sixth century B. C., this conception will be useful to them all—though of course another may be still more useful. If religious beliefs were thus shown in the environment in which they were born, we might come to see that belief is not so important a part of religion as practice, after all, though of course it may determine action. If studies were made along this line—if religions were watched working in their social environment—we might eventually arrive at an answer to the perennial question of what religion is. To this, the most fundamental of all questions in the study of comparative religions, the author gives no answer: we lay his book down no better able to answer it than we were before, nor could we recognize a new religion, if we saw it, without a label.

Town Planning for Small Communities. Edited by Charles S. Bird, Jr. Appleton; $2.

Civic beauty has come to be almost as much a popular demand as that for civic efficiency. Indeed, the two are not infrequently complementary motives. But hitherto the smaller cities and the semi-rural communities have been sadly neglected in matters both of efficiency and of beauty. This little volume is a practical presentation of the reasons for, and the methods of securing, planned cities and towns. So many communities have already embarked upon schemes for physical reorganization that it would seem scarcely necessary to raise the question of feasibility, but because many do raise a question of policy, it may be pertinent to say that the gains in property values and the greater security of life from an improved sanitation, to say nothing of bettered recreational, transportation, and civic facilities, make town-planning decidedly worth while from most or all angles from which it may be considered.

This volume concerns itself with such aspects of town-planning as the organization and improvement of housing, parks and playgrounds, streets and roads, town forests, social life, public health, and transportation. The book itself is an outgrowth of the research of the Walpole (Mass.) Town Planning Committee, which got together for their own guidance the source materials here published. Parts two and three of the volume consist of detailed plans for the working over of Walpole and descriptions of the publicity methods employed to arouse popular interest in the project. The inclusion of this practical matter renders the book all the more useful as a guide to other communities seeking to rebuild themselves in a scientific and economical manner.

Anthology of Swedish Lyrics. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. The American-Scandinavian Foundation; $1.50.

There is something reminiscent of the textbook in the bird's-eye view of Swedish poetic literature shown forth in this volume. It boasts not merely notes on pronunciation, textual and biographical notes, but an introductory sketch as well. From this one gathers that the lyric poetry of Sweden "is inferior to none" in quality, "and in richness it is not far behind the best of any nation during a similar period of time," that is, from the mid-eighteenth century to the present. Free comparisons are drawn between the poets represented and Burns, Arnold, Heine, Rossetti, and Goethe. One turns to examples of their emphasized excellences with an eagerness not unnaturally tempered by fear.

The compiler and translator does not transmit his enthusiasm in the verse which he presents. The distinctions which shine out so clearly to him between the work of the Horatian Bellman and the realist Fröding are less apparent to one who depends on the anthology for his appreciation of them. One receives less a definite impression of the change and development of Swedish poetry, as suggested by the introduction, than of certain things which the lyrists of Sweden continuously celebrate. The awful majesty and bright loveliness of the forests and the fields, a cherishing of the name of Sweden, recurrence to her martial history as well as to dim, mythical legend, these inform the lyrics of both the older and the more recent poets. Whether the naïve sentimentality

and morality which prevail are due to the manner of translation or to the poems themselves, it is difficult to say. Inversion and frequent dactyls combine to detract from that intensity which is the essence of lyrism. The variance between the significance of the poetry presented and that which its translator believes to attach to the anthology weakens the effect of the interesting poems it contains.

The Life of Ulysses S. Grant. By Louis A. Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin; $2.

Of those personalities emerging from the Civil War with distinction, Ulysses S. Grant, next to Abraham Lincoln, commands the largest share of our interest. But for the monumental achievement of the "Personal Memoirs," we should doubtless have had, by this time, a greater number of serious attempts to represent him through the medium of biographical writing. The volume just added to the "American Statesmen Series" is written by Mr. Louis A. Coolidge, and differs in general from the other volumes of the series in being less academic in style. Not only is the book highly readable, but it fills the need of a biography giving an adequate proportion of attention to the eight years of Grant's presidency. After a rapid survey of the early life and education of Grant, the writer engages attention upon those military operations in the Mississippi Valley culminating in the brilliant *coup de maître* at Vicksburg. The credit for this determining blow against the rebellion in the West is given, on the authority of General Sherman, exclusively to Grant. The chapter on the campaign against Chattanooga shows Mr. Coolidge at his best in the ability to unite picturesqueness with due restraint in narration. It concludes with the interesting judgment that the three days' fight at Chattanooga was "the most completely planned of all his battles, a feat unmarred in its perfection and as a spectacle unequalled in the history of war."

The "Clinch with Lee" constitutes the heart of what remains of the military history. The interest deepens at this point because of the unpromising situation in the East when Grant took that situation in hand. That he approached his new problem with the silence and tenacity with which he conducted his western campaigns was to be expected. The feverish state of Northern opinion, with its criticism and discouragement, is forcefully described. The North was impatient for the capture of Richmond; Grant, on the other hand, wanted Lee's army. The North was anxious for a swift conclusion of the struggle; Grant saw from the beginning that the question of endurance was involved. His power of offensive was his military distinction. His genius is ascribed to his intuition, not to his knowledge of the science of war.

Mr. Coolidge presents an informing and, on the whole, judicial account of Grant's presidency. The student of our history knows that this is no easy task. Under the burden of delicate foreign questions and the unexampled problems of reconstruction, Grant's habit of following his own counsel led him, in the absence of political experience, into numerous difficulties. The author brings him out of the several scandals involving subordinates in the administration without personal stain. It is admitted that Grant erred in overdevotion to his friends, in a too rigorous enforcement of the law in the South, in his disposition to interfere unduly with the proper function of Congress, and in his failure to say "good-bye" to politics when he left the White House. *Per contra,* the biographer gives the reader a fair and interesting presentation of the achievements of Grant's presidency. The more notable of these achievements, in which Grant's own statesmanship shares a highly honorable part, are the handling of the Virginius affair, the introduction of civil-service reform, the establishment of a basis of sound finance, and the arbitration of the Alabama Claims. The author quotes Grant's "dream" of a world court for the adjudication of international problems. One of the best features of this excellent biography is the liberal quotation from Grant's letters and state papers, written in that simple and forceful style which proceeded from his integrity and strength of character, and was prophetic of the remarkable literary performance with which he closed his great career.

The Life and Work of George Sylvester Morris: A Chapter in the History of American Thought in the Nineteenth Century. By R. M. Wenley. Macmillan.

Professor G. S. Morris is known to students as the learned translator of Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," and editor of Grigg's "Philosophical Classics." That is to say, his published writings are such as to suggest the suspicion that the erudition is an outer garment, and that the real personality of the man expressed itself in his life rather than in his books. The present study of his "life and work" is thus peculiarly welcome, as introducing us to the real Morris, of whom most of us had caught only occasional and doubtful glimpses.

For his is a personality worth knowing. Typical, in a way, for the age in which he lived, his spiritual development enables us to span the bridge which separates the present from the generation which has just passed away. Brought up in the intensely religious atmosphere of New

England, he is representative of the transition from a ready-made, traditional creed to that reasonable faith which is the outcome of wholehearted devotion to sincerity and truth. Developing though it does on the soil of New England traditions, his philosophical position and final spiritual home is with Green, the Cairds, and other British idealists—with the thinkers who enlarged the rivulet of empirical thought which trickles down through Locke, Hume, and Mill, so as to make room for the wider and deeper rivers which form the main stream of European philosophy, the work of Kant and Hegel.

It is impossible to read the book—and it is very readable—without feeling that Professor Wenley is peculiarly fitted to be its author. It is not only the fine qualities of style and ripe knowledge of men—these one would expect from a writer of Professor Wenley's reputation—but the remarkable personal sympathy with every phase of spiritual experience through which Morris passes, which especially impresses the reader. Rare glimpses of the biographer's own personality reveal a kindred spirit, who not only appreciates, but is one with his subject, because he has himself passed through the fire. This personal penetration is dominant, and produces a living artistic unity rare in literature; so that the book is no mere biographical study, but a living drama, a true Odyssey of the spirit.

Notes on New Fiction

"Every race," writes M. Gustave le Bon, "possesses a mental constitution as determined as its anatomical constitution." The clash of temperaments and traditions when two races are brought together in marriage has been the theme of many a novelist: Henry James, Edith Wharton, Pierre de Coulevain, and—George Barr McCutcheon. These international novels vary in treatment from the psychological analyses of a genius to chauvinistic pictures of conquering, athletic heroes. The latest venture in this field, "Mr. Cushing and Mlle. du Chastel," by Frances Rumsey, is worthy of respect and thoughtful perusal. It is a study of the reaction to each other of the French and American types.

Paul Cushing marries Mlle. du Chastel. After two years she suspects him of infidelity and leaves him; they are divorced; she becomes the mistress of Arthur Irish, an art collector; he tires of her; she leaves him free; Cushing seeks her and persuades her to return to him. The plot, however, is the least of the story. Cushing is an idealist who trusts to his feelings for guidance. With Mlle. du Chastel, on the other hand, all is calculated—every gesture, word, act. She is forever seeing nuances in what he accepts as simplicities, or simplicities in his nuances, which she cannot even express to him. In short, they are profoundly unlike, and their love, though deep, is too delicate to stand the test of their racial antagonisms. He wishes to find in their marriage the beauty of the adventurous; to her, their marriage has never been marriage in the French moral and social acceptation of the term, but her idea of the proprieties requires her to put up with what she dislikes until she is offended by Cushing's imaginary infidelity.

After losing him, however, she becomes suddenly sensible of fresh nuances; she has found Cushing's points of view contagious and his refinement of attitude and imagination unforgettable. She fears the uncertainty of her control over Irish and longs to return to the restrictive and conventional, so she returns to France. There she feels a rebirth of love for her country, and she attempts to content herself again with the significance of the perfunctory. But she finds her relatives narrow, their conversation confined to localisms, their social rules rigid, their capacity to feel, limited. In short, her own imagination has expanded; she has insurgent rushes of feeling, impulses of rebellion, that lead her back in thought to the early days of her marriage with Cushing.

Then Cushing himself yields to an impulse to disregard the formal codes, to which Anne-Marie is clinging so fiercely. He goes to see her, and before the interview is over, she realizes what this idealist in sentiment means to her. She gives up what has always seemed most important to her: her personal dignity, the sense of expediency; and consents to marry the man who had been her husband.

Thus the author formulates the "impasse" of this couple for us, a formulation compact and veracious. She puts before us the significant episodes in their life together and shows us into what spiritual changes these contacts grow. She never fumbles in handling the various episodes—all are rich in details; but the details always contribute finally to the theme. (Lane; $1.40.)

In "The Tortoise" (Doran; $1.50), a delightful tale of English village life, Mr. E. F. Benson displays again his peculiarly feminine outlook to great advantage. We have nothing in our tiled apartment buildings, nor in Greenwich village, nor in all our beanstalk cities, to approximate it, this stratified conventionality of the landed gentry. Tragedies we may offer, and pathos, but not these pinched and wistful groups of utter correctness. It is not a sad book; it is hilarious—and pathetic.

Who but Sir Arthur Conan Doyle could have devised the crushing blow for the German gov-

ernment revealed in "His Last Bow" (Doran; $1.35)? No pains are spared by the crafty von Bork to play havoc with the plans of England; but Sherlock Holmes appears, like a bad fairy, to punish his Prussian pride. The other stories in the book are characteristic of our old friend Holmes, but have been successfully developed without the aid of the needle.

Joseph C. Lincoln's style and his Cape Cod folk are too well known to need introduction. We have, in "Extricating Obadiah" (Appleton; $1.50), a simple sea cook much at the mercy of designing, unscrupulous landsmen; a shrewd old sea captain, who comes to his rescue and more than spoils the game for the confidence men; the step-daughter of the chief villain; her lover, much troubled by the villain's machinations; and a good housekeeper, who eventually tests the susceptibility of the captain. The story moves forward at a leisurely gait and is full of the humor that we associate with Mr. Lincoln.

In "The Unholy Three" (Lane; $1.40) C. A. Robbins gives us the history of a dwarf, a giant, and a witless fellow who escape from a circus and go forth to spread terror of themselves in the world. They commit various gruesome murders and always escape by means of clever disguises, the dwarf being dressed as a baby and the witless one as a woman. For one of the murders, an innocent by-stander is arrested. He rather enjoys the experience until he realizes that his life is in danger, for the notoriety enables him to sell the murder and mystery stories he has been trying to sell in vain. The book is rather better than this short résumé of it would indicate, for the tale is told in a fantastic, charming style.

Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan is one of those American novelists who return to their countrymen with a letter of introduction from English critics. If he had come with only "Sentiment" (Small, Maynard; $1.50) as a visiting-card, we should have to express a slight disappointment. The book has all the materials of charming comedy; his style has a light and yet assured touch; his manner is ingratiating. But just what is he trying to do? The situation is comic enough: the matter-of-fact young William, brought down by his aunt to the country from his hated London job to woo the plump and innocent heiress his aunt has selected for him; his posing as a poet in order to defeat a lawyer rival; the coming of the wilful young woman to whom William has engaged himself in London; William's alarm, and his aunt's impatience. The author, however, before the story is finished, deserts his opportunity for farce, to draw this neurotic fiancée in rather deep and telling strokes. Her intrigue with the rival assumes a tone far from comic, and leaves William's fall into the arms of the heiress as a note of bathos rather than of comedy. The book ends with the amorous Penelope seeing her hero in khaki off for the wars—a note that is utterly false in such a comedy as the story began to be. This shift in emotional tone betrays an unexpected inexpertness in Mr. O'Sullivan. And this sense of insecurity one feels in him is reënforced by a sententiousness of comment which now and then cuts across the comedy. "Sentiment" seems like the work of a talented but not assured craftsman.

"The Secret Witness," by George Gibbs (Appleton; $1.50), and "The Green Tree Mystery," by Roman Doubleday (Appleton; $1.40), are sops to the public that loves a mystery. "The Secret Witness" is political. A supposed plot of Germany's against Austria, a plot which the latter thwarts by the famous assassination at Sarajevo, affords an Englishman and an Austrian countess whom he loves, all the agonies of separation caused by difference of political views. "The Green Tree Mystery" is a story of murder, suspicion, and suspense. Its interest is largely due to the skill with which the author keeps the reader guessing as to the outcome.

If romance be taken as a synonym for unreality, then "Fishpingle," by Horace Annesley Vachell (Doran; $1.35), is a veritable masterpiece of romanticism. We have come to the conclusion that publishers and reviewers must frequently adopt this meaning of the word; perhaps their readers accept it as a recommendation. All that can be seriously commended in "Fishpingle," however, besides the title, is the attempt, rather half-hearted, to discuss in fictional terms the problem of the passing of England's landed gentry. Beyond that, it is simply a conventionally cheerful story of the variety termed pleasant.

In "My Wife," by Edward Burke (Dutton; $1.50), a husband tells us about his wife—what a deceitful, wilful, untidy person she is. The point of the humor lies in his unwitting disclosure of his own conceit, crudities, and faults. The love story is supplied by the affairs of his son and daughter. Here the father through stubbornness and muddle-headedness both hinders and helps the wistful lovers.

"Paradise Auction," by Nalbro Bartley (Small, Maynard; $1.50), is a garrulous tale that is chiefly occupied with a description of the disastrous effect of falling in love with the right person after one has already fallen in love with and married the wrong one. It is a rather futile and exhausted subject, handled in a manner that is skilful, though lamentably typical of modern magazine fiction.

Casual Comment

Why do not statesmen abandon the habit of giving speeches and devote themselves entirely to talking in the sign-language? This query is prompted by the kind of editorial interpretation which everywhere greeted Lloyd George's definition of Allied war-aims, delivered before the congress of English trade unions. Whatever else may be said of this speech, it was certainly the clearest and most explicit utterance which had yet come from any responsible political leader, until President Wilson's moving and strikingly straightforward announcement, less than four days later, of the objects for which we are fighting. Its temper was admirably calm and judicial. The old hysterical pugnacity about a "knock-out" and a swaggering Prussia, the ancient vague phrases about "crushing Prussian militarism," the early boastfulness and threats—all seemed sublimated into a balanced, sane, intelligent address. Nothing could be more obvious than that Lloyd George felt deeply the responsibility for continuing the war—"even for a single day" —and that he was determined to justify what he still believes its necessary continuance, not only by general principles, but by concrete application of these principles to the actual war-map of the world. On the whole, his effort was successful, and it is safe to assert that no speech of any Entente statesman had hitherto surpassed it in importance. Yet how was the speech in fact received? Evidently, according to the individual predilection and caprice of the editor commenting upon it. For example, nothing could be more definite or emphatic than Lloyd George's contention that the principle which is to govern all territorial settlements after the war must be that of "self-determination," or, as the Anglo-Saxon phrase goes, "consent of the governed." Apply this principle to the difficult and delicate question of Alsace-Lorraine. Does it mean the "restoration" of Alsace-Lorraine? Yes—provided the peoples of that unhappy province themselves wish for it. In other words, it means a plebiscite, or else words mean nothing at all in statesmen's speeches. Even when Lloyd George comes specifically to the question, he is extraordinarily careful not to use the word "restoration." He employs the milder term "reconsideration." Nevertheless most editors jumped at once to the conclusion that England had committed herself to "restore" Alsace-Lorraine to France, whatever the peoples of Alsace-Lorraine might themselves have to say on the subject. On other points, equally wilful blindness was displayed. Lloyd George did not pretend that he loved the German constitution. Neither did he pretend that England would fight to change it, if the Germans were so perverse as to wish still to live under so archaic and feudal a governmental system. He expressed a wish rather than a war-aim. But he did make clear what he was doing. Most editorial writers spend all their time expressing wishes and little else, only they don't make clear what they are doing. Again we ask, why do not statesmen talk in the sign-language? Then perhaps our publicists could understand them.

• • •

It is, one believes, Mr. Percy Mackaye who has made the greatest noise about the possible rôle of the pageant in our national life. He has written many, and the name of one, "Caliban on the Golden Sands," has been conspicuous on the hoardings. All his pageantry has been pictorial. Some of it has attained the dramatic; but none of it has been intelligible. When one says intelligible, one means on the stage, during production, not by the fireside, in a book. Mr. Mackaye seems to be eye-minded, and to think in terms of print. He is a poet of tender conceits and pretty fancies, but a poet too lettered, allusive, and dressed-up for the necessarily broad and sweeping simplicities of the chronicle stage. These reflections come to one who looks over Mr. Thomas Woods Stevens's "The Drawing of the Sword." Mr. Stevens makes a direct, specific, and unmistakable symbolization of the nations and causes involved in the war. His text is straightforward almost to baldness, but it has a masculine marching rhythm, and its meaning is beyond doubt. No wonder great audiences rose to it, again and again, miners in West Virginia no less than mine-owners in New York.

• • •

The complacent assumption that William Blake was incapable of portraiture must now give way. In "Arts and Decoration" for this month Mr. J. E. Robinson makes public the presence in this country of an important Blake collection "consisting of portraits in fresco and water color, original manuscripts, drawings, and books, none of which is mentioned in any of the biographies." The collection, which once belonged to Sir Henry Irving, is now in the possession of Dr. John W. Bartlett, President of the American Institute of New York. The half hundred portraits are chiefly of men of letters and include Chaucer, Bacon, Shakespeare, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Byron, Burns, Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, Franklin, and many others. The Keats, which is among those reproduced in "Arts and Decoration," is striking for a certain refreshing vigor in the features. The question as to whether the manuscripts will prove as important must wait upon their publication. There is a fifteen page folio in verse, "Theodicy"; a seven

page folio in verse, "America"; poems on a number of persons; a 1767 "Handmaid to the Arts," with manuscript poems on the fly leaves; etc. It is almost incredible that this rich collection should so long have escaped the eye of modern publicity. Mr. Robinson thinks the nucleus of the hidden treasure may have been a collection formed by the elder D'Israeli and mentioned by Dibden in 1824. The D'Israeli collection is not noted in Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake," the manuscript of which was edited by D. G. Rossetti after the author's death in 1861. It happens that the Bartlett collection contains a letter from Rossetti which discloses the fact that in 1856 he was buying "wonderful drawings and manuscripts . . . portraits and poems" by Blake, and also an agreement to sell them, dated the same year. If we assume that Benjamin D'Israeli inherited his father's collection in 1848, that it passed to his friend Rossetti in 1856, and that Rossetti disposed of it before revising Gilchrist's book, we can understand for what reason Rossetti may have avoided mentioning it five years afterward. But such an explanation only makes the case more extraordinary: a collection of portraits of literary men, done by a prominent poet, passes from an author to his son, who is a popular novelist and a cabinet minister shortly to be premier; thence to one of the most brilliant poets and painters of the day; thence, after an interval, to the most famous actor of his day; and finally crosses the Atlantic —but receives no public mention between the years 1824 and 1918!

. . .

Would any sincere lover of peace derive joy from pointing out the fortunate by-products of war? Assuredly not. This is the type of casuistry so congenial to the apologists for militarism—one legitimately suspects the historian who attributes all the verve and splendor of Elizabethan literature to the defeat of the Armada or who makes the Peloponnesian war synonymous with the glory of Athenian civilization, forgetting, of course, that it was precisely this war and no other which destroyed that civilization. It is usually from the intellectual brothers of Bernhardi that one hears of "the canker of a long peace." Certainly no recognized thinker today would urge a war merely for the sake of its spiritual by-products. No honest realist would attempt to balance gains and losses and call them equal. Of France alone, can one bear to think of the human potentialities gathered so prematurely to the earth, whose beauties might otherwise have been sung in new accents or reflected in new forms? Now, the reaction in Europe after the war may take unexpected turns. Many believe that when again confronted with the strange unreality of peace, the hundreds of thousands who do return from the grinding battle physically whole will be broken in will and spirit. Other competent observers maintain that after the war something like anarchy or at least political violence will spread slowly over the Continent and perhaps embrace the British Isles. Yet nearly everyone agrees that the great traditions of Western civilization—what we know as the unbroken heritage of art and science and literature—will for a generation be in supine hands. Lassitude and fatigue, relief from strain, will smother the creative impulses that are always, in the end, the outgrowth of a gracious and liberal and economically unworried environment. For many years after the declaration of peace the artists of Europe must call upon a Muse of somewhat grim visage. Art is not a flower of impoverishment, any more than philosophy or verse. And the task of carrying on those achievements and purposes in the more gracious traditions of Western civilization may inevitably fall upon us. The cluster of activities which we call art may have to rely upon America for the necessary vitality to continue it unbroken through Europe's barren years. It is a responsibility of which our artists and our writers are hardly yet aware, although a responsibility which ultimately they cannot shirk.

. . .

If William James had lived, January 11, 1918, would have been his seventy-sixth birthday. Almost the last thing he wrote before he died was "The Moral Equivalent for War." In these days of opposed madnesses, of the madness of militarism over-shouting the madness of pacificism, it is worth while, as we recall the philosopher's nativity, to recur to the sanity of that essay for strength and vision. It takes the mind from the secondary passions and interests of controversy, to their original source in the nature of man. It defers to that nature in its wholeness; reverently, as is the manner of William James. It regards its assumptions and its repressions, and withal it finds that the adventure of making the world a better place to live in affords all the needed satisfactions, and more, to the "military" instinct and the aboriginal blood-lust whose gratification motivates so much that is war. We in America, under the guidance of the President, are set to look forward to the incarnation of the ideals of liberty, justice, and democracy whose danger has led us to take arms. In this latter of the American philosopher's works we possess an instrument whereby we may be helped to a realizing vision of both the soil and the root, the flower and the fruitage of these things.

Briefer Mention

For the past forty years Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who really made the Battle Creek Sanitarium, has been answering questions pertaining to health, and in "A Thousand Health Questions Answered" (Good Health Publishing Co.), he has published some answers that he considers of most importance. The book may be considered authoritative, though in some regards, such as in the use of tea or coffee, the author is an extremist. Where medication is needed, he asks his readers to consult their physicians.

If the versatile Mr. Dole may be said to have a vocation as distinguished from his many literary avocations, it might not unfairly be considered to concern itself with Tolstoy and his works. Years ago he distinguished himself as a pioneer in this country in the translation and popularization of Tolstoy's writings, and now he has written "The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi" (Crowell; $1). No fresh discoveries or hitherto unknown facts are claimed for this retelling of the familiar story; its merit lies in its sympathetic understanding, its compactness, and, in all essentials, its completeness. After Mr. Aylmer Maude's two ample volumes of a few years ago we seek rather condensation than amplification in any subsequent biography for general reading and handy reference. This 467-page book meets the requirements and is also notably in sympathy with the views and teachings of its subject. Mr. Dole's anti-militarism is as pronounced as Tolstoy's, and in liberality of creed he is not unworthy to act as literary portrait-painter to the author of "Reason and Religion."

Not yet has the history of General Botha's campaign in German West Africa become so familiar as to render uninteresting such details of army experience as are given in Dr. H. F. B. Walker's "A Doctor's Diary in Damaraland" (Longmans, Green; $2.10). Six months of hardship in his struggle to follow up his brigade with his hospital unit are vividly described in these notes of minor events which are none the less significant because of their comparative unimportance. A side-light on the vexed question of dumdum bullets is thrown by the remark of a German officer who "was shot and captured. The first thing he said, when taken, was, 'Was I shot with one of our rifles or one of yours?' On being told he was shot with a German rifle, he replied, 'I am done for, then.'" And the writer continues: "One thing I have certainly noticed with regard to the Mauser bullets is that, if they meet with resistance, such as buttons or bones, they are very easily stripped of their nickel casing, and the lead, spreading or breaking up, makes a very large wound; sometimes, indeed, there are several exit wounds." The "Hun" of West Africa is pictured as true to type. He has a very elastic conscience, we are told, and "is soldier to-day, Red Cross man to-morrow, civilian and spy combined the next, whichever serves his purpose best. On more than one occasion I have been asked to release German wounded because they were 'civilians.'" A reading of the book does not leave one impressed with the desirability of restoring Germany's African colonies to her after the war.

On first noting the title of Richardson Brigham's book, "The Study and Enjoyment of Pictures" (Sully and Kleinteich; $1.25), one is tempted to speculate whether the author makes any malicious distinction between the study of pictures and the enjoyment of them, but one is reassured and delighted on opening the book to discover that art is something to be enjoyed. Only too often the dense fog of analysis and theory settles down between picture and spectator, embracing the emotions and the intellect like a strange malady. The author, seeking to make an abridged statement of artistic principles, wisely searches at once for the milk in the cocoanut: "The merit of a picture lies, in general, not so much in what it represents as in *how it is painted.* As a basic quality in Art simplicity may be named." "With simplicity as a fundamental must be closely associated *Beauty.*" Browsing still further through the book, one encounters a wise quotation from Innes: "A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. Its real greatness consists in the quality of this emotion." To emphasize further the fact that literature and painting are something to be enjoyed, the author refuses to interpret works of art or literature for anyone else, which is a noble resolve. However, the author has evidently made up her mind about Futurism and Post-Impressionism, for she consigns them to limbo. There are chapters on composition, on the relation of poetry to painting, and on what pictures to see in America and Europe.

The function of chemistry in the development of the civilization of to-day, as well as in its appalling destruction, is made plain for the non-technical reader, if he be diligent and thoughtful, in Ellwood Hendrick's "Everyman's Chemistry" (Harper; $2.). At least Mr. Hendrick attempts the seemingly impossible task of its presentation for the man in the street. He may not succeed in making wholly lucid many of the obscure phases of ions and valencies, asters and ethers, and the other more formidable features of the jargon of the laboratory, but he lures the reader on from soap to candles and from bees to "deresinified Pontianak rubber" or, to be bald about it, cheap chewing-gum. In fact the industrial profiteers of crude stuffs must feel somewhat abashed to find their ways so fully explained as they are by our chemical reporter. One should use this book as a guide to the industrial advertising pages of our magazine press. There is much of the whimsical interlarded with formulæ and reactions. It shocks the scientific mind to find the Brownian movements served up in lilting doggerel and the Periodic Law "put into Irish." Indeed, ere one has finished the book, as he is tempted to do before putting it down, he has a strong suspicion that the author is no mere chemist, but a journalistic bull that has broken loose in the reagent room. One reads with interest of the magnanimous action of one chemical inventor, Frederick G. Cottrell, whose income-producing chemical patents now support the Research Corporation, while their author lives on a modest government salary. He learns also of the wonderful progress made in this country, since the war, in the

dye industry, with all its infinite ramifications in drugs, explosives, and photographic chemicals. The butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, and all their patrons, can find much to interest, much to learn, and not a little to reread with care in these pages.

With a fine feeling for artistic detail and setting Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, the well-known English architect, presents his short book of recollections of Italian travel, "A Holiday in Umbria" (Holt; $3.). Less than a dozen cities of northeastern Italy comprise the list, but each castle, each doorway of artistic importance, brings with it a mass of rich historical detail. And to present to the reader in the midst of this development, extracts from the famous "Cortegiano of Castiglione," which Dr. Johnson called "the best book that was ever written on good breeding," is to present him in person at that delightful court of Urbino in the fifteenth century. The author's contribution to the literature of travel is a valuable one.

Thomas F. Millard has recently published the third of his volumes on the Far East. The present one, "Our Eastern Question" (Century), possesses the desirable qualities of the earlier works, the voluminous appendixes made up of state papers and other documents, the gathering up of interesting bits of information, and the generally readable presentation. But it also contains all the old faults, and to a higher degree. The work is frankly "a journalistic summary rather than a literary production," and the author might well have said, "rather than a sober, well-reasoned, and well-balanced production." The great bulk of the work is devoted to a scathing indictment of the conduct and of the policies of Japan. In this part of the work, as another reviewer has said, "he is vindictive when he should be impartial; vituperative where he should be expository; condemnatory to the exclusion of all mitigating facts or qualifying circumstances." In addition, Mr. Millard makes a plea for the enforcement by the United States of the so-called "Hay Doctrine." In this argument he proceeds from false premises to generally erroneous conclusions. The "Hay Doctrine" so casually cited by Mr. Millard will have to be defined by the student of international law and diplomacy rather than by the journalist. For one who is fairly well informed concerning what has happened in the Far East in the past few years Mr. Millard's work is of little value, and for one who is not in a position to check up his statements and his inferences it may prove a source of much misinformation.

Two interesting volumes of the "Worth Knowing Series" are "Trees Worth Knowing," by Julia E. Rogers, and "Wild Flowers Worth Knowing," adapted from Neltje Blanchan's works by Asa Don Dickinson (Doubleday, Page; $1.60 each). To nature students, the names of Julia E. Rogers and Neltje Blanchan are well known, for they have written, in large and small volumes, of trees and flowers. "Trees Worth Knowing," for example, is a compromise between the author's comprehensive "Tree Book" and her small "Tree Guide," recently published. An essay, "The Life of the Trees," and general paragraphs on tree and flower families contain elementary information of value. Both volumes are attractively illustrated in color and are of a convenient size to carry about for purposes of identification.

Alfred M. Hitchcock found Japan a land of unfailing and ever-fresh interest; hence "Over Japan Way" (Holt; $2.) is free from the ennui of the way-worn traveller and the author's quick eye catches many points of interest which have lost their charm to the expert in Japanese matters. His book is therefore an excellent introduction to Japan as it is to-day, in the process of rapid commercialization and industrial transformation. He presents an occidental interpretation of this part of the Orient, sympathetic and critical without being either rapturous or caustic. The main points of interest to the tourist are touched upon and not a few of the less frequented paths of travel are followed. For a quick introduction to the life of Japan it is satisfactory and reliable as well as entertaining, a welcome relief from the indispensable but verbose Terry and the damascened minutiæ of the official imitations of Baedeker with which the enterprise of Japan is providing the Far East.

The woman with the hoe is not so common a sight in America as in Europe; but the trend of events is fast habituating us to the spectacle of women engaged in what hitherto has been regarded by us as men's work, and if the work is strengthening and health-giving, there will be cause for felicitation rather than for regret at this latest industrial development. England has, naturally enough, gone ahead of us in discovering fresh fields of usefulness for women, and Canada, with a new country's freedom from restraining conventions, has led the way for the parent land. Viscountess Wolseley, founder and head of the College of Gardening at Glynde, depicts attractively and hopefully in "In a College Garden" (Scribner; $2.25) the agricultural possibilities open to young women in quest of a vocation. An experience of twelve years or more in teaching the more ladylike branches, if one may so express it, of farming has qualified her to speak with authority upon what may and what may not be profitably and properly undertaken by women in the tillage of the soil and the marketing of crops. Also, glimpses are afforded of woman's work and woman's capabilities in other directions.

"In the Claws of the German Eagle," by Albert Rhys Williams (Dutton; $1.50), the war correspondent for the "Outlook," last year met with a favorable reception in its serial form. Accounts of frightfulness might have added to the attractiveness of his story for those who enjoy shuddering, but Mr. Williams finds himself unable, as an eyewitness, to record any such atrocities, and so very wisely leaves them for others to write down. Yet it is no flattering picture he paints of German conduct in Belgium, and without the prompt and energetic intervention of Ambassador Whitlock he himself might have fallen a victim to Teutonic severity.

Notes and News

Of the contributors to the present issue of The Dial, the following are somewhat new to our readers:

Van Wyck Brooks has written several volumes of critical studies of American literature and was one of the editors of the "Seven Arts." He has recently become a contributing editor on the staff of The Dial.

Jean Muriel Batchelor, who writes under the name of "J. M. Batchelor," is a graduate of Bryn Mawr. She has published poems in several magazines, but, as she writes us, "The single dollar derived from the sale of these being insufficient for my needs, I do what is called 'teaching' English." She at present "teaches" in Narberth, Pennsylvania.

Hartley B. Alexander is a member of the faculty of the University of Nebraska.

William Chase Greene, who has recently contributed to The Dial, is an instructor in Greek and Latin at the Groton School. He has contributed to the "North American Review," "The Unpopular Review," and other periodicals, since his graduation from Oxford.

R. K. Hack is a member of the faculty of Harvard University and has contributed recently to "The Atlantic Monthly" as well as The Dial.

Louis Untermeyer is a well known poet and critic. His home is in New York.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "D'Orcy's Airship Manual," by Ladislas D'Orcy, M.S.A.E.

The Revell Company has just published "Facing the Hindenburg Line," by Burris A. Jenkins, and announces "The New Spirit of the New Army," by Dr. Joseph H. Odell.

Norman Prince's letters from France are shortly to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in connection with a memoir by George F. Babbitt, "Norman Prince: An American Who Died for the Cause He Loved." Prince was among the first American aviators to die for France.

Arrangements have been concluded for publication in England of "Militarism," Karl Liebknecht's suppressed study of the war. The American publisher, B. W. Huebsch, has now issued the third edition here.

The Marshall Jones Company announces for immediate publication an essay by Ralph Adams Cram entitled "The Nemesis of Mediocrity." The speeches of the members of the Russian Commission have just been published by the same company.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. will shortly publish a "Dictionary of Military Terms," by Edward S. Farrow; "The New Warfare," by G. Blanchon, translated by Frederick Rothwell; and a revised edition of "Tuberculosis," by E. O. Otis, to include material about tuberculosis in the army.

Apparently the British and Indian governments have lifted their ban on Lajpat Rai's "Young India"; for Commander Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., has written the introduction to an edition just brought out by the London Home Rule for India League and each member of Parliament has received a copy. "England's Debt to India," by the same author, who is now in this country, was published last month by B. W. Huebsch.

Critical papers by Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett, some of which have appeared in the "Atlantic" and the "Yale Review," have just been published by Henry Holt & Co. under the title "Some Modern Novelists." Henry James and DeMorgan, it appears, are already "Novelists of Yesterday" with Gissing, Hardy, and Meredith. The "Novelists of Today" include Howells, Phillpotts, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Wharton, and Conrad.

Longmans, Green & Company's January announcements include: "The Life of John Cardinal McCloskey, First Prince of the Church in America, 1810-1885," by His Eminence John Cardinal Farley; "Canon Sheehan of Doneraile," by Herman J. Heuser, D.D.; "Physical Chemistry of the Proteins," by T. Brailsford Robertson; "The Gate of Remembrance," by Frederick Bligh Bond, F.R.I. B.A.; "Visions and Vignettes of War," by the Rev. Maurice Ponsonby; "French Windows," by John Ayscough; "The Outer Courts," by M. Agnes Fox.

January publications from Little, Brown & Company include: "The Unmarried Mother," by Percy Gamble Kammerer, and two novels—"Cabin Fever," a Western story by B. M. Bower, and "The Wolf-Cub," a picaresque romance of modern Spain by Patrick and Terence Casey—as well as a play based on the invasion of Belgium, "Pawns of War," by Bosworth Crocker; "A Yankee in the Trenches," by Corporal R. Derby Holmes, a Bostonian who fought alongside the tanks at the Somme; and "Letters of a Canadian Stretcher Bearer," by R. A. L.

The first of "Les Cahiers Brittaniques et Américains," paper covered translations from contemporary English and American letters, was Sir Herbert Tree's "The Ultimatum," which appeared December 15 with the Sargent portrait of Tree and a poem, "To My Father," by Iris Tree. The series is published to further an "Entente Cordiale Intellectuelle Franco-Anglo-Américaine." Among the American authors listed for translation are Henry James, Edward Carpenter, Bret Harte, O. Henry, Isaac Marcosson, Josiah Royce, Stephen Leacock, and Edith Wharton. American friends are urged to subscribe in order that free copies may be supplied to French soldiers at the front or in hospital. The annual rate is $3.50; and subscribers, whose names will be printed in the "Cahiers," may indicate to whom they wish the books sent. Correspondence should be addressed to the translator and editor, M. Cecil Georges-Bazile, 8 Rue Bochart-de-Saron, Paris.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will shortly issue a novel of ancient Roman life, "The Unwilling Vestal," by Edward Lucas White, author of "El Supremo." Other books which the publishers have ready for publication are Mme. Marcelle Tinayre's "To Arms!" translated by Miss Lucy Humphrey, with an introduction by Dr. John H. Finley, President of the University of New York and Commissioner of Education in New York State; "Songs of a

"AT McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

The consummation of a great work

Hauptmann's Dramatic Works

Volume VII. Miscellaneous Dramas

CONTENTS:

Commemoration Masque
The Bow of Odysseus
Elga
Fragments:
I. Helios
II. Pastoral

$1.50 net

If you write, act, read or criticise, you need this book

Thomas H. Dickinson's The Insurgent Theatre

A survey of the modern movement in the American theatre, featuring the aim, scope and experience of pioneers in the various fields. The economic as well as the artistic factors are thoroughly considered.

$1.25 net

THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS

B. W. HUEBSCH *Publisher* NEW YORK

Mother," written and illustrated by Marietta M. Andrews; and "Great Problems of British Statesmanship," by J. Ellis Barker, a prospectus of the questions which must be solved when Britain makes peace. The four volume authoritative edition of Pinero's plays, edited by Clayton Hamilton, and Montrose J. Moses's selection of early American plays, the publication of which was postponed in December, are now announced for the middle of January. The latter volume will be the first of a series which Dutton & Co. intend to make include all important American plays which have been successfully produced.

A prize of fifty dollars is offered for the best and most beautiful definition of poetry—in poetry. This contest has been inaugurated by The Poetry-Lovers of New York City, and is open to all. The winning manuscript becomes the property of The Poetry-Lovers and publication proceeds will be donated by them to the work of the Red Cross Ambulance in Italy, the country particularly dear to poets and poetry-lovers. The judges will be Edwin Markham, George Woodberry, Florence Wilkinson, Ridgely Torrence, Edith Wynne Mattheson, and Robert Frost. The conditions are as follows: The definition is restricted to thirty-five words, all words counted, and may be less than that number. Competitors may send in more than one definition. Manuscripts must be signed by a nom-de-plume only, accompanied by the name, address, and nom-de-plume of the writer in a separate sealed envelope, and must be received before noon of February 28, by The Poetry-Lovers, 122 West 11th Street, New York City. The result of the competition will be made known on March 28, 1918.

From France a friend sends THE DIAL the following list of books concerning the war, all of which are regarded there as having more than ordinary importance. Novels: "Le feu," Barbusse (Dutton); "Gaspard," R. Benjamin; "L'appel du sol," Bertrand; "Bourru, soldat de vanquois," Jean des Vignes Rouges; "Le soldat Bernard," Paul Acher; "L'adjudant Benoist," M. Prévost; "La guerre, Madame," Geraldy (Scribners); "La veillée des armes," Marcelle Tinayre (Dutton); "16 histoires de soldats," Claude Farrise; "Celles qui les attendent," F. Boutet; "L'embusqué," P. Margueritte; "Le sens de la mort," P. Bourget; "Le coeur et l'absence," L. Daudet; "La vie à Paris une année de guerre," Abel Hermant; "Grandes heures," Lavedan; "Journal d'une Parisienne pendant le guerre," Baronne Michaud. Documents: "Lettres d'un soldat à sa mère," Anonymous (McClurg); "Ma pièce," Linbier; "Dixmude," Le Goffie; "Les derniers jours du fort de Vaux," H. Bordeaux; "Carnets de route de combatants allemands," J. de Dampierre; "L'avant-guerre," L. Daudet. Discussions of the war: "Enseignements psychologiques de la guerre" and "Premières conséquences de la guerre," G. le Bon; "Les causes profondes de la guerre," E. Hovelaque; "Les bases d'une paix durable," A. Schwan; "La guerre et le progrés," J. Sageret; "Savoir consideration sur la methode scientifique la guerre et la morale," Le Dantec; "Les lecons intellectuelles de la guerre," R. Lotte; "Les trouçons du serpent," L. Dimier; and "La guerre nouvelle," G. Blanchon.

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 93 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Further Memories. By Lord Redesdale. Illustrated, 8vo, 307 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

Wessell Gansfort. Life and Writings. By Edward Waite Miller. Principal works translated by Jared Waterbury Scudder. Illustrated, 2 volumes, 8vo, 333-369 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Boxed. $4.

The Life of Lieutenant General Chaffee. By William Harding Carter. Illustrated, 8vo, 296 pages. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and others. 8vo, 413 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

On Contemporary Literature. By Stuart P. Sherman. 12mo, 312 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Platonism. By Paul Elmer More. 12mo, 307 pages. Princeton University Press. $1.75.

The Oxford Stamp, and Other Essays. By Frank Aydelotte. 12mo, 219 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

Memories of Old Salem. By Mary H. Northend. Illustrated, 8vo, 341 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. Boxed. $4.

Frenzied Fiction. By Stephen Leacock. 12mo, 294 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

The Spirit of Protest in Old French Literature. By Mary Morton Wood. 12mo, 201 pages. Columbia University Press.

Appreciations and Depreciations. By Ernest A. Boyd. 12mo, 162 pages. The Talbot Press. Dublin.

The Riddle of Hamlet and the Newest Answers. By Simon Augustine Blackmore. With frontispiece, 12mo, 494 pages. The Stratford Co. $2.

Mud and Purple. By Seumas O'Sullivan. With frontispiece, 12mo, 96 pages. The Talbot Press. Dublin.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS, SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, AND POLITICS.

The Great Problems of British Statesmanship. By J. Ellis Barker. 12mo, 445 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

Japan at the Cross Roads. By A. M. Pooley. 8vo, 362 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

The Unmarried Mother. By Percy Gamble Kammerer. 8vo, 342 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $3.

With Poor Immigrants to America. By Stephen Graham. Illustrated, 12mo, 306 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

State Sanitation. By G. C. Whipple. Volume 2. 8vo, 452 pages. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

The Development of the British West Indies. By Frank Wesley Pitman. 8vo, 495 pages. Yale University Press. $2.50.

England's Debt to India. By Lajpat Rai. 12mo, 364 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $2.

The Foreign Policy of Woodrow Wilson, 1913-17. By Edgar E. Robinson and Victor J. West. 12mo, 428 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The Sum of Feminine Achievement. By Dr. W. A. Newman Dorland. 12mo, 237 pages. The Stratford Co. $1.50.

Universal Training for Citizenship and Public Service. By William H. Allen. 12mo, 281 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Inside the Russian Revolution. By Rheta Childe Dorr. Illustrated, 12mo, 243 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America. By Charles Mills Gayley. 12mo, 270 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Our Money and the State. By Hartley Withers. 12mo, 119 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

The World's Debate. By William Barry. 12mo, 332 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

The Works Manager of Today. By Sidney Webb. 12mo, 162 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

Two January Books

WILL an early and sudden destruction of the present world or a gradual process of human endeavor be the method for correcting the ills of society?

The answer will be found in

The Millennial Hope

A Phase of War-Time Thinking

By Shirley J. Case

Professor of Early Church History and New Testament Interpretation, the University of Chicago

$1.25, postage extra

EVERYONE is interested in the phenomena of heredity and their governing laws. Much accurate knowledge regarding these phenomena has been recently acquired, the essentials of which are presented in

The Third and Fourth Generation

An Introduction to Heredity

By Elliot R. Downing

Associate Professor of Natural Science in the School of Education, the University of Chicago

$1.00, postage extra

The University of Chicago Press

Chicago 5803 Ellis Avenue Illinois

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1905*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-seventh Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.
W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

Autograph Letters of Famous People
Bought and Sold.—Send lists of what you have.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City
Publisher of THE COLLECTOR: A Magazine for Autograph Collectors. $1.00. Sample free.

NATURAL HISTORY, AMERICANA, OLD MEDICAL, QUAKERIANA. BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PRINTS, AUTOGRAPHS. Send 4c. stamps for big Catalogs—naming specialty.
FRANKLIN BOOKSHOP (S. N. Rhoads)
920 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICANA
New Catalogue of 1000 titles, covering a large variety of subjects—mostly of rare books—including THE WEST, INDIANS, REVOLUTION, COLONIAL HOUSES and many other interesting topics. Sent free.
GOODSPEED'S BOOKSHOP
BOSTON, MASS.

A New Basis for Social Progress. By William C. White and Louis J. Heath. 12mo, 229 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Anglo-German Rivalry as a Cause of the Great War. By Oscar Albert Marti. 12mo, 83 pages. The Stratford Co. $1.

National Strength and International Duty. By Theodore Roosevelt. 12mo, 103 pages. Princeton University Press. $1.

Ireland in the Last Fifty Years. By Ernest Barker. 12mo, 108 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper. 60 cts.

RELIGION.

Problems of Mysticism and Its Symbolism. By Dr. Herbert Silberer. Translated by Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe. 12mo, 451 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. $3.

Immortality. By A. Clutton-Brock, C. W. Emmet, J. A. Hadfield, and the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." 12mo, 381 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

In the Footsteps of St. Paul. By Francis E. Clark. Illustrated, 12mo, 418 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Higher Living. By Smith Baker. 12mo, 404 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.75.

A Book of Prayer for Use in the Churches of Jesus Christ. Compiled by a Presbyter. 16mo, 299 pages. Sherman, French & Co. Limp leather. $1.25.

A Theology for the Social Gospel. By Walter Rauschenbusch. 12mo, 279 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Protestantism in Germany. By Kerr D. Macmillan. 12mo, 282 pages. Princeton University Press. $1.50.

Our Bible. By Herbert L. Willett. 12mo, 278 pages. The Christian Century Press, Chicago. $1.35.

African Missionary Heroes and Heroines. By H. K. W. Kumm. 12mo, 215 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Love Stories of the Bible. By Billy Sunday. Illustrated, 12mo, 329 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Tender Pilgrims. By Edgar DeWitt Jones. 88 pages. The Christian Century Press, Chicago. 85 cts.

American Civil Church Law. By Carl Zollmann. 8vo, 473 pages. Columbia University.

The Church and the Man. By Donald Hankey. 16mo, 89 pages. The Macmillan Co. 60 cts.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Book of New York Verse. Edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Illustrated, 8vo, 450 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Anthology of Magazine Verse. 1917. By William Stanley Braithwaite. 12mo, 412 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

Elegy in Autumn. By Clinton Scollard. 8vo. Frederick Fairchild Sherman. $2.50.

The Odes of Horace. Translated by Warren H. Cudworth. 12mo, 161 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Poems of Conformity. By Charles Williams. 12mo, 127 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.40.

Madame Sand. By Philip Moeller. 12mo, 167 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

Unmade in Heaven. By Gamaliel. 12mo, 138 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Somewhere Beyond. A Year Book of Francis Thompson. Compiled by Mary Carmel Haley. 16mo, 161 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Songs of the Heart and Soul. By Joseph Roland Piatt. 12mo, 111 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25.

A Voice from the Silence. By Anna B. Bensel. 12mo, 91 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

The Hill Trails. By Author Wallace Peach. 12mo, 88 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

In Praise of War. By Don C. Seitz. 12mo, 51 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.

The Tower of Ivory. By Archibald MacLeish. 12mo, 69 pages. Yale University Press. $1.

Songs of a Grandmother. By Marietta M. Andrews. 12mo, 79 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

The Evergreen Tree. By Percy Mackaye. Illustrated, 8vo, 79 pages. D. Appleton & Co. Boxed.

English B. By Agnes Porter. 12mo, 61 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

Green Fruit. By John Peale Bishop. 12mo, 45 pages. Sherman, French & Co. 80 cts.

Poems. By Carroll Aikins. 12mo, 36 pages. Sherman, French & Co. 75 cts.

The Ballad of Ensign Joy. By E. W. Hornung. 16mo, 55 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cts.

A Book of Yale Review Verse. 16mo, 61 pages. Yale University Press. 75 cts.

Ireland: A Song of Hope, and Other Poems. By Padric Gregory. 12mo, 116 pages. The Talbot Press, Dublin.

Poems of Life from California. By Anna B. Newbegin. With frontispiece, 16mo, 63 pages. John J. Newbegin.

Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems of Italy. By Robert Underwood Johnson. 12mo, 37 pages. Published by the Author.

Poems of War and Peace. By Robert Underwood Johnson. 12mo, 107 pages. Published by the Author.

A Banjo at Armageddon. By Berton Braley. 12mo, 124 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.

The Silent Voice. Second Series. 16mo, 68 pages. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. 1s.

The Little Tailor of the Winding Way. By Gertrude Crownfield. Illustrated, 12mo, 132 pages. The Macmillan Co. 60 cts.

The Airman. By C. M. Tatham. 12mo, 16 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper. 30 cts.

Silence and True Love. J. Brookes More. 16mo, 15 pages. Thrash-Lick Publishing Co.

Arma Virumque. By Robert Withington. 8vo, 32 pages. The Hampshire Bookshop. Paper. 25 cts.

WAR.

The Crime. By a German. Volume 1. 8vo, 539 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

The Flyer's Guide. By Captain N. J. Gill. 8vo, 153 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Topography and Strategy in the War. By Douglas W. Johnson. Illustrated, 8vo, 211 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

Harry Butters, R. F. A. Life and War Letters. Edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. Illustrated, 12mo, 297 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

The Eyes of the Army and Navy. By Albert H. Munday. Illustrated, 16mo, 227 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

The Journal of Submarine Commander Von Forstner. Translated by Mrs. Russell Codman. 16mo, 136 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

Cardinal Mercier. Pastorals, Letters, Allocutions. 1914-1917. With a biographical sketch by Rev. Joseph F. Stillmans. With frontispiece, 12mo, 258 pages. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

The Old Front Line. By John Masefield. Illustrated, 12mo, 99 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.

FICTION.

The Foundling Prince, and Other Tales. Translated from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu. By Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. 8vo, 284 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.

The City of the Discreet. By Pio Baroja. Translated by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. 12mo, 356 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The Cabin. By V. Blasco. Translated by Dr. Francis Haffkine Snow and Beatrice M. Mekota. 12mo, 288 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

What Never Happened. By "Ropshin" (Boris Savinkov). Translated by Thomas Seltzer. 12mo, 448 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.60.

The Girl and the Faun. By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated, 8vo, 78 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.

Stories of the Old Missions of California. By Charles Franklin Carter. 12mo, 184 pages. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50.

The Winds of the World. By Talbot Mundy. Illustrated, 12mo, 331 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

The Wolf-Cub. By Patrick and Terence Casey. With frontispiece, 12mo, 334 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.40.

Cabin Fever. By B. M. Bower. With frontispiece, 12mo, 291 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.

Adventures in Girlhood. By Temple Bailey. 12mo, 185 pages. Penn Publishing Co. $1.

Out of Print Books, Manuscripts, and Autograph Letters

One of the largest stocks of carefully selected books—including first editions, standard sets, Biography, Belles-Lettres, beautiful bindings, and Colored Plate Volumes—in the country. A catalogue in press of first editions of modern writers, others on various subjects in preparation. Copies will be mailed on application.

WALTER M. HILL
22 East Washington Street CHICAGO

YOUR WAR GARDEN

We have compiled a descriptive list of the best **books for every gardening need**—fruit gardens, vegetable gardens, and city gardenettes; gardening primers for the novice, books on latest inventions and improved methods for the more experienced.

This list will be sent gladly upon request. It will help your prepare **intelligently** for an important patriotic service.

The BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of all Publishers
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK At Twenty-Sixth St.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
FIRST EDITIONS
OUT OF PRINT BOOKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED CATALOGUES ISSUED
ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH
4 East Thirty-Ninth Street, New York City

Columbia University Press
(LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents)
New Catalogue of Meritorious Books Now Ready
AMERICAN BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS sent to any address, here or abroad
DIRECT IMPORTATION FROM ALL ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES
LEMCKE & BUECHNER (Established 1848)
30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

What Are You Paying For Typewriters Now?

IF you are paying more than $49—the price of a brand new Oliver Nine—whatever you pay over that amount is merely the extra cost of selling a typewriter to you.

By eliminating such wasteful selling methods, the price of the Oliver Nine has been reduced from $100 to $49, without changing the typewriter in the slightest.

Mind you, this $49 Oliver is not second hand, nor rebuilt, but exactly the same Oliver in size, material and workmanship that formerly sold at $100.

This Oliver Nine has a universal keyboard—so any operator may use it—visible writing, wonderful durability, 2000 fewer parts. It is built in our own factories, devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Olivers. Additional factories have increased our output over 300 per cent.

Over 600,000 Olivers have been sold. Among the users are such large concerns as those listed below. Don't you think that you, too, should take advantage of this new economy in office equipment? You save $51 without the slighest sacrifice.

Used machines accepted in exchange at a fair valuation.

For proposal to you, similar to that enjoyed by other large users, address The Oliver Typewriter Company, Ass't to the President, Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago.

U. S. Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Co.
Baldwin Locomotive Works
Pennsylvania Railroad
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Co.
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Co.
Cluett, Peabody & Co.
National City Bank of N. Y.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
American Bridge Co.
International Harvester Co.
Diamond Match Co.
Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railways

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO., CHICAGO.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

And What of Art?

When I was in the United States in the early winter of 1914 I was continually being asked how the war was going to affect art. As if I knew! As if anyone knew! I soon became weary of this question. But as the war bites deeper into our lives, those who are interested in art as a living thing cannot help asking it of themselves, even if they forbear from worrying others with it; and it is worth while to face the question and see whether there is anything that can profitably be suggested in answer.

The first thing to note is the fact that no analogies from the past are likely to help us. So far as we can see, the Franco-Prussian war made no difference to French art, which just went on as before. And one may doubt whether the far more prolonged, world-engulfing wars of Napoleon made much greater difference to the art of the countries involved, except by reaction. The Romantic movement of 1830 in France may well have been the reaction of youth from a period of drab, following on a time crowded with glorious life and itself full of the romance of action and of marvelous events. In England the long peace after Waterloo meant increased manufactures and a new wealth which got the kind of art it wanted, an art reflecting comfort and complacency rather than anything heroic or inspired. But this war is not like any other war, and we cannot expect that the years which have irrevocably altered the world for so vast a number of its inhabitants will not affect in some way all the activities of life. In this war the whole of a country's population, if not actually engaged, is tried and challenged; there is no sitting at ease, a remote and indifferent spectator, as in older days. And the artists of the young generation—in England and France at least; I cannot speak with knowledge of the other countries—are most of them in the war themselves, those that have not already given their lives.

On the day I write this I have seen Wyndham Lewis, the leader of the English Vorticists—one of the groups inspired by the new reaction from "representative" art—on his way back to the front. He is now a gunner in Flanders. He told me he wanted to paint a picture of a gun-pit, and he was sure that with his intimate knowledge of the guns he would produce something of far more character than the pictures by those artists who draw such subjects from outside after a casual visit. Since he has the real artist's gift, as well as the gunner's knowledge, he is probably correct, and I hope he may get the chance. Already in England we have had many pictures of the war from Nevinson, a young artist who was something of a Cubist but who, from contact with the moving and terrible reality of war, has struck out a new style, in which his preoccupation with geometrical forms finds a natural outlet. Modern war-machinery, the march of drilled men, the searchlights and aeroplanes, give him the straight lines and angles formerly wooed rather forcibly and capriciously from peaceful and reluctant landscapes. But it is not only the young men, those who have been in the actual fighting, men like Nevinson and like Eric Kennington (a painter who promises great things), who have painted at the front. Muirhead Bone, William Orpen, and now Augustus John are among the brilliant painters who have been sent on official missions to portray the war for Britain or Canada. It is somewhat surprising, indeed, to find how well the authorities have chosen, how awake their advisers have shown themselves to the living forces in English art.

But, after all, pictures of the war won't

in themselves make a new art. The war may beget images as terribly memorable as Goya's "Desastros de la Guerra," and the deeply flowing currents of art remain in their old channel. Artists as a race have a faculty for remaining wonderfully impervious to external circumstances. Yet can we relegate this planet-convulsing war to external circumstances? Does it not go too deeply into mankind's experience? It comes to us all—man, woman, and child, noncombatants no less than soldiers—as discipline, suffering, sacrifice. We endure and hope through it all, but not perhaps till it is over shall we realize either the extremity of the stress we have borne or the tremendous changes it has wrought. It is then that we may expect a difference in mood among those who express, in whatever form, the desires and emotions of men.

Was there not in the years just preceding the war's outbreak a wave of restlessness and violence visible in the arts, among the young men? It seemed an energy that craved to break itself upon something, it did not quite know what. I think it may have been partly the result of the tendencies which had imposed themselves on modern painting. Pictorial art has been trying to empty itself of content. The dogma that one should paint only what one sees with one's eyes had been widely accepted. The fear of being "literary" had become a perfect terror. Hence a narrowing-down of theme and motive, and an enforced passivity in the artist. Then came a younger generation which wanted to conquer a new kingdom, but was still afraid of imagination and romance, and, using the same meagre stock of subjects, tried to force into them a significance they did not possess. Primitive and savage art have come into fashion; the advanced youth are all for the fierce emphasis of the roughhewn. Ludicrous things sometimes result, as when one sees a picture of what, twenty years ago, would have been a cozy group in a parlor, ambitiously transformed into savagely angular figures, with a false air of being tremendously significant of something for which there is no motive in the picture. It seems to be a hunger to be heroic in style, combined with a determination to have nothing heroic in subject—an outbreak and a suppression at the same time.

Curiously, art seems to have anticipated the atmosphere of war before the war itself exploded. I will not prophesy about the effect of the altered world on the arts; I will only say what I hope. That is that art may recover its full freedom. The latest movement in art is of real value, in spite of numberless eccentricities, affectations, and incongruous applications of a new formula, because it tends to get away from surface-imitation, to liberate energy, to bring into use a more direct and vibrant means of expression. What it lacks is adequate content; it tortures itself with self-consciousness, obsessed by theories of revolt. It is not human enough. Well, I hope that in the world of new experience after the war, art will no longer be afraid to take all that is human for its province, will picture for us things imagined as well as things observed. To confine painting to what is presented to our eyes is to rob it of a whole world of riches, the world of dynamic movement, of forms in complex rhythm, which imagination alone can master and express. Why turn away from that mine of creative symbol, for fear of being called "literary"? Poets are not reproached for being pictorial in their poetic way. Painters need not become "literary," in the only sense in which that term is a condemnation—I mean by trying to express in paint what words could better express—because they take into their range of subject matter not only sense-impressions but the memories, the dreams, the central emotions and spiritual desires of our race. Triviality of approach is a worse sin even than encroaching on another art. And if once painters can rid themselves of the bad old habits of the studios, the dressing-up of posed models and the copying of them so posed in a static arrangement against a pseudo-naturalistic background, there will not be the prejudice now justifiably prevalent against the painting of history and legend. A congruous and coherent symbolism, the finding of an idiom in which the essence of a theme can be pictorially expressed, with no false out-of-key elaboration of the

parts—that is what is wanted: a method that uses the spirit and not the letter. Whether the style be summarily shorthand or piercingly imaginative in detail does not matter, so it be personal and native to the artist. Intensity, conviction, human emotion, directness, breadth—these are the essentials. And here, it seems to me, is the true, as yet unrealized, goal of the new movement in contemporary art, which as yet is so uneasy and restless because it is so clogged by legacies of dogmas it has no need for. The tragic and spirit-searching experience of the war, the wrestle of fundamental causes which underlies all its waste and horror, draws us down into the burning elements and energies of man. Why should not these find as direct and potent expression in painting and sculpture as in poetry and music?

LAURENCE BINYON.

The Folk Culture of the Kentucky Cumberlands

I venture to assert that, in spite of all that has been written, less is really known about the Cumberlands than about any other corner of the country. The reason is that those who have done the writing have usually had a very slight, or else a very narrow and limited, knowledge of their subject. Often they have had none at all, at first hand. This applies particularly to the novelists. I know of two mountain novels whose authors had never seen the mountains. Not, of course, that it is in the least necessary to see them. The mountain novel has become standardized, and anyone can easily get the formula. Several stock types—the moonshiner, the feudist, and the rest—constantly reappear in them, and the dialect is passed along from one hand, or mouth, to another.

But the novelists are not the only offenders. The same evidence of superficial acquaintance is to be encountered in much that is not fiction. It is to be encountered even in the work of such a writer as Miss Ellen Churchill Semple, who is an authority on the relation of geographic environment to historic development, and whose article "The Anglo-Saxons of the Kentucky Mountains," which appeared originally in the "Geographical Journal," is, all things considered, the best descriptive account of the mountain world of Kentucky.

To begin with, Miss Semple's title is a misnomer. She herself admits the presence of Scotch-Irish, French Huguenot, and Pennsylvania Dutch elements, though she seeks to minimize this admission by the rather loose assertion, regarding the former, that they are "largely Teutonic in origin"; but she says nothing at all here of the aboriginal element, which she refers to elsewhere as "insignificant." Now, on the contrary, Indian blood is widely diffused, and it is a question whether there is a single family without at least a trace of it. Some families have much more than a trace. In short, far from being "the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in all the United States," as Miss Semple calls them, these mountaineers are perhaps the most composite; though the thoroughness with which the melting-pot has done its work, and the freedom from any recent tide of immigration, may entitle them, in a very special sense, to be called "pure Americans"—types strangely prophetic, it may be, of the Americans of the future.

But the most remarkable passage in Miss Semple's article is that dealing with the negro.

> If the mountains have kept out foreign elements, still more effectively have they excluded the negroes. This region is as free from them as northern Vermont. There is no place for the negro in the mountain economy, and never has been. In the days of slavery this fact had momentous results. The mountains did not offer conditions for plantation cultivation, the only system of agriculture in which slaves could be profitably employed. The absence of these conditions and of the capital wherewith to purchase negroes made the whole Appalachian region a non-slave-holding section. Hence, when the rupture came between the North and South, this mountain region declared for the Union, and thus raised a barrier of dissatisfaction through the centre of the Southern States. It had no sympathy with the industrial system of the South; it shared the democratic spirit characteristic of all mountain people,

and likewise their conservatism, which holds to the established order. Having, therefore, no intimate knowledge of the negro, our Kentucky mountaineers do not show the deep-seated prejudice to the social equality of the blacks and whites which characterizes all other Kentuckians.

It would be difficult to compose a single paragraph more completely packed with misstatements and false conclusions derived therefrom. There is, indeed, but one gleam of truth in it. This appears in the last sentence. It is a fact that the mountaineers do not show the deep-seated prejudice to the social equality of the blacks and whites which characterizes all other Kentuckians; but it is not a fact that this is because the mountaineer has no intimate knowledge of the negro, though the theory is undoubtedly a convenient and comfortable one for the "other Kentuckians," who can find in it a sort of negative support for their own attitude. For there *are* negroes in the mountains. Not many, to be sure, and not in all parts alike; but still enough, and of sufficiently wide distribution, to confute Miss Semple's broad statement of fact, and to discredit her theory based upon it.

There are negroes in Clay County, where they are thick-settled all about Manchester, the county seat; and there are negroes also in Knott and Perry counties, where they have their principal settlements on the waters of Carr's Fork. What is more, these negroes are all the descendants of slaves, and of slaves held in the mountains. For it is, again, not true that slavery did not exist there. The mountains as a whole certainly did not offer conditions for plantation cultivation; but there are certain creeks with broad bottoms that did, and slaves were owned there, precisely as they were in the Blue Grass.

These sections, moreover, did have a very decided sympathy with the industrial system of the South, sided with Secession, and fought for it; so that, in Kentucky, at least, the mountains were by no means the absolute barrier of disaffection they are represented to be. Indeed, the division of sentiment which marked the state of Kentucky as a whole, extended right through this southeastern end of it. Hence the bitter guerilla warfare that raged there, and hence the dominance of the Democratic party in at least one mountain county—Knott—at the present day, and its strength in several others.

For there is by no means that "staunch adherence to the Republican party" on the part of the mountaineers as a whole, that Miss Semple speaks of later on in her article, and it was not so many years ago that a party of "furrin" women—daring and devoted settlement workers—riding through the North Fork country, came near being mobbed by the mountaineers because they displayed an American flag, known in that particular locality only as the Republican, or "Radical," emblem!

I have thought it worth while to mention these misstatements, first, because so far as I am aware they have never been corrected before; and second, because they illustrate so well the prevailing ignorance about the mountains, even among those who, like Miss Semple, herself a Kentuckian, have actually been there. I am not, however, primarily interested in ethnological questions; nor do I, as Miss Semple does, attach any particular importance to these racial differences, an importance which clearly cloaks an Anglo-Saxon chauvinism in her case, as when she turns certain admirable traits of the mountaineer—his gentle, gracious manners—into a tribute to the "inextinguishable excellence of the Anglo-Saxon race." My own principal preoccupation is with the civilization, the culture, of the mountain people, or perhaps more exactly, with the cultural survivals among them; and these, I am quite prepared to admit, are pretty nearly pure Anglo-Saxon, or English.

It is really amazing, when one considers the number of racial elements that have entered into this strange mountain amalgam, how little they have contributed to the common store. Or it would be amazing, if we did not already know how completely one culture can dominate, and eventually supplant, all other cultures, even when it is that of the submerged minority—as in Rumania, where we have the spectacle of a nearly pure Slav people with a Romance language and literature. I have met mountaineers with German

names, such as Schell, Huff, Gayhart, Amburgy, Eversole, Reisner, and so on, who could recall that their grandparents spoke German; but not a vestige of that tongue remains in the mountains to-day, or, indeed, anything else that is specifically Germanic. For surely we cannot so regard that Faustian legend of a man who sells his soul to the Devil, a legend which one encounters everywhere and of which, in one of my mountain tales, I have given a version almost verbatim as a mountain story-teller told it to me.

It is the same, or nearly the same, with the French; since the few French words, or derivatives, that survive—such as "nervous" (*nerveux*) for "strong," "muscular"; and "denounce" (*denoncer*) for "announce"—may very well have entered into the popular speech (as the second, of course, did into legal phraseology) long before the migration to America. In one instance what persists, apparently, is not the word itself, but the idea underlying it.

In the little village of Hindman, Knott County, there is a settlement school, the first of its kind instituted in the mountains. Among the buildings that belong to it is one small cottage, high up on the hillside, where tired workers may rest and recuperate. It is called "Rest Cottage." But the village people have another name for it, "pouting-house." Now one has only to consider the derivation of the French *boudoir* from *bouder*—"to pout" or, in the older sense, to "absent oneself"—in order to perceive the curious interest, if not necessarily the etymological significance, of this quaint mountain coinage.

When we come to the Scotch-Irish or, better, the Scotch *and* Irish—for there are both—the case is somewhat different. Certain traits of the mountaineer suggest the Scotchman, and a trace of the Scotch dialect is often discernible in his speech. Also, there is his passion for theological discussion, coupled with the harsh, Calvinistic cast of his historic creed. Finally, he may have contributed to the common stock of songs and ballads; though it is difficult to determine to just what extent, inasmuch as the two countries, England and Scotland (Lowland), constitute, I believe, a single area for the folklorist.

Next to the speech—the mountain speech at once so fresh, so vigorous, and so archaic; so close to that of the Elizabethans—these songs and ballads are, of course, the chief cultural possession of the Cumberlands. There, favored by the widespread illiteracy, they have been handed down from generation to generation by authentic oral tradition. Everyone to-day knows something about the romance of their recovery there, long after it was assumed that they had all but disappeared from the modern world. It was on this assumption that the late Professor Child made his monumental compilation of "English and Scottish Ballads," deriving them almost entirely from printed sources. He included a few variants reported to him as still surviving in the United States but he attached no importance to them, and after his death those who, in a sense, became his heritors committed themselves to the view that ballad-singing, like ballad-making, was a lost art. Yet to-day between 70 and 80 of Child's 305 have been identified on American soil, besides many not included in his collection, some of which he doubtless never knew.

In this number, however, it is necessary to distinguish between those found in such sophisticated sections as New England, and those collected in the South, where alone they may be said to survive in any vital sense. Of these last Professor C. Alphonso Smith, the head of the movement in this country, gives a total of 42. Mr. Cecil J. Sharp includes versions of only 33 in his recent book, "Folksongs from the Southern Appalachians," which is largely confined to the Carolina mountains; but since then he has visited Kentucky and increased his bag to 46. He has also taken down a thousand tunes. For the modern collector understands better than the old that the ballad is not a mere literary composition; it is song—a form of musical speech, or story-telling. This speech lingers to-day, as perhaps nowhere else in the civilized world, on the lips of men and women in the Smokies and in the Cumberlands. In England, Mr. Sharp tells us, only the old people, past seventy, sing these ballads; in this country

he hears everyone sing them, even the children—especially the children. I myself have heard them everywhere—on the creek, in the cabin, in the cornfield—and I know of nothing more strangely moving than to listen, in those lost lands, to the slow, mournful, tragic strains of such forgotten old-world songs as "Barbara Allen," "The Jew's Daughter," and "The Turkish Lady."

Nor is the initial creative impulse itself by any means exhausted. Indeed, in nearly every community will be found someone who "follers makin' ballets." A robbery (rare occurrence in this region), a railroad wreck, an assassination, like that of Goebel or Marcum—any one of these affords fitting material for a new folksong which, married to some old tune, passes thus into general circulation, to be sung alone or to the accompaniment of banjo or dulcimer.

For the mountaineer has an instrument of his own, no less than a distinctive music and literature. It is a curious instrument, and there is considerable mystery as to its origin. In fact, the one thing absolutely certain about it is that it is not a dulcimer, that instrument being, of course, one whose strings are struck with little mallets, or hammers, whereas these are plucked, or "picked."

Nothing resembling this so-called mountain dulcimer has been found among the peasants of England. The suggestion has been made, therefore, that it may possibly be the degenerate form of some court instrument brought over by an early gentleman-adventurer—one of Raleigh's, perhaps, since there is a tradition that they found their final refuge in the mountains. But this is, to say the least, doubtful; for, as far as I know, there is nothing among the courtly lutes, viols, gitterns, or citoles that shows the slightest affinity with it. My own theory is that it is descended from the medieval monochord, once common throughout Europe and still found among savage races. It is true that the monochord has, as its name implies, only one string; but two of the three strings of the dulcimer are merely the "drone" strings that are found equally in other descendants of the monochord, such as the hurdy-gurdy and the "zithers" used by German peasants and Vosges mountaineers as late as the eighteenth century. It is to these last, perhaps, that the mountain dulcimer comes closest. Indeed, there is in the Metropolitan Museum an instrument, catalogued as "German, 18th Century," that seems to be identical with the standard Kentucky type. If this description is correct, then of course the question of origin is settled.

But the dulcimer has nearly disappeared nowadays in favor of the inevitable banjo, and the ballads are fast following after it. Nothing primitive or peculiar can long withstand the advance of civilization in the Cumberlands. Progress is very rapid at the present day, and will be still more rapid when the war is over and the price of steel rails recedes. The whole region is one vast coal field, and the railroads are invading it from every direction. It will not be many years before every creek has its spur, its mining town, and its coal tipple. Then goodbye to the ballad and all that strange, fascinating, semi-barbarous life that has so long survived in these hills and has made them the "Balkans of America."

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

The Two Rains

SPRING RAIN

Tinkling of ankle bracelets.
Dull striking
Of jade and sardonyx
From whirling ends of jointed circlets.

SUMMER RAIN

Clashing of bronze bucklers.
Screaming of horses.
Red plumes of head-trappings
Flashing above spears.

AMY LOWELL.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

VIII

THE ORGANIZATION OF PEACE

The business of organizing lasting peace is, after all, only the business of making more extensive, deeper, and more thorough-going in application the irreducible principles which are the commonplaces of all community life. They are so implicit in the simplest act of coöperation between men that it is not until they are maimed and bruised—as they are par excellence by war—that they are ever brought to vividness and focus. Ironically and pathetically enough, we then herald them as original and triumphant methods for creating and organizing international amity, although they have been known and repeated since the days of Plato's "Republic." What are some of these ancient principles to which the war has brought a new dignity?

The history of social development is largely the history of the acquirement, as private property, by a few peoples and by a few individuals among those peoples of most of the tools and materials of life. One phase of history then becomes the attempt of the expropriated to recover a control over the necessities of life, a chance for freedom, and a hope for happiness. What we call the principles of democracy and nationality is simply a shorthand sign for this endeavor. Its success is marked by the socialization of what is private, by the application of the principle of "eminent domain"—the substitution of the rule of law, which is only force made impersonal, for the rule of force, which is only law taken by the individual into his own hands. Hence, between states, exclusive sovereignty has invariably meant international anarchy; equalization of sovereignty, international peace. As for the peace within the nation there is the law, before which all men are equal, so for the peace between nations there must be a law before which all nations are equal. Such an equality does not mean similarity. On the contrary, such an equality means the opportunity for each natural human group to liberate, to develop, and to perfect its spontaneous natural differences from its fellows. The cases of the Irish in the British commonwealth and of the Poles under Prussian rule will aptly illustrate how these principles apply.

Fifty years ago Ireland was a landlord-ridden country with a terribly exploited and miserable agricultural population. It was a population overtaxed, underfed, and hunted, Catholic in religion yet paying tithes to the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was without opportunity for decent education, without means or help wherewith it could preserve and study and develop the Irish language and literature and the other contents of the Gaelic culture. In 1869 essential reform began. The Protestant Episcopal Church was disestablished and disendowed; the expropriation of the landlord and the establishment of the Irish peasant was begun, and the government with its law and its credit has ever since stood behind the latter against the landlord. It initiated and is still carrying on a great housing reform; it gave aid to home industries; it made local self-government universal; it created a department of agriculture and technical instruction for the whole island; it established and endowed the Irish National University, with its headquarters in Dublin and with colleges in Cork and Galway; it made knowledge of the Irish language obligatory for entrance. This language, because it was the speech of the poor and the miserable, with prosperity began to be abandoned by the Irish in favor of English. The event follows the definite law of imitation which governs such matters. The law operates in precisely the same way in the United States, where immigrants abandon their mother-tongues for that of the English-speaking upper classes. The Irish politicians noted the process but gave no heed to it. When the Irish Renaissance came and the Gaelic League was organized, it was not the politicians but the British government that endowed its endeavors, and endowed the teaching of

Irish in the public schools. Indeed, since 1901 the government has paid about $60,000 a year from the Imperial funds for these purposes—twice what was collected in the same period from voluntary contributions in Ireland and the rest of the world. The result: four million Irishmen, mostly small farmers, have lent the British government very nearly $250,000,000 since the war broke out. The Irish Renaissance has added to Ireland's physical as well as spiritual stature. Home Rule is here an issue beside the point, and no one would pretend that the Irish problem is solved. The significance of the situation is in the fact that the establishment of equality before the law for the Irish has liberated the Irishman, given him at any rate the beginnings of prosperity, and made him loyal to the British commonwealth and the war to the extent of almost a quarter of a billion dollars.

Now consider Prussian Poland: the Prussian policy has offered the Poles the alternative of extirpation or Prussianization. For a score of years the Prussian government spent $5,000,000 anually trying to buy out the Polish landowners; and failing that, enacted repressive laws; and finally, in 1908, passed a law providing for the compulsory expropriation of Polish landowners who would not Prussianize. Although the Treaty of Vienna definitely provided for religious and cultural freedom for the Poles that then came under Prussian dominion, the use of Polish at public meetings is prohibited. Since 1873 German alone may be taught in the national schools; teachers, under a decree of 1899, may not speak Polish in their own homes. Teaching the language and possessing Polish literature are crimes punishable with imprisonment. The Poles are unequal before the law, and their attitude toward Prussia expresses the inequality. As Plato points out in the first book of the "Republic," there must be honor among thieves if thieves are to make common cause against honest men. How much the more amongst honest men if they are to live in freedom and safety! And that the system of exclusive sovereignties makes every nation think of every other nation as a thief, should become clear even after a cursory reading of history. Only if the common bases of the common life, only if the world's highways, harbors, raw materials, and undeveloped lands are possessed and used in common, only if a violation of community can be swiftly and adequately punished, can men be free for the life and the pursuit of happiness appropriate to each according to his kind. In a word, we require no political nostrums to secure lasting peace. We need only shift our attention, and profit by our own example.

How may this may be done? Well, turn to the conduct of the war itself, particularly to its failures, for answer. In the past three years there have arisen occasions when complete military victory might perhaps have been attained by the armies of Democracy. Such victory is indispensable, and we must go on fighting until it is won; we must go on killing yet more and more of the most hopeful and bravest of our blood, and leaving more and more of the future in the hands of men too old for preoccupation with anything but the past, in the hands of backward-looking men. Why? Because, in truth, though the democracies have been fighting a single enemy, they have not been fighting a single war. Between Russia and Rumania, between Italy and Serbia, even between France and Russia there have been conflicts of desire. Each was fighting first for its own ends, then for the common end. Lacking a common end, there could not be a common front; lacking a common front, there could not be final victory. So our soldiers paid and our workers paid for the illusion of exclusive sovereignty. So they will continue to pay unless the precarious alliance of the democracies is turned into a real one, into a genuine international organization. It took the defeat of Rumania, the disintegration of Russia, the Italian débâcle to teach us this. And we have still much to learn. As Norman Angell has pointed out again and again, military victory is indispensable, but not sufficient. Only the mobilization of the public opinion of the democracies in behalf of a democratic and lasting peace can actually establish such a peace. The needed mobilization requires

common understanding and assent between the democratic powers, particularly between the powers of the West and Russia. The President's message of January 8 recognized this necessity in clear and vigorous terms. Prostrate in a military sense as Russia seems to be, she is today the one saving and constructive factor in the whole international situation.

To those who have been following the political history of Europe since the German assault upon civilization began, it must be clear that the Russian revolution has not merely overturned Czardom and its bureaucracy; it has seriously shaken the whole war-breeding structure of secret diplomacy among the Allies. It upset the arrangements of the misguided Paris Conference; it strengthened liberalism in England, France, and Germany; the Bolshevik publication of dynastic treaties shamed into withdrawal and retirement the ruling Tories who had made them; the Bolshevik negotiations with the Central Powers have now exposed the duplicity of the German government and have farther deepened the gulf between the government and the German people. Lord Lansdowne's magnificent protest was made possible by the Bolsheviki. The religiously uncompromising adherence to the international position by the leaders of the Bolsheviki has thrown the preponderance of influence at last with the plain people of Europe. Without it, the second of the great constructive formations of the war, the new British Labor Party, could not have been encouraged to announce so radical a programme; without it the statements of Lloyd George and President Wilson would hardly have been forthcoming. The Bolsheviki are making the war not only a war for democracy, but a war at last of democracy and by democracy.

For when the war began, the Tories everywhere got into the saddle. They were the men of affairs and enterprise, accustomed to dealing efficiently with large matters. They controlled, as they still are controlling in this country, men and material to please themselves. The masses of the people were only to feel, to pay taxes, and to serve in army and factory. The masses of the people everywhere did so willingly and happily. Labor gave up its rights, and intellect its necessary prerogative; and a heyday of profiteering, tax-dodging, and bitter-endism began. But the people soon grew restive. England and France changed the incidence of taxation; their governments deferred more and more to the condition of labor, though not to its position. Liberalism and intelligence were everywhere censored and repressed. Secret diplomacy prevailed; the obvious will of the people to a just and democratic and lasting peace was ignored. An abyss developed between peoples and governments, an abyss which Lloyd George's address to the Labor Party closed in England, but which the intransigeant attitude of Clemenceau widens in France. Governments, speaking for the future of capital, saw peace in the old terms of diplomatic deceit. Peoples, war weary, hungry for freedom and happiness, saw peace in the new terms of a commonwealth of nations. Friction and unrest began to show themselves, with one terminus in the Rumanian débâcle and another in the Italian disaster. Meanwhile came the Russian revolution and the fear of it and revulsion against it by the Tories, embattled everywhere but in the trenches, where Toryism cannot survive. Accusations, condemnations — everything that the interests who saw their prerogatives threatened thereby could hurl, was hurled against the revolution. Meanwhile events in Russia took their inevitable course. Two provisional governments that failed to execute the deep-lying will of the Russian people for a just, democratic and lasting peace disintegrated and disappeared in much smoke and some blood. The history of the present Bolshevik administration merits all that President Wilson said of it, and much more: it is the one fertilizing force that throughout Europe is making governments answerable to peoples. By its mere being it is forcing an extension of the scope of democracy not less in England than in Rumania and Austria and Germany.

The one country where it has not this effect is the United States. The reasons are not too ambiguous. President Wilson at least—I will not say our government—

has an international vision coincident with the Russians'. The very causes that brought us into the war throw together the hopes of the two democracies. And so the government of the United States has from the beginning stood by the new Russia with men, material, and opinion; and it has in this carried out the will of the American people. But the vocal class of our country, the class that controls the press, that is amassing fortunes because of the war, that resists equitable taxation such as our allies have ordained, that is administratively in the saddle, and that demands the (to it) profitable establishment of permanent and universal military service—this class has opposed that coöperation. It has done all it could, by denunciation and what not, to destroy the understanding, precarious at best, between Russia and the United States. So has it given aid and comfort to the enemy. It has strengthened the morale of the enemy by creating materials that the enemy government could use in urging the German people to go on fighting in "self-defence." It has used patriotism as a cloak for partisanship, and national loyalty for local advantage. It has been loud in denouncing freedom of speech and of the press. In Russia this class, the Junker and ruling class, has been heard and discussed far more than any other American class. To the Russian democracy they are America, and until the democracy of America makes itself heard as the democracy of England has made itself heard they will remain America. Today it is not believed in Russia that President Wilson will be able to carry out that wise programme of war aims, restated upon the demand of the democracy of Russia. Only the action of American labor, in common with all our country's other liberal forces, discussing and endorsing these aims, can awaken that belief. Only the action of labor, in common with all our country's other liberal forces, in demanding and helping to create an international machinery, can make that belief secure. Such action will render democratic and lasting peace inevitable. It will enable the democratic allies to reap the full benefit of military victory because it will detach the German people from the German government. It is an action that must be taken at once, in common with the workingmen of England, France, Italy, and Russia. It means getting efficiently behind our President at home and holding up the hands of our soldiers abroad.

But how is such action to be taken? What is to be asked for and how is it to be obtained? All the peace conferences that have ever been, have been held by diplomats under appointment and behind closed doors. How can the forthcoming conference be held otherwise? There is no precedent.

But there is a precedent, and a precedent that is absolute in similarity. It is to be found in the history of our own country. We do not regard it as a precedent, because we have come to think of the United States of America as one nation. But between 1776 and 1787 the thirteen independent and sovereign states that underwent the American Revolution were in precisely the same position and confronted precisely the same problems, in principle, as the present states and governments of the world. They won through to a combination of interstate unity with state sovereignty from which we benefit today. There is far less reason why the peoples and states concerned in the present war should not win through, and by methods analogous or the same, to an analogous end.

H. M. Kallen.

Reproof

E'en as the mole blinks at the sun and makes
In the dank earth his starless heaven, black
And furrowed with a hundred roots that track
Out downward ways and outward, and mistakes
The gleamless paths for light, and shrewdly breaks
New burrows in his endless realm, and back
And forth disports himself with never lack
Of proud to-do; so dost thou blink the aches

And ecstasies of living in the light
Of sorrowing and gladsome day, thou weak
Vainglorious soul of me, and in a night
Of endless, brooding self-pursuit dost seek
To build thyself a heaven dead to sight?
And can to thee no stranger's music speak?

Edward Sapir.

Our London Letter

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The war poets are always with us; and as if there were not enough of them appearing every day, Mr. E. B. Osborn has made a selection of pieces which have already been published and has called the volume "The Muse in Arms." Mr. Osborn is a member of the staff of the "Morning Post," which is almost the only paper in England which has not paid even lip-service to the creed that the winning of the war stands above our ante-bellum internal quarrels. But in spite of this it is perhaps the most vociferous and blood-thirsty of all the organs which demand a fight to the finish, and Mr. Osborn himself rejoices in a sort of academic blood-lust which is terrifying to witness. Even our determined *jusqu'auboutistes*—I am one of them—cannot bring themselves to believe that war is a thing in itself good or to do anything but deplore the necessity under which we find ourselves of continuing this riot of misery and pain. But from the beginning Mr. Osborn has taken the attitude that slaughter is the queen of outdoor pastimes and has written about it very much in the spirit of a football reporter who has at last found something worthy of his most frenzied paragraphs. Mr. H. G. Wells caricatured him mercilessly in "Boon," drawing him in several pictures as the embodiment of the martial spirit. One of them that I remember was a spirited composition entitled "Mr. Osborn, in a moment of virile indignation, swiping St. Francis of Assisi one with a club." But Mr. Osborn survived ridicule that would have oppressed a man whose thirst for blood was less fervent, and the great "Morning Post" building in the Strand still echoes daily with his calls for carnage.

But, oddly enough, this quaint aberration has done nothing to rob him of a taste in literature singularly fine and exact. His newspaper articles have always been distinguished by a curious talent for apt and unhackneyed quotation, and his judgment and skill have enabled him to make a very presentable volume out of a highly miscellaneous mass of material. He has not given each of his poets in a lump but has divided his book into sections according to subject and has arrayed the pieces really "in the most poetically effective order," as Palgrave called it. It cannot be said that the war has yet produced much which could startle any critic who tested it by the highest standards of English literature, but it has produced a dozen or more fine pieces and a mass of stuff the average level of which is really much higher than we had any right to expect. All the established favorites are here, set against a background of lesser work which Mr. Osborn has disposed so cunningly as to draw from it the utmost effect of which it is capable. Indeed the only offense committed against literary standards is that the book is so well edited as to make a great many poems seem better poetry than they actually are. The chief weakness revealed is one that can be detected not only in our own war-poetry but also in that of previous ages; namely, a certain lack of concreteness. Love-poets write, thank Heaven! not only about Love but also about love-affairs. War-poets prefer to confine themselves to War, and the best of them seem unable to come to grips with the things that happen in war. This has been due in the past largely to the fact that poets have not often been fighters and, like wise men, have dealt very gingerly with affairs of which they had no first-hand knowledge. Most of the men writing today, though they have the requisite first-hand knowledge, are imitative souls and cannot get past the only models available to them. But the few who are real poets are getting closer to the facts, and we shall have the full fruit of their experience when the war is over. Meanwhile Mr. Osborn's anthology provides an excellent interim report from the poets upon the matter, and at the same time it owes much more to its editor than anthologies usually do. Were Mr. Osborn to encounter my timid attempt at praising him, he would no doubt repudiate it and call me—I am not a constant reader of the "Morning Post" and so I am not aware of the present state of its vocabulary of abuse, but I think he would call me either a Bolshevik or a Bolo. But he would be wrong. And I am inclined to believe that if he could read the thoughts of some of his fighting contributors he would call them Bolsheviki and Bolos also, and be equally wrong.

One at least among his contributors has published a volume which deserves to be better known than it can be by a few extracts in an anthology. Mr. Robert Graves is a captain in the Welsh Fusiliers. He is also a son of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who wrote "Father O'Flynn" and other well-known pieces. These two influences, presumably, have bred between them an odd mongrel of a book called "Fairies

and Fusiliers," which—it is the kind of book that calls for a personal recommendation—has given me huge and undiluted pleasure. Mr. Graves has a pleasant phantasy, a strong, whimsical sense of humor, an equally strong vein of poetry, and a good style; and he has just managed, as the mythical sergeant advised his men, not to take this war too seriously. He is gay without affectation and can be proud without pomposity or false sentiment, as in this first stanza from "To Lucasta on Going to the Wars—for the Fourth Time":

> It doesn't matter what's the cause,
> What wrong they say we're righting,
> A curse for treaties, bonds, and laws,
> When we're to do the fighting!
> And since we lads are proud and true,
> What else remains to do?
> Lucasta, when to France your man
> Returns his fourth time, hating war,
> Yet laughs as calmly as he can
> And flings an oath, but says no more,
> That is not courage, that's not fear—
> Lucasta, he's a Fusilier
> And his pride sends him here.

The easiness of the piece substantiates its swagger, and a certain exactitude in the style justifies the presumption implied in using the name Lucasta. This poem is a genuine and individual attempt at expressing a genuine and individual emotion. And in some way the poet has contrived to get far enough away from his trench experiences to make vivid pictures of them in a few words, as:

> Here by a snowbound river
> In scrapen holes we shiver,
> And like old bitterns we
> Boom to you plaintively.

This is not quite what we expected our best war-poetry would be when we should get it at last; but after all what right have we, in a war of surprises, to predict exactly what kind of war-poetry it will produce? Enough that Mr. Graves has genius and that he writes neither haughtily about War nor vulgarly on subjects suitable for recitation, but sincerely and humanly about what he himself has felt.

Mr. Graves is included with other new poets in the new volume of "Georgian Poetry" which has just appeared for 1916-7. Among the other new men are Mr. Robert Nichols, whom I have mentioned in a previous letter, and Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. Both of these are soldiers and owe, I think, some of their popularity to the fact; and both of them show promise and should improve considerably when they have forgotten the war. Neither of them can render military experience as can Mr. Graves. "Georgian Poetry," of course, is a periodical publication, purporting to gather up every couple of years or so the best verse which has been produced. Such a venture is obviously open to criticisms, which are, as obviously, not sufficiently profitable to be worth the trouble of making. I will content myself therefore with random observations, such as that it includes Mr. J. C. Squire's magnificent poem "The Lily of Malud" and an outwardly less impressive but deeper piece by him called "The House." There are also six very remarkable pieces by Mr. W. J. Turner. Eighteen poets in all are included; but of the rest I will only mention Mr. Drinkwater, and him only because, having established for himself a factitious popularity in England, he will probably soon make an attempt on the American public. I can see in his work only a sort of essence of bad poetry, all the poetical common-places of all time embodied in a language of the utmost splendor, the meaning of which is very imperfectly understood by the author. I cannot see, for example, anything but sheer pretence in this:

> Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed
> Because a summer evening passed;
> And little Ariadne cried
> That summer fancy fell at last
> To dust; and young Verona died
> When beauty's hour was overcast.
>
> Theirs was the bitterness we know
> Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
> So short a state, and kisses go
> To tombs unfathomably deep,
> While Rameses and Romeo
> And little Ariadne sleep.

It seems to me to be nothing more than the merest manipulation of the counters of poetry, an appeal to facile emotion, what in short is called by low-down newspaper reporters a "clutch-at-the-heart-strings story." I would not thus go out of my way to attack Mr. Drinkwater if he had not made a reputation; Heaven knows there are too many bad poets for even the most zealous of critics to be always weeping over them. But I hereby solemnly warn the American public against Mr. Drinkwater's verse. I may be wrong. It may be that, instead of showing too patently the effects of a study of Swinburne, Shelley, and Milton (with others), he is the Swinburne, Shelley, and Milton (with others) of our time, all in one. But I think not.

It would have been more profitable perhaps to have left myself space to say something about Mr. Hardy's new "Moments of Vision" instead of attacking a man who has never done me any harm—for, after all, I am under no compulsion

to read Mr. Drinkwater's voluminous and rapidly increasing works. But, on the whole, I think I have done right. Mr. Hardy's book is a glorious collection of over one hundred and fifty new poems, not one of which is not thoroughly characteristic, none of which are without merit, and a large proportion of which are in his very best manner. But there is nothing new to say about Mr. Hardy. As is only natural, he shows no special change or development. He continues to perform miracles with a style which would at once sink any other poet to the bottom; and he sends the reader away in a state of mind in which only delight at the power of his poetry mitigates the profound gloom it induces.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, January 15, 1918.

Thistles and Grapes in Professor Sherman's Garden

ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. By Stuart P. Sherman. (Holt; $1.50.)

To say that Professor Sherman's book is a reprint of essays from "The Nation" would not give an adequate description of it. For the essays have been retouched, have been adjusted to one another as component parts of a general scheme, and have been provided with an introduction of some explicitness, as well as with a Shakespearean epilogue to drive the thesis home. In addition to all these points, which disclose themselves gradually, the reader is met at the start with a motto from Matthew Arnold on the title-page and a dedication to Paul Elmer More. These last arouse expectations—or apprehensions.

Arnold's line says: "Man must begin, know this, where nature ends." Nature, one soon comes to surmise, means that body of "natural men" who are more intent on indulgence in individual latitude than on a due deference to an established social organization. More specifically, and for the purposes of this book, the "naturalist" is the writer who gives the natural man and his lawless ways support and countenance, and who shows but a light regard, or none, for the conventional framework of things as they have come to be.

Possibly the blackest of Mr. Sherman's *bêtes noires*—though not the most important—is Theodore Dreiser, as he shows himself in his five notorious novels. Those who feel that Mr. Dreiser's work is essentially a complete negation of all artistry will think that he has received too much attention—has drawn too much space too emphatically employed. But the critic is determined to drive his point home. He will make the distinction between a "naturalist" and a "realist." The realistic novel, he maintains, is a representation based on a theory of human conduct, whereas a naturalistic novel is a representation based on a theory of animal behavior. Thus is Dreiser sealed of the tribe of Zola and branded as a follower of a discredited theory of fiction.

If Theodore Dreiser is the blackest of Professor Sherman's beasts, George Moore is the "highest"—the most odoriferous. Moore, it is declared, denies the notion of a rational self-determination, of an intelligible object guiding a man to ideal ends: man is but the victim of the same unconscious energy that animates the beasts of the field. But to maintain the concurrence of nature in the moral ends of man is impossible. The fork in the road awaits us: either "we must turn to the right with reason to guide us into the walled and steepled cities and the civil life of our kind, or turn to the left and trust to instinct." In that case, there lies ahead the land whose chief offer is but the flush and fading of sensual excitement. "When a man has shaken off the bonds that united him with civil society, the only confession that he can make of significance to civil readers is that such emancipation is exile."

But, after all, Mr. Sherman's favorite *bête noire* appears to be H. G. Wells. A recent American critic has declared that Wells will be thought to have played in his own time a part much like that played by Matthew Arnold in his: "Wells, on Education, on Criticism, on Politics, . . . even on Religion, continues the propaganda of Arnold." This, Mr. Sherman indignantly and with full circumstantiality denies; he finds, with a circumstantiality as full, the earlier Wells not in Arnold but in Shelley. This service, he thinks, should be gratefully received by Wells and his followers: "for I have denied him the rank of a Victorian critic only that I might elevate him to the rank of a Georgian angel."

An analogue equally acute and startling "places" John M. Synge. Synge's years in Paris left their mark. He became steeped in Anatole France: "the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter—the laughter of men who have wan-

dered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city." Synge, among the Aran Islands, was as Hearn in Japan or as Loti in Polynesia: "he wished to escape into a perfectly strange and virgin environment"; and "the drift of all his work is to emphasize the eternal hostility between a harsh and repugnant world of facts controlled by law, and the inviting realm of lawless imagination."

Well, all these items are on one side of the ledger. Let us look a little on the other. Come, here are Arnold Bennett and Mark Twain. Yes, and Shakespeare.

Henry James, it will be recalled, gave due recognition to Bennett's prodigious accumulation of facts, but asked, in effect, "Where does it all get you?" Mr. Sherman gives the answer. He quotes Bennett's own words: "The full beauty of an activity is never brought out until it is subjected to discipline and strict ordering." This represents, says Mr. Sherman, the views of a man who has taken his stand against Wells's Utopia on the one hand and Dreiser's jungle on the other. Such views, as old as civilized society, have the conservative complexion of all traditional and enduring things. The line of progress in human society cannot possibly lead "back to nature"—society being in great part an organized opposition to nature. The promptings and inclinations of the natural man—the man detached from social relations—are not to be approved and encouraged. No novelist can quite afford to treat a small detached group "in the round." Socialized man cries for relationships and background. Nothing less praiseworthy than amorous wantonings in an ethical vacuum—or, what is just as bad for the present purpose, a social vacuum. That way D'Annunzio lies. A novelist who paints men in preference to tigers, supermen, or scientific angels, justly says our author, has interestingly taken sides. His preference is indeed "an entirely discussible 'criticism of life.'"

The essay on "The Democracy of Mark Twain" contributes less to the cause. I find it perfunctory and pumped-up. I don't blame the writer. If I were doing an essay on Mark Twain, I should be even more perfunctory and pumped-up. Mr. Sherman seems to feel it appropriate that he, a highly literate inhabitant of the Mississippi Valley, should show himself appreciative and sympathetic toward one of that valley's major literary lights. But he doesn't quite bring it off. He is too self-disciplined, too refined, too fastidious. I know the type, and like it. Let us pass on to Shakespeare.

Shakespeare is present because our author finds him the most interesting and suggestive of living writers. His presence helps one to distinguish the value of his competitors. His humanism serves as a measure of the degrees of their naturalism. Banish the current notion that Shakespeare was but a neutral, unmoral, unconscious creative force. On the contrary: he knew immensely well what he was about. Though he ranged through various planes, he "dwelt habitually in that cleared and settled and spacious region of consciousness in which a man's thinking is right and his feelings are sure, in which the elementary human values are fixed, in which truth and goodness and beauty remain the same from age to age."

All these differing names by no means exhaust the items found in Mr. Sherman's ledger. Varying testimonies in addition are wrung from George Meredith, Henry James, and even from that "complacent tory," Alfred Austin. But we know by this time about where we stand. We are asking for a definite social order, and we require that man be responsibly exhibited in responsible relations to that order. But what are that order's characteristics? The fixed, the static. We are in the qualified paradise of the middle-aged conservative. The young man of the new generation and the young-spirited genius of the earlier generation must not bumptiously, defiantly, deliriously presume to ask for change. This order is, in perhaps too great a degree, one in which an exceptional Middle-Westerner has been found worthy to write for "The Nation" and now enjoys the privilege of dedicating his volume to its former editor. It is an acceptable order, of course, but one in which even the best of us does well to mind his p's and q's. This is all just a bit of a pity. For Mr. Sherman really offers us many acute and many weighty pages; there is a subterranean stream of humor from whose half-hidden courses one may occasionally sip a gratefully saline draught; and his introduction, which is really the essence of the book, begins on a charming, captivating note, and rises toward the end, where the war enters, to a tone of noble gravity. Yet one finds a little too much deference, however cloaked, for our farther East, and an unwillingness to give recognition to the fact that this spinning world must change.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A Pilgrim Interprets the Promised Land

AN AMERICAN IN THE MAKING. The Life Story of an Immigrant. By M. E. Ravage. (Harper; $1.40.)

In my Bahama picture gallery I have a picture of a walk along the flat shore of Andros, now on a curving beach, now on a rough-cobbled, shrub-bordered path—a walk where neither coral sands nor cocoanut trees nor translucent seas were as usual first claimants on attention; but in their stead a retinue of barefoot little girls, no longer shy and dumbly curious, but full of questions about the world outside or of chatter about that notorious island pair, B'o Rabby and B'o Boukee, in whom the stranger from New York had shown such unexpected interest. On this occasion, however, it was the questions rather than the folklore that appealed to me. "They say you can go in a store in New York and get everything you want; is that so?" "Is it true houses in New York are ten story high?" It was a fairy land they wanted to hear about. As we neared the settlement where lived the old man who told so well the "ol' storee," I could not forbear adding to the legend of New York that after all there were no beaches there to run on, no seas to swim in, no piles of pink conchs, but little sunshine and much cold. But in this supplement the children were not interested.

They were as little interested as I find certain New York friends in accounts of life or culture outside of New York. Some years ago I had a "revelation" of New Mexico—of its mesas and skies, of its Indians and ranchers—and returning home I tried to share the revelation; but I soon saw it was impossible to give the friend who slept between linen and silk, and who ate a five course dinner served by Englishmen, any desire to sleep between blankets on a roof or eat from a common bowl off an earthen floor, even were she to wake to glorious sunrises or to find sitting next to her hospitable members of a race whose culture allured to endless study.

Such indifference of one culture to another as New York has of New Mexico, or such misunderstanding as Andros Island has of Manhattan Island, is described with marvelous skill and charm in "An American in the Making." For the townspeople of Vaslui, Rumania, the New York legend is initiated by the return of a townsman bringing with him such impressive presents as a safety razor, a fountain pen, and a music box. From an American millionaire the unwitting ex-Rumanian is elevated in popular fancy into a prefect, a minister, and at last, that he may live up to the picture, by his own admission, into an American Ambassador. Then with fervor indeed he sets in to preach the gospel of New York, pointing out in the advertisements in the Yiddish papers he has with him the choice positions offered to all, even to girls in that amazing land where girls are not a burden. In New York is one not paid even for voting? There were other reports: "that in New York the railways ran over the roofs of houses; that the dwellings were so large that one of them was sufficient to house an entire town in Rumania; that all the food was sold in sealed metal packages; that the water came up into people's homes without having to be carried; and that no one, not even a shoemaker, went to the temple on Saturdays without wearing a stovepipe hat." Inflamed by such lore, the America fever spreads and in the year 1900 a national exodus across seas begins. The propertied classes are the first to go, selling houses and farms and forest-holdings, and giving away their personal goods in such quantities that trade comes to a standstill. For the poorer sort the Walking Movement develops, a phenomenon curiously reminiscent of the Children's Crusade.

As a belated member of one of these pilgrim groups our autobiographer himself starts forth, leaving home with two gold napoleons sewed into his waistcoat and in his bag the gold-clasped prayer-book given his mother by his father at betrothal. When he has arrived in New York and the East Side, his spirit of high adventure becomes an acute sense of depression, broken only by bewilderment over the life he sees his own people leading. He sees them eating cake for breakfast, and meat twice a day, not to speak of eggplant in midwinter and cauliflower, a rarity at home at any season. They even drink beer in their houses. To go to market his kinswoman wears the taffeta dress she had been married in. To clean her kitchen she uses soap too good at home to wash clothes with, and this kitchen and the other rooms are located on the third floor, whereas at Vaslui only the rich lived upstairs, and only one flight up at that. And yet in this kitchen his kinswoman and her baby would sleep at night on the washtubs, and the parlor sofa became a bed for four boarders, with others sleeping on the floor. The air was fetid and the elevated road clattered by the sealed up

windows. And at home was it not only the very lowest people who kept boarders? As for the other shifts to make money the newcomer sees his townspeople put to—

Here was Jonah Gershon, who had been the chairman of the hospital committee in Vaslui and a prominent grain-merchant. He was dispensing soda-water and selling lollypops on the corner of Essex Street. This was Shloma Lobel, a descendant of rabbis and himself a learned scholar. In America he had attained to a basket of shoe-strings and matches and candles. I myself recognized young Layvis, whose father kept the great drug store in Vaslui, and who, after two years of training in medicine at the University of Bucharest, was enjoying the blessings of American liberty by selling newspapers on the streets.

More and fuller pictures of the seething life of the New York ghetto follow, of that life which is neither Old World nor New, where as one of "the semi-independent allied states of the miniature federation of the East Side" a gay Rumanian city is "framed in the stench and squalor and the oppressive, noisy tenements of New York's dingiest slums"; where vermin and filthy ways unknown at home are taken as a joke; where respect for the elders has disappeared, the elders aping the "Americanism" of their more facile juniors; where "a grossness of behavior, a loudness of speech, a certain repellent American smartness in intercourse, were thought necessary if one did not want to be taken for a greenhorn or a boor"! Max, who at home was known as Mordecai—in this land names, like the rest, lose their dignity and romance—Max passes through the greenhorn period of struggle, starvation, and disappointment, an experience known to the East Siders as "purification," a heart-breaking circle in which American clothes are necessary to get the job without which American clothes are ungetable. After peddling and tending bar Max reaches the sweatshop, his cradle of liberty and first university. Here literature and labor problems and socialism are talked of; here books are read during the lunch hour; and here Max becomes aware of the cleavage of East Side society into "clodpates" and "intelligents," those who care more for dollars than ideas, who work hard so that some day they may have others to work hard for them, whose amusements are dance hall or card party, and whose course is that scrupulous respectability which qualifies for business success and, let me add, even for the possession of an opera box in the Metropolitan—and those whose nights are spent in school or lecture hall or at serious plays, young people to whose radicalism the only choice is between socialism or anarchism, who are utterly intolerant of the American heathen given over to wealth and show, and who keep an ever burning faith in the regeneration of human society.

After vicissitudes in private night school and public high school Max, the indomitable, turns away from the intelligentsia of the East Side to seek out "the real Americans" and to qualify for the professional life he has always dreamed of. He enters the Missouri State University. Discerning and subtle as are the pictures of the contacts between Vaslui and New York, they are surpassed by the pictures of Max in the Western college town, where he felt farther from New York than in New York from Vaslui. From the spiritual fervor of the East Side it was a far call to the practical indifference of the Missourian to things of the spirit. Talk of religion was tabooed by the college boys; their Christianity they took as a sort of drug to make them feel good. Socialism was dreaded by them, and all reference to sex was precluded except by way of the funny story. Their worship was of the "strong man," their talk was mostly of athletics, and their cult was football.

A football match in full swing had all the solemnity and all the fervor and color of a great religious service. The band and the songs, the serpentine processions and the periodic risings, the mystic signals and the picturesque vestments, the obscure dramatic conflict with its sudden flights and hot pursuits, the transfigured faces of the populace, the intense silences alternating with violent outbursts of approving cheers and despondent groans—all this was plainly not a game but a significant national worship.

A diverting bit of ethnology, is it not?

The East Sider grasped these general aspects of alien life, but in little personal ways he was baffled by his college mates. He could not make his successive roommates stay with him; he found it was but a matter of time for them to look the other way when he spoke to them, or to take the other side of the street. Their manners were not his. Too "polite" for decisiveness in argument, yet they would go whistling about indoors; insistent on elaborate introductions (one of the oddities, let me say, not only of Missouri but of certain American circles anywhere), yet they would toss biscuits at one another in the dining-room. To get into touch with them the indomitable adventurer read Mark Twain aloud for the vernacular and labored over the Missourian vocabulary; he set about acquiring that lore of field and forest and workshop taken for granted by his fellows but sealed to him; he even joined the cadet corps and went scrupulously to chapel, although the speeches bored him and

the prayers jarred. The harassing discipline and the tragic loneliness were made supportable by a growing realization that, given the normal openness, and even the warmth, of the distinctive pioneer neighborliness of the Missourians, if he was not taken in among them the fault was not with them but with himself. That insight went far to take the conceit out of him and to give him, as he truly observes, something novel for an East Sider—a sense of humor.

Finally Max made a college friend, his first American friend, and the exchange of values friendship brings rescued him from his heart-sickening isolation. Even this process in denaturalization has its price, however; for when Max returned in the vacation to his people in the East Side he seemed different to them, and to him the atmosphere around them had become repellent. Even the ardent revolutionary meeting he attended with his girl friend seemed a sham —what did they know of Americans? Given this stirring of the defensive impulse, it needed but the genial welcome Max received on his return to college for his allegiance to be made valid, for him to feel that now at last he was an American.

An American, yes, if you like, but not a Missourian, and not a New Yorker, East Side or West Side or Morningside, indeed not the product at all, thank God! of those Americanizers who would purify the newcomer of the dross of the Old World and improve him by making him as much like themselves as can be —a practical, clean, and humorous American, uncritical of spiritual values, without passion, drab and anæmic. These loud mouthed sentimentalists to whom the city slum is merely an importation, better at that than the conditions of life the immigrant has escaped from, and the immigrant himself blank paper to write on or fresh putty to mold, these complacent and fatuous Americanizers will find scant comfort in "An American in the Making." Indeed, there is perhaps little encouragement in the book for any American if the experience of the immigrants in bulk be considered—a vastly demoralizing experience. And yet a country is revealed where there are at least no insuperable walls for the spirit that will not succumb in the smallest degree to the mere pressure of untoward circumstance.

That indomitable spirit is incorporated, as nowhere else in the country, in Jewish youth. In it, too, are incorporated other inspiring traits. As far as North America is concerned the Jews are indeed the chosen people. To what other element in the population can Americans look for that leaven of spiritual fervor they so sorely lack? Unfortunately the function is not always recognized even by the Jew himself. The differentiation between "clodpate" and "intelligent" is not limited to the East Side. Throughout America the Jew tends to be either the betrayer of modern culture or its regenerator, the leader in science or the exploiter of gullibility, the feminist par excellence or the cadet, the internationalist or the profiteering politician, the Judas or the Jesus of American society.

But not as a portrayal of the Jewish spirit nor as a recognition of its leaven, not as a study in Americanization, despite the rather unfortunate title and the occasional lapses to conform to title, is this book primarily arresting. It is a remarkable sketch indeed of contacts between diverse cultures, but it is not alone an ethnological sketch; it is a picture of the life of the spirit, it is literature. In its ironic restraint and subtle interpretation the book is unsurpassed, it seems to me, in the literary art of this country.

Elsie Clews Parsons.

The Painted Devil of Politics

The United States and Pangermania. By André Chéradame. (Scribner; $1.00.)

M. Chéradame is an ingenious gentleman who has spent some twenty years of his life elaborately proving a plot which everyone knew existed beforehand; namely, the Berlin to Bagdad railroad scheme of the German imperialists. In fact the "plot" was so fully known in England before the war that the English government had come to a written agreement with the German government concerning a division of capitalization in the project. This agreement had been sanctioned by the diplomatic representatives of both powers and awaited only the formal approval of their respective governments. Yet M. Chéradame did a useful service in pointing out the dangerous political ambitions involved in this seemingly innocent commercial enterprise. He discovered Pangermanism and he labored to make others see its menace. Unquestionably it would have been of immense value to the Allied nations if they had given more heed to M. Chéradame's warning and admonitions before the war began.

Today, however, the value of his advice is extremely questionable.

Why? Because the basic presumption of M. Chéradame—that the Pangerman plot has been largely accomplished—is in fact a false presumption. Furthermore, in so far as Pangermany does exist today, it is, paradoxically enough, an asset to the Allies rather than an asset to Germany as such. Mittel-Europa is not so much an accomplished fact for Prussian militarism as a precarious adventure already bristling with difficulties and likely to collapse totally on the resumption of peace. And as to Pangermanism outside Mittel-Europa—well, ask the Hamburg exporter, ask the Berlin business man, ask the Munich manufacturer for Argentine how much of that Pangermania exists today. Not even M. Chéradame pretends any longer that there is serious danger from German influence beyond the seas. He still clings, however, to his idea of Middle Europe, and he never tires of —to quote President Wilson's phrase—"From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread."

Now what warrant has anyone for saying that Mittel-Europa, in M. Chéradame's sense, is by no means an accomplished fact? First of all, let us look at the map to which he himself so frequently refers us; just where is the British line today in Palestine? Is it this side of Bagdad, or is it on the Turkish side? In fact, was Bagdad not in the possession of the British for many weeks, even before President Wilson gave his Flag Day speech? Second, what of the famous reorganization which the German general staff was to effect in the Turkish army? Has M. Chéradame read General Allenby's recent report that over 160,000 Turkish troops have deserted within the last few months? The Persian Gulf, except as an object of desire, hardly enters into the calculations of even the most extreme Pangermans when confronted with the realities of today. Mesopotamia seems definitely lost to German influence. So much for the war map.

And how about the vassal states—Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey—which, according to M. Chéradame, are willing accomplices in the German plot because of military and financial obligations to Prussia? Does M. Chéradame recall Arthur Balfour's recent statement in the House of Commons that, whatever the outcome of the war in other respects, it was the object of the English government to see that it resulted in a "strong" Bulgaria? Could even this obsessed author contend today that Turkey is blissfully happy in her alliance? Yet it is true that chief consideration revolves after all around Austria-Hungary. As long as the Dual Monarchy follows the leading strings of Berlin, the peril which M. Chéradame pictures will be more or less a reality. It is a pertinent question, however, just to what extent Austria-Hungary is a vassal of Germany, and if she is, how long she is likely to remain so. Certainly she is not a vassal in an economic sense, even after nearly four years of war. Professor Naumann's plea for a better understanding between Germany and Austria was after all a plea. The great customs union has not yet come into existence, even under moral isolation, economic blockade, and close military interdependence. If the economic alliances which are to make Mittel-Europa a reality cannot be put through under such stress, then in the name of common sense how can one reasonably expect them to be put through when that pressure is removed? Consider Hungary, for example: not once during this war has Hungary furnished an ounce of bread or other foodstuffs to Germany, or even to Austria, her own neighbor, except for a definite quid pro quo. Or read carefully this dispatch:

> "When the Brest-Litovsk developments made it less likely that the German military leaders could carry out undisturbed the program of absorbing Lithuania and Courland, Germany apparently began pressing Austria for this grant of commercial concessions. At the same time it appears that this grant began to lose its attractiveness for Austria. Both Vienna and Budapest began to put obstacles in the way of a commercial settlement." (Chicago "Daily News," January 22, 1918, page 2.)

For a vassal, Austria-Hungary seems to have an embarrassing amount of individual spirit.

We need to regard the larger outlines of the relations between Austria-Hungary and Germany. As long as Russia existed as a unified militaristic nation controlled by an irresponsible autocracy, Austria-Hungary could feel, perhaps with some justification, that there was a Panslavic menace. Of course German militarism, while outwardly bewailing the existence of this menace, secretly was thankful for it, if, indeed, the Junkers did not encourage it. It gave her an opponent against whom she could claim the legitimate right to arm. But the whole political complexion of southeastern Europe has undergone a radical transformation since the Russian revolution. That worst bugaboo of European politics, the Panslavic menace, has vanished. Austria-Hungary, who allied herself with Germany for protection against Russia, has now no reason for that unpleasant

defensive alliance. Unpleasant? Well, it would be difficult anywhere in the world to find more cordial hatred of Prussian militarism today than exists in the Dual Monarchy. If the Allies really wish to embarrass Germany, they could play no worse trick upon her than by making her an open gift of Mittel-Europa. After the experience of this present war, it is no paradox to state that Germany may find many of her former allies more embarrassing to any policy of commercial expansion than her former enemies. As with all industrial nations, Germany's future depends upon her ability to take her place in the international organization of world trade—a place which she so frivolously threw away when she started on her great imperial adventure. Against this *real* place in the sun the sullen resentment of Austria-Hungary at the suffering she has gone through will act for many years as a definite barrier. Indeed, at no time in recent modern history has the outlook for Pangermany, in any effective sense, been so black.

Why, then, does M. Chéradame insist on painting Germany's prospects for the accomplishment of this desire in such rosy colors? Primarily, because he is afraid of what he calls the "drawn game," or a negotiated peace. Anything short of that will of course be but a respite and breathing space before the next attack. So sure of this is M. Chéradame that he states that nothing would be so agreeable to the Prussian militarists as a peace "without annexations and without indemnities." This sort of peace is, according to him, nothing but a German "plot." Yet it would be easier to believe M. Chéradame if the German militarists had in fact showed alacrity in accepting the Russian formula in all its implications. What is the homely, unromantic truth? They appear to regard it as a defeat, and they have not hesitated to say so. Russia offered them the chance to accept this formula; yet they were so crude in their practical rejection of it that even the Bolsheviki lost their temper. Who would deny today that Germany is split in two in a political fight between the annexationists and the no-annexationists—a real fight, not a sham one? But this is very curious. If, as M. Chéradame would have us believe, Germany would give us even Alsace-Lorraine for the sake of retaining Middle Europe, why this sudden reluctance of the Pangermanists even to come within reasonable distance of the minimum demands of the Allies for restitution? According to M. Chéradame's view, Middle Europe is such a prize that they would jump at the chance of abandoning their "map" of conquests to retain this jewel. Somehow, however, the facts appear to be otherwise. The Pangermans cling desperately to the jewels of conquered land and say very little about Berlin to Bagdad. The truth is, of course, that the German imperialists realize that Middle Europe is only a painted devil wherewith to frighten the Allies. They themselves are quite aware of its difficulties, its lack of permanent value and its meagre compensation for what they cynically term "sacrifice of the people." They know only too well that the average German citizen will not regard a very problematical winning of a road to the Near East as a victory of German arms in this war. They know that Middle Europe is crumbling beneath their fingers. The war has utterly changed its character since 1914—and they know it. M. Chéradame still cherishes a belief which, whatever its validity even as late as a year ago, has by this time entered the stage of legend. If Germany knows this and acts on it, American public opinion will lose its intelligent driving force if it is lured by such specious and clever writing as M. Chéradame's to linger in the dark ages of ante-bellum "balance of power" concepts. It is high time for intelligent optimism on that bugaboo, Pangermania. . . . "Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils. I am past such needless palsy."

HAROLD STEARNS.

New Curiosity Shop—and a Poet

OTHERS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE NEW VERSE. 1917. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. (Knopf; $1.25.)

THE CLOSED DOOR. By Jean de Bosschere. Translated by F. S. Flint. With an introduction by May Sinclair. (Lane; $1.25.)

Who it was that started the current poetic fad for curio-collecting is a question not hard to answer: Ezra Pound is the man, let the Imagists and others deny it as loudly as they will. Pound has from the outset, both as poet and as critic, been a curio-collector—a lover of trinkets, *bijoux* of phrase, ideographic *objets de vertu,* carved oddities from the pawn-shops of the past, aromatic grave-relics, bizarre importations from the Remote and Strange. There is no denying, either, that it is a delightful vein in verse. No great exertion is demanded of the reader; he is invited merely to pause before the display-window and to glance, if only for a moment, at the many intriguing minutiæ there ar-

ranged for him in trays. Is he tired of struggling with the toxic energies of a Rodin? Then let him rest in contemplation of a carved ushabti. Does a Strauss drag his spirit through too violent a progression of emotional projections? Does a Masters overburden him with relevant facts? A Fletcher fatigue him with æsthetic subtleties prolonged? Let him concentrate on a gargoyle.

This method in the writing of poetry is to be seen at its purest in the Others anthologies, the second of which Mr. Alfred Kreymborg has now edited, apparently undeterred by the success of the first. Nevertheless it is a variegated band that Mr. Kreymborg has assembled, and if they have in common the one main tenet—that their poetic business is the expression of a sensation or mood as briefly and pungently (and oddly?) as possible, with or without the aids of rhyme, metre, syntax, or punctuation—they are by no means the slaves of a formula and present us with a variety that is amazing. There is much here, of course, that is merely trivial, and a measurable quantity of the proudly absurd and naively preposterous; but if there are no such outstandingly good things here as "The Portrait of a Lady" by T. S. Eliot in the earlier issue, or Wallace Stevens's "Peter Quince at the Clavier," or John Rodker's "Marionettes," we can pass lightly over the studiously cerebral obscurantism of Marianne Moore, the tentacular quiverings of Mina Loy, the prattling iterations of Alfred Kreymborg, the delicate but amorphous self-consciousness of Jeanne d'Orge, Helen Hoyt, and Orrick Johns, and pause with admiration and delight before the "Preludes" and "Rhapsody of a Windy Night" by T. S. Eliot, and "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird" by Wallace Stevens. It is not that one is at all indifferent to the frequent charm and delicious originality (at least as regards sensibility) of the other poets, but that one finds in the two last mentioned not only this delicate originality of mind but also a clearer sense of symmetry as regards both form and ideas: their poems are more apparently, and more really, works of art. In comparison, most of the other work in this volume looks like happy improvisation. It is significant in this connection that Mr. Eliot uses rhyme and metre, a telling demonstration that the use of these ingredients may add power and finish and speed to poetry without in any way dulling the poet's tactile organs or clouding his consciousness—provided he has the requisite skill. Mr. Eliot's "Preludes" and "Rhapsody" are, in a very minor way, masterpieces of black-and-white impressionism. Personality, time, and environment—three attributes of the dramatic—are set sharply before us by means of a rapid and concise report of the seemingly irrelevant and tangential, but really centrally significant, observations of a shadowy protagonist.

From Mr. Eliot to M. Jean de Bosschere, the Flemish poet whose volume "The Closed Door" has now been translated into English by Mr. F. S. Flint, is a natural and easy step. It would appear, indeed, that Mr. Eliot has learned much from M. de Bosschere; certainly he is, in English, the closest parallel to him that we have. It is a kind of praise to say that in all likelihood Mr. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" would not have been the remarkable thing it is if it had not been for the work of Jean de Bosschere: in several respects de Bosschere seems like a maturer and more powerful Eliot. What then is the work of M. de Bosschere?

To begin with, and without regard to the matter of classification, it must be emphatically said that this book has the clear, unforced, and captivating originality of genius. Whether, as Miss Sinclair questions doubtfully in her introduction, we call him mystic or symbolist or decadent—and all these terms have a certain aptness—is after all a secondary matter. These poems, in a colloquial but rich and careful free verse, occasionally using rhyme and a regular ictus, very frequently employing a melodic line which borders on the prosodic, seem at first glance to be half-whimsical and half-cerebral, seem to be in a key which is at once naif and gayly precious, with overtones of caricature; in reality they are masterpieces of ironic understatement and reveal upon closer scrutiny a series of profound spiritual or mental tragedies. The method of M. de Bosschere might be called symbolism if one were careful not to impute to him any delving into the esoteric; his themes are invariably very simple. One might call him a mystic, also, if one could conceive a negative mysticism of disbelief and disenchantment, a mysticism without vagueness, a mysticism of brilliantly colored but unsustaining certainties. But perhaps it would be more exact to say that he is merely a poet who happens to be highly developed on the cerebral side, as well as on the tactile, a poet for whom the most terrible and most

beautiful realities are in the last analysis ideas, who sees that as in life the most vivid expression of ideas is in action, so in speech the most vivid expression of them is in parables. These poems, therefore, are parables. In "Ulysse Bâtit Son Lit" we do not encounter merely the deliciously and fantastically matter-of-fact comedy, naif as a fairy story, which appears on the surface; we also hear in the midst of this gay cynicism the muffled crash of a remote disaster, and that disaster arises from the attitude of the animally selfish crowd towards the man of outstanding achievement. He refuses to be one of them, so they kill him. "They roast Ulysses, for he is theirs." Likewise, in "Gridale," we do not witness a merely personal tragedy; the tragedy is universal. We see the crucifixion of the disillusioned questioner by the unthinking idolaters. In "Doutes," under a surface apparently idiosyncratic in its narration of the humorously bitter discoveries and self-discoveries of a child, we have really an autobiography of disillusionment which is cosmic in its applicability.

And yet he still believes,
This burlesque of a man
Who has given himself a universe
And a god like an immense conflagration
Whose smoke he smells;
And indeed it is perhaps only a bonfire
Made with the green tops of potatoes.
. . .
Nevertheless he still believes,
Axe in hand, this burlesque of a man still believes;
He will cut his dream, four-square, in the hearts of men. . .
. . .
There is nothing to laugh at, nothing to object to,
We are not animals
Living to feed our seed.
There is something to believe.
All men are not made of pig's flesh.
There is something to believe.
. . .
Who said that I am a poor wretch,
Mere flotsam
Separated from its imaginary god?

Again, in "Homer Marsh," we make the acquaintance of the gentle recluse who loves and is loved by his house, his fire, his kettle, his pipe and tobacco, his dog, his bees; but he goes away to travel, and lends his house to his friend Peter; and on his return finds to his bewilderment and despair that all these beloved things have curiously turned their affections to Peter. The tone is lyric, seductively playful and simple; the overtone is tragic. It is a translation into action of the profound fact that ideas, no matter how personal, cannot be property; that they are as precious and peculiar and inevitable in one case as in another, a natural action of forces universally at work.

It would be rash, however, to carry too far this notion of parables. Some of the poems in "The Closed Door" are so sensitively subjective, so essentially lyrical, so (confound the word!) naturally mystic—in the sense that they make a clear melody of the sadness of the finite in the presence of the infinite, of the conscious in the presence of the unconscious—that one shrinks from dropping such a chain upon them. All one can say is that they are beautiful, that for all their cool and precise and colloquial preciosity, their sophisticated primitivism, they conceal an emotional power that is frightful, not to say heartrending. What is the secret of this amazing magic? It is not verbal merely, nor rhythmic; for it remains in translation. It springs from the ideas themselves: it is a playing of ideas against one another like notes in a harmony, ideas presented always visually, cool images in a kind of solitude. It is not that M. de Bosschere is idiosyncratic in what he does, that he sees qualities that others do not see; but rather that he combines them unexpectedly, that he felicitously marries the lyrical to the matter-of-fact, the sad to the ironic, the innocent to the secular—the tender to the outrageous. He sees that truth is subtler than it is supposed to be, and he finds new images for it, images with the dew of truth still on them. If novelty sometimes contributes to the freshness of the effect, it is by no means novelty alone: these novelties have meanings, unlike many of those factitiously achieved by some members of the Others group. This is a poet whose quaintness and whim and fantasy are always thought-wrinkled: they are hints of a world which the poet has found to be overwhelming in its complexity. Song is broken in upon by a doubting voice; flowers conceal a pit; pleasure serves a perhaps vile purpose; beauty may not be a delusion, but is it a snare? And what do thought and memory lead to? . . .

Nevertheless he still believes,
Axe in hand, this burlesque of a man still believes. . .

Axe in hand! It is precisely such bizarre but significant imaginings that constitute the charm of this poet. And it is a part of his genius that, although hyperæsthetic, he is able to keep clearly in mind the objective value of such images, and to contrast them deliciously with the sentimental, or the decorative, or the impassioned.

Conrad Aiken.

Briefs on New Books

The Romance of the Romanoffs. By Joseph McCabe. Dodd, Mead; $2.

Evidently it is not without ironical implications that Mr. McCabe entitles his tale of tyranny and bloodshed, of licentiousness and intrigue, of sordid greed and revolting cruelty, a "romance." "To any who find romance," he says in his preface, "in such behavior as kings and nobles were permitted to flaunt in the eyes of their people in earlier ages the story of the Romanoffs must be exceptionally attractive." Being the story of a dynasty, not the chronicle of an empire, the narrative concerns itself largely with the personal peculiarities, the greater or lesser degrees of depravity, the pet foibles and dominant vices, historical or legendary, of the Peters and Catherines, the Ivans and Elizabeths, of the Romanoff line. And a most wondrous wicked lot they show themselves to have been. The last of them is made by this writer to outdo, voluntarily or involuntarily, even the most conscienceless of the tyrants that had preceded him on the Russian throne; for "his reign was disgraced by a more bloody and cruel coercion than had reddened the reign of any of his predecessors." But it was, of course, weakness of character rather than viciousness of disposition that must be blamed for the crimes of Nicholas the Second's reign. He never could have conceived the horrible exploits, such as soaking his adversaries in brandy and setting them afire, that gave to Ivan the Terrible his unique fame. Mr. McCabe's book would be more useful, and the story of the Romanoffs could be followed more easily and intelligently, if he had appended a family tree of this not too familiar line of monarchs, or if he had even given a chronological list of the Romanoff czars.

Asgard and the Gods. Adapted from the work of Dr. W. Wägner by M. W. MacDowall and edited by W. S. W. Anson. Dutton; $2.

Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages. Adapted from the work of Dr. W. Wägner by M. W. MacDowall and edited by W. S. W. Anson. Dutton; $2.

In 1880 there was published under the title of "Asgard and the Gods" an adaptation from the work of Dr. Wägner intended to supply a need not previously met—the need for "a complete and popular English account of the religious beliefs and superstitious customs of the old Norsemen, suited to our younger readers." Two years later, when the second edition of this volume was brought out, the decision was made that it should be supplemented by a volume devoted to the legendary lore of our northern ancestors. The new volume bore the title "Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages." Both works are now republished. They are accompanied by numerous illustrations which, though of scant artistic merit, will entice youthful readers.

The first volume gives in more detail than is found in ordinary handbooks of mythology the stories that connect themselves with Odin, Loki, Thor, Freya, Baldur, the Norns, the Valkyries, Fenris the Wolf, the Midgard Serpent, the tree Yggdrasil, and the other wonders and wonderful figures of those stanch and primitive times. These conceptions Wägner philosophized in a way that sometimes seems arbitrary, but that the conceptions themselves have been written into the life of our people may be seen from the derivation of the names for our days of the week and from both the name and much of the spirit of our Easter. The second volume consists of a retelling in prose of the great northern hero lays, supplemented by the French Carolingian and the British Arthurian cycles. It does not always adhere meticulously to the details of the epic accounts, but it catches their spirit admirably and is true to their broader facts. In short, the two volumes bring alive for us the pristine era of robust heroism, and even after the lapse of thirty-five years constitute for us "a fairly complete treatment of the mythical and traditional lore of the Germanic race."

Rinconete and Cortadillo. By Miguel de Cervantes. Translated, with an introduction and notes, by Mariano J. Lorente. With a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Four Seas; $1.50.

It is extremely interesting to read Cervantes' "exemplary" tale of Spanish thieves in an unacademic and spirited English translation by a countryman of the great novelist. The thief is an exciting figure in literature as in life, but comparatively little has been written of his organizations—his despotisms and hierarchies (for thieving seems to preclude democracy)—and this old Spanish classic has an almost contemporary interest in its social satire. "The little masterpiece," writes Cunninghame Graham, in a preface which graces the new translation, "gives perhaps the best sketch of Spanish low life which has come down to us. . . The meeting of the two vagrant boys, their entering into the confraternity of thieves, with the picture of the house in which dwelt Monipodio, the arch-thief of Seville, all are touched in as only Cervantes could touch in such scenes. He uses but few words and yet in the short sketch there are a dozen portraits which once read are as indelible in the mind's eye as is a picture of El Greco."

About half the present volume is devoted to illuminating notes and introductions, for beside Cunninghame Graham's preface there is Cervantes' prologue, containing the writer's full-length lovable portrait of himself, and a long introduction by the translator, bristling with controversial points. Cervantes and Cunninghame Graham wrote genially, for they had not read Mr. Lorente's introduction, and they were not concerned with translators. Mr. Graham, in fact, does not seem to care how often or how ill "Rinconete and Cortadillo" has been done into English. "An idiomatic translation of a classic is never out of season," he remarks tolerantly, "and there are intricacies of the Spanish tongue hard to present."

Mr. Lorente, on the contrary, has a cudgel in hand for all previous translators, attacking them one at a time and chronologically. He leaves very little of their pretensions to accuracy or excellence. Finally, he informs us that it was the "mediocrity" of Norman McCall's version, made intolerable by Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "fantastic praise," which moved him to attempt something more worthy of the original. Mr. Lorente does not claim infallibility, only superior accuracy, for his "Rinconete and Cortadillo." It is certainly very human and lively.

"I know one is not always in the churches," wrote Cervantes, "nor is one always occupied with business . . . there are hours of recreation in which the afflicted spirit rests." "Rinconete and Cortadillo" was written for just such hours.

A Priest of the Ideal. By Stephen Graham. Macmillan; $1.50.

What Stephen Graham calls a "novel" will probably, so limited are our definitions, appear to the average reader anything but a novel. "A Priest of the Ideal" is in the fullest sense—the Russian sense and the spiritual sense—a novel. It has been said that Mr. Wells is the thermometer of current opinion. It was said in praise. Mr. Graham is, rather, barometric; he does not tell us what we already know (and consequently love to hear well said); he interprets for us the unseen values of the age, and predicts the coming changes. He makes vivid the relation of permanent and of transitory elements in the national fabric; he makes us pause in our unthinking acceptance of modern organized life; he points out the things that England is proud of in her past and by implication the things that she could very well do without today. It is always the "unseen significance" which is the most significant, only the "not for sale" which is imperishable. But it is true that this quality may rest disregarded until someone asks its material value in order to deprive us of it. It was not until Washington King, the rich American, began his altruistic mission of exporting unnecessary English ruins for the spiritual enrichment of his native country, that England looked upon them with seeing eyes. King's fruitless quest is Mr. Graham's concrete expression for the ideal that his lay priest, Richard Hampden, preached. His self-imposed mission was the illumination of the pages of history by mystic and individual interpretation. Where the present was concerned, his power came through his reliance upon—hence his appeal to—the individual.

"Dedicate your life to men and women, to personal relationships. You will find that the causes look after themselves," said Hampden. "Causes always disappoint, human beings seldom disappoint."

In Mr. Graham, there is a voice as fearless if not as exceptional as Tolstoy's. His book is, in fact, a review of England through Russian eyes, in Russian terms. Though it is formless in the formalistic sense, yet it possesses the most enduring form of all: it transfers its message into the fabric of human imagination and memory. Mr. Graham makes the reader coöperate in the writing of his book. The author serves, that is, to suggest, to point here and there, as might the perfect guide, and to illustrate his meaning through his characters, who are not, we must admit, vividly real. It is the reader's work to follow the road thus suggested—rather, perhaps, to make his own path. There is no hard brilliance here, no cleverness, no mere reflection of the current temperature, but a very genuine, if over-sober, consideration of the problems confronting modern England.

Militarism. By Karl Liebknecht. Huebsch; $1.

Liebknecht's resistance to Prussianism has stimulated an unusual interest in his book, "Militarism," written ten years ago and now translated into English. It is but fair to Liebknecht, however, to point out that his present opposition to German militarism is not based upon the conviction that the cause of the allies is just. His attitude is a consistent application of views expressed in 1907. He is an international socialist of the Marxian school.

Militarism, for Liebknecht, is a phenomenon, "deeply rooted in the very nature of societies divided in classes," which assumes various shapes "in societies of equal structure, all according to the physical, political, social, and economic conditions of states and territories." At all times it is designed to perpetuate the control of capitalism. It does this in two ways: (1) it serves as an instrument of aggression or protection with reference to foreign nations; (2) it is a "pillar

of capitalism and all reactionary forces in the war of liberation engaged in by the working classes."

The standing army, navalism, and the colonial army are means of serving the first purpose. England, Germany, and the United States have each utilized the colonial army to drive "the miserable natives to slave in the bagnios for capitalism, and to shoot and cut them down and starve them without pity whenever they attempt to protect their country against foreign conquerors and extortioners." Liebknecht sees nothing but injury to the proletariat in this function of militarism. He believes it perpetuates a ruthless system of capitalistic exploitation of the masses and leads to international complications which imperil the existence of civilization. He would point to the war as a tragic verification of his words written ten years ago. The duty of the worker is clear. "There is only one real enemy of the proletariat of every country—the capitalist class which oppresses and exploits the proletariat"; "the international coalition of exploiters and oppressors must be opposed by the international coalition of the exploited and oppressed."

In confirmation of his statement that the second function of militarism is to protect capitalism within the nation, Liebknecht describes the army organization of the European nations and the United States. He particularly condemns the organization of the Belgian civic guard and the employment of gunmen by American capitalists. While not strictly a part of the American military organization, these private armies are permitted to exist under state laws and thus directly assist the capitalist in his war against labor. Liebknecht maintains that in all countries the police and the military forces stand ready in an emergency "to preserve order," while in Germany, Hungary, Roumania, and even France soldiers have been used as strike breakers.

The chapter "Means and Effects of Militarism" discusses the methods of education which create a military spirit in the army and the people. Here Liebknecht deals primarily with the Prussian system of military education. The last chapter presents what he believes to be the fundamental contradictions in militarism which, in obedience to Hegelian dialectical development, will lead to its ultimate destruction. He does not plead for an international organization which shall regulate international competition and thus control, if not abolish, militarism. "Militarism," he writes, "is one of the original sins of capitalism which may be susceptible of being mitigated here and there, but of which it will be purged only in the purgatory of Socialism."

Pain and Pleasure. By Henry T. Moore. Moffat, Yard; $1.25.

This volume, which is the second in a series of ten devoted to the senses, surveys a field of peculiar interest. In general, the sensations on the basis of which we lead the mental life are divided between the special senses, which bring us, for the most part, the things from without, and the organic senses, contributing to the same end within; but mingled with these, and overlapping them, are the general feelings of pain and pleasure for which the sensory life so plainly stands. The contrast between the epicurean, who lives in the pleasures of sense, and the stoic, who cultivates an indifference, as well as the ascetic, who deliberately discards every comfort and satisfaction, lies in the manner of acceptance of the parts of pain and pleasure. The physiology of this process has only recently been intelligible, though the peculiar rôle of pain in the diagnosis of disease has always been recognized. Beginning at this level, pleasures rise rapidly to the æsthetic field, and beyond that there is always a penumbra of moral value. It is this field that Professor Moore surveys in a popular and systematic fashion.

The Sense of Sight. By Frank N. Spindler. Moffat, Yard; $1.25.

This, the third volume in the series on the senses edited by Dr. George Dearborn, is in many ways the most important of the ten volumes which together are to survey the field of sensation. Sight is rightly called the queen of the senses, and the scope and direct prominence of its contributions are unassailed. So far as bare requirements go, the volume considers acceptably the structure of the eye, the mode of its functioning, the character of the sensations which it brings, and something about the bearing of vision in the general mental field. It rarely rises above this meagre adequacy; and it is in a measure unfortunate that so important a subject fails of any distinctive handling. The presentation is rather casual: the high points in the field of vision are covered, but the opportunity of such a volume has hardly been met. The arrangement of the chapters is admirable, passing rapidly from the study of process to the interpretation of the work of sight as we see it, then to the effect of our eye-mindedness upon our general psychology, including our emotional nature. A practical chapter on the character of vision is added. It takes more, however, than a proper plan and an acquaintance with the data to bring to the reader an appreciation of the marvelous sense of vision and the manner in which the eye makes the mind.

Notes on New Fiction

Even war, as certain harassed officials at Washington might be willing to testify, cannot engulf the "woman question." The roots of that question are too deep in the foundations of things to be swept away, as less relevant issues are swept away, by the current that seems, sometimes, to be undermining life. War has proved woman's ability to bear her share of the burdens of society and has thus substantiated her claim to be considered as an individual entitled, under her own right, to the privileges of society that her male protectors, acting vicariously, formerly enjoyed for her. There are however—beyond doubt, for the Congressional Record reveals them—certain purblind people who are unable to read the clear proof that the hour of woman's emancipation has arrived. It was for them, doubtless, that "The Sturdy Oak" (Holt; $1.40) was assembled.

"The Sturdy Oak" is, so to speak, an all-star novel, written by fourteen leading American authors, each of whom—after the fashion of the old game of capping verses—furnished a single chapter. Though it is obviously a tour de force, it turns out to be no worse, if no better, than dozens of novels set adrift by the publishers each season. However, the personnel of its authors—Mary Austin, Henry Kitchell Webster, Kathleen Norris, Dorothy Canfield, Samuel Merwin, Alice Duer Miller, Harry Leon Wilson, Fannie Hurst, Marjorie Benton Cooke, Leroy Scott, William Allen White, Mary Heaton Vorse, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Anne O'Hagan—fortunately releases one from any obligation to regard "The Sturdy Oak" from the point of view of literary criticism; for there is probably not a writer on the list who would advance any claim to literary merit for the book as a whole or for his share in it.

"The Sturdy Oak" is propaganda pure and simple, dedicated to the cause of suffrage. Its writers have received no recompense; its publishers expect no profits; the entire proceeds from its sale are to be devoted to the achievement of votes for women. The prospect of getting fourteen leading authors for the price of one should entice the public into making the propaganda profitable from a pecuniary point of view. Assuming that only the unintelligent are left in the ranks of the unbelievers, it may prove to be popular also from the point of view of morale.

As a presentation of the "woman question," of which suffrage of course is only a phase, "The Sturdy Oak" is absurd, even though it advances all the stock pros and demolishes all the stock cons. It is made to seem the more absurd by comparison with the new edition of "A Woman of Genius" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50) by Mary Austin, the writer of Chapter XIII of "The Sturdy Oak" and the builder of its plot. "A Woman of Genius" hammers at the very underpinnings of the false social structure that makes a woman question possible. It is a passionate protest against the conditions that keep women from being persons, and at the same time it is a decidedly creditable piece of work. It is the kind of propaganda that will succeed with intelligent people, for the simple reason that it is not propaganda at all. Sound advice to the reading public would be: Buy "The Sturdy Oak" for the sake of the cause and read "A Woman of Genius" to find out what it is all about.

In "Missing" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50) Mrs. Humphry Ward tells the story of a pretty, clinging Englishwoman, who learns through the war's hard lesson the essential dishonesty of clinging. Work brings her spiritual freedom, as it has brought spiritual freedom to hundreds of women since the beginning of the war. "Missing" might be a contribution to the contemporary literature about woman, as vital in its way as "A Woman of Genius," but, like most of Mrs. Ward's work, it lacks reality. It is a cleverly staged, well-managed drama of the Pinero type. You look on, are interested, entertained, but never for a moment carried away. It is all a play. It might have happened, you are willing to admit, but that these very clever ladies and gentlemen are living it, not acting it—that is too great a demand upon your credulity. Mrs. Ward can produce polished drama; but she cannot reproduce life.

"The Four Corners of the World" hold a number of bizarre things such as A. E. W. Mason, the author of a collection of stories by that name, loves to describe. (Scribner's; $1.50.) From an intriguing robbery at the Semiramis Hotel in London his imagination flits to Gibraltar and the bomb plots of the miserable Peiffer; from the story of "Green Paint" in a Latin Republic, to murder and suicide in an English country house. But though his imagination has range and facility, it has little depth. He has been reading Freud, or perhaps a book review on Freud, and to the varied complexes of his personages he has brought his own excellent short story technique. They are very enjoyable, these stories; and if writers like Conrad, Thomas Burke, and H. G. Dwight had not projected into the short story a quality that gives it vitality and endurance, we should perhaps be fully content with the temporary satisfaction to be got from "The Four Corners." According to the standard created by these writers, Mr. Mason's work is flat. According to the standard of the average, it is most excellently good.

Casual Comment

In his annual report to the trustees of Columbia President Butler states that the academic society of which the teacher is a member owes him "protection from unfair attack, as well as from all avoidable hamperings and embarrassments in the prosecution of his intellectual work." Fair words! Yet they would somehow have a more genuine ring if Dr. Butler had ever attempted to protect Professor Charles A. Beard from the unfair attacks of the New York press when the notorious "flag incident" took place; if trustee inquisitions had never occurred at Columbia; if newspaper accounts of the activities of Professors Dana and Cattell had not been accepted at their face value. Dr. Butler must be an adept in casuistry to square his moral precepts with his recent conduct. Or is the phrase "academic freedom," like "freedom of speech," merely a verbal idol to be adored publicly by those who in private expend their efforts on its destruction? Probably Dr. Butler would defend himself by stressing the equivocal adjective "avoidable": in this case he could plead necessity and so lay claim to exemption from all the consequences of the phrase. Does not this, however, suggest a similar ingenuity exhibited by a recent Chancellor of Germany? Dr. Michaelis, it will be recalled, gracefully accepted the Reichstag resolution of July 19 respecting "no forcible annexations," and so on. That is, he accepted it verbally. But he repudiated it in fact by a light modifying clause—"as I interpret it." Thus do certain distinguished minds exhibit their basic identity of method.

* * *

A melancholy Jaques writes us in ironical mood from "an Atlantic port." He says: "We here are in the dark, and the more numerous the news items become, the sabler grows the night which everywhere engulfs us. The news keeps arriving from the four corners of the earth: *'Copenhagen*—Czar Nicholas escaped yesterday; *Stockholm*—Lenine is said to have been hanged by the Cossacks; *Rome*—A meeting has been arranged by persons interested in a separate peace between Turkey and the Vatican; *Zurich*—The Kaiser seemed deeply moved by the news that Russia was inclined to return her German prisoners. Such an act would markedly complicate the food-problem in Germany. . .' When I was a kid, I was passionately interested in the mysteries of the telegraph, that I saw only as little knobs and iron wires. I used to wonder how such a simple arrangement could send so far the important news entrusted to it. I used to stop on the road to listen to the music of the wind in the wires, and each time the mysterious sound was repeated I used to tell myself, 'There goes a telegram.' After a bit I persuaded my playmates, finally myself, that I understood the messages in those sounds. I used to put my ear against the base of that science-grown tree, the telegraph pole, and announce the latest news: 'The chief of the secret police is ordering the arrest of a murderer. . . A gentleman is telegraphing his wife that. . . A general is ordering . . .' Later I studied physics; and for a few months I was a journalist, young, naive, ardent, and I had new illusions about the rectitude of the telegraph. The war, my dear friend, has dissipated whatever remained of them. I now know that the telegraph is just what I knew it for in my small-boyhood. I know that the agencies of information employ scholars and poets who just seat themselves on the grass at the foot of telegraph poles and hearken to the song of the wind in the wires: *'Berlin*—Kaiser and Crown Prince have quarreled. The Kaiser smacked the Crown Prince; *New York*—A new explosive, of unprecedented power. . .' O my friend, the season's greetings to you. And my best New Year's wish is that your serenity remain unshaken by the song of the wind in the telegraph wires."

* * *

In the days before F. P. A. descended from his "Conning Tower" in the New York "Tribune" to take a hand in this war, he was wont to keep a sharp, but withal friendly, eye upon the editing of the "Bookman"—a fact recalled this month, with graceful acknowledgment, both by the editor of that magazine and by a distinguished contributor. "How we all miss him!" exclaims the contributor, William Lyon Phelps. And indeed the month's "Bookman" might be said to carry internal evidence of its loss. For a correspondent takes Miss Jessie Rittenhouse to task for having confused her pronouns in the preceding issue. Later we read that "'Richard Mahoney' will be called a different book to 'Maurice Guest.'" And then comes Mr. Phelps himself (a professor of English at Yale) mislaying a modifier: "One night, half-dead with fear, the giant crane swoops down upon him, clutches his bed, and swings him, bed and all, above the sleeping city, among the blazing stars." Professor Phelps is not reporting a thousand and second tale; the crane is not a fabulous bird, but a swinging arm of steel. The "Bookman's" correspondent added that "other examples could readily be cited, for our magazines are fairly bristling." As a matter of justice then, here are two dangling bristles plucked from other esteemed contemporaries: from a recent "Nation"—"Situated at an alti-

tude expected to provide an Alpine climate in summer, it is not strange that frozen pipes made it impossible to fight the flames"; and from the January "Atlantic"—"After wishing each other good-night and a Happy New Year, I climbed the dark, dirty stairway to the fourth floor." (And this last is not a case of the double personality that afflicts many New Yorkers on New Year's Eve.) . . . Such editorial phenomena, occurring in such high places, are something more than casual contributions to the gayety of "colyums"; they are symptomatic of a relaxing disorder in English speech. While the rhetoricians have been busy elaborating their quaint jargon of *faulty reference, solecism, misplaced modifier, cleft infinitive,* and *dangling participle,* the actual users of our tongue have somehow enjoyed increasing license to orphan pronouns, outrage idioms, jostle modifiers, cleave infinitives asunder, and hang participles to any incongruous peg. While the experts have employed themselves compiling manual after manual of misleading short-cuts to "correctness" and rules of thumb annulled by their exceptions, there has grown up without effective let a "magazine English" only less licentious and much more insidious than "newspaper English." Until the young student of the mother tongue, utterly bewildered by the intricacies of an hypothetical "correctness," remarks the gulf that stretches between the theory of the classroom and the practice of the world and wisely concludes that there is also a "Freshman English," which he must contrive to hoodwink in college and ignore after graduation. And indeed the silken English which is meticulously woven on the loom of rhetorical dogma bears as faint a resemblance to the homespun English which carries the day's thought, as the classical "correctness" of the rhetoricians bears to any pragmatic correctness implicit in everyday usage. No correctness, however, will help a writer very far: the important difficulties in composition are not matters of what is right or wrong, but of what is more or less effective, and more or less agreeable. Had the experts been writing current English instead of compiling outworn taboos, they might have guided a living technique, they might even have relieved editors from the thankless task of mooring derelict modifiers in manuscripts otherwise effective and agreeable. Lacking such practical guidance, however, and staggered by the complicated elegance of a "correctness" thrust at them in toto, young writers have caught the trick of evading stylistic issues. This habit of evasion is chiefly responsible for the disappearance of the subjunctive and the ascendancy of "would." It leads away from the clarity of technical assurance into a fog where participles hover without visible means of support.

EVERY RIGHT-THINKING MAN MUST HOPE that F. P. A. is only temporarily absent from his watchtower. Meanwhile B. L. T. remains to light the matutinal eye of him who runs and reads another "Tribune." And in his "Line o' Type or Two" B. L. T. sometimes performs for THE DIAL the sharp, but withal friendly, office that F. P. A. performed for the "Bookman." Nevertheless our faith in the Mentor's infallibility has been shaken. Not long since, Mr. Kenneth Macgowan used the word "panderer" in these columns and unexpectedly "made the Line," where it was announced that no such word exists. Even the Collegiate "Webster" is more hospitable; it not only admits "panderer" but with a magnificent impartiality opens the door to "panderess" as well.

. . .

THE WAR SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION has now a fund of a million and a half dollars for erecting library buildings at the camps, purchasing books, and meeting the expenses of administration and distribution. Thirty-four such libraries are built or building. In addition, three or four hundred branch libraries are reported as established in clubs, etc. The public has already donated more than a half million volumes for distribution, and the Service has bought a hundred thousand more, chiefly non-fiction. Indeed, one of the surprises in the work has been the demand for serious, and especially for technical, books and for all kinds of advanced reference material; the librarians have had to meet thousands of these special requests by purchase and inter-library borrowing. At Camp Sherman the record of issues on a recent Sunday showed 46 fiction as against 67 non-fiction. The former ran all the way from Mr. Henty to Lord Dunsany, from Mr. Chambers to H. G. Wells; the latter, from "Magicians' Tricks" to "How to Judge a Picture," and from the "Foolish Dictionary" to Henry George's "Law of Human Progress." But probably some 40 of the issues might legitimately be grouped as war books and as directly pertinent to the work in hand, the rest dividing between entertainment and general (or often very particular) information. Their library is to accompany these men to France, and the fact is arresting. Is the soldier's leisure, so long devoted to the romance of foraging for the day's necessities or the night's violent luxuries, now to be dedicate to the cultural pursuits of peace? Time was when no army was complete without its train of loot and camp followers; is the time coming when no army will be complete without its library, lecture room, concert hall, and art gallery? Is the phrase "civilized warfare" to take on yet another overtone of irony?

Briefer Mention

The avalanche of war literature increases. We are told a great deal these days about bombs and mud and cigarettes, and yet we continue to read about them with avidity. "Best o' Luck" by Alexander McClintock (Doran; $1.) is a sort of technical primer of explosives and other weapons, their use and dangers, told naïvely in purest American. Mr. McClintock declined a lieutenancy in the Canadian Grenadier Guards, in which he had served as sergeant during some of the hardest fighting of the war, to enlist in the American army. "It's the army of Uncle Sam for mine," says Mr. McClintock, "It's up to us to save the issue where it's mostly right on one side and all wrong on the other—and I'm glad we're in." "The First Canadians in France" by Colonel F. McKelvey Bell (Doran; $1.35) is a random set of reminiscences, a trifle wordy, but sincere, of the first Canadian hospital unit in France. It is another answer to the question, "What is it like, over there?"

Written in the form of a diary, Agnes Edwards's "A Garden Rosary" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25) is a record of her garden, which calls forth imagistic reactions and philosophical musings on the part of the author. The rush-and-tumble coming up of the tulips hastily "flung in at the last moment," she compares to women pulling on their gloves as they hurry down the street; the soullessness of the columbine, she likens to the same quality in a certain little Japanese manservant; the lily of the valley evokes reflections upon virginity. And so it happens that there is much in these pages which might find its way into free verse. It should be added that a genuine and delightful tenderness obtains throughout for the memory of the author's mother, to whom the "Rosary" is dedicated.

E. F. Borst-Smith's "Mandarin and Missionary in Cathay" (Dutton; $1.75) is a "story of twelve years' strenuous missionary work during stirring times mainly spent in Yenanfu, a prefectural city of Shensi, North China, with a review of its history from the earliest date." The writer was a pioneer in the district he describes, being the first English resident in North Shensi, while his wife was the first European woman ever seen there, and his little girl the first non-Chinese baby ever born there. Of this he assures us after a careful scrutiny of North Shensi annals for the past four thousand years and more. His twelve years' experience was evidently not lacking in variety, and it occasionally had its thrilling episodes. Life in a country undergoing the pains of transition from monarchy to republic is not likely to be without excitement, including the element of danger to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Thus the pages of this book offer rather more of varied interest than is commonly to be found in a missionary chronicle.

A series of experiments and observations on health control on estates and plantations in the tropics is presented in a lucid and pleasing manner in Dr. Watson's "Rural Sanitation in the Tropics" (Dutton). The author has had much practical experience on rubber, tea, and rice plantations in the Straits Settlements, in the Federated Malay States, and in British Guiana, has visited Sumatra and Hongkong, and has made an exhaustive inquiry into the American methods and accomplishments in sanitation at Panama. Of especial interest to every American is the high tribute paid by the writer to work at Panama and to the men who have accomplished the conquest of disease in that infamous sink-hole of fever and death. He notes the singularly happy spirit in the Panama Sanitary Department, the spirit of coöperation, the *esprit de corps,* and regards it as one of the greatest privileges of his life that he saw the department at work. He urges the complete publication of the accumulated records of the work and of the investigations connected therewith, believing that "in these records we have observations and truths of infinite value to all tropical countries and that their publication in full would be a lasting benefit to mankind." Colonel Gorgas has done far more than assist in the construction of a great canal, "he has conducted a school of Applied Sanitation whose lesson will benefit the world—I say with confidence—for all time." Wherever large numbers of laborers are employed in the tropics, the appalling mortality of the past need not recur. The book deals mainly with the practical measures for the prevention of malaria and its extermination in isolated country districts under tropical conditions. The breadth of vision and penetrating criticism of the writer combine with his wide experience to make this work one of unusual suggestiveness and value to all who deal with problems of sanitation and preventive medicine.

In "A Green Tent in Flanders" (Doubleday, Page; $1.25) Miss Maud Mortimer, an American nurse, describes her experiences in a hospital five miles back of the British line in Belgium. The story moves along with much spirit and no little humor; and it is entertaining, cheerful, human, and natural, like a clever woman's letters home. The wounded soldiers who pass under Miss Mortimer's care are portrayed with graphic, sympathetic touch, and the numerous anecdotes could only have been told by an acute observer with a sense for the picturesque. Altogether the book is pleasant company for an evening.

In "Green Trails and Upland Pastures" (Doubleday, Page; $1.60) Walter Prichard Eaton shows once more that he can write with ease and first-hand knowledge of the whole outdoors, from maple seeds to the Grinnell Glacier, from song sparrows to sky lines. He talks of weather, trees, snow, stone walls, rural free delivery, gardening, wild flowers, bridges, and mountain peaks with impartial and quiet enthusiasm. His spirit is as much at home on the wind-swept heights of the Rockies as amid the soft contours of the Berkshires. But the shining merit of these nineteen essays is the fact that their author treats nature simply; there is little or none of the extravagant rhapsody and the tiresome homily that mar many "nature books," early and late.

In "The Hilltop on the Marne" Mildred Aldrich had something to say and said it well. In "On the Edge of the War Zone" (Small, Maynard; $1.25) she appears to have nothing of much moment to write of and she only succeeds in being tiresome. One suspects that the success of the earlier work led to a call for more "copy," with an unhappy result. The hilltop is now back of the French line and little seems to happen there except as soldiers pass to and fro along the road. The days go by in comparative monotony, and the intimate details of household affairs fill up many weary pages. With so many interesting stories of war to be told one can only regret this long-drawn-out, gossipy chronicle of small happenings.

That Starr King, "Saint of the Pacific Coast," was a good deal more than a mere pulpit-pounder was long ago made clear, and is again demonstrated in Mr. William Day Simonds's study of that remarkable man's services to the Union and freedom—"Starr King in California" (Elder; $1.25). A short opening chapter devoted to King's early life in New England is followed by two longer ones on California in the early sixties and King's part in helping to turn that state to the side of the North in those critical times; then comes a review of his work as philanthropist and preacher, and finally a brief retrospect of his career as a whole. Contemporary sources of information have been diligently sought out and judiciously drawn upon, a few of King's old friends and acquaintances being still alive to contribute their testimony and reminiscences. The book is a scholarly and conclusive estimate of the part played by the great preacher and orator in saving his adoptive state from joining the Confederacy or, perhaps, from proclaiming a Pacific republic of its own.

Communications

"La Malquerida"

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Reading Mr. Padraic Colum's review of Mr. Underhill's translation of Benavente's plays, I was struck by the justness of the criticism of "La Malquerida," which Mr. Colum declares ". . . has distinction by reason of a strange reserve that goes through it all." I have heard "La Malquerida" acted in Spanish and I have heard Mimi Agulia in "La Lupa," and as the plots are very much alike I can, I believe, contrast "fury out-topping fury" with the "strange reserve" through which, Mr. Colum adds, "we are made to feel the gravity and the dignity of the Spanish character all through the play."

"La Malquerida" won phenomenal praise in Madrid, a well-known critic going so far as to declare that it is in line with the great tragedies of the Greek stage and dramas such as "Hamlet" and "Othello," and that as a national work it ranks with Calderon's "El Alcalde de Zalamea," with Lope de Vega's "La Fuente Ovejuna," and so on, and so on, *ad libitum*. But the author would certainly be more pleased to read Mr. Colum's appreciation with its penetrating phrase about "the strange reserve" than to hear such meaningless and bombastic comparisons.

When Mr. Colum tells us of "La Malquerida" I regret that he does not mention the scene between the husband and the outraged wife, for it is inseparable from one's memory of the play as an unequaled example of the conflict of simultaneous emotions. The wife, raging at her husband as she gives him a glass of water, is angry to the point of cursing the water, that it may poison him, and yet at the moment he is to gulp it down, her habit of wifely solicitude gets the better of her and she warns him not to drink while he is hot and perspiring.

I agree with Mr. Colum that "La Malquerida" should be given a hearing on the American stage: aside from the value of the play itself, it would prepare the taste of the public for the Spanish theatre with its rich inheritance of fine plays.

J. Garcia Pimentel.

New York.

An Unpublished Poem by Poe

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Students of Poe may be interested to learn that a file of the "Baltimore Saturday Visiter" for 1833, no copy of which was supposed by Poe editors to be in existence, has been preserved by descendants of the proprietors. I have been permitted to examine the volume and have found in it, besides interesting information about the prize contest which proved so momentous in the poet's literary life, a hitherto unpublished poem by Poe. I hope shortly to give some account of the "Visiter" and its relation to Poe. The poem is of such immediate interest that it seems desirable to make it available at once. It was printed in the issue of April 20, 1833, as follows:

Serenade.—By E. A. Poe.

So sweet the hour, so calm the time,
I feel it more than half a crime,
When Nature sleeps and stars are mute,
To mar the silence ev'n with lute.
At rest on ocean's brilliant dies
An image of Elysium lies:
Seven Pleiades entranced in Heaven,
Form in the deep another seven:
Endymion nodding from above
Sees in the sea another love.
Within the valleys dim and brown,
And on the spectral mountain's crown,
The wearied light is dying down,
And earth, and stars, and sea, and sky
Are redolent of sleep, as I
Am redolent of thee and thine
Enthralling love, my Adeline.
But list, O list,—so soft and low
Thy lover's voice to night shall flow,
That scarce awake thy soul shall deem
My words the music of a dream.
Thus, while no single sound too rude,
Upon thy slumber shall intrude,
Our thoughts, our souls—O God above!
In every deed shall mingle, love.

John C. French.

Johns Hopkins University.

Notes and News

Laurence Binyon, who writes in this issue of The Dial about the effect of the war upon art, is an English poet and critic, the author of a dozen volumes of verse, who is perhaps best known to Americans by his drama "Attila." He won the Newdigate prize in 1890. Mr. Binyon is in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum and has been a frequent contributor to periodicals of the fine arts.

Elsie Clews Parsons, who contributes to this issue a refreshingly unconventional discussion of an immigrant's point of view, has long since made herself known to the public as an original and keen critic of social problems, and especially of the status of women. She is the author of "The Family," "Fear and Conventionality," "The Old Fashioned Woman," "Social Freedom," "Social Rule," and many magazine articles.

On January 17 the University of Chicago Press published "The Millennial Hope: A Phase of War-time Thinking," by Dr. Shirley Jackson Chase.

The Page Co. have just published a detective story by George Barton, "The Mystery of the Red Flame."

Harry Butters, a California boy who fell at the Somme and whose letters were recently issued by John Lane Co., was the great-grandson of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The Macmillan Co. announces a new book by Edgar Lee Masters, "Toward the Gulf." Among their January publications were "Hill-Track," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, and *"Per Amica Silentia Lunae,"* by William Butler Yeats.

James Lane Allen has written a companion novel to "A Kentucky Cardinal" in "The Kentucky Warbler," a story of a boy's first awakening to nature. It was published last week by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this month's Scribner issues are: "Credit of the Nations," by J. Laurence Laughlin of Chicago University; "The Desert: Further Studies in Natural Appearance," by John C. Van Dyke; and "American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship," by Sidney L. Gulick.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has announced that publication of the "Print Collector's Quarterly" must be suspended for the duration of the war. Houghton Mifflin Co. are preparing a cumulative index of the seven volumes that have been issued, 1911-1917.

An article on Coleridge as a great talker, by Coventry Patmore, which had not been reprinted since 1886, when it appeared anonymously, is included in a new volume in the Oxford Standard Authors (Oxford University Press) which will contain "Table Talk," "Omniana," and H. N. Coleridge's preface.

The following fiction was issued on January 12 by Dodd, Mead & Co.: "Nine Tales," by Hugh de Selincourt; "Under the Hermes," by Richard Dehan; and "South Wind," by Norman Douglas. On the same day they published a translation of Benjamin Vallotton's "Potterat and the War."

Harper & Brothers have lately printed for private distribution "The Harper Centennial: 1817-1917," an attractive volume containing a selection from the messages of congratulation received by them during their centennial year. The frontispiece is a facsimile of the title-page of the first book to bear the Harper imprint.

The Newark Public Library is making a collection of "journals and bulletins published by the soldiers at the front, also engravings and pictures and souvenirs of all kinds, letters from soldiers to their friends, and so on." The plan is to exhibit the collection in the library gallery with the purpose of making the war as real as possible to relatives and friends of departing American soldiers.

The January issue of "The Piper," the folder in which Houghton Mifflin Co. chat with prospective customers, promises that there will shortly appear the first number of a monthly brochure to be called "Pen Pricks from the Piper" and to be devoted to thumb nail descriptions of worthy books. It is primarily intended for "those who sell books," but upon application it will be sent free to the interested buyer or reader of books.

George H. Doran Co. have recently removed from 38 West 32nd Street, New York, to 244 Madison Avenue, at 38th Street, where they occupy the sixth floor of a new building at the top of Murray Hill. Among their recent publications connected with the war are: "Naval Power in the Great War," by Charles Clifford Gill; "The Great Crime and Its Moral," by J. Selden Willmore; "In Mesopotamia," by Martin Swayne; "The Brown Brethren," further studies of the London Irish in France, by Patrick MacGill; and "World Peace," a written debate between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan.

Before the Russian Revolution Leon Trotzky, now Foreign Minister in the Bolshevik government, wrote "The Bolsheviki and World Peace," which has just been published by Boni & Liveright.

A first prize of $500 and a second prize of $300 are offered by the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society for manuscripts "of a religious character with a strong Christian motive. The manuscripts desired are a story for children, a story for young people, a story for adults, and a manuscript setting forth the necessity of the conservation of the moral and spiritual forces of our nation. Manuscripts of biographies and missionary achievements, also other manuscripts carrying a strong Christian message will be eligible." The manuscripts must be suitable for publication in book form, but must not exceed 75,000 words. In addition to the prizes, the customary book royalties will be paid the successful authors. Manuscripts which fail to receive prizes, but are accepted by the Committee, will be published upon a royalty basis by mutual agreement. The prize books will be published under the imprint of the Meridian Press and are to become the property of the Society. Manuscripts must be typewritten, on one side of the sheet, and must be received not later than May 15, 1918 by Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., General Secretary, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York City.

List of New Books

[*The following list, containing 117 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

FICTION.

The U. P. Trail. By Zane Grey. With frontispiece, 12mo, 409 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

The Kentucky Warbler. By James Lane Allen. With frontispiece, 12mo, 195 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

Just Outside. By Stacy Aumonier. With frontispiece, 12mo, 344 pages. The Century Co. $1.35.

Comrades. By Mary Dillon. Illustrated, 12mo, 396 pages. The Century Co. $1.40.

Teepee Neighbors. By Grace Coolidge. 12mo, 225 pages. Four Seas Co. $1.50.

The Land Where the Sunsets Go. By Orville H. Leonard. 12mo, 209 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.35.

The Flamingo's Nest. By Roger Sprague. 12mo, 369 pages. Lederer, Street & Zeus. Berkeley, Cal. $1.35.

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. Edited by Theodore C. Mitchell. With frontispiece, 16mo, 132 pages. The Macmillan Co. 25 cts.

WAR.

The Commonwealth at War. By A. F. Pollard. 8vo, 256 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25.

The Ways of War. By Prof. T. M. Kettle. With a Memoir by his wife. With frontispiece, 12mo, 246 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Nemesis of Mediocrity. By Ralph Adams Cram. 8vo, 52 pages. Marshall Jones Co. $1.

Naval Power in the War. By Charles Gifford Gill, U. S. N. Illustrated, 12mo, 224 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

The United States and Pangermania. By André Chéradame. Illustrated, 12mo, 170 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The Willy-Nicky Correspondence. Being the Secret and Intimate Telegrams Exchanged Between the Kaiser and the Tsar. By Herman Bernstein. With a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Frontispiece, 12mo, 158 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.

A Crusader of France. The Letters of Capt. Ferdinand Belmont. Translated from the French by G. Frederick Lees. With a foreword by Henry Bordeaux. With frontispiece, 12mo, 366 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

A Yankee in the Trenches. By Corp. R. Derby Holmes. Illustrated, 12mo, 214 pages. Little, Brown & Co. Paper. $1.35.

The Invisible Guide. By C. Lewis Hind. 12mo, 208 pages. John Lane Co. $1.

The High Call. By Ernest M. Stires. 12mo, 180 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Defenders of Democracy. Edited by the Gift Book Committee of the Militia of Mercy. Illustrated, 8vo, 324 pages. John Lane Co. $2.50.

The Cantonment Manual. By Major W. G. Kilner and Lieut. A. J. MacEltoy. 16mo, 307 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

We of Italy. By Mrs. K. R. Steege. 12mo, 269 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the National Army Hopper. By Draftee No. 357. 16mo, 54 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Small Arms Instructors' Manual. Compiled by the small arms instruction corps. Illustrated, 16mo, 184 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

The Undying Spirit of France. By Maurice Barrès. Translated by Margaret W. B. Corwin. 16mo, 58 pages. Yale University Press. 80 cts.

Alsace-Lorraine. By Daniel Blumenthal. 12mo, 60 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts.

Don Hale in the War Zone. By W. Crispin Sheppard. Illustrated, 12mo, 312 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 60 cts.

French for Soldiers. By Arthur W. Whittem and Percy W. Long. 16mo, 130 pages. Harvard University Press.

The Attack in Trench Warfare. By Captain André Laffargue. Illustrated, 16mo, 82 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co. 50 cts.

For the Boys at the Front. Fifteen war tracts. Presbyterian Board of Publication. Per set, 25 cts.

"The Most Sensational Book of the War"

THE BOLSHEVIKI AND WORLD PEACE

By LEON TROTZKY

opening the eyes of the world to the fact that the

Bolsheviki are really Anti-Hohenzollern

As remarkable and unexpected as the man who wrote it

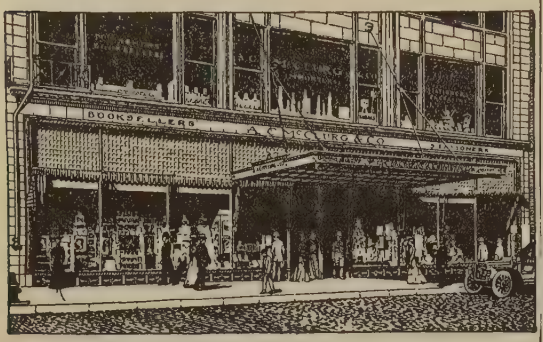
Six months ago he lived in a Bronx Tenement—Today

He Is Dictating to the Kaiser!

Introduction by Lincoln Steffens, the man who knows him

$1.50 Net. Wherever books are sold

BONI & LIVERIGHT
105 West Fortieth St., New York City



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other book-dealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

Special Library Service

We conduct a department devoted entirely to the interests of Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities. Our Library Department has made a careful study of library requirements, and is equipped to handle all library orders with accuracy, efficiency and despatch. This department's long experience in this special branch of the book business, combined with our unsurpassed book stock, enable us to offer a library service not excelled elsewhere. We solicit correspondence from Librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

Retail Store, 218 to 224 South Wabash Avenue

Library Department and Wholesale Offices:
330 to 352 East Ohio Street

Chicago

POETRY AND DRAMA.

Nocturne of Remembered Spring, and Other Poems. By Conrad Aiken. 12mo, 140 pages. Four Seas Co. $1.25.

Gardens Overseas, and Other Poems. By Thomas Walsh. 12mo, 155 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

Songs of the Celtic Past. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. With frontispiece, 12mo, 171 pages. $1.25.

The Potter's Clay. By Marie Tudor. 12mo, 80 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Muffie's Prophecy. By William Wallace Muffie. 12mo, 134 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Old Huntsman. By Siegfried Sassoon. 12mo, 109 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The Soul of America. By Robert M. Wernaer. 12mo, 98 pages. Four Seas Co. $1.25.

To-morrow and Other Poems. By Innes Stitt and Leo Ward. With a foreword by Canon H. Scott Holland. 12mo, 59 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

Pawns of War. By Bosworth Crocker. 12mo, 85 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Efficiency. By Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan. 12mo, 40 pages. George H. Doran Co. 75 cts.

The Moods of Ginger Mick. By C. J. Dennis. 16mo, 150 pages. John Lane Co. $1.

A Father of Women, and Other Poems. By Alice Meynell. 8vo, 30 pages. Burns & Oates Ltd. London. Paper. 2s.

Lee. An Epic. By Flora E. Stevens. 12mo, 80 pages. Burton Publishing Co.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Rinconete and Cortadillo. By Miguel de Cervantes. Translated with an introduction and notes by Mariano J. Lorente. With a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Illustrated, 12mo, 152 pages. The Four Seas Co. $1.50.

Edmund Spenser, A Critical Study by Herbert Ellsworth Cory. Vol. 5 of the University of California Publications in Modern Philology. 8vo, 478 pages. University of California Press. $3.50.

Jonathan Swift. The Leslie Stephen Lecture. By Charles Whibley. 12mo, 45 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Bookman's Budget. Composed and compiled by Austin Dobson. Illustrated, 12mo, 201 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

The Wings of the Morning. By Arthur Grant. 12mo, 290 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Wander-Ships. By Wilbur Bassett. With frontispiece, 8vo, 136 pages. Open Court Publishing Co.

Aeneas at the Site of Rome. By W. Warde Fowler. 12mo, 129 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Maxims of Le Duc de La Rochefoucauld. Translated by John Heard, Jr. With frontispiece, 16mo, 110 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boxed. $4. Limited edition.

Twenty-two Goblins. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. Illustrated, 8vo, 220 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.

Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln, and War-time Memories. By Ervin Chapman. Illustrated, 2 volumes, 8vo, 275-295 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. Boxed. $5.

Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin. By Louise Creighton. Illustrated, 8vo, 445 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50.

Memories of Eton Sixty Years Ago. By Arthur Campbell Ainger. With contributions from Neville Gerald Lyttelton and John Murray. Illustrated, 12mo, 354 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

Political Portraits. By Charles Whibley. 12mo, 327 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

On the Eaves of the World. By Reginald Farrer. 2 volumes. Illustrated, 8vo, 311-328 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $9.

Chicago. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrated, 8vo, 129 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $8.

The Book of New York. By Robert Shackleton. Illustrated, 12mo, 377 pages. Penn Publishing Co. Boxed. $2.50.

Our Hawaii. By Charmian Kittredge London. Illustrated, 12mo, 345 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Highways and Byways in Wiltshire. By Edward Hutton. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. 12mo. 463 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.

Intimate Prussia. By A. Raymond. 12mo, 286 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

THE ARTS.

A History of Art. By William Henry Goodyear. Illustrated, 8vo, 394 pages. A. S. Barnes Co.

An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design. By Henry Vincent Hubbard and Theodora Kimball. Illustrated, 4to, 406 pages. The Macmillan Co. Boxed. $6.

Furniture of the Olden Time. By Frances Clary Morse. Illustrated, 8vo, 470 pages. The Macmillan Co. $6.

Early English Portrait Miniatures. In the Collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. By H. A. Kennedy. Illustrated, 4to, 44 pages and 68 plates. John Lane Co.

Kultur in Cartoons. By Louis Raemaekers. 4to, 219 pages. The Century Co. Boxed. $5.

Modern Water-Color. By Romilly Fedden. Illustrated, 12mo, 115 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

Landscape and Figure Painters of America. By Frederick Fairchild Sherman. Illustrated, 8vo, 71 pages. Privately printed. $1.75.

One Hundred Songs by Ten Masters. Edited by Henry T. Finck. 2 volumes. 4to, 189-186 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper. $1.50. Cloth. $2.50.

Sword and Scissors or Napoleon Caught Napping. A Military-Millinery Operetta. By Frederick H. Martens and Will C. MacFarlane. 8vo, 90 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

The Sleeping Beauty. Cantata for Women's Voices. By Alfred Tennyson and Frances McCollin. 8vo, 28 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. 50 cts.

Columbus. A Short Cantata for Mixed Voices. By Joaquin Miller and E. S. Hosmer. 8vo, 14 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. 25 cts.

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

Green Trails and Upland Pastures. Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated, 12mo, 303 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.60.

Wood and Water Friends. By Clarence Hawkes. Illustrated, 12mo, 307 pages. T. Y. Crowell Co. $1.25.

The Spring of Joy. By Mary Webb. 12mo, 136 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

The Human Side of Birds. By Royal Dixon. Illustrated, 8vo, 246 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.60.

Our Backdoor Neighbors. By Frank C. Pellett. Illustrated, 12mo, 209 pages. The Abingdon Press. $1.50.

Messages of Flowers. With frontispiece, 16mo, 144 pages. George H. O'Neill. $1.

The Story of Some French Refugees and their "Azilum." By Louise Welles Murray. Second edition. Illustrated, 8vo, 158 pages.

Mordecai M. Noah. By A. B. Makover. 16mo, 96 pages. Bloch Publishing Co. Paper. 75 cts.

Happy Days. By Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay. Illustrated, 16mo. Mitchell Kennerley.

Reed Voices. By James B. Kenyon. 12mo, 122 pages. James T. White & Co.

HISTORY.

The Fall of the Romanoffs. By the author of "Russian Court Memoirs." Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

Guide to the Study of Medieval History. By Louis John Paetow. 12mo, 552 pages. University of California Press.

The Land of the Two Rivers. By Edwyn Bevan. 12mo, 126 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

Illinois in the Fifties or A Decade of Development, 1851-1860. By Charles Beneulyn Johnson. Illustrated, 12mo, 175 pages. Flanigan-Pearson Co. $1.25.

The Formation of the State of Oklahoma, 1803-1906. By Roy Gittinger, Ph.D. Vol. VI of the University of California Publications in History. With maps, 8vo, 256 pages. University of California Press.

Just Published

DISASTERS

By J. BYRON DEACON

Even for the unforeseeable a measure of preparedness is possible.

This little book, which sums up for the first time the experience of the American Red Cross in disaster relief, also tells what to do when one of the half dozen great catastrophes bound to happen every year in the United States arrives—what to do at the time—what to do later—what should have been done beforehand by public-spirited citizens.

Cloth, 230 pages; price 75 cents net.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT
RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION
130 East Twenty-second Street New York City

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
announce their new
Catalogue of Book Bargains
1918 Edition—Just Issued

Showing their greatly reduced prices on hundreds of books from their overstock, including many of recent issue. Sent free on request.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers
354 Fourth Ave. New York At 26th Street

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
FIRST EDITIONS
OUT OF PRINT BOOKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED CATALOGUES ISSUED
ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH
4 East Thirty-Ninth Street, New York City

Columbia University Press
(LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents)
New Catalogue of Meritorious Books Now Ready
AMERICAN BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS sent to any address, here or abroad
DIRECT IMPORTATION FROM ALL ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES
LEMCKE & BUECHNER (Established 1848)
30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1903*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

Autograph Letters of Famous People
Bought and Sold.—Send lists of what you have.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City
Publisher of **THE COLLECTOR:** A Magazine for Autograph Collectors. $1.00. Sample free.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.
W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

AMERICANA
New Catalogue of 1000 titles, covering a large variety of subjects—mostly of rare books—including THE WEST, INDIANS, REVOLUTION, COLONIAL HOUSES and many other interesting topics. Sent free.
GOODSPEED'S BOOKSHOP
BOSTON, MASS.

Special Prize Offer
Two cash prizes, the First $500.00 and the Second $300.00, will be given for the two best original manuscripts submitted under conditions which will be furnished upon application to the Meridian Press, care of Judson Swift, D.D., Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

SCIENCE.

A Short History of Science. By W. T. Sedgwick and H. W. Tyler. 8vo, 474 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Organic Evolution. By Richard Swann Lull. Illustrated, 12mo, 729 pages. The Macmillan Co. $3.

Everyman's Chemistry. By Ellwood Hendrick. 12mo, 374 pages. Harper & Brothers. $2.

The Mystery of Matter and Energy. By Albert C. Crehore. 16mo, 161 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.

Medical Research and Human Welfare. By Dr. William Williams Keen. With frontispiece, 12mo, 160 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Navigation. By Harold Jacoby. 12mo, 330 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

A Short Account of Explosives. By Arthur Marshall. Illustrated, 8vo, 96 pages. P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1.50.

Baldness. By Richard W. Müller, M. D. Illustrated, 12mo, 178 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The Psychology of the Ego. By Dr. Elizabeth Severn. 12mo, 349 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Technic of the Carrel Method. By J. Dumas and Anne Carrel. Translated by Adrian V. S. Lambert. Illustrated, 12mo, 90 pages. Paul B. Hoeber. $1.25.

Foods and Their Adulteration. By Harvey W. Wiley. Illustrated, Third Edition, 8vo, 646 pages. P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.

EDUCATION.

Fifty Years of American Education. By Ernest Carroll Moore. 12mo, 96 pages. Ginn & Co.

Motion Picture Education. By Ernest A. Dench. 12mo, 353 pages. The Standard Press. $2.

A Handbook on Story Writing. By Blanche Colton Williams. 12mo, 356 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Composition and Rhetoric. By Alfred M. Hitchcock. Illustrated, 12mo, 575 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Pattou's French-English Manual. By E. E. Pattou. Illustrated, 12mo, 227 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Drei Märchenspiele. By Emma Rendtorff. 16mo, 66 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 35 cts.

She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Dudley Miles. Illustrated, 16mo, 99 pages. Ginn & Co. 36 cts.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. Edited by Frank Sicha, Jr. 16mo, 408 pages. Ginn & Co. 64 cts.

The Spy. By James Fenimore Cooper. Abridged by Beatrice A. Griffin. Illustrated, 12mo, 339 pages. Ginn & Co. 64 cts.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Edited by William J. Long. Illustrated, 12mo, 224 pages. Ginn & Co. 56 cts.

Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Edited by Orton Lowe. Illustrated, 12mo, 355 pages. Ginn & Co. 64 cts.

Jackanapes, and Other Stories. By Julia Horatia Ewing. Edited by Sarah Cone Bryant. Illustrated, 12mo, 271 pages. Ginn & Co. 56 cts.

BUSINESS.

Reclaiming the Arid West. By George Wharton James. Illustrated, 8vo, 411 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

Forecasting the Yield and the Price of Cotton. By Henry Ludwell Moore. 12mo, 173 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Personal Accounts Record. By Stephen Gilman. Tables, 4to, 20 pages. La Salle Extension University.

Non-technical Chats on Iron and Steel. By LaVerne W. Spring. Illustrated, 8vo, 358 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

If I Were Twenty-one. By William Maxwell. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

REFERENCE.

Bibliography of Woodrow Wilson: 1910-1917. By George Dobbin Brown. 8vo, 52 pages. The Library of Princeton University, Paper. 75 cts.

Report of the Librarian of Congress: 1917. Illustrated, 8vo, 223 pages. Government Printing Office. 40 cts.

Strangling the Periodicals

Congress at its last session passed a hasty postal law increasing the postage on periodicals from FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT.

Some periodicals will be killed—all will be restricted in circulation and crippled. There will be fewer readers, and the habit of reading curtailed. The great function of periodicals is to assist in the spread of ideas—by printing the achievements in the world of thought, culture, and science.

Thus to shut out farm journals—as these zone rates will—will lessen the productive power of our country by millions of dollars through loss of better methods. Shut off trade journals and you decrease the manufacturing power by more millions. Shut off the religious papers and there are shut off channels that have raised millions of dollars for distressed humanity. Shut off the great periodicals of the home and there is throttled an avenue that has given expert instruction to hundreds of thousands of mothers and saved their babies to health and citizenship.

These national periodicals are printed in the big cities—and the first zone, the cheapest zone, is in or near those cities; there are many educational opportunities near cities, and the cities will read anyway. Small towns and distant districts depend to a large extent upon periodicals; thus this law increasing periodical postage where it is most needed shuts off opportunity where needed. It penalizes periodical readers.

It is not a War Tax. It is postal legislation, pure and simple.

Repeal this law. Repeal this FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT periodical postage increase. Sign the petition below and mail it. Put a cross mark in the square—save the periodicals and the work that they have done and are doing for national education and patriotism.

SIGN BELOW

CUT OUT. MAIL TO CHARLES JOHNSON POST, Room 1417, 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

PETITION TO CONGRESS—Sign Here!

The spread of education, of culture, of scientific knowledge and advancement, and of our vast internal merchandising and manufacturing has been, and always is, vitally dependent upon the freest and cheapest circulation of periodicals. The penalties resulting from any restriction on the freest possible circulation of periodicals will be destructive of the best interests of our economic life and the opportunities of developing our best citizenship.

The postal amendment passed by the last Congress increasing the postage on periodicals from FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT will throttle or destroy our periodicals at a time when the widest and most extensive circulation of publications is essential to the patriotism, education, and upbuilding of our country.

Therefore, I, the undersigned, do most earnestly demand the repeal of this burdensome periodical postage amendment.

Name.....

City or County.....

Street Address.....

State.....

Periodicals mean much in your life. If you will help by a few arguments with your acquaintances and an occasional letter in a spare moment, put a cross mark here.

Will you help in securing the repeal of this iniquitous law? ☐

Cut Out. Mail to CHARLES JOHNSON POST, Room 1417, 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CAMION LETTERS

FROM AMERICAN COLLEGE MEN VOLUNTEER DRIVERS OF THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE, 1917

". . . Duty, and the bit more which counted. . ."

Fine-spirited boyish letters from young Americans driving motor transports for the French Army. The splendid ambulance work of the American Field Service is well known, but the recent undertaking of munition transport has not yet come into the general public's notice. The young camionneurs tell in these spontaneous letters the story of their day's work, with no worry over its drudgery and no solicitude for its dangers. The volume is one more evidence of the growth of American youth into American manhood.

(*Just ready,* $1.00 *net.*)

FOR COURSES IN PHYSIOGRAPHY, GEOGRAPHY, MAP READING, HISTORY OF THE WAR, OR A GIFT TO SOLDIERS

TOPOGRAPHY AND STRATEGY IN THE WAR

By DOUGLAS W. JOHNSON

Associate Professor of Physiography, Columbia University

20 *special maps, numerous half-tones,* 8*vo.* $1.75 *net.*

Professor W. M. DAVIS, Professor Emeritus in Harvard University:

"Johnson's 'Topography and Strategy of the War' pleases me greatly because of the clear statement that it makes of the importance of geographical features in affecting military movements. Current newspaper reports are very deficient in this respect. Summary statements of progress in the various campaigns are too often little better, apparently because their authors have small knowledge or appreciation of the topography on the different fronts. Johnson is, on the other hand, exceptionally competent as a geographer; from the beginning of the war he has given especial attention to the movements of the opposing armies as affected by the form of the surface. His book is, therefore, a valuable contribution to a phase of contemporary history that has too generally suffered from neglect."

Professor JOSEPH BARRELL of Yale University:

"It is the most valuable single work which I know on the conduct of the war."

Professor WALLACE W. ATWOOD of Harvard University:

"The most notable and timely contribution in physical geography of the year."

ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER GERMAN RULE

By CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN

Author of "Europe Since 1815"

"By far the best short, yet actually sufficient, presentment of a question that is at the very heart of the present struggle."—*Boston Transcript.* (*Net,* $1.25. *2nd printing.*)

SOME MODERN NOVELISTS.

A volume of appreciations and estimates

By HELEN THOMAS FOLLET and WILSON FOLLET

Novelists of Yesterday: Meredith, Gissing, Henry James, Hardy, DeMorgan.
Novelists of To-day: Howells, Phillpotts, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, Conrad.
With an introductory essay about the general direction of the novel in English, and a supplementary essay about The Younger Generation. (*With portraits.* $1.50 *net.*)

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

19 West 44th Street New York City

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO., CHICAGO.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

Unromantic War

When I first read Barbusse's "Le Feu," now more than a year ago, I knew it for what it is—the most searching, the most revealing statement of what modern war means both morally and physically. The book has all those intimate signs of truth that carry immediate conviction even to him who has had no personal experience with which to corroborate its record (as all vital literature convinces—as Dostoevsky or Gorky convince millions who know nothing personally about Russia and Russians). I have read many books, private as well as published diaries, which attempt to reveal what men suffer and endure in this most hateful of all wars. Not one of them—and there are many honest revelations, unaffected, simple, and sincere efforts to put into words the meaning of this monstrous calamity—has approached "Le Feu" in perception, in sheer capacity for truth. Nothing since heard or read has effaced its stinging impression. Others deal with familiar surfaces, with personal and incomplete reactions, often noble and sensitive, humorous and philosophical; but Barbusse gives the thing itself—War.

I sent the book to soldier friends, asked many others, "What do you think of 'Le Feu'?" The invariable answer was, "That's it—War! He's got it all in." Grimly, taciturnly, as soldiers speak of the bitter mystery into which fate has plunged them. The book began to go, enormously, among soldiers, also among civilians. It soon ran into the tens of thousands in the French editions before the attention of Americans was gained for it by an English translation, supplanting in popularity such journalistic triviality as "Gaspard." Civilian comment on Barbusse's book was less direct, often given with a reserve, almost a resentment, even where the praise was loud enough for its extraordinary "literary strength"—as if its author should be punished for violating the decencies and reticencies of our civilization. So I came to regard a man's judgment upon this single book as a kind of test of his soul, especially of the civilian soul—of its ability and its willingness to face the truth, to understand War. I put my question to every sort of Frenchman whom I met, in order to sound the civilian temper *en derrière,* for that after all must ultimately determine the destiny of the terrific conflict. The sentimentalist, I found—the incorrigible middle class romanticist, who can never swallow life without some sugar coating—condemns Barbusse because he has sternly torn away the last shreds of illusion from the horrid business. "It is not fine," the literary person complained. (I am thinking of a cultivated French professor.) "It is not Art," he said. (O sacred Art, how many petty cowardices shelter beneath thy mystic robe!) "It is like Zola—all dirt and horrors, no 'relief' . . . Not the whole truth . . . Without that elevation of spirit which art requires . . . Without the sense of beauty . . ." And so on according to the chatter of the pretty-pretty school of literature. The raw truths which we moderns must face do not fit these politer canons of the old world. We are creating new ones to hold a new wine.

What the literary person thinks counts for little. There is another sort of objection to "Le Feu," which carries more weight. "The book does not show a good spirit"—this from a serious minded, patriotic Frenchman engaged in the work of propaganda. His is a political, a patriotic, a moral condemnation of the picture of War as presented in "Le Feu." Barbusse has shown us soldiers, not only as dirty and unidealistic, degraded by the occupation to which they are condemned, but also as too obviously the blind sport of life—human sacrifices of human society, killing and being killed in a war that

is insanity, whose origin and conclusion they cannot affect. A recent letter in the New York "Times" contains the same objection to the book. Barbusse, the correspondent charges, is a pacifist in disguise, preaching an "insidious propaganda" against War! He has failed to present the stereotyped poilus dying with "La France" on their lips, a smile on their faces. Instead he has shown that unforgettable company of civilian soldiers awaiting quietly in the gray morning the order to attack, each one fully conscious of what lies beyond the parapet: "These are men, not heroes," he says of them. Which is the higher heroism?

Of course Barbusse is a "pacifist," if that wretched word means anything after all the mishandling it has received by patriots. If a disgust for the insanity and the inhumanity of War, a steady perception of its futilities and its crimes, means "pacifism," I think there must be some millions of such "pacifists" on the European battle fronts. All the intelligent soldiers and officers whom I have met are pacifists in this sense—heroic and militant pacifists—and it is from them that hope for the world must be born again. For they know War, and knowing it they hate it. They know how War is conducted, the full stupidity of it. They suspect how wars are bred and do not believe in their inevitability. It is the warriors *en derrière*—some of them women—who have any illusions about the glory of mass slaughter, and some of the journalists, statesmen, business men, who run the war machine from behind and often run it very badly. Those who know best what it is like abhor its every aspect: many of them are fighting with the splendid faith that they are giving their lives to end War, not just this war. And others are dying with splendid resignation, in the hope that somehow their sacrifice may serve against the evil of the world. They are fighting pacifists, if you like—than whom there can be no braver fighters.

Indeed, what Barbusse believes and what the person who thinks in terms of newspaper and politician formulæ cannot see, is that War is most of all an awful process of religious conversion through which the minds of all men will be awakened to the recognition of supreme sin. It must drag on its dreary, blood-stained course until all whose selfish, thoughtless conduct in times of peace, all grasping and power-loving statesmen, journalists, business men, indifferents, have received sufficient vision to recognize their errors, which cause wars. Until, as Prince Lvoff so nobly and sadly said, "Europe—and the world—has accomplished a new soul."

That new soul will hardly be achieved while we lie to ourselves about War, even from the highest literary or patriotic motives. What the French novelist has courageously perceived, all of us must be brought to see and accept. Humanity is on the way—there are sure signs even in Germany—to this great realization. Those who for self-interest or cowardice or mistaken zeal would conceal or disguise any least particle of essential truth about the War are hindering the coming of the day of our final release. The most lamentable immediate effect of War upon human psychology is the tendency to cover up, conceal, distort the truth, for one or another of innumerable specious reasons. To the stupidity of military censorship, which is fit subject only for opera bouffe, we add the misguided zeal of propagandists and self-appointed guardians of national morale, who serve out the Truth to the public in homeopathic doses, tardily, and agreeably disguised. To this fatal tendency toward obscurantism must be attributed, among other things, the slow awakening of our own country to the crisis upon us.

Why Prussianize our minds? With the fatal example of Germany before us, of a people in blinders to whom after three and a half years of War the first gleams of truth are slowly penetrating, why do we imitate the very vice that we are combating in our foes? Why do we admit that "there are things which must not be said" in public? Barbusse's soldiers—filthy, desperate, subjected to infamous degradations—suffer without seeking to evade their fate, for a cause in which every one of us has his personal responsibility. Why, then, can we not look steadily at the truth about War?

ROBERT HERRICK.

Edward Thomas

In the war, we have lost, among thousands of young men of high intellectual gifts, a few whose literary talent has been recognized to the full, as Rupert Brooke's; but the sorest loss to English literature is that of Edward Thomas, poet and critic, born March 3, 1878, killed in the Battle of Arras April 9, 1917. The general public has, I believe, heard of "The South Country" (1909), "Rest and Unrest" (1910), "Light and Twilight" (1911), the "Life of Richard Jefferies" (1909), "The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans" (1913), the five books most steeped in Thomas's beautiful characteristic quality. Thomas wrote many books, for, marrying early, he had to support his young family by miscellaneous literary work and constant reviewing. In youth he was fascinated by the work of Richard Jefferies, our great nature writer, whose essays and romances, abounding in the joy of life, are saturated with passionate feeling for the magic and abundance of nature; and some years before he died Thomas repaid his debt by the "Life of Richard Jefferies," one of the most perfect biographies in the language. In the first chapter, a preliminary survey of the Wiltshire down lands, Jefferies's native place, Thomas shows that he himself is a poet richly dowered with observation and imaginative insight into the great pageant of rural life under the open sky. It has been said that Thomas was not sufficiently himself in his nature books, and this is true of such early work as "The Woodland Life" (1897) and "The Heart of England" (1912), but the few passages in "The South Country" which recall Jefferies's example one would not alter. The writer has perfected his own manner of recording what he sees and feels, and his discipleship is now bearing its spiritual fruit.

Thomas's rare individuality, however, found its most perfect expression in his exquisite prose sketches, "Rest and Unrest" (1910) and "Light and Twilight" (1911), and I believe that his claim to high, permanent rank rests on these little books. ("Rose-Acre Papers"—1910—a reprint from some early essays, is too self-consciously "literary" in style to rank with them.)

We have heard a good deal about Celtic magic in literature since Matthew Arnold's famous article appeared, but without denying the claims of other men, I think Edward Thomas a finer example of the Celtic sense of beauty than any of the young Irish school. Thomas, though born and reared in England, was of Welsh blood on the paternal side, and in his spiritual affinities he harked back to the old ruling caste which speaks to us in literature through the "Mabinogion" and the poems of Daveth Ab-Gwylliam. Extremely fastidious, diffident, and proud, Thomas by his reticence and fine reservations of feeling rather chilled the common man. His sensitive self-consciousness did him no good with editors, who, busy mortals, were as incapable as their public of appreciating the unique quality of his imaginative sketches. To his intimates Thomas's quiet, cool irony, his proud delicacy of feeling, his shy hauteur wafted an atmosphere as refreshing as a mountain stream's or a spring birch grove's in the Welsh mountains. A fresh chastity of spirit, a nobility of strain (he had a touch of Spanish blood), an aloofness from everything mediocre in human affairs, preserved his nature from the least touch of worldliness. Poet and scholar, however, as Thomas was, he had a keen eye for men and manners and when he wished he could get into touch with homely people and enjoy, none better, whatever is racily human. His noble head, his tall figure, and sensitive bearing often attracted people's eyes, but of this he was unconscious. His temperamental melancholy and a touch of hypochondria he combated by long, solitary walking-tours in the south of England and Wales, where he found fresh material for his nature books and prose sketches.

But how is one to depict the spiritual essence of Thomas's work? I shall not speak here of his critical studies of Swinburne, Pater, Maeterlinck, and George Borrow, which, highly individual in insight, are perhaps sometimes marked by

judgments of too fastidious severity. As a critic of poetry Thomas particularly excelled, and I may mention here that a posthumous volume of his poems is shortly to appear. Some remarkable specimens given in "An Annual of New Poetry" (1917) are as new a departure in English verse as was Mr. Robert Frost's "North of Boston" in American verse. But whatever may be the verdict on his poetry, Thomas was essentially a poet, thinly disguised, in his imaginative prose sketches, as in "The Flower Gatherer," "Home," "Mothers and Sons," "Olwen," and, indeed, in the scores of others that make up "Rest and Unrest" and "Light and Twilight." In these little volumes he shows he is master of English, pure, limpid, delicate and for clear beauty of imagery and sensitive grace of contour he rivals even W. H. Hudson.

To Thomas, a poet, a thing betrays its spiritual origins. And his descriptions relate a thing seen to the main stream of human activities, to which it is as a drop in a sentient ocean. Thus "A Group of Statuary"—a haunting description of a group of broken men with heads bowed in weary apathy, seated in a hot, dusty London Square—contrasts this human wastage, cast aside by industrialism's hurrying wheels, with the dull indifference of the passers-by, to whom this sight brings neither wonder nor pity. The civilization that bears an abundance of such malformed fruit is indicted by the writer's grave detachment. But the shades of Thomas's reflective irony here are too fine for more than one in twenty readers to grasp their deep import. This sketch, "A Group of Statuary," came to my memory the other day on a journey by train which carried me through the six-mile breadth of mean streets, huge factories, dirty tenements, wharves, warehouses, and workshops of East London, lying under their dreary pall of dusty smoke. I reflected that probably not a score of people among these millions of workers had ever heard of Thomas or read a line of his writings. Yet "Light and Twilight" and "Rest and Unrest" will be read as classics when all this mass of dirty brick and mortar and frowning stone and iron has passed away to the scrap heap. So powerful is the written word and the spirit of beauty! And to Thomas beauty was no cult of æstheticism cloistered or divorced from reality, but the simple love of whatever is gracious, pure, precious in human feeling, and of all that purges the spirit and awakens it to joy in the earth and in nature's activities. His finest prose sprang from direct contemplation of the old-world hills and valleys, the coasts and streams, the woods and fields and pastures from which the inhabitants of the monstrous modern towns have, in one generation or another, severed themselves. And this strange, incongruous spectacle of the new and the old life in the country and the towns, pushing from roots interlaced in our British soil, arrested Thomas's imagination. With what perfection Thomas captured the essential character of a landscape and its inhabitants is shown in "Mothers and Sons," a sketch, cunningly exact, of a South Wales mining village where all the horrors of raw industrialism, crude, glaring, and greedy, are seen at work, swallowing up the quiet simplicity of an old-world parish with its three or four farms, watermills, the chapel in the ancient oak wood, and scattered cottages in the brambly lanes. And Thomas was no sentimentalist. The realities of the old life and the new are shown in the chat of wise Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Owen, and the virtues of the mining folk shine forth in this picture of a Welsh family's hospitality and homely kindliness. In a companion sketch, "A Cottage Door," Thomas sums up, in his poetic apostrophe, the contradictions in this "demon of humanity" which is "hideous and beautiful, cruel in ignorance, recking not what it is making, as it squats there upon the earth. It is old but it is a babe. It would be noble but it must be vile." "Home," this beautiful vision of the Welsh countryside, conveys a truer sense of the wild character, the strange beauty of Wales in her fierceness and her antique melancholy, than any other passage I have met in literature. For a study of character, read "Sunday Afternoon," where the spirit of a narrow-minded, exacting, steely-natured woman, Mrs. Wilkins, dreadful in her hard virtue

and intense unimaginativeness, is explored. We give unstinted praise to the great Russian realists for the spiritual truth of their pictures of life; but the sketches I have cited, and others, such as "Olwen," "The Attempt," "The First of Spring," vie in delicacy of perception and poetic insight with Turgenev's "A Sportsman's Sketches." Thomas, too, shows that he has grasped with unerring intuition the evasive secrets of human life. Thomas, however, rarely treats a man's character at full length. He is too subjective, too introspective a writer to do more than sketch the figures of men and women seen in their appropriate atmosphere. As a poet he is more intent on observing and recording the beauty of life as it mirrors itself in the calm glass of his imagination. "July," the description of two lovers lost in the stream of their mutual joy as they wander hand in hand through the forest, is very characteristic of the brooding depth of his thought—human joy is shown here in the waning light of nature's mutability. As "poetical," but more characteristically Welsh in romantic feeling, are the beautiful "Winter Music," "The Castle of Lostormellyn," "Snow and Sand," "The Queen of the Waste Lands," and "Maiden's Wood." The extreme subtlety of Thomas's thought, his apprehension of the finest shades of those mysterious sensations which declare the unity of all life and the oneness of time and eternity, is expressed with consummate felicity in "The Fountain," "The Queen of the Waste Lands," and "Winter Music." That such perfect poems in prose are so little known to our public is a reflection on the intelligence of our critics. I did not myself, I fear, ever fully express to Thomas my appreciation of these exquisite achievements. Now he lies in his grave in France and his own epitaph he has written in one of these sketches:

> In that company I had learned that I am something which no fortune can touch, whether I be soon to die or long years away. Things will happen which will trample and pierce, but I shall go on, something that is here and there like the wind, something unconquerable, something not to be separated from the dark earth and the light sky, a strong citizen of infinity and eternity. I knew that I could not do without the Infinite, nor the Infinite without me.

EDWARD GARNETT.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

IX.

THE FEDERALIZATION OF SOVEREIGN STATES: A PRECEDENT NOT ACCORDING TO INTERNATIONAL LAW

The thirteen original British colonies in America, united against the aggressive exploitation of the British government, differed in one fundamental respect from the free states today in alliance against Germany: they had no "problems of nationality." By and large, they were of one blood, one language, and one legal and political tradition. That this did not prevent bitter quarrels and even warfare among them is only another evidence that nationality, even when sovereign, is not the antidote to warfare its contemporary protagonists assert it is. Men go to war from other motives as well, and the phenomenon of two states of the same nationality at each other's throats is not so infrequent in history that it may be ignored. Members of the thirteen colonies were at each other's throats for a variety of reasons, religious and economic, and it was only the menace of a common enemy that at first drew and held them together. They came together as "sovereign and independent states," reluctantly, strongly suspicious of one another and inclined to act each in its own behalf. To meet an enemy strong, well armed, and well supplied, they had to provide an army with all that an army needs for effective effort in the field. And they had to create this provision out of practically nothing at all, to secure the very finances with which to create. From the beginning each state held to its right to perform its share of this work for itself and as it chose, without regard for, or any attempt at coöperation with, the other states. From the beginning each state failed to do its proper share, out of fear, largely, that it

might be doing more than its share; and each state, correspondingly, complained of the inefficiency of the central authority, the Continental Congress. But the Congress was in effect a consulting and advisory body, becoming negligible through inaction, and doomed to inaction because it was without real power. The war, indeed, was not truly one war but many wars, and the remoter states were colder to the issues and conditions of the conflict than those at its seat. These issues and conditions were the inevitable ones of finance, of the control of the food-supply, of the army commissariat. The lack of common action and unified authority on these points caused untold suffering to the soldiers and indefinitely prolonged the struggle.

To secure the necessary unity the Congress had discussed for a year and finally submitted to the legislatures of the states articles of a confederation without which the war could not successfully be carried on. These articles did not win final ratification till 1781. They were accompanied by a circular letter the following extract from which is relevant:

> The business [of unification], equally intricate and important, has in its progress been attended with uncommon embarrassments and delay, which the most anxious solicitude and persevering diligence could not prevent. To form a permanent union, accommodated to the opinion and wishes of the delegates of so many states differing in habits, produce, commerce, and internal police, was found to be a work with which nothing but time and reflection, *conspiring with a disposition to conciliate* [italics mine] could mature and accomplish.
>
> Hardly is it to be expected that any plan, in the variety of provisions essential to our union, should exactly correspond with the maxims and political views of every particular state. Let it be remarked that, after the most careful inquiry and the fullest information, this is proposed as the best which could be adapted to the circumstances of all, and as that alone which affords any tolerable prospect of general satisfaction.

The Articles of Confederation were primarily a war measure, designed to make the efforts of many sovereign states effective against one common enemy. They were by second intention an instrument of security between the states themselves, designed to maintain lasting peace between them and to strengthen each with all and all with each. They provided therefore that the states were to retain all undelegated sovereignty; that they were to constitute an absolute military unity against the enemy assaulting any one of them; that the citizens of one, moving to another, were to receive equal treatment with the citizens of that other; that each should have equal authority with the others, large or small, on the basis of one state, one vote; that no state might enter into special relations with another, or with a foreign power, except by general consent; that no state might ordain a tariff at cross-purposes with the general interest; that Congress alone, representing the general interest, might determine the armament of each state; that no state might go to war except by general consent; that hence treaties, alliances, the making of war and peace were to be the functions of Congress; that Congress was to be the "last resort on appeal on all differences now subsisting or that hereafter may arise between two or more states concerning boundary, jurisdiction, or any other cause whatsoever." Its proceedings were to be publicly recorded in a journal to be kept for that purpose. The Articles provided, please observe, for all the contingencies that liberal opinion finds it desirable to guard against in the relations between contemporary states. They are a programme of internationalism. Under them the Revolutionary War dragged out to a successful conclusion. But with the coming of peace the force of the international authority, of the Congress they provided for, lapsed altogether. The states reverted to their aboriginal sovereignty, and worse. The central authority carried an enormous burden of debt, the states were destitute, the country disorganized. Patriotism, that is, local loyalties of the peoples to their different state governments, was intense.

> The mutual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments, habitudes, and manners [wrote Josiah Tucker] indicate that they will have no center of union and no common interest. They can never be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever; a disunited people till the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries, by great bays of the sea, and by vast rivers, lakes, and ranges of mountains.

Add dynastic and national interests, and the description absolutely dots the present and future of both the powers within the democratic alliance and those opposed to it.

But the Dean of Gloucester was mistaken. The situation he described, the unnecessary length and hardship of the war, the horrible civil blunders never would have arisen at all if the Articles of Confederation had made Congress truly authoritative and had provided it with power to enforce its ordinances. Its power unfortunately was like that of the Hague Tribunal, purely advisory: "They may declare everything," wrote Justice Story, "but can do nothing." Only the presence of the common enemy kept Congress in force during the war. With the coming of peace, not only did its power tend to lapse; it was scorned, and the several states treated it with the suspicion due an encroaching foreigner. "The Confederation was," according to J. Q. Adams, "perhaps as closely knit together as it was possible that such a form of polity could be grappled; but it was matured by the State Legislatures *without consultation with the people* [the italics are mine] and the jealousy of sectional collisions and the distrust of all delegation of power, stamped every feature of the work with inefficiency." Mr. Adams hit upon the very heart of the difficulty. The Confederation was a thing made by statesmen and diplomats. Reputable though they were, their mere authority could not win for it the allegiance of the masses, and without that it could have no force. Had the masses been instructed by discussion and analysis, and had public opinion been awakened to reënforce the obviously wise programme, the history of these United States would have been otherwise written.

Because public opinion had not been roused, the removal of enemy pressure was followed by a reversion to pre-war conditions, aggravated by the disabling consequences of the war. The separate states at once began to act upon the traditional principle that a government's safety depends upon its own strength and its neighbors' weakness. Tariff war began almost immediately. Various ententes and alliances were initiated. Massachusetts tried to detach the other New England states into a separate union. New York went to war with Vermont, which had declared its independence of New Hampshire, over the strip of Vermont settled by New Yorkers and paying taxes to New York. Maryland and Virginia organized a sort of zollverein which Delaware and Pennsylvania were later invited to join. It did seem as if the threatened distintegration of the Confederation were inevitable. One thing held it together and kept for Congress such authority as remained to it. This was the public domain. Prior to the confederation the various states had held or claimed enormous reaches of territory, stretching to the Mississippi or beyond. (These territories correspond to the colonial possessions of today's warring states.) Maryland's refusal to confederate until all the holdings of the states should be surrendered to the common authority compelled the pooling of these lands, and the lands pooled thereupon became the national domain. The domain constituted a tangible obvious interstate interest and was in effect the cornerstone of the Union.

At the same time, the best minds in all of the states—not those in Congress but those that had the respect of the masses—were agitated by the difficulties of the situation. The problems that needed adjustment were precisely those that so largely need adjustment today, the problems of international commerce and finance, of the common highways of trade, of tariffs, of undeveloped territories. Their solution, it was recognized, required an *effective* easement upon the exclusive sovereignty of each state. The initiation of the Maryland-Virginia zollverein was an attempt at such an easement with respect to a vital matter, analogous in contemporary Europe to the internationalization of the Danube. The movement to include all the states in an extension of this arrangement led to the Constitutional Convention, an "assembly of demigods" that owed its existence as much to the self-sacrifice and initiative of the non-administrative leaders of political

thought in the country as to the action of the state legislatures. These leaders created the Constitution and with it the United States of America.

Now there are many strictures to be made upon the Constitution. It is undoubtedly the instrument of the conservers of the powers and privileges of property, as Charles Beard says it is. And it is deserving of all the other objections that have been leveled at it. Nevertheless, it has designated for the states that have put themselves under its rule the structure of lasting peace. That it did not do so absolutely, that in spite of it we underwent a Civil War, is acknowledged. Had the framers of the Constitution been more courageously true to their convictions, that disaster need not have befallen us. But with respect to the elimination of basic causes of war between nations the Constitution is definitive.

In this definitiveness it does not, however, surpass the Articles of Confederation. Those delimit more precisely the possibilities within the will and the effective reach of mankind today. Add to them the necessary power to enforce this common will, and you have provided, not absolute insurance against war, but a structure that will progressively make war less and less likely. For all beginnings force is the needful thing.

H. M. KALLEN.

Distance

Two pale old men
Sit by a squalid window playing chess.
The heavy air and the shrill cries
Beyond the sheltering pane are less
To them than roof-blockaded skies.
Life flowing past them:
Women with gay eyes,
Resurgent voices, and the noise
Of peddlers showing urgent wares,
Leaves their dark peace unchanged.
They are innocent
Of the street clamor as young children bent
Absorbed over their toys.
The old heads nod;
A parchment-colored hand
Hovers above the intricate dim board.
And patient schemes are woven, where they sit
So still,
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill.
And when a point is scored
A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.
Heedless as happy children, or maybe
Lovers creating their own solitude,
Or worn philosophers, content to brood
On an intangible reality.
Shut in an ideal universe,
Within their darkened window-frame
They ponder on their moves, rehearse
The old designs,
Two rusty skull-caps bowed
Above an endless game.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Our Paris Letter

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The "Fait de la Semaine" (Grasset, Paris) is a periodical of which each number is a complete pamphlet on a given subject. The idea is an excellent one since it enables an important question to be treated much more fully than it could be treated within the limits of a review article. Recently the subjects have often been not only important ones but also ones about which the public is least informed. Number Three, for instance, was entitled "Ce qu'un Français doit savoir des Etats-Unis" and was the joint production of four authors: MM. Emile Boutroux, Jules Lepain, Firmin-Roz, and Mr. W. Morton-Fullerton. Most people in France know very little about America; the only type of American with whom they have come into contact or of whom they know something by repute is the multi-millionaire—for the humbler tourist is known chiefly to hotel-keepers—and their conception of the American people is consequently not very accurate. An account of America, its institutions, its people, and its leading characteristics, was therefore useful and timely. Now that Paris and certain other localities in France are full of the American army and its auxiliary services, the French public is acquiring a personal knowledge even more valuable, which cannot but strengthen the traditional ties of friendship between the two peoples.

Another country about which we talk a great deal just now, but of which most of us know nothing, is Russia. It is with Russia that the issue of the "Fait de la Semaine" of December 22 (Number Nine) deals. Its title is "Perdons-nous la Russie?" and its author is M. Marcel Sembat, one of the leading members of the Socialist party in the Chamber of Deputies, who with M. Jules Guesde entered the first war Cabinet, formed by M. Viviani on August 26, 1914 when von Kluck was marching on Paris, and who was also a member of the first Briand Ministry, which succeeded to the Viviani Ministry on October 29, 1915 and remained in office for about fourteen months.

M. Sembat remarks that it is very difficult for Frenchmen—and that is equally true of other foreigners except those belonging to Slav peoples—to get a real knowledge of Russia, for their ignorance of the Russian language prevents them from coming into direct and intimate contact with the Russian people. Nevertheless, he says, M. Albert Thomas, M. Emile Vandervelde, M. Moutet, M. Laffon, and M. Marcel Cachin, who have all visited Russia since the revolution, all succeeded in penetrating below the surface and getting into touch with the proletariat. M. Cachin, in particular, discovered why the Germans gained so strong a hold in Russia. We are accustomed, says M. Sembat, to think of the Germans as having played the parts in Russia of spies, courtiers, government officials, and even generals; but it was not their intervention in this respect that gave them their influence before the war. As M. Cachin discovered, the secret of their influence was that they had also been the educators of the Russians. At Moscow M. Cachin was entertained most hospitably by some charming Russians, devoted to France, but he noticed that all their furniture was in the Munich style and he could not help remarking upon it. His hosts, after a moment's hesitation, explained that whereas the French were hardly seen in Russia, the Germans had been the constant educators of the Russians. There was a French colony at Moscow of from 1,000 to 1,200, but the German colony before the war numbered about 100,000. At the great Moscow Coöoperative, which has millions of members all over the country, M. Cachin heard the same story. It was the German coöperator, Muller of Hamburg, who came to start the institution and teach the Russians how to run it, and the first managers were Germans. "We are their pupils," said the Moscow coöperators; "how can we help being grateful to them?"

This discovery made a profound impression on M. Cachin and, as M. Sembat says, it provides matter for reflection; the preponderant German influence in Italy was, he adds, due to exactly the same reasons. I myself remember an Italian friend's lamenting to me some five or six years ago that it was almost impossible to attract English capital into Italy, in spite of the marvelous openings there. We prefer the English to the Germans, he said, but the English will neither settle in Italy for business purposes nor invest in Italian enterprises and the Germans do both; the result is that the Germans control a large proportion of Italian commerce and industry. Instead of denouncing the Germans for their industry and enterprise, it would have been wiser on our part to imitate them.

The success of the Maximalists is attributed

by M. Sembat to three causes: the desire of the Russian people for men of action, their fear of the restoration of the Czardom by a military coup d'état, their longing for peace. Kerensky came to grief because he did not act, and his government ceased to have any support in the country; it fell so easily because nobody cared to defend it. The Korniloff attempt, which so large a proportion of the French and English press foolishly supported, aroused the fear of a Czarist restoration; Kerensky was more or less compromised in it and the people were driven into the arms of the extremists, who became the saviors of the revolution. Above all, the Maximalists triumphed because they promised peace. Not that the Russian people had the least desire to make a separate peace or to desert the Allies; it wished to go on defending Russia against the invaders, but it also wished that there should be general peace negotiations while the war continued. All the official declarations of the Soviets prove that. In M. Sembat's opinion it is the mistaken policy of the Allies that has driven the Russians into separate negotiations with the Central Empires. Another mistake was the refusal to permit the Stockholm conference, which would have had the immense advantage of not compromising the governments, since the Socialists alone would have taken part in it, at their own risk and peril, and they could subsequently have been disowned, if necessary, by their respective governments. M. Sembat urges that the mistake should be immediately rectified so far as it can be at the eleventh hour. The only hope of keeping Russia in the Alliance is to get into contact at once with the men that have the power in Russia, and only Socialists can do that with any hope of success. The French government has made use of Catholics in Spain, very rightly since it was the Catholic party in that country that was Pro-German; why should it not make use of Socialists in Russia? If the objection is the fear of increasing the importance of the Socialist party, it is a very petty one. Perhaps the recent courageous attitude of the British Labor Party has somewhat mitigated that objection.

This extremely able and interesting pamphlet comes at an opportune moment, for the Russian situation occupies much of our attention. Naturally, popular feeling in France is very strong against the Russians. France was dragged into the war by fidelity to the Russian alliance and it is felt to be very hard that Russia should now leave France in the lurch. Natural as that feeling is, it is not altogether just and M. Sembat's wise remarks may help to modify it. He treats his serious and thorny subject with that lightness of touch that is characteristic of him; the pamphlet is full of wit and of tact. His dexterity in skating over thin ice is marvelous. This apparently almost frivolous way of dealing with a grave question does not in the least detract from the value of the pamphlet; on the contrary, it merely makes it eminently readable. There is a certain intellectual affinity between M. Sembat and Mr. Bernard Shaw; dull people think that neither of them is serious and complain of their tendency to paradox, as if the most profound truths were not expressed in paradox. One of the greatest of living Frenchmen once said to me that he could not stand anybody that had not a touch of the paradoxical.

It is a long time since we had a new play by M. de Porto-Riche, one of the most accomplished and interesting of contemporary French dramatists, and we had pleasant anticipations of "Le Marchand d'Estampes," recently produced at the Athénée theatre. But the reality was rather a disappointment, for the play is not equal to its author's best work. Of course, it is admirably written, for M. de Porto-Riche could not write otherwise than well; it is also undoubtedly interesting, but it is not entirely convincing. It is the story of a print-dealer, who has been wounded at the front and whose nervous system has been so shaken that it has suffered permanently. He comes home, discharged from the army, to a wife whom he has adored and who has returned his devotion; but he has fallen in love with another woman. The latter refuses his advances and he is reduced to a state of helpless depression, while his wife bravely continues to run the shop and bear her trouble. When at last the other woman consents to become his mistress and they are about to go away together, he cannot bring himself to leave his wife; he confesses to her the step that he contemplates and they agree to die together, since happiness is henceforth impossible for them both. Considering the mental condition of the man, this conclusion is quite possible and natural on his part; he might well have committed suicide in such circumstances. But given the character of the wife as M. de Porto-Riche depicts her throughout the play, it is not natural and hardly possible on her part. And it is here that the play fails to convince. Such a woman might have been capable of sacrificing

herself and abandoning her husband to the other woman to secure his happiness; she might have proposed to her husband to give up their shop and leave Paris to try a new life elsewhere; there are many solutions possible. But never would she have consented to commit suicide. Nevertheless, the play is a welcome contrast to most of those that we have been given since the war and even for some years before it. Whatever its faults, it remains the work of a great dramatist and, with the exception of M. Géraldy's "Noces d'Argent," it is the only new play worth serious notice that has been produced since the war. Let us hope that now that M. de Porto-Riche has broken his long silence—we had had nothing from him for several years before the war—he will not again desert the theatre.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, January 4, 1918.

Trotzky, A Doubtful Ally

THE BOLSHEVIKI AND WORLD PEACE. By Leon Trotzky. With an introduction by Lincoln Steffens. Boni and Liveright; $1.50.

Suppose the war were to end tomorrow—where would the historian look for his Carlylean hero? Even the most churlish Prussian would scarcely begrudge admission that France's *levée en masse* was as thrilling as anything we have seen since nationalism became a political reality. But France's spiritual energy seemed well-nigh exhausted in the achievement. Certainly she has not yet brought forth leaders who are the complete inheritors of her glorious traditions. Can Clemenceau or Joffre or Poincaré fill the bill? The pettifogging deputies of the Chamber? Hardly. Nor has England done much more than reveal the enduring virtues of her liberal and laborite leaders, like Asquith and Henderson, when contrasted with the stark reactionism of the Tories. Her present leader, Lloyd George, cannot stir us. Many of his own countrymen regard him as the apotheosis of middle-class mediocrity, energy disguising itself as insight, an early chauvinism and braggadocio modified into a later temperateness by the unrelenting casualty lists from Flanders. Germany then? Surely not the Kaiser, with his childish vanity and love of a bright uniform; the Kaiser, who in the words "Vorwärts" employed to describe Bethmann-Hollweg "means well—feebly." Not an emperor who is the football of his General Staff; who is too weak to decide whether or not to chance his dynasty on the stopping of a war, which, begun to enhance his prestige, will unless soon ended destroy him utterly. Not a sovereign who cowers before a possible military dictatorship, yet lacks the courage to lead his people from the morass of misery and shame into which their Hindenburgs and Hoffmanns and Ludendorffs and von Steins have led them. The little kinglets and petty tyrants of the Balkans, or even young Charles, protesting his innocence and good intentions loudly to heaven, with an uneasy glance backward towards Berlin? All, all are gone, even Enver Pasha.

America, you say. Yes, but we have only one leader—Wilson—and he has himself repudiated the laurel of leadership. He prefers to regard himself as an "interpreter." Nor is it likely that the future historian's estimate will disagree with his own. In contrast to most teachers who have come into power, Wilson has exhibited an extraordinary flexibility of mind before actual events. He has been able to learn as well as teach; he has imbibed knowledge as well as imparted it. In other words, he has not been stubborn before the logic of circumstances. When he could not control, he has chosen the path of wisdom and adopted as his own—as in the case of Russia. This, according to the modern doctrine, is "interpretation," and it is soundly pragmatic. It means that one learns, but not necessarily that one leads.

Of course it may be that the "hero"—in the Carlylean sense—is only one more of the many myths that the war has subjected to the barrage fire of everyday reality. Leadership of the grandiose, old-fashioned sort becomes rather archaic in a world of machines, "coördination," and technical experts. It is unquestionably risky. Today the powerful man appears not so much as the fountainhead of moral forces as the skilful juggler of parliamentary majorities, the compromiser and astute trimmer among the winds of unreason, greed, and flickering nobility, the adjuster and adapter of circumstances. Every intelligent man seems fascinated with the "instrumental" theory by which the grapes of "priority" and "centralized control" are cheerfully plucked from the bloody thistles of the trenches. Forces grow up imperceptibly to be "directed." It is sheer arrogance to become a force oneself. To be downright, consistent, clear, uncompromising—all that, we were told, is merely for the doctrinaire and the ineffectual, the *déclassé* who

hover jealously on the fringes of authority. So ran the song of the day.

Until Trotzky appeared. By all the rules of the game, as heretofore played, he should not have counted. He lacked birth and manners and taste. He was a fanatic, an obsolete Marxian who clung pertinaciously to a theory of the class war which up-to-date thinkers regarded as outworn. He had been exiled from one country to another, landing finally in the East Side, New York. There he lived the obscure and hand-to-mouth existence of the Socialist orator and feuilletonist—according to well-fed radicals, a pathetically unimportant figure. Even on his return to Russia, after a few weeks' detainment, he was regarded as only mildly dangerous and on the protest of the Kerensky government permitted to continue his journey. When his name began to appear more frequently in the Allied and neutral press, the ostrich game of belittling his importance went cheerfully on. He was merely one of the crazy "reds" then leading Russia on to her dance of death, a wild-eyed, long-haired anarchist to be laughed at as long as he was out of power and roundly cursed as a traitor to the Allied cause when he came into power.

All this, of course, was absurd—how absurd his book, written before the Russian Revolution, now shows. Does he repudiate the idea of nationality? Not at all: his choicest epithets are reserved for the archaic and feudal Austro-Hungarian government. Nothing would please him more than to see the Dual Monarchy smashed and the "suppressed" nationalities given their own language, schools, government. He argues with great force for something less mild than federation as a solution of the Southeastern European question. Provided the curse of imperial jealousy and economic aggrandizement—to him, an inevitable consequence of the present capitalistic system—can be overcome by revolution of the proletariat everywhere, it is merely a matter of taste, "self-determination," how many national states are in existence. In the new world of proletarian control, according to Trotzky, national states will lose their menace. When the workers of the world are united, they will save their machine guns only for the bourgeoisie—everywhere. You will be a worker before you are a Russian or German or American. Does he excuse Germany for starting this war? On the contrary, no bitterer indictment of Germany's guilt has ever been written than Trotzky's analysis of the Germans' claim of a war of self-defense. Has he brotherly words for the meek German Socialists? Listen to what he has to say of "Vorwärts's" exhortation to the German workers "to hold out until the decisive victory is ours":

> Of course we must not look for ideas, logic, and truth where they do not exist. This is simply a case of an ulcer of slavish sentiments bursting open and foul pus crawling over the pages of the workingman's press. It is clear that the oppressed class which proceeds too slowly and inertly on its way toward freedom must in the final hour drag all its hopes and promises through mire and blood, before there arises in its soul the pure, unimpeachable voice—the voice of revolutionary honor.

He condemns the German Socialist Party for too tender regard for their party organization, too much "minimalism," too solicitous an eye for their prestige and power. In tying itself to the chariot wheels of the imperialistic state, the party lost its own soul. It developed the "machine," which for its continued existence was as dependent as any other political "machine" in Germany upon the government's success in the war. Thus developed, as a by-product of opportunism, the frightful spectacle of working-class imperialism. Trotzky has full realization of the danger of a German victory.

Why then does he want immediate peace? Because on its military side he believes the war has reached a deadlock, and its continued prolongation means the mutual exhaustion of the fighting spirit in the working-class. He wants the war to end before the belligerency of the proletariat is sucked dry in what he regards as this irrelevant conflict. Enough force must remain in the proletariat to overthrow their governments and to conduct a first-class revolution, Russian style. With the disillusion which will inevitably follow peace negotiations, he feels that events can be so maneuvred that revolution will result in almost every country—but especially in Germany and Austria. And he warns all and sundry governments that when the revolutions do start, the working-class will have learned a lesson from this war which it will not speedily forget—the lesson that necessity knows no law. Bourgeois legalism will not frighten workingmen who have lain in the mud and shot their brothers.

Had the average good citizen read this book a few months ago, he would probably have reflected: "Well, this fellow is certainly a devil, and if he ever gets loose nobody's property will be safe. Whatever else he may be, he's certainly not Pro-German. He's a clear and vigorous thinker, a dangerous revolutionist. But there's

one consolation. If he ever *does* get into power in Russia, he won't be able to put his ideas across. On the other hand, he's a real menace to the Allies. With all his fine talk, an agitation for an immediate peace will only, as a matter of cold fact, result in an advantage to Germany. The Russian army is already gone; its morale is broken. The people want peace at any price. Trotzky will be in no position to be impudent to Germany. He will have to truckle. He may have words, but the Germans have guns. Let us get together and call him a Pro-German anyway and discredit him. Then he can keep his theories to himself, and not sell Russia out to Germany in the name of the holy Revolution."

Such, at any rate, seemed to be the tactics of the reactionary press in England and America and France. They were content to remain in the intellectual twilight of opinion which has characterized them since the war began. They exhausted the vocabulary of mud on Trotzky: his pockets bulged with German gold (as perhaps they did, for the Junkers believed, on Allied authority, they had found an easy mark); he was a traitor for whom hanging was too good. In this strain the abuse continued—until Brest-Litovsk. Then something happened, which surprised the Germans no less than the Allies. Trotzky *didn't* truckle. He *was* impudent, truthful. Armed with his idea and his honesty of purpose, he snapped his fingers at the entire German army and told them to come on, what good would it do them? Did the diplomatists dare to go back home and tell their proletariat that they didn't want a democratic peace? British Labor responded almost immediately to this amazing spectacle; so did Wilson in a speech which was his finest accomplishment. Of course it had always been plain what Trotzky would do, plain, that is, to anybody who knew how religiously our newspapers misinterpret, plain to those who had ever seen or talked to Trotzky. Today it is plain to the world. The Russian delegates at Brest-Litovsk have the public, open approval of our President.

Today, with the news of Russia's exit from the war, the situation remains a puzzle. Has Trotzky sold out to the Germans? On the surface it looks like it. For it is one thing to take control of a nation which has gone to pieces, which has lost its army, and to try to make capital out of this very weakness as Trotzky did at Brest-Litovsk. It is quite another thing to throw open the economic resources of a country to the enemy, even while you refuse to sign a "formal peace treaty." Yet it is impossible to read his book without searching for a more complex explanation. No man could be such a consummate liar, so shameless a betrayer of his own principles. No: Trotzy is risking everything on an ultimate revolution in Germany, brought about by passive and moral resistance, propaganda, words. It is a terrible chance to take, and may result in handing Russia over to German domination for a century. What lesson is there in this tragedy of Russia for the Allies? How can it be stopped? What chance have we now to make Germany revolt? It is too late to retrieve our former blunders and diplomatic stupidity. All we can do is to make sure that the much-heralded German "drive," if it comes, is blocked. When that fails—as it must fail—the arrogant Junkers will not have a single card left to play. Then in truth the revolt may come in Germany. What irony if the democratic peace Trotzky preaches shall be won for him on the fields of Flanders by the blood of those he has, in his skepticism, repudiated! if those whom today he questions should tomorrow prove his doubts groundless!

HAROLD STEARNS.

Why a Poet Should Never Be Educated

FIRST OFFERING. By Samuel Roth. Lyric Publishing Co.; $1.

RENASCENCE, and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Kennerley; $1.50.

FIRST POEMS. By Edwin Curran. Published by the author, Zanesville, Ohio; 35 cts.

These three first volumes, with their curious kinship and even more curious contrasts, furnish a variety of themes. They offer material for several essays: on "What Constitutes Rapture"; on "The Desire of the Moth for the Star"; on "The Growing Tendency among Certain Publishers to Ask One Dollar and Fifty Cents for Seventy Pages of Verse"; on "A Bill for the Conservation of Conservative Poetry"; on "Life, Literature, and the Last Analysis"; on "Why a Poet Should Never be Educated." One cannot deal with all these fascinating considerations, but I hope to suggest the crippling effect the college usually has on the embryonic poet; how imagination is slurred over and form is magnified; how rhapsody is tuned down to rhetoric and regularity; how poetry, in short,

emerges not as an experiment, a record of varied days, meditations, and adventures, but as an orderly procession of standard thoughts, a codified treatise, a course in pattern-making. Take these three books, for instance. Mr. Roth has been brought up at a university, and its formal stamp is over all his pages. Miss Millay wrote two of the most fresh and beautiful lyrics which contemporary American poetry can boast—before she went to Vassar. Since that time she has produced nothing that has more than a trace of her initial spontaneous quality; her subsequent poems strain to make up in intellectual concepts what they have lost in naïveté. Edwin Curran is a railroad telegrapher, a beginner, ignorant of the laws of prosody, of scansion, even of grammar; he would not recognize a chant royal or an amphibrach even if it were introduced to him. And yet there is more vitality and vision in these paper-bound and undiscriminating twenty-seven pages than in a score of more elegant and more erudite volumes.

It is impossible to tell how far the universities are (from a literary point of view) responsible for so many sudden blossomings and so many early deaths. But everyone can name at least half a dozen examples. Was it not less precocity than the hot-house atmosphere of Harvard which made John Hall Wheelock bloom too quickly—a forced growth that almost sapped him for a sturdier flowering? And, at the other extreme, (to change the metaphor) was it not the universities that almost succeeded in extinguishing Robert Frost's guarded flame with their damp disapproval? Perhaps it was not so much disapproval that they exhibited as, what was worse, a ponderous indifference to what did not conform to the curriculum of prescribed beauty. It was this placid unconcern which made Frost realize that these halls of learning (he attended and left two of them) were built not to prepare the future but to perpetuate the past. The list of ruined or rejected originators might be extended to the back cover of this magazine; every reader might add his own quota. But catalogues are tiresome and unsatisfactory as evidence. I shall return to my trio and particularize.

Mr. Roth's volume contains thirty-three sonnets, half a dozen lyrics, a few efforts in vers libre; all of them pleasant, precise, undistinguished. There is grace in them, an echo if not an evocation of beauty, and sparks from what, in other circumstances, may have burned with an authentic flame. But the cold compress of formalism has smothered all originality out of the lines. For example:

> Lo, I have touched the waters of the tides
> Of many days, who through dim vision spun
> Of sheltered deeds now catch the glow of Sun
> As o'er grey waters ploughed by Morn he rides,
> Waving aflame the reckless flag of dawn,
> Breaking the doors of caves where darkness hides,
> And having freed the world, loftily glides
> The blue resplendent mountain peaks upon.

It is no single teacher, no one influence that has shaped these lines with such academic accents; it is something more institutional which places its determined or half-conscious emphasis on tradition—an emphasis that makes the student bend and conform or, if he is made of tougher fibre, react with a violent desire to shock. Both of these impulses are thwarting and inhibitive, for neither of them is the result of natural and free creation. And so what here should have been flexible, young, and frankly experimental has been hardened in a tough and time-eaten mold.

Turning to the second volume is like opening a window in a musty class-room. Here is air and motion, sunlight and the reflection of cloud-driven skies—even though the shadows are sometimes seen upon charted walls. For the greater part, these pages vibrate with an untutored sincerity, a direct and often dramatic power that few of our most expert craftsmen can equal. Turn, for instance, to the opening poem that begins like a child's thoughtless rhyme or a scrap of nonsense verse:

> All I could see from where I stood
> Was three long mountains and a wood;
> I turned and looked another way,
> And saw three islands in a bay.
> So with my eyes I traced the line
> Of the horizon, thin and fine,
> Straight around till I was come
> Back to where I'd started from;
> And all I saw from where I stood
> Was three long mountains and a wood.

An almost inconsequential opening, but as the poem proceeds, one with a haunting and cumulative effect.

> Over these things I could not see
> These were the things that bounded me,

it goes on. And then without ever losing the simplicity of the couplets, it begins to mount. There is an exquisite idyllic passage beginning:

> The grass, a-tiptoe at my ear,
> Whispering to me I could hear;
> I felt the rain's cool finger-tips
> Brushed tenderly across my lips,
> Laid gently on my sealéd sight,
> And all at once the heavy night
> Fell from my eyes and I could see—
> A drenched and dripping apple-tree,
> A last long line of silver rain,

and suddenly, beneath the descriptive rapture,

one is confronted with a greater revelation. It is as if a child playing about the room had, in the midst of prattling, uttered some shining and terrific truth. This remarkable poem is, in parts, a trifle repetitious, but what it repeats is said so poignantly that one thinks of scarcely any lesser poet than Blake when one begins the ascending climax:

> I know the path that tells Thy way
> Through the cool eve of every day;
> God, I can push the grass apart
> And lay my finger on Thy heart!

Or witness the first of the unnamed sonnets, that has a similar mixture of world sadness and a painful hunger for beauty, a hunger so great that no delight is great enough to give her peace:

> Thou art not lovelier than lilacs—no
> Nor honeysuckle; thou art not more fair
> Than small white single poppies—I can bear
> Thy beauty; though I bend before thee, though
> From left to right, not knowing where to go,
> I turn my troubled eyes, nor here nor there
> Find any refuge from thee, yet I swear
> So has it been with mist—with moonlight so.

Elsewhere (as in "The Suicide") the tone is more sophisticated. The results of reading begin to show. In "Interim" we see the intrusion of foreign accents; echoes of other dramatic monologues disturb us as the poem wanders off into periods of reflection and rhetoric. And there are pages where all that was fresh and native to this young poet seems to have turned to mere prettiness and imitation. "Ashes of Life" might have been written by Sara Teasdale in a weak moment; "The Little Ghost" lisps sweetly after Margaret Widdemer. After the preceding exhibits such lapses are doubly distressing. The inclusion of these merely pleasant pieces is all the more surprising when one notes the inexplicable omission of "Journey" from this volume—a youthful poem, but sharpened and illuminated with a succession of original touches. Here is a part of it:

> Cat-birds call
> Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk
> Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,
> Drawing the twilight close about their throats;
> Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines
> Go up the rocks and wait; flushed apple-trees
> Pause in their dance and break the ring for me. . .
> Round-faced roses, pink and petulant,
> Look back and beckon ere they disappear.

Edwin Curran's work has no trace of "literary" temper or tradition, no polite echoes of an echo. Nothing more than the most elementary schooling can be found in his unpretentious and almost ungrammatical pages. Published by himself with the assurance that "any help in distribution will be appreciated" and the tentative promise that "if this volume meets expenses, another, possibly better, will be issued," the thin booklet is free of both poetic cant and critical selectiveness. Lines of startling beauty precede sentences of childish bombast; exquisite and daring conceptions rise from the most tawdry and sentimental of themes; vivid images leap to the astonished eye and are followed by passages of the most mawkish emotionalism. Magic takes this poet and does with him whatever it wishes. He has little or no control over the music; it controls him. See, for examples, the quietly ecstatic poem "To Future Generations," the related love songs scattered without title through the booklet, the blend of flatness and magnificence in "Christ" with its sudden climax:

> Sentinel, where is morning on the world?
> Break the night for night has slept too long.
> Where is the dawn? Is her rose still uncurled?
> Unburst it! Let us have a harp and song!

Turn to the sonnet "Autumn," where even "by the ruins of the painted hills" this new singer can find none of the proverbial end-of-the-year melancholy, but only the "earth stripped to grapple with the winter year . . . her gnarled hills planned for victories."

> I love the earth who goes to battle now,
> To struggle with the wintry whipping storm
> And bring the glorious spring out from the night.
> I see earth's muscles bared, her battle brow,
> And am not sad, but feel her marvelous charm
> As splendidly she plunges in the fight.

Everywhere this individuality of utterance is manifest. It shines even out of sentimental poems like the one on the statue of "George Washington in Wall Street" with passages like:

> He is not dead; some blood still courses thru him warm,
> Some light still burns behind those marble eyes,
> A pulse knocks thru the darkness of that form,
> And this man here still knows and is aware;
> His heart is broken with the world's sad cries
> And he longs to throw away his sleep and charm—
> Slip off the stone as some cold cloak of air.

or like "The Sailing of Columbus" that begins:

> The wind ran out across the golden sea,
> Chained to our snowy shrouds, pulling our ships;
> A slave who creaked the beams and dragged the hulls
> Like plows across the waves in creams of foam.
> On down the watery field, that hill of rain,
> We stumbled on the wind, leaning on the sky,
> Running into eternity and blue space,
> Trying to touch that azure wall ahead. . .

It is these flashes of brilliance that make one anxious for Edwin Curran when he will begin to become "cultured" and sophisticated. And it is such an unknown bit of fire, springing from so apparently uninspiring a centre as Zanesville, Ohio, that makes one surer of the vigorous poetic renascence in these scattered but somehow united states.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Lincoln in Biography and Letters

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Ida M. Tarbell. Macmillan; $5.
HONEST ABE. By Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton Mifflin; $2.
UNCOLLECTED LETTERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Gilbert A. Tracy. Houghton Mifflin; $2.50.

As a product of American democracy, Abraham Lincoln bids fair to be of perennial interest. We preserve every scrap of his writing, trivial or important, and perpetuate every tale or tradition that promises to add to our memorial of the man and his achievements. For many, his utterances on public questions have become as touchstones of political wisdom. Those who study his personality discover in it much that is highly cheering and spiritual. The historian, interpreting his service to the republic, has estimated him high in the conception of greatness. The feeling is general that his life contains a validity and charm worthy to be bequeathed to succeeding generations of our people, native and foreign born.

In the literature that Lincoln has left us there is very little that directly bespeaks a philosophy of government, though much is implicit. Not often do we read his works in the spirit of political exegesis. The time may come when this will be their dominant interest. But we have found that he could bestow upon a political concept a powerful application of ideas provoked by the disposition of his time. The Declaration and the Constitution stimulated in his brain many profound observations of great consequence in forming public opinion upon the issues confronting his mature mind. There may be some basis for assent to the assertion of an able student of his legal history that Lincoln was a great constitutional lawyer. He at least possessed a clear grasp of the leading principles governing the meaning of the Constitution. His ethics was personal rather than platonic. We revere him first of all as an exemplar, as "a gentle, good, and great man." His character was such as the Greek dramatists found for praise in Pericles: "Persuasion sat upon his lips, such was his charm." The qualities Plutarch ascribes to the Athenian statesman fit our mental portrait of Lincoln's personality and power: "He was indeed a character deserving our admiration not only for his equitable and mild temper, which . . . in the many affairs of his life and the great animosities he incurred, he constantly maintained; but also for his high spirit and feeling," whereby "he never gratified an envy or passion, nor ever treated an enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him."

Biographically, Lincoln has been scanned from many angles. Only the emergence of new facts or a more radiant exposition of his temperament and experience, his environment, and the spirit of the age which fashioned his fortunes, would appear to justify further attempts to explain him. During the last decade a sufficient body of such new matter has accumulated to sanction the new edition of Miss Tarbell's "Life," first given to the public in 1900. Her work at that time embodied the important results of an extended investigation of sources of information unappropriated by Nicolay and Hay. She took practically the last opportunity to gather up a large body of facts and impressions, corroborative and new, held in solution among numerous survivors from Lincoln's own generation. Much of what she so competently reported in her two volumes would have perished in a few years or survived in uncertain and confusing tradition. Among the *spolia opima* which she contributed was "The Lost Speech," delivered at Bloomington in 1856, and regarded by Herndon as "the grand effort" of Lincoln's life. This most notable of Lincoln's unreported speeches Miss Tarbell recovered as we have it through H. C. Whitney, who made notes on the address during its delivery and at Miss Tarbell's request expanded his notes *memoriter*.

Miss Tarbell presented also a better impression of Lincoln's father, the much disparaged Thomas. With all his "backwoodsiness," he was fairly representative of his community. He was a landowner at twenty-five, possessed credit at the village store, and Miss Tarbell furnished documentary evidence that he enjoyed the local distinction of appointment as road-surveyor, or overseer. She was able also to clear up several contradictory traditions about his ancestry, education, and other matters, as well as to give fuller outline to the prevailing meagre impression of his professional life. This aspect of his career, however, has been in large measure restored to us by the researches of F. T. Hill and Mr. John T. Richards. The latter's important work, among others, was reviewed in THE DIAL, October 19, 1916. Although Miss Tarbell exhibited the greater problems which Lincoln encountered in the presidency and his manner of meeting them, it was not her purpose to lead her readers into the plexus of events making up the history of his administration or the story of the Civil War. Instead, she pictured the personal aspects of his life and character in terms of the large amount of fresh testimony which she brought

together from so many sources to supplement the old. Her primary purpose was to exhibit "Lincoln the man," yet her researches enabled her to add nearly 200 pages of Lincoln letters and speeches not included in any preceding work.

The new edition of Miss Tarbell's "Life" amends the old by means of a review of the most important of the materials bearing on Lincoln's life made accessible since 1900. These materials consist in the main of the "Diary" of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln and Johnson; the "Reminiscences" of Carl Schurz; the "Diary" and letters of John Hay; and the "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," by Henry B. Rankin, whose fortune it was to be associated with the firm of Lincoln and Herndon for the ten years preceding Lincoln's election to the presidency. The new section, contributed as a second preface, makes reference to Welles's dislike of Seward's bumptious manner of impressing others with his primacy in the administration. By many of those, in and out of Congress, who shared Welles's irritation, Lincoln's forbearance with his Secretary of State was interpreted as weakness; even Welles thought his chief was being managed by one inferior to him. At the time, Miss Tarbell shows, none appeared to know that Lincoln fully understood the propensities of Mr. Seward, and that with "shrewd calculation" he was suffering himself to be misjudged in order to put through his great task. Both Seward and Chase, through self-assertive and muddling ambition, were vexatious; yet the President's high aims and fine tact led him to esteem the abilities of the secretaries in spite of the discreditable annoyance they engendered.

In evidence of the President's attitude, Miss Tarbell reminds us of his refusal to publish his correspondence with Greeley in connection with the peace fiasco at Niagara Falls, in July, 1864. Greeley had emotionally urged a peace conference between representatives of the two warring sections upon what he asserted was competent assurance that the South was ready for such a move. The President tactfully appointed Greeley to exploit his own futile suggestion. The latter's severe reproach of the President for the failure of the conference was left unheeded, even though the publication of the letters that passed between them "would have shown that Greeley had lied." Mr. Lincoln chose to bear the blame which the editor threw upon him in order that the cause he represented might continue to command the powerful influence of the "Tribune." The self-effacing temper of Mr. Lincoln is further illustrated by his keeping "so carefully from his colleagues the preposterous suggestions of Mr. Seward in April, 1861, to invite a general European War and to take over the government." When Seward learned that a caucus of Republican congressmen had voted to ask the President to remove him, he resigned. Mr. Lincoln regarded the action of the congressmen as an interference with executive authority. At this time, also, the self-conceit of Chase, whom Lord Charnwood regards as "unhappily a sneak," contributed greatly to the cabinet ferment. Chase disingenuously intimated his desire to resign, expecting to be suppliantly begged to remain. To his chagrin, the President evinced great satisfaction that the "Gordian knot" was cut at last. After both Seward and Chase had experienced some perplexity as to their fate, they were asked by the President to remain at their posts.

From 1860, when William Dean Howells and John L. Hayes published "Lives and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin," to the present, the lives and special treatises inspired by the career of the great President have been legion. Nicolay and Hay wrote a history of his time, with a benevolent eye always upon their hero. Herndon's book furnished a large store of personal, if sometimes unauthenticated, intelligence. Morse followed the academically trained paths of the biographic art. Browne's readable volume is less critical than intimately sympathetic and personal. Of more recent lives of Lincoln, that by Brand Whitlock is the best example we have of successful condensation. The *mélange* of biographical and historical matter in the volume by Mr. Ulrich divaricates between personal reminiscence and an array of documents available and quite useful for the comparative study of modern constitutional history. The recent book by Alonzo Rothschild under the name of "Honest Abe" has a purpose single and conjoint.

This purpose is to complement the author's well-known "Lincoln, Master of Men," published a decade ago. In "Honest Abe" we have the reduction of a large amount of matter written about Lincoln, with an eye single to the portraiture of his fundamental characteristic of integrity. The former book was a study of the President's personality on the side of its power to envisage and manage the diversity of men connected with the civil and military branches of the government. It was well written, and impressed the reader with the greatness of the President's task in his relations to the personnel of his administration in a time of crisis. The

new book seeks to find the secret of Lincoln's success in his "fidelity to truth." Much testimony of a well-known character is collated for this purpose around the subjects of "Pinching Times," "Professional Ethics," "Honesty in Politics," and so on. Professionally, "Lincoln in court was truth in action." Many causes in which Lincoln participated as a lawyer are indicated to illustrate his acumen in discerning the "kernel" of a suit as well as his disposition to concede the point when it appeared that he was in the wrong. The volume closes with Lincoln's success in the congressional race against Cartwright. The author's death prevented his carrying his study over the highly important period of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. He has written with sincere purpose, has winnowed his material skilfully, and enriched each chapter with ample bibliographical and historical notes. The style is clear and elevated. Yet it is difficult to say that the book adds appreciably to our impression of Lincoln on that side of his character which its pages are intended to establish. Its thesis is so well maintained by numerous biographies, so exactly parallels the common opinion of the Great Emancipator, that one could wish that the good style and conscientious endeavor of the author had been turned toward the writing of a life of one who has been none too often, nor yet with competent artistry, represented as a classic for the youth.

But the most original and striking contribution to Lincoln literature made during the present year is Mr. Gilbert A. Tracy's "Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln." The volume contains about 350 letters not included in a previously published collection. Only a small number of them have been printed in any form before. Mr. Tracy, a clerk in the War Department during the Civil War and later a Connecticut farmer, gave many years to the collection of these letters, found singly and in number in the possession of individuals and historical societies, and among the treasures of professional collectors. After the publication in 1906 of the Gettysburg edition of Lincoln's works, presumably inclusive of all he wrote, it is surprising that the editors should have been able to give us so large a compilation. Miss Tarbell, who writes an introduction to the volume, suggests that the stream of new Lincoln materials has not yet run dry. Indeed, Mr. Tracy indicates the existence of certain other letters whose owners are as yet unwilling to make them public property. Many of the letters in the present collection are of little public interest, consisting as they do of brief notes on law cases, brief letters of acknowledgment, or on local political events. A number are executive orders of a routine nature. Some of them, however, are of biographical or historical rank, though they contain nothing that would modify our present impression. The letters to Lincoln's confidential friend, Lyman Trumbull, are full of observations upon political matters and contain numerous references to Douglas and the Kansas-Nebraska propaganda. One of these letters protests his firm opposition to any "compromise on the question of extending slavery." The same position is averred in a letter to Owen Lovejoy, but in terms combining political caution with the courage of sincere conviction. After his defeat by Douglas for the Senate he writes to General Eleazar Paine admitting his defeat and prophetically affirming that the contest must continue. "The question is not half settled. New splits will soon be upon our adversaries, and we will fuse again." A letter of November 18, 1862, to General Steele and Governor Phelps of Arkansas contains one of his earliest expressions of the plan of reconstruction which was carefully maturing in Lincoln's mind.

The letter to Carl Schurz, replying to the latter's complaint that the President in making appointments had given too great consideration to Democrats, confirms Lincoln's political prudence, as Schurz later appreciated. Those who recall the "Lost Speech" will identify in the letter to Alexander H. Stephens, January 1860, certain of the ideas which became fixtures in Lincoln's thoughts about slavery and states rights; for example, the declaration: "We will not secede and you shall not." In some respects this letter reflects the body of ideas which made up the Cooper Institute address delivered a month later. But the literary feature of this collection is the letter to the King of Siam, February 3, 1862, acknowledging the receipt of certain costly presents from his admiring majesty, including "your Majesty's tender of good offices in forwarding to this Government a stock from which a supply of elephants might be raised on our soil. This Government would not hesitate to avail itself of so generous an offer if the object were one which could be made practically useful in the present condition of the United States. Our political jurisdiction, however, does not reach a latitude so low as to favor the multiplication of the elephant, and steam on land as well as on water has been our best and most efficient agent of transportation in internal commerce." This

letter is as delicately informed with the rare essence of humor as the well-known letter to Mrs. Bixby is irradiant with the pure spirit of patriotism. It strengthens any preconception one may have had that Lincoln, under another set of circumstances in life, might have become as distinguished as a man of letters as he was eminent in statesmanship.

L. E. Robinson.

Quadrangles Paved with Good Intentions

The Undergraduate and His College. By Frederick P. Keppel. Houghton Mifflin; $1.60.

Mr. Keppel is known to all Columbia undergraduates of recent years as one of the kindest and most helpful of college deans. He has now given his impressions of college life in a book which has a kindliness that rather impairs the critical emphasis, and leaves still unanswered the question: What is the American college for? The audience he imagines and for whom he writes is evidently the comfortable father of the better-bred boy—"your boy and mine"—and not that more critical public which desires an ideal of what the college should be, or an incisive analysis of the forces which block that ideal's realization. Only in the very last pages does Dean Keppel suggest his ideal and, admirable as it is, it comes too late to aid him in correcting his observations of college life. "A group of young men living and working and thinking and dreaming together, free to let their thoughts and dreams determine the future for them; these young men, hourly learning much from one another, are brought into touch with the wisdom of the past, the circumstances of the present, the visions of the future, by a group of older students, striving to provide them with ideas rather than beliefs, and guiding them in observing for themselves nature's laws and human relationships"—how could this idea of a college be bettered? But Dean Keppel presents no very clear picture of how young men might live and work and think together. Nor does he explain why professors so emphatically do not look upon themselves as "older students," and why the curriculum is not designed more intelligently and deliberately to effect that observation of "nature's laws and human relationships." He dismisses lightly the prevailing utterly mechanical and demoralizing system of measuring intellectual progress by "points" and "credits," a system which cultivates the "taking of courses" and not the study of a subject. The gap between his ideal and his mild and indirect criticism and suggestion for improvement is too glaring to make the discussion very satisfactory. There is no more obvious fact about the American college than that its administrative and curricular organization has not, in these last few years of standardizing, been in any way directed by the ideal of the "intellectual community of youth." While floundering deans and quarrelsome faculties have debated, the registrar and the athletic coach have gone busily and invincibly ahead setting the motives and the values for the social and intellectual life of the great majority of students in college. In the presence of an idealist like Dean Keppel, who is also an executive officer and presumably has a rare opportunity for leadership, the question insistently rises: How could the present flagrant divorce between ideal and actuality have arisen?

But if this book does not answer that question, it does present a very human and chatty picture of the boyish undergraduate as he passes before the dean. The author disarms a good deal of our criticism by showing us how very bad the colleges used to be, and how very good are the present good ones in comparison with the bad. In the light of that earlier institution which was little more than a boys' academy, where the students had a generous taint of the hoodlum and the professors were pedantic theologians, the present college appears an earnest and honorable place indeed. It is a clever touch of Mr. Keppel's to trace the current organized athletics and fraternity life out of the ancient mischief and disorder. If the colleges today are being strangled in their own standardization, think of the degree scandals of twenty years ago, and of the salutary disappearance of charlatan institutions and the stiffening of the weak. If one bemoans the corruption of athletics, let him think of the rowdyism and low standards of the last generation. Mr. Keppel presents an engaging picture of the fraternities sobering up from their historic debauches, and even engaging in competitive scholarship. And the old parental discipline of the college he sees to be broadening into a real concern about the student's responsibility to society, as well as about his personal morality and habits.

Reforms, however, will have to be presented with more fervor and with a greater sense of their integral place in the "youthful community" before they are likely to stir the college

mind. Actually there seems to be little halt in the process of complicating the machinery of manufacturing the degree, in getting rid of plain-speaking and idealistic teachers, and in turning more and more of the teaching over to mediocre young instructors. The quality of the undergraduate will depend on these influences, to which Mr. Keppel gives all too little heed. No college has sinned more grievously than his own in these respects. Mildly to urge tolerance and tact upon trustees and professors alike is scarcely enough, even though one admit that "errors of tact are more likely to be expensive to the professor whose views on social and political relations are disturbing to those about him." These are sterner times, and youthful idealists who saw Mr. Keppel himself pass from the direction of a pacifist society to a post in the War Department, and Professor Beard resign because of the sinister menaces to intellectual freedom within the American college, will be a little skeptical of the power of the present system to produce in the average student a love for the clear intellectual conscience. It is not enough for Mr. Keppel to have a good word for the student "conscientious objector," for the student socialist agitator, and for the ostracized Jewish student. We should be assured that the college is tending toward a community where tolerance is not merely chivalrous but organic.

Mr. Keppel has the task, in this book, of playing the rôles of both prophet and loyal tender of the machine. Few people could fuse them happily. He does not fuse them happily. He does deplore the lack of thoroughness in college learning, the sin of smattering, and the lack of adjustment of the college to the world. He desires a closer understanding between faculty and students, between college courses and student activities, between college life and mature activity. But he has too much sense of the immalleability of his raw material, too much sense of their being much to be said on both sides, to be a convincing prophet. And he is too uneasy about the idealists to be a mere loyal machine-driver. His mind is liberal and yet it serves reaction. It is good to have "liberals" as machine-tenders; however, they should not complain if their interpretation disappoints. One becomes, in reading a book like this, a little too conscious of those qualities for which, as Mr. Keppel says, the college graduate "has a good reputation" — resourcefulness, social agreeableness, cheerfulness, adaptability. The liberal alumnus or the father who wants to know what he may expect for "his boy" from the college will find the book amusing and informing. He may even like the author's generous use of academic slang, such as "the quituate and the bustitute," and the tendency to "pad and distract" rather than to add and subtract. Nevertheless the more restless will long for a fiercer tone. After all, when one is strategically placed and sees evils and goods in a system, why be so tepid about it?

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

"Labor, Right or Wrong"

TRADE UNIONISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Robert Franklin Hoxie. Appleton; $2.50.

This volume is the last will and testament of a singularly clear and cogent thinker who looked out upon the world with sympathy and understanding and sought to unravel, by patient collection of data and careful analysis, the tangled skein of that most protean of all democratic movements, trade unionism. The scholar who wrought these pages lay down to his rest before his work was done and we owe this book to labors of love on the part of those who knew and cared for him. It is not unjust to say, therefore, that this is a group of essays—not a finished work—reminding one, in a way, of Arnold Toynbee's "Industrial Revolution." And yet it is a volume which will be valuable in the thought that it will stir in those widening circles now conscious of the significance of industrial democracy.

Professor Hoxie's book is mainly analytical, but there are two chapters, all too brief, given to the history of the labor movement in the United States from the earliest days to the rise of revolutionary unionism. One chapter sets "the problem" of the student, warning him against hasty generalizations and class bias, and showing him how complicated and fugitive are the data of the labor movement. Some fifty pages are devoted to an analysis of the several types of unionism and their significance, with due reference to structure and function. The relation of labor to the law, collective bargaining, and the economic program of labor occupy nearly one hundred pages. Scientific management in relation to labor is given the emphasis which its importance warrants; there is a sketchy chapter on employers' associations, and some shrewd observations on the psychology of leadership which recall the exceedingly clever work of Michels.

It would be impossible within the limits of a review to enumerate the essential conclusions and capital suggestions of this volume, but some are so outstanding that they cannot escape. The shortcomings and failures of the American Federation of Labor are temperately set forth (page 133); we are warned that we shall see more, rather than less, of industrial unionism (page 174); much that concerns labor disputes and administration must be taken out of the field of contentious litigation (page 251); the establishment of labor standards and the education of the public offer more of promise for the future than does legislative wrangling (page 252); we cannot afford to give up the vast possibilities of increased productiveness which scientific management offers (page 324), and yet scientific management falls afoul of craft unionism and all its rigid rules (page 347); the public is poorly equipped by knowledge and understanding for taking part in labor controversies, and yet it is continually compelled to render drastic judgments (Chapter xiv). The upshot of it all is that rough and ready generalizations about the class conflict avail little and that the grand old slogan, "Labor, right or wrong," is not much of a guide amid the bewildering technique of modern industry. Patience, understanding, knowledge of the facts, flexibility of thought—"these are the seals of that most firm assurance which bars the pit over Destruction's strength."

CHARLES A. BEARD.

A Novel with a Plot

SECRET BREAD. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Doran; $1.50.

"There was silence in the room where James Ruan lay in the great bed, awaiting his marriage and his death." When a novel makes such an arresting entry as this of "Secret Bread," the temptation is to quote it, with the comment that the beginnings of their novels and their own dying words must be among authors' heavy responsibilities. But the long and absorbing tale behind these strange words proves them to be no mere pomp of paradox. The first chapter gives a good measure of the whole book. In it Ruan of Cloom, an estate in Cornwall, died on the night the story opens, after making a wife of Annie, a servant and his mistress. Ruan had the marriage performed in order to bequeath his estate legally to a posthumous child, and for the peculiar pleasure of disinheriting Annie and the other children of their misbegotten brood. Thus the apple of discord was planted before the hero himself came on the scene, as Ishmael Ruan did only a few hours after his father's death. The struggle of the youngest Ruan to assert his authority in the family and in turn to pass his inheritance on to his eldest son is, very roughly, the theme of the story. There are no legal complications, and but little play of personal risk. The author is too deft a hand for that. The struggle between Ishmael and his eldest brother, Archelaus, is mainly psychological, but not for years has there been in fiction a plot so shocking. The shock at the end is the refreshing one of sheer cold water—no common quality in psychological narrative.

From the first the tale strikes an eerie tone reminiscent of "Wuthering Heights," perhaps, or "Jane Eyre." To some extent the fancied resemblance is due to similarity of setting and the same dour aspect of the characters, as much as to the fact that the excellent plot emerges from the grim eccentricities of one or two of the persons. As the history of Ishmael progresses, however, from his boyhood among the Cornish country lads through his school days at St. Renny and his young manhood, the author's very sure searching of the emotions and fancies of youth reminds one, on quite a different hand, of the realistic analyses of Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers." There is here more in common between the two writers than the same Cornish country. But such comparisons serve merely an impressionistic purpose. The distinct achievement of the author of "Secret Bread" is spinning a tale of over five hundred pages on the neatly tied thread of plot one customarily finds in a short story, playing incessantly on rather intimate sensations, and at the same time weaving the story round a clearly enunciated philosophy—"that we all have something, some secret bread of our own soul, by which we live, that nourishes and sustains us." Ishmael's secret bread was his love of the land, the earth of his paternal Cloom. The three necessary ingredients for a substantial novel are here: vivid characters, a good plot, and an underlying purpose, philosophy, or unifying motive of the author's (whatever term you will) which gives a novel its third dimension and keeps it from being a mere bas-relief frieze of more or less entertaining figures.

To the influence of Da Boase, a local priest, was largely due the wholesome character and disposition of the hero, born under such unlikely

auspices, the barely legitimate son of a boor and his wench. It was Da Boase who, when Ishmael was twelve years old, insisted that he take his place at the head of the table, on the occasion of "crying the neck," a pagan festival celebrated at harvest time partly in the open fields at twilight and partly within doors shortly after. It was Da Boase also who suggested the theory of secret bread. Undertaking Ishmael's education until he should go away to boarding school, Da Boase tried not so much to make of him a Christian gentleman, in perhaps the English sense of the word, as to make him a respectable and self-respecting farmer, since that seemed the boy's natural trend. With other characters Da Boase behaved similarly, heartily relishing Killigrew, a delightful lad who grew into an engagingly unmoral young man—to whose soul the priest laid no siege.

Set over against this priest is the dispossessed Archelaus, who returned to Cloom manor from wanderings in Australia, California, Canada, to harass at irregular and significant intervals the legal proprietor. Ishmael's peace of mind, thanks to his secret bread, remained proof against the revenge motif of Archelaus, which runs through the book like the disappearing thread in homespun, observable but not at all obvious. The ultimate twist was the work of the elder brother's most advanced proficiency in the diabolical. There is unquestioned reality in the figure of the final Ishmael—an old man bereft of friends and wife, all of whom he outlived, and finally losing his own son, yet remaining content to the end, consoled by some power within himself. That this is the amazing way of all flesh, we have only to seek the fellowship of grandparents to ascertain. Considerably fewer elders than certain novelists would have us believe, trade very extensively on kingdom come.

It is avowedly only an exercise in literary marksmanship to call Miss Jesse a twentieth century Brontë, or a twentieth century anybody else. But in so aiming, whether the result be a hit or not, we are certain at least of the right direction of our aim. The greatest emphasis must be placed on the difference a hundred years has made in the growth and outlook of an Englishwoman of letters. Nowadays, for example, it is no particular tribute to remark that the reader of "Secret Bread" would not readily assume the author to be a woman; yet that was an incense especially grateful to the author of "Wuthering Heights." Certainly this novel does not suffer from the neurotic sort of severity, the hard overdrawing characteristic of Mrs. Humphry Ward and some other contemporary feminine writers. Miss Jesse's sharp corners are gracefully beveled with a fine sense of humor. A chance description of Killigrew's mother suggests the author's cheery eye for foibles:

> "I'm sure that will be very nice, my dears," was her invariable comment on any programme suggested by the young men; and there was a legend in the family that Killigrew had once said to her: "How would it be, Mother, if I were to murder the Guv'nor and then take you round the world with me on the money? We could settle in the South Sea Islands, and I'd marry a darky and you could look after the pickaninny grandchildren?" To which Mrs. Killigrew had responded: "Yes, my dear, that will be very nice; and on your way, if you're passing the fishmonger's, will you tell him to alter the salmon for this evening to cod, as your father won't be in to dinner?"

The most interesting doubt concerning "Secret Bread" is the conjecture whether this novel, undeniably modern in tone and admirable in workmanship, is the product of an essentially Victorian mind striving toward the present, or of an iconoclastic modern mind harking back toward the days of Unity, Mass, and Coherence —that seemly trinity. Quite apart, of course, from Miss Jesse's nieceship to the laureate, one must decide that she is one of the latest of the Victorians. Something in the firm grip which the immaculate Da Boase has on the history of events contributes to that decision. In this ungrateful vein of criticism two or three other objections may be made. "Secret Bread," like many another biographical novel, suffers from the author's proportioning. If Miss Jesse was not especially interested in the antepenultimate period of Ishmael's career, and was eager to hasten on to the brilliant conclusion ahead of her, she would have done better to omit some résumé chapters that report only the dotage and deaths of lesser characters. Ishmael himself made a stately old man. Moreover, with such a wealth of engaging men in the story, one's sense of balance is a little offended at the almost unexceptional unattractiveness of the women. Finally, it is not sufficiently clear that the lack of resentment in Ishmael's nature was simply absence of rancor and not absence of spirit. To this extent alone will we play the devil's advocate. Whether or not "Secret Bread" is a great novel, there is a fair measure of greatness in it. Not the least of its distinctions is its being an intelligent novel of these times with an actual plot again.

MYRON R. WILLIAMS.

Briefs on New Books

Trivia. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Doubleday, Page; $1.25.

It is not easy to be candid and charming in just this fragmentary way of "Trivia." These thumbnail essays read much better in quantity than separately in the pages of a magazine. Most of them are delightful in the quaint turn of their wit or in the revealing glimpse of personal whim. Perhaps there is more playful irony than real wit. Some of the little sketches are rather too "precious"; occasionally there is a veritable descent to flatness. The book shows a mild-mannered English gentleman reflecting on the figure he cuts not only in the country village where he lives, but in town society and in the Universe. The stars and the wheatfields, the Vicar of Lynch, the lady he is frozen to find himself boring, insects and the solar system, destiny and ennui all start his reflections. Perhaps many readers will give the little book up as all too appropriately named, but others will enjoy the beauty of the rhythm in these prose sentences and the sudden dénouement of a thought that is not quite so innocent as it looks. And there is to be found also a wisdom which almost spoils one's pleasure, for it irritates one that the author should have whittled down his ideas to so microscopic a form and left them with, on the whole, so spinsterly a flavor.

Rookie Rhymes. By The Men of the 1st and 2nd Provisional Training Regiments, Plattsburg. Harper; 75 cts.

The spirit of camping, in its holiday rather than its military sense, shines cheerfully out of the songs and jingles in which the rookies celebrate their labors. The little book of rookie rhymes is as smooth and jolly as its title, always facile, occasionally clever. These are such verses as a group of boys might make over the petty trials of a rough life, the lack of familiar creature comforts, their absurd misadventures, the rather engaging novelty of discipline. Seldom do they strike a solemn note. Their rhymes of hate might be heard on a football field, and except for a very few poems there is no reference to the work of war for which they are preparing, or to the agony they go to face. They have the schoolboy code of sportsmanship, and the reiterant word is here:

> Better to pack your troubles with your kit,
> To keep your shirt on, and to play the game.

They have too, a lively sense of humor. With tender regret they lament the lack of the happy bowl:

> All, all are gone, the old familiar glasses,
> Where once they glistened on the fragrant bar.

There is a sweet simplicity in F. E. Harpel's song about the unequipped cavalry:

> The Cavalry, the Cavalry, they haven't any horse,
> They're taking riding lessons by a correspondence course,
> You'd think they were equestrians to hear the way they talk,
> But when it comes to riding, why! We always see them walk.

The illustrations parallel the verses in pleasant, if commonplace, good humor. The one young rookie who writes verses with a distinct quality of their own is Anch Kline, Co. 1, 1st P. T. R. His "They Believe Us Back Home" and "Sunday in Barracks" have that gentle irony which the other ready jingles do not achieve. They are written in free verse, and the author's sense of cadence makes the form adequate. On the whole it is an agreeable, and by that very token, a tragic little book.

Reclaiming the Arid West. By George Wharton James. Dodd, Mead; $3.50.

When history is written for the next generation one of the bigger achievements for the good of mankind to be recorded will be the work of the United States Reclamation Service. Mr. James, who has made the study of the West a life work and has popularized this vast region in numerous volumes, has described in this work the development of some thirty irrigation projects scattered throughout the dry territory from Canada to Mexico. The data, collected largely from official documents, is dependable and possesses a greater degree of human interest than might have been given it by a less skilful writer. The part of the book of most interest to the general reader is perhaps that setting forth the government administration of the projects, the methods of encouragement to settlers, and the economic problems of the irrigated communities. The illustrations are numerous and good.

Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis. Edited by his brother, Charles Belmont Davis. Scribner; $2.50.

These letters were almost all addressed to the members of Richard Harding Davis's immediate family, and they give a veracious picture of the more intimate and personal life of the writer. They are tactfully edited, with a minimum of explanation and comment, and, except in the latter chapters, the selections have been wisely made. Here the long series addressed to the author's wife, consisting of little but protestations of love for her and their little daughter, become wearisome. Such expressions are not for the public, and these, coming from a man of Davis's age and worldly experience, seem to have

something almost strange and hectic about them. The best letters of all are those to the author's mother. It is impossible not to feel the genuineness and wholesomeness of these, and they reveal characteristics of the man never suggested by contemporary newspaper portrayals, which always hinted at something of superciliousness and pose.

Readers who, themselves young in the early nineties, remember how the first short stories of Richard Harding Davis seemed to them a promise of great and fine literary achievement, will try to trace in this new book the causes that led to a journalistic rather than a truly literary career. Early letters from Rebecca Harding Davis—for example, those printed on pages 33 and 55—express a mother's fears of this result, and caution against haste, and against writing for money alone. Part of this advice he followed well. A friend who knew him best in his later years says (page 348): "Every phrase in his fiction was, of all the myriad phrases he could think of, the fittest in his relentless judgment to survive. Phrases, paragraphs, pages, whole stories even, were written over and over again." It was probably the unbounded energy of the man, his fondness for life in all its aspects, and the possession of a rare gift for meeting, managing, and observing men that directed the course of his activities, and that still leaves his admirers in doubt whether he could have been as great a novelist as special correspondent. At all events he was a picturesque character; the well-chosen illustrations, equally with the text, of the book before us, are a reminder of how much of the history of the last generation he saw in the making, and how many men of world note he knew.

MY STORY. Being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold. By F. J. Stimson. Scribner; $2.

The tendency to levy upon history for characters in fiction has led Mr. Stimson to make a bold experiment. He gives us a narrative as proceeding from the pen of the arch-traitor of the American Revolution. The more than six hundred pages of this historical novel, if we may term it that, purport to give a detailed account of Arnold and his career. They show a careful study of some sides of the Revolution and a still more exhaustive study of the life of the hero. For it is as a hero that Arnold is pictured. Not a satisfactory hero, however; for while Mr. Stimson's acquaintance with sources will not permit him to suppress facts, his conception of Arnold is fully as imaginative as it is historical. The result is, of course, inconsistency. Another difficulty under which Mr. Stimson labors is that his method allows him none of the advantages of fiction. His book is not frankly a story, with the freedom and privileges of a story; it masquerades as autobiography and discards none of the material which the mere fictionist would ignore; it is therefore tedious and heavy at times. Finally, it is rather cynical. That Arnold was mistreated any student of the period will admit; that other men prominent then and still well thought of do not deserve their reputations, will be conceded; but there were splendid men in those times, a fact of which Mr. Stimson's readers may grow forgetful. In short, "My Story" is not good fiction on the one hand, or sound history on the other. It is a bold experiment but, taken by and large, it is not a success.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN. Journal of the Arctic Expedition of 1881 in search of DeLong and the Jeannette. By John Muir. Edited by William Frederic Badè. Houghton Mifflin; $2.75.

The Corwin cruised in search of the ill-fated Jeannette Expedition in Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean, along the coasts of Siberia and Alaska, visiting Herald Island, and made the first landing of white explorers on Wrangell Land. John Muir accompanied this searching party and his private journals, letters published at the time in the San Francisco "Bulletin," and his contributions to the government reports of the Corwin's explorations have been skilfully woven by the editor into a connected narrative of the summer's cruise amidst the ice-floes, fogs, and storms of these little known seas. John Muir was an interpreter of nature and of men, an observer of rare acumen and marvelously sympathetic approach. This rare quality, combined with his own zest in exploration, undaunted valor, and unreserved worship of the beautiful on land and sea, lift his writings above the commonplace narrative to the level of permanent distinction. The appendix contains valuable notes on glaciation and glaciers in these high latitudes, with illustrations from Muir's sketches and his notes on the Arctic flora.

THE NATIONAL BUDGET SYSTEM AND AMERICAN FINANCE. By Charles Wallace Collins. Macmillan; $1.25.

The naïve belief that providence takes care of children, drunken men, and the United States is singularly well illustrated by the strange fact that, among the great nations of the world, the United States is the only one without the adequate knowledge and necessary control of its public finances afforded by a budget. Any well-managed enterprise would have an annual budget with its consideration of income and expenditure

and the measures necessary to make these two items balance. The same should be true of a state, because an adequate revenue must be had in order to meet necessary expenditure. In most countries the executive is made responsible for the preparation, as well as for the execution, of the budget. Here in the United States nobody in particular is responsible for the annual finances. Responsibility is scattered over the entire range of governmental organization and divided among a number of detached sections. The departments are responsible to the treasury or to the president for their estimates, the committees of the two houses are not responsible to any central organization, and the two houses themselves are responsible to the people only by localities. There has been a shifting of the blame for our finances from the executive to Congress, from the house to the senate, from the committees to the floor of the two houses, from Congress to the executive, and even from Congress to the people. Thus is the idea of responsibility reduced to an absurdity. Chaos, log-rolling, and either a surplus or a deficit in the national revenues are the result. Presidents Taft and Wilson have both urged the adoption of some form of budget system. Fiscal reform will be one of the great needs after the present great war, and Mr. Collins shows in a clear and interesting way why and how the United States should look after its finances in a better way than it has in the past.

Chatham's Colonial Policy. By Kate Hotblack. Dutton; $2.50.

The twentieth-century student will misjudge the elder Pitt unless he remembers that the eighteenth century was one marked by European contests for commerce and power; for there ran through Pitt's entire public career the motive of "war for and on commerce" for the benefit of England. In short chapters, richly annotated, sometimes based upon unpublished manuscripts and records, Miss Hotblack has reviewed Pitt's influence in all parts of the globe. She shows her hero as a man with lofty ideals, a statesman with infinite patience, careful of minute details, and with a strong sense of justice. Contrary to the opinion of many political leaders of the day, Pitt firmly maintained that colonies should be a source of commerce for the mother country, not of direct revenue. Some of his last efforts were made to prevent imposition of taxes upon America; but Miss Hotblack shows that the protest against "taxation without representation" did not mean then what modern writers understand by the term. Pitt, in one of his last speeches, supported the plea of American representatives that the colonies be permitted to govern themselves in the British Empire.

Coöperative Marketing. By W. W. Cumberland. Princeton University Press; $1.50.

The subject of coöperative marketing of farm products has been growing in public appreciation for some years, and present food shortages and distribution problems have greatly accentuated this interest. This volume is a detailed study of the best-developed field of coöperative marketing in this country, the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which in the last twenty years has grown from humble beginnings to a position from which it superintends the packing and marketing of three-fourths of the citrus products of the Golden State. With its general manager, earning a salary of $10,000 a year, and its corps of experienced salesmen and traffic experts, this is one of the best and most scientifically organized businesses in the world, bringing profits to the producer and economy to the consumer through its elimination of the superfluous middleman. The development of the enterprise, in the face of all sorts of unfriendly interests, constitutes a chapter from real modern romance. Its success may well serve as a stimulus, as its methods may afford a model, for coöperation in other fields of food-production and distribution.

The Book of the West Indies. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Dutton; $2.50.

Although it treats of practically every island of the West Indian archipelago, with the addition of Bermuda, this volume scarcely justifies its title; it is *a* book, rather than *the* book. Purposing to be a combination guide, history, and general description, it fails to be adequate in any single attempt. To accomplish so much would be difficult even in a single, moderate sized volume; therefore Mr. Verrill almost inevitably gives the impression of sketchiness. Furthermore his style is hardly meticulous—for example, he speaks of the "healthy" climate when he means, of course, a "healthful"; and his too insistent habit of inverting subject and predicate in descriptive paragraphs deteriorates into a mere mannerism. But interest is not lacking. Many historical tidbits are served—the plot wherein George Washington secured a hundred barrels of gunpowder from the Bermudians; the marriage of Lord Nelson and the birth of Alexander Hamilton in Nevis, of the Leeward Islands; in Martinique the birth of the child who was to become the Empress Josephine; and the first public appearance of Adelina Patti in Santiago, Cuba. The intending tourist is told what he may see and a few hints are given as to the costs that are to be reckoned with. The book is copiously illustrated from photographs.

Casual Comment

Ancient wisdom sometimes comes to our aid in the attempt to understand the bewildering chaos of events we call the world war. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" seems a guiding aphorism for comprehension of the antics of the Pangermans. We don't know whether Hindenburg boasted that he would be in Paris by April, as reported in the press. But we hope so. Nor is there confirmation of the dispatch which told us that the German delegates at Brest-Litovsk threatened to capture Petrograd unless the Russians should at once conclude a separate peace satisfactory to Berlin. But again we hope they did. Our compassion goes out to the courageous German strikers who were imprisoned. Yet even in this case, can we honestly pretend that we are sorry? History, if it teaches us anything, teaches us that an autocratic and unpopular clique, losing control, displays certain stigmata of degeneration. It brags about the overwhelming love which unites it with its people, at the same time ruthlessly suppressing any signs of discontent. It tries to disguise an inner weakness by an outward bluster that all is going well. Von Hertling exhibited the typical sort of sickening hypocrisy when he said, "In the officers and the men lives unbroken the joy of battle." The old, old circle is closing in upon the German tyrants exactly as it has closed in upon the tyrants of history. Their boasts become more and more absurd, their performances more meagre, their threats more dire, their strangulation of their own people more shameless and severe. "Wise men," the proverb tells us, "learn by other men's mistakes; fools, by their own." From this point of view the men in control of Germany today, are lower in the scale of human intelligence than even fools. They cannot learn by their own mistakes.

. . .

For the first time since its foundation seventeen years ago the Nobel Prize for literature goes to Denmark. The award for excellence has been divided between the two Danish authors Henrik Pontoppidan and Karl Gjellerup. Is it possible that politics were not left wholly out of consideration in making the choice for 1917? Certain circumstances seem to justify a suspicion. Visible efforts for a rapprochement between Sweden and Denmark have recently been made by the royal families and diplomatic leaders of the two countries. No doubt it is a ticklish business to determine on a candidate in a time of world war. Obviously if Sweden, as a neutral state, were to select an author from the warring nations, criticism from the opposite side might easily become bitter. And to divide between both sides presents almost insuperable difficulties. Yet admitting gladly that the high standard of modern Danish literature justifies this year's choice of nationality aside from any political aptness, why were these particular authors selected? One feels abashed at quarreling with the Royal Academy of Sweden, that august body of eighteen men and one woman (Selma Lagerlöf being the sole representative for womankind). But there is one Danish name which, unsought, stands in the foreground, the name of Georg Brandes. Nor should we have been other than pleased had Martin Anderson Nexö been chosen. His "Pelle the Conqueror," picturing the life and career of a modern labor leader, ranks as one of the great books of today, and critics have agreed that it possesses "the literary qualities that burst the bonds of nations." Perhaps the stipulation in Alfred Nobel's will which makes it imperative that the winners should represent the "idealistic tendency" in literature has been taken too literally. Nobel reacted strongly from the pessimistic naturalism which dominated Scandinavian literature in the later part of the nineteenth century. "Idealistic," however, is a flexible adjective: it would be a pity to create a stable dogma. The currents and forces of literature change with the currents and forces of life, and any specific form our writers of today may choose demands tolerant interpretation.

. . .

Idealism, in the older sense, is certainly one quality which Pontoppidan and Gjellerup, otherwise of diametrically different temperaments, have in common. Of the two, Pontoppidan is the more individual. Born in a family of whom his father and several other members were clergymen, he is deeply interested in the many sectarian movements characteristic of the peasant class in his youth. Although he began as an aggressive realist, a religious feeling is present in his later books. In his many novels picturing Danish life—its religion, politics, art, and homesphere—an all absorbing search for Truth is manifest. He does not look at his characters from a respectful distance; their souls are analyzed. He exhibits sober mastery of a clear, sometimes biting or quietly humorous style. Among Pontoppidan's foremost works stands the trilogy "The Promised Land," and the great cycle appearing in the last seven years: "Torben and Jytte," "Storeholt," "Publicans and Sinners," "Enslew's Death," and "Favsingsholm." Henrik Pontoppidan might be called Denmark's Björnstjerne Björnson, his work often recalling the great Norwegian's, though lacking its dominant grandeur of

conception. . . Karl Gjellerup, who with Pontoppidan divides the prize, has behind him an exceptionally versatile literary production, comprising lyric poetry, novels, scientific works, dramas, even a tragedy in old verse. It is a wide step from the challenging novel of his youth, "An Idealist," to his recent book, "The Pilgrim Kamanita," a beautiful work full of the mysticism of the East and the teaching of Buddha. Here the fiery idealism of his earlier writing has been sobered by a life of philosophic research and scientific study.

• • •

ANNUALLY OUR GREAT LIBRARY in Washington reminds us afresh of its riches and announces the year's accretions. For 1917, in spite of war and rumors of war, the Librarian of Congress has no occasion to apologize. The biographers of Whistler, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, have presented the library with their notable assemblage of Whistleriana, which adds to the most complete existing collection of prints, etchings, photographs, and other reproductions all the books by and about the painter, a comprehensive representation of works in which his art is discussed, some 60 folio volumes of press and magazine clippings, catalogues of exhibits, and several hundred letters. Doubtless the next most important acquisitions are the numerous items of Americana, including John Wesley's journal of his trip to Georgia, Sir Walter Raleigh's description of Guiana (*"auri abundantissimi"*), Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York" with unpublished corrections by the author, and in manuscript the personal papers of Charles Thomson (Secretary of the Continental Congress throughout its life), as well as papers of Robert Morris, James Madison, Andrew Jackson Donelson (nephew and secretary to Andrew Jackson), and of many other worthies who have enjoyed peculiar opportunities to observe our history in the making. The Music Division can now boast nearly 800,000 items; manuscript scores by many important composers were added last year. Some 5000 additions were made to the collection of prints. A striking part of the report discusses accessions from China, Japan, and their neighborhood even to Tibet, of which upwards of 6600 were secured. Altogether the Congressional Library is richer now by 120,769 items (exclusive of manuscripts, which are not counted) than it was a year ago. Of these some 86,000 items are printed books and pamphlets—eight times the number of books published here last year. Minds not yet made numb by the iteration of the vast totals of war finance may feel a pardonable thrill in the fact that our national library now contains (still excepting manuscripts) nearly four million titles.

ARE THE COURTS USURPING THE FUNCTIONS of criticism? Some months ago Judge Tuthill of Chicago ruled that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. It now comes to light that a member of the Eastern bench had anticipated that precedent in literary criticism. Apropos of a recent divorce, a newspaper quotes from an earlier decision provoked by the same couple's matrimonial difficulties, a decision handed down by Justice Borst of New York. He said: "After becoming acquainted, the defendant paid the plaintiff attention, and from his letters and conduct was evidently much enamored of her, writing her numerous letters, and even lapsing into poetry, *which, from its composition, was evidently original with him"* (italics ours). At this point somebody—whether the learned judge or the reporter, indeed, does not clearly appear—has kindly introduced "a specimen of this poetry." Although entitled, originally enough, "To Eleanor from L. R.," the fifteen lines introduced are those of a favorite song which the merely literary world has for nearly three centuries ignorantly accepted as Robert Herrick's—the lines "To a Rose," beginning:

> Go, happy rose, and, interwove
> With other flowers, bind my love. . .

and ending:

> Lest a handsome anger fly,
> Like a lightning, from her eye
> And burn thee up as well as I.

To be sure, there are textual variations, "from her eye" becoming "from the sky" for instance; but they are only such variations as seem inevitable to newspaper quotation. For the decree that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon we were not altogether unprepared; this decree that Herrick's songs were written by an American lover is, however, revolutionary. Is the critical fraternity too weakly divided against itself to present a solid front to the encroaching judiciary?

• • •

WRITING FROM LONDON Mr. Edward Shanks discussed, in the preceding issue of THE DIAL, Robert Graves and his "odd mongrel of a book called 'Fairies and Fusiliers' . . . the kind of book that calls for a personal recommendation." Of this poet the New York "Evening Post" quotes an anecdote by John Masefield, who has lately returned to America: "Graves was picked up for dead. He heard them say he was dead and he called out, 'I'm not dead. I'm damned if I'll die.' And he didn't. And he wrote a poem about it." Mr. Masefield cites Graves as one of the young men who are writing "the best poetry written in England now. . . These poems come out of experience—hard, big, deep experience."

Three Large Printings
In Thirteen Days!

THE BOLSHEVIKI and WORLD PEACE

by

LEON TROTZKY

(Russian Foreign Minister)

The man the Wall Street Journal says Is Fated to Exert a Greater Influence on the Destinies of the World than Napoleon Bonaparte.

"The Bolsheviki and World Peace," shows Trotzky's keen conception, and straight-forward detestation of the German war aims, and the German spirit in international politics. Trotzky's great stroke has been the unmasking of the German war aims." —*Springfield Republican.*

"Leon Trotzky's confession of faith is naturally the most conspicuous book of the week. This work is the most explicit exposition that has yet appeared of Russian Revolutionary socialism in its relation to the war, and cannot but be of interest to American readers."—*New York Evening Post.*

"The book presents a fair picture of the man, and illuminates the principles upon which his policy at Brest-Litovsk is based."—*The New Republic.*

Wherever Books Are Sold
$1.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT, Publishers
NEW YORK

Communication

A Literary Middle English Reader

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

I should like to say a word for a book that may easily escape your attention. The "Literary Middle English Reader," by Professor Albert S. Cook (Ginn; $2), bears a title suggestive of pedagogy and pedestrianism; yet a careful examination convinces me that it is, in its limits, an important service to literature. The English language from the Conquest to the Reformation is, indeed, a philological paradise; but to the seeker of literary satisfactions it presents a first appearance like the Plain of Shinar at the moment the building of the Tower of Babel came to an end.

Those, however, who love our language and literature because, apart from their merits, they are our very own, cannot but be strongly drawn to Professor Cook's volume, the first representative anthology of Middle English that has aimed to make literary interest the sole criterion of selection. Middle English has but two classics some knowledge of which is necessary for all English-speaking persons who aspire to be well read. These classics are Chaucer and Malory. Professor Cook, however, who brings to his task a wide and close acquaintance with his subject, and an enthusiasm that has perhaps never been surpassed, has demonstrated that besides Chaucer and Malory there is in Middle English a large amount that is at least readable, much that is decidedly interesting, and a few things that even evoke enthusiasm.

The book is excellent alike for what it includes and for what it omits. The "Ormulum" is where it belongs—outside the volume. So is the "Ayenbite of Inwit," that curiously prosaic composition which so distinguished an archæologist as Mr. Ridgeway once guessingly called "a poem." A few only of the happy inclusions in Mr. Cook's volume may be mentioned. The "Secunda Pastorum" is rapidly winning recognition as a work of genius. To my thinking "Gawain and the Green Knight" is of unequal merit. The ethics of the poem are mushy. Professor Cook has selected from those passages, fraught with adventure and a feeling for nature, which show real genius. He gives a liberal selection from the better lyric poetry of the period. "Sir Orfeo" is a really pretty perversion of the story of Orpheus. The passages selected from "Piers the Plowman" really exhibit that poem at its best. "The Fox and the Wolf" is distinguished by a sly humor and a happy characterization that remind one—not too distinctly—of Chaucer.

The format of the book is convenient, the printing is excellent. Professor Cook has supplied each selection with an introduction. A series of glosses at the foot of each page does much to make the book intelligible to the general reader. Whatever defects the specialist may spy in the execution, I would urge that a note of them be sent to the editor. If I were engaged in teaching Middle English, I should regard some use of the book as absolutely indispensable for those who wish to begin the study under favorable auspices.

Henry Barrett Hinckley.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Notes and News

Edward Garnett, who writes in this issue about Edward Thomas, is the second son of the English scholar, Richard Garnett. He is the author of "The Breaking Point," "The Feud," and "The Paradox Club," and of books on Hogarth and Tolstoy.

Myron R. Williams is a graduate of Harvard who is now teaching in the Hartford, Connecticut, High Schools.

The other contributors to this issue are familiar to readers of The Dial.

Last month T. Fisher Unwin published Jean Massart's account of "The Secret Press in Belgium."

"Our Schools in War Time—and After," by Arthur D. Dean of Teachers College, Columbia, is on the list of Ginn & Co.

The Macmillan Co. published in January Edoardo Webber's technicological dictionary in English, French, Italian, and German, with the four languages in parallel columns.

Among the early February publications of Small, Maynard is "Buddy's Blighty and Other Verses from the Trenches," by Lieut. Jack Turner, a Canadian.

The Four Seas Co. announce "The Gentleman Ranker and Other Plays," by Leon Gordon, and "The Path of Error and Other Stories," by Joseph M. Meirovitz.

The Brooklyn Public Library has recently issued a brochure, "Dramatized Tales," which lists nearly two hundred plays founded upon popular tales, prose and verse, in all languages. An appendix adds some "novelized dramas."

Edward J. Clode has lately announced the publication of "The Story of the Salonica Army," by G. Ward Price, and "If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?" by Edward Clodd, with a Postcript by H. E. Armstrong, F.R.S.

February sales at the Anderson Galleries in New York include a large library of Shakespereana, offered on the thirteenth and fourteenth, and Mr. Stephen Caplin's collection of Americana, scheduled for the nineteenth and twentieth.

Early February issues from Harper's are "In Our First Year of War," by President Wilson; "Traveling under Orders," by Major William E. Dunn; and a new novel by Kate Langley, "Kitty Canary."

B. W. Huebsch has now added the seventh volume to the "Collected Dramas" of Hauptmann, which brings the dramatist's work down to the war. Among these pieces is the "Commemoration Masque," which the Crown Prince ordered withdrawn from the stage after its first presentation, in Breslau in 1913.

The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations has recently established a secular press under the publishing style of the Woman's Press. Its first announcement promises a book by Mary Austin on the young woman citizen, looking toward instruction in political technique for feminine voters.

From STOKES' Spring List

Will German Women Stop the War?

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

answers this question in her stirring novel of the German Revolution that may come

THE

WHITE MORNING

Based on a startling idea, with an intense love interest, and told as only Gertrude Atherton could tell it—it's a story that everyone thinking about the War will want to read.

"The story is enthralling. It holds a fierce, pitiless love story; it is crowded with living characters, and moves before a vivid background. . . . A book that will be read far and wide over the world. . . . Alive with the beat of the pulse of this time."—N. Y. Times.
Cloth, 12mo, net $1.00

THE NEW BUSINESS OF FARMING By JULIAN A. DIMOCK

How to put the farm on a paying basis *by a man who did it;* how to stop the leak in profits; how to farm for profit; what to plant and when—these are some of the main subjects treated in this condensed handbook on the business side of farming. A book for the city man who returns to the soil and for the "born and bred" farmer. *Net $1.00*

ARMY AND NAVY UNIFORMS AND INSIGNIA

By COL. DION WILLIAMS

The latest, most accurate information, taken directly from official sources, regarding the uniforms and insignia of the American army and navy, and of all the fighting powers. The illustrations—117 in black-and-white and 8 in full color—form a complete and authentic record of the uniforms, corps and specialty marks of the nations represented. *Net $1.50*

Notable Poetry

A CELTIC PSALTERY By ALFRED P. GRAVES

English versions of a wide selection of Irish and Welsh poems. *Net $1.75*

ARDOURS AND ENDURANCES By ROBERT NICHOLS

Poems of rare beauty by a young English soldier. *Net $1.50*

THE GREY FEET OF THE WIND By CATHAL O'BYRNE

Poems essentially Gaelic, full of beauty and the magic lore of the Gael. *Net $1.00*

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

READING FOR "ENFORCED HOLIDAYS"

Where "Heatless Mondays" are the rule, they will at least give us all a chance to read those books which are really worth while such as the four new ones below.

CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS

By CAPT. ALAN BOTT, M.C., R.F.C.
Net $1.25

Here is "unexaggerated fact" by one who faced the machine guns of the Boche on the giddy roof of things. This book gives you a clear comprehension of the whole thrilling business of wartime flying so full of amazing possibilities that the author prophesies "aviation will be the destruction of war."

THE FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION

By DANA GATLIN Net 50 cents

In this story is wonderfully compressed the essence of the spirit of those who march away to war and those who must stay behind.

THE KENTUCKY WARBLER

By JAMES LANE ALLEN, *author of "A Kentucky Cardinal," etc.* Net $1.25

The study of a lad buried in the great adventure of finding himself. The book can be read in a few hours, but the fascination it exerts lasts and grows.—*New York Times.*

THE FALSE FACES

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Net $1.40

The *New York Tribune* says of this tale of "The Lone Wolf" at war: "We have indeed seldom read a more incessantly fascinating detective or secret service tale than this. There is literally not a dull page in it."

For Sale At All Bookstores

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

The February list of Longmans, Green & Co. includes "The Secret of Personality," by George Trumbull Ladd; "Physical Chemistry of the Proteins," by T. Brailsford Robertson; and "The Life of John Cardinal McCloskey, First Prince of the Church in America," by Cardinal Farley.

Two forthcoming offerings of the Century Co. are "Roving and Fighting: Adventures under Four Flags," by "Tex" O'Reilly (Edward S.), soldier of fortune, and "Donald Thompson in Russia," being letters home from a free lance newspaper photographer and moving-picture man.

The Scribners announce the seasonable publication of "The Voice of Lincoln," by R. M. Wanamaker, a Justice of the Ohio Supreme Court. The book is an attempt to reveal Lincoln through his own many-sided utterances, with the biographical and historical significance of the selections discussed by the author.

The poems which appeared as chapter-headings in Thomas Burke's "Nights in Town," with others in the same vein, are collected in his "London Lamps," just published by Robert M. McBride & Co. Late this month it will be followed by the author's "Twinkletoes," a novel in which some of the persons of "Limehouse Nights" reappear.

For February the Stokes Co. offer in fiction "The Girl from Keller's," by Harold Bindloss, and "Stepsons of France," by P. C. Wren. Their general list includes "A Celtic Psaltery," by A. P. Graves; "Ardours and Endurances," by Robert Nichols; and "The New Business of Farming," by Julian A. Dimock.

With "Red Ruth," a novel of the "birth of universal brotherhood," by Anna Ratner Shapiro, the Arc Publishing Company, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, makes its bow. It will specialize in fiction. "Red Ruth," which begins where the war leaves off, is a utopian prophecy of America's part in the reconstruction of a Europe still prostrate many years after the close of hostilities.

Mr. Philip Goodman, one of the latest comers to the New York publishing field, has announced his books for the new year: "Forty-Nine Little Essays," by H. L. Mencken; "How's Your Second Act?" by Arthur Hopkins; and "A Book Without a Title," by George Jean Nathan. This spring he will issue books by Benjamin de Casseres, Eugene Lombard, and Don Marquis.

For February G. P. Putnam's Sons offer four war books: "First Call," by Arthur Empey; "Aircraft and Submarine," by Willis J. Abbott; and "Tactics and Duties for Trench Fighting," by Georges Bertrand, a captain in the *Chasseurs Alpins,* and Major Oscar N. Solbert of the United States Corps of Engineers.

On February 14 Henry Holt & Co. will publish "Camion Letters," a collection of letters from American college men who have been Camionneurs (drivers of ammunition wagons) in France; on February 28, "The Problems of the Actor," by Louis Calvert; on March 7, "Professor Latimer's Progress," the book title of the anonymous "Atlantic Monthly" serial, "Professor's Progress"; and later in the spring DeMorgan's last novel, "The Old Mad House."

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 111 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

THE WAR.

The Bolsheviki and World Peace. By Leon Trotzky. Introduction by Lincoln Steffens. With frontispiece, 12mo, 239 pages. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

A French-English Military Dictionary. By Cornélis De Witt Willcox. 8vo, 584 pages. Harper & Bros. $4.

The Prisoner of War in Germany. The Care and Treatment of the Prisoner of War, with a History of the Development of the Principle of Neutral Inspection and Control. By Daniel J. McCarthy. Illustrated, 8vo, 345 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.

The New Warfare. By G. Blanchon. Translated by Fred Rothwell. 12mo, 254 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Six Women and the Invasion. By Gabrielle and Marguerite Yerta. With preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 12mo, 377 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.

To Arms! (La Veillée des Armes.) By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Lucy H. Humphrey. With a preface by John H. Finley. 12mo, 292 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Potterat and the War. By Benjamin Vallotton. 12mo, 326 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Campaigns and Intervals. By Lieut. Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Elizabeth S. Sargent. 12mo, 273 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

On the Field of Honor. By Hugues Le Roux. Translated by Mrs. John Van Vorst. 12mo, 281 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Comrades in Courage. (Méditations dans la Tranchée.) By Lieut. Antoine Redier. Translated by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson. 12mo, 260 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

At the Serbian Front in Macedonia. By E. P. Stebbing. Illustrated with photographs by the author. 12mo, 245 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Marching on Tanga. (With Gen. Smuts in East Africa.) By Francis Brett Young. Illustrated, 12mo, 265 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Facing the Hindenburg Line. Personal Observations at the Fronts and in the Camps of the British, French, Americans, and Italians, during the Campaigns of 1917. By Burris A. Jenkins. 12mo, 256 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

A Roumanian Diary: 1915, 1916, 1917. By Lady Kennard. Illustrated, 12mo, 201 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Letters of a Canadian Stretcher-Bearer. By "R. A. L." Edited by Anna Chapin Ray. 12mo, 289 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.

Visions and Vignettes of War. By Maurice Ponsonby. 12mo, 116 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. Boards, $1.

America Among the Nations. By H. H. Powers. 12mo, 376 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Democracy and the War. By John Firman Coar. 12mo, 129 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Democracy After the War. By J. A. Hobson. 12mo, 212 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The Collapse of Superman. By William Roscoe Thayer. 16mo, 77 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. .60 cts.

The Scar That Tripled. By William G. Shepherd. 12mo, 48 pages. Harper & Bros. Boards, 50 cts.

Military and Naval Recognition Book. A Handbook on the Organization, Insignia of Rank, and Customs of the Service of the World's Important Armies and Navies. By Lieut. J. W. Bunkley, U. S. N. Illustrated, 16mo, 224 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York. $1.

Hand-to-Hand Fighting. A System of Personal Defense for the Soldier. By A. E. Marriott. With a foreword by Benjamin S. Gross. Illustrated, 16mo, 80 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.

FICTION.

South Wind. By Norman Douglas. 12mo, 464 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60.

The White Morning. By Gertrude Atherton. With frontispiece, 12mo, 195 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.

Nine Tales. By Hugh de Sélincourt. With an introduction by Harold Child. 12mo, 311 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

"You Germans have only one will, and that is My will; there is only one law and that is My law; only one master in this country, that is I, and who opposes Me I shall crush to pieces."
—Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany.

A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany

August 1st, 1914—April 6th, 1917

(*Based on Official Documents*)

By James Brown Scott

An authentic account of the conduct of the United States during the period of neutrality. Every step up to the actual declaration of war is fully treated. Also an extended introduction comprising quotations from the writings of leading German authors as Frederick the Great, Treitschke, Bernhardi, Bismarck, etc., showing the German Conceptions of the State, International Policy and International Law.

Royal 8vo, cloth, 506 pages, net $5.00

At all Booksellers or from the Publishers

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMERICAN BRANCH
NEW YORK

Important New Publications

Principles of American Diplomacy
By John Bassett Moore
Crown 8vo, $2.00

National Progress, 1907-1917
(American Nation Series)
By Frederic A. Ogg
Maps, Crown 8vo, $2.00

French-English Military Dictionary
By Col. Cornelius De Witt Wilcox, U.S.A.
Octavo, $4.00

Your Vote and How To Use It
By Mrs. Raymond Brown
12mo, Cloth, 75 Cents

The Scar That Tripled
By William G. Shepherd
Frontispiece, Thin, 12mo, Paper Boards, Cloth Back, 50 Cents

A History of Architecture
By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell
Fully Illustrated, Crown 8vo, $3.00

Traveling Under Orders
A Guidebook for Troops En Route to France
By Major William J. Dunn, N.A.
32mo, Khaki Cloth, 50 Cents

HARPER & BROTHERS, Established 1817

GREAT WAR, BALLADS

By Brookes More

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the war.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

$1.50 Net

For Sale by Brentano's; The Baker & Taylor Co., New York; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; St. Louis News Co., and All Book Stores

THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.
Fort Smith, Arkansas, U. S. A.

"An important contribution to present-day questions." —*Los Angeles Times.*

Socialism and Feminism

By CORREA MOYLAN WALSH

3 volumes, octavo *$4.50 net*

Sold separately:

The Climax of Civilization	*$1.25 net*
Socialism	*$1.50 net*
Feminism	*$2.50 net*

"In fact these are the ablest anti-socialistic books the reveiwer has ever seen."
—*The Boston Transcript.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO. New York

Those who buy

TEXT BOOKS

for schools, colleges, private institutions, will find our *Catalogue of School and College Text Books* a convenient reference book.

It lists the books of all publishers, including nearly every book used to any general extent as a text book. Write for a copy.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK At 26th Street

Columbia University Press

(LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents)

New Catalogue of Meritorious Books Now Ready

AMERICAN BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS sent to any address, here or abroad

DIRECT IMPORTATION FROM ALL ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

LEMCKE & BUECHNER (Established 1848)
30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

Under the Hermes, and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. 12mo, 341 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Mary Regan. By Leroy Scott. Illustrated, 12mo, 385 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis. By Roland Pertwee. Illustrated, 12mo, 332 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Mistress of Men. By Flora Annie Steel. 12mo, 368 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.40.

The Golden Block. By Sophie Kerr. With frontispiece, 12mo, 323 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

The Mystery of the Downs. By Watson and Rees. 12mo, 306 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.

Cleek, the Master Detective. By T. W. Hanshew. Illustrated, 12mo, 343 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

Carolyn of the Corners. By Ruth Belmore Endicott. Illustrated, 12mo, 318 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35.

Red Ruth. The Birth of Universal Brotherhood. By Anna Ratner Shapiro. Illustrated, 12mo, 268 pages. Arc Publishing Co., Chicago. $1.35.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

Oxford Poetry, 1914-1916. 12mo, 190 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

Poems. By Edward Thomas ("Edward Eastaway"). With portrait, 12mo, 63 pages. Henry Holt & Co. Boards, $1.

The Last Blackbird, and Other Lines. By Ralph Hodgson. 12mo, 95 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.35.

The Binding of the Beast, and Other War Verse. By George Sterling. 12mo, 51 pages. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. $1.

Collected Poems. By Charles V. H. Roberts. 12mo, 143 pages. The Torch Press, New York. Boards, $1.25.

Trackless Regions. Poems. By G. O. Warren. 12mo, 118 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. Boards, $1.25.

Star-Drift. By Brian Padraic O'Seasnain. 12mo, 100 pages. Four Seas Co. Boards, $1.25.

One Who Dreamed. Songs and Lyrics. By Arthur Crew Inman. 12mo, 102 pages. Four Seas Co. $1.25.

Common Men and Women. By Harold W. Gammans. 12mo, 60 pages. Four Seas Co. Boards, 60 cts.

Thor. By Felix E. Schelling. 12mo, 62 pages. Mrs. J. P. W. Crawford, 4010 Pine St., Philadelphia. 75 cts.

THE ARTS.

History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting. Vol. II: Italian Painting from the Beginning of the Renaissance Period, Including the Work of the Principal Artists from Cimabue to the Pollaiuoli. By James Ward. Illustrated, 8vo, 316 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

Sonata for Violin and Piano. By Eric de Lamarter. 4to, 10+32 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. $2.

HISTORY.

Les Dessous du Congrès de Vienne. D'après les Documents Originaux des Archives du Ministère Impérial et Royal de L'Intérieur à Vienne. By Commandant M.-H. Weil. 2 vols., 8vo., 885-782 pages. Payot & Cie., Paris. Paper, 20 francs.

A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany: 1914-1917. By James Brown Scott. 8vo, cxvi+390 pages. Oxford University Press. $5.

Norman Institutions. Vol. 24 of the "Harvard Historical Studies." By Charles Homer Haskins. Illustrated, 8vo, 407 pages. Harvard University Press. $2.75.

The History of Europe from 1862 to 1914. From the Accession of Bismarck to the Outbreak of the Great War. By Lucius Hudson Holt and Alexander Wheeler Chilton. With maps, 8vo, 625 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.60.

National Progress: 1907-1917. Being Vol. 27 of "The American Nation: a History." By Frederic Austin Ogg. With frontispiece and maps. 12mo, 430 pages. Harper & Bros. $2.

A Short History of France. By Victor Duruy. 2 vols., 12mo, 528-569 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts. each.

Ancient Law. By Sir Henry Maine, K.C.S.I. With an introduction by J. H. Morgan. 12mo, 237 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

SCIENCE.

Experiments in Psychical Research. Being Psychical Research Monograph No. 1. By John Edgar Coover. Illustrated. 8vo, xxiv+641 pages. Stanford University Press. Paper, $3.50; buckram, $4; half-morocco, $5.

A Complete System of Nursing. By A. Millicent Ashdown. Illustrated, 8vo, 761 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

An Introduction to Statistical Methods. By Horace Secrist. Illustrated, 12mo, 482 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.

United States Magnetic Tables and Magnetic Charts for 1915. By Daniel L. Hazard. With separate charts. 8vo, 256 pages. Government Printing Office.

EDUCATION.

Description of Industry: an Introduction to Economics. By Henry C. Adams. 12mo, 270 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Plane Trigonometry, with Tables. By Eugene Henry Barker. Illustrated, 8vo, 172 pages. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

A Handbook of French Phonetics. By William A. Nitze and Ernest H. Wilkins. With exercises by Clarence E. Parmenter. 12mo, 106 pages. Henry Holt & Co. Paper.

Simplest Spoken French. By W. F. Giese and Barry Cerf. 16mo, 110 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

First Steps in Russian. By J. Solomonoff. Illustrated, 12mo, 131 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. Boards, $1.

Russian Verbs Made Easy. By Stephen J. Lett. 12mo, 59 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Russian Proverbs and Their English Equivalents. By Louis Segal. 16mo, 63 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

Moo-Moo and The District Doctor. By Ivan Turgenyev. Edited, with introduction, vocabularies, and notes, by A. Raffi. 12mo, 104 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. Paper, 50 cts.

Bela. By Michail Yurievitch Lermontoff. Edited, with biography, notes, and vocabulary, by R. Biske. With map. 12mo, 100 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. Paper, 50 cts.

From Brain to Keyboard. A System of Hand and Finger Control for Pianists and Students. By Macdonald Smith. Illustrated, 12mo, 63 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, 60 cts.

RELIGION.

The Conversion of Europe. By Charles Henry Robinson. With maps. 8vo, 640 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $6.

Last Words on Great Issues. By John Beattie Crozier. 8vo, 235 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

The Millennial Hope. A Phase of War-Time Thinking. By Shirley Jackson Case. 12mo, 262 pages. University of Chicago Press. $1.25.

Simon, Son of Man. By John I. Riegel and John H. Jordan. Illustrated, 12mo, 269 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.50.

On the Bridge. By Helen A. Ballard. 12mo, 191 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

The Manual of Inter-Church Work. Edited by Rev. Roy B. Gould. With an introduction by Fred B. Smith. 12mo, 221 pages. Commission on Inter-Church Federations. New York.

How to Face Life. By Stephen S. Wise. 16mo, 82 pages. B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts.

Children's Devotions. By Gerrit Verkuyl. 12mo, 59 pages. Presbyterian Board of Publications. 40 cts.

JUVENILE.

This Country of Ours. By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated, 8vo, 612 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

Our Flag and Our Songs. Compiled by H. A. Ogden. Illustrated, 12mo, 69 pages. Edward J. Clode. 60 cts.

St. Nicholas. By George H. McKnight. Illustrated, 12mo, 153 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Letters from Harry & Helen. Written down by Mary Blount White. 12mo, 267 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Winona of Camp Karonya. By Margaret Widdemer. Illustrated, 12mo, 318 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

"AT McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

NEW AND FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

The Influence of Italy on the Literary Career of Alphonse de Lamartine

By AGIDE PIRAZZINI, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, $1.50 net. In this volume the author shows that Italy exerted a much deeper influence on Lamartine than has heretofore been supposed.

The Spirit of Protest in Old French Literature

By MARY MORTON WOOD, Ph.D. 8vo, cloth, $1.50 net.
A study of the problems of social justice and personal liberty that interested the more thoughtful writers of medieval France.

The Foundations and Nature of Verse

By CARY F. JACOB, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, $1.50 net. An attempt to answer these interesting questions: What common physical and psychological basis have prose, verse and music; What differentiates prose from verse and music from both; From the point of view of structure, what is verse?

Aram and Israel, or the Aramaeans in Syria and Mesopotamia

By EMIL G. H. KRAELING, Ph.D. 8vo, cloth. $1.50 net.
A book on the Aramaeans has long been a desideratum for students of Hebrew and Oriental History and this volume supplies the need.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents
30-32 West 27th Street New York City

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (Established 1906)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

Autograph Letters of Famous People
Bought and Sold.—Send lists of what you have.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City
Publisher of **THE COLLECTOR:** A Magazine for Autograph Collectors. $1.00. Sample free.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.
W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

THE DIAL may now be obtained at the leading newsstands in the following cities:
NEW YORK WASHINGTON
BOSTON CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
Two sample copies will be sent to any address upon receipt of 25c.

AMERICANA
New Catalogue of 1000 titles, covering a large variety of subjects—mostly of rare books—including THE WEST, INDIANS, REVOLUTION, COLONIAL HOUSES and many other interesting topics. Sent free.
GOODSPEED'S BOOKSHOP
BOSTON, MASS.

The Blue Heron's Feather. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Illustrated, 12mo, 301 pages. J. B. Lippincott. $1,25.

The Rhyme Garden. By Marguerite Butler Allan. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 64 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

Prince Melody in Music Land. By Elizabeth Simpson. Illustrated, 12mo, 183 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

The Breakfast of the Birds, and Other Stories. From the Hebrew of Judah Steinberg. By Emily Solis-Cohen, Jr. Illustrated, 4to, 175 pages. Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.

The Book of Holidays. By J. W. McSpadden. Illustrated, 12mo, 309 pages. T. Y. Crowell Co. $1.25.

The Toils and Travels of Odysseus. By C. A. Pease. Illustrated, 12mo, 340 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

With the Children in Lewis Carroll's Company. By William V. Kelley. With frontispiece, 12mo, 139 pages. The Abingdon Press. 75 cts.

Tales of Washington Irving's Alhambra. Simplified by Leila H. Cheney. Illustrated, 12mo, 120 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cts.

The Boys' Book of Scouts. By Percy K. Fitzhugh. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. T. Y. Crowell Co. $1.25.

The Boys' Book of Submarines. By A. Frederick Collins. Illustrated, 12mo, 220 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35.

A Boy on the Plains and in the Rockies. By William Allen Greer. 12mo, 172 pages. Richard Badger. $1.25.

Money Making for Boys. By A. Frederick Collins. Illustrated, 12mo, 243 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.

The Girl Beautiful. By Jean K. Baird. With frontispiece, 12mo, 220 pages. Penn Publishing Co. $1.

Katie of Birdland. By Edith Kinney Stellmann. Illustrated, 12mo, 40 pages. H. S. Crocker Co. Boards. 75 cts.

Bettina Brown. By One of Her Subjects. 12mo, 104 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dolly and Danny. By Zella Heinz Hanson. Illustrated, 8vo, 68 pages. Rand, McNally & Co.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Trade Unionism in the United States. By Robert F. Hoxie. 12mo, 426 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

Principles of Ocean Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson and Grover G. Huebner. Illustrated, 8vo, 534 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

War Administration of the Railways in the United States and Great Britain. By Frank Haigh Dixon and Julius H. Parmelee. 8vo, 155 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper.

The Principles of American Diplomacy. By John Bassett Moore. 12mo, 478 pages. Harper & Bros. $2.

The New Business of Farming By Julian A. Dimock. 12mo, 120 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Disasters and the American Red Cross in Disaster Relief. By J. Byron Deacon. 16mo, 230 pages. Russel Sage Foundation. 75 cts.

The Country Weekly. By Phil C. Bing. 12mo, 347 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.

How to Build Mental Power. By Grenville Kleiser. 8vo, 595 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3.

Chess. By David A. Mitchell. Illustrated, 16mo, 168 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 50 cts.

The Harper Centennial, 1817-1917. With frontispiece. 8vo, 106 pages. Harper & Bros. Boards. (For private distribution.)

Lettres d'un Vieil Américain a un Français. Traduites de l'Anglais par J.—L. Duplain. Préface de "Lysis." 12mo, 269 pages. Brentano. Paper. $1.

Viajando Por Sud América. By Edward Albes. Edited by J. Warshaw. Illustrated, 12mo, 226 pages. Henry Holt & Co. 80 cts.

Marketing and House Work Manual. By S. Agnes Donham. 12mo, 241 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Savings and Savoury Dishes. Cookery Recipes, Food Values, Household Hints. Published for the Patriotic Food League (Scotland). 8vo, 139 pages. Macmillan Co. Paper, 65 cts.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

The Young World

1.

I will make a song
For the young world,
And I will give this song to the winds
To blow whither it will. . .
In a Japanese garden the young poet
Closing his book of Ibsen
Shall look up and hear
Some throbbing bird loosen that music. . .
In a German night-garden by a lake
The young sculptress, gazing
On the moving torsos of men,
Shall suddenly begin to listen
To strange ripples of strange waters. . .
In a Russian peasant's hut
One of the boys waking at midnight
Shall sit among his brothers and sisters
And hear the forest whispering. . .
Here and there on the Earth
Youth shall listen,
Hearing the song I have lifted
Out of the song of youth. . .

2.

O the pride
Of the young world. . .
These youngsters are aliens and exiles among their parents:
Where they go
Goes rebellion,
It could not be otherwise. . .
They have left narrow rooms
And darkened doorways, and gone
To new spiritual hills. . .
Theirs is the salt sea that belts the planet,
And the water they taste
On the California shore
Is the same bitter strong water
They taste at Calais,
At Dover,
At China Bay. . .

3.

O the darkness
Of the young world. . .
They dwell in wild weather. . .
The wind of slaughter over the Caucasus
Is the same wind
That gulps blood over Cambrai
And whirls dust in Chicago. . .
The same wind
That carries the same stern summons of terror,
Red terror, red revolution,
The end of the old Earth,
The death,
The struggle to be born. . .

4.

O the joy
Of the young world. . .
They are lonely flames in far places,
In wide-sown separated cities,
In swamps of life—
But they are flame:
They are the first winds of the morning that call the larks up,
They are the rising of the sun and the turn of tides,
They are the opening notes of a song—
Each is a note seeking the other notes.
How far they reach! how slowly, surely!
And what a dawn there shall be
When they surprise each other's faces
And find they are a host,
The notes blending together,
The new song risen.

They are hewn stones in scattered quarries
And the architect shall bring them to his city
For the new cathedral. . .
Each singing stone shall find his place.

They are streets, gardens, workshops,
They are temples and theatres,
They are homes,
And out of them shall the new city be built
Shining on the hills
With unspeakable grandeur. . .

5.

Only they shall be saved
Who have sting in them,
The bitterness unbreakable
By temptation. . .
Resisters of the false kindness and the crowd comfort,
The ease of wealth, the power of place,
The pride of medals. . .
Only the true flame shall burn through the world's damp tinder,
Burn through to the future. . .
Only they shall be saved
Who have laughter in them,

Laughter that dances over the dead moralities,
The embalmed frigidities,
The canons of good taste. . .
Laughter that mocks the dreadful-faced Idols,
The painted Satans,
The wooden Thunderers. . .
Only they shall be saved
Who are willing to be alone. . .

Yes, they are greatest
Who are willing to be alone. . .

6.

O what is the word
Burning in the heart of youth?
Is it the word, God?
Is it the word, Fatherland?
Is it the word, Liberty?
It is none of these words: the word
Has not been shaped, has not
Pealed its bugle-challenge on Earth. . .
Not yet. . .
But it burns in hearts,
It shapes almost to the lips,
Each morning listens for it.

7.

These are the spirits who have been alien from birth
As if they had been born on the wrong planet.
They have been brought up among miraculous machines,
In a universe widened by astronomy
But sudden gone lifeless;
That was the age of the Earth's loneliness. . .
The planet that had swung as a censer from the vault of heaven,
Steaming with frankincense of prayer,
And breathed on by angels and the inspirations of God,
Now was a lonely atom,
A wanderer in the universal void. . .
Now no more were the men and women about them
Souls struggling up out of flesh into a burst of wings
And flight into glory,
But physico-chemical organisms made over in the image of the new God,
Yea, the Machine. . .

Well-being, comfort, tools, sanitation, power—
Their brothers strove for these. . .

Whose heart was set on the long visions of eternity,
Whose eyes turned inward to the mysterious war
Of Demon and God in the soul—
The war whose victory is wisdom and the conquest of love
And the radiance of life—
Whose heart needed song in the day
And the marvelous adventures of intimacies,
He was the fool and the failure
Among the great owners. . .

8.

Not to a land alone is our allegiance,
But beyond it to one another. . .
Scattered in our multitude of communities
It is as if one hand had scattered the seed of the future
In many hidden places of Earth. . .
There are no boundaries between us,
Neither manners nor strange tongues nor personal facts
Can set up walls. . .
Have we not drunk the same wisdom?
Do we not follow the same poets?
Share the same Science?
Are we not children of the same Earth?
Walt Whitman and Tolstoi walk in the shadow of Fujiyama
As they saunter on the East Side streets of New York. . .
Darwin teaches in Hong Kong and Calcutta
Sitting beside Buddha and Confucius. . .
Our terrible and lonely standard-bearer, Nietzsche,
Whispers on the heights of Colorado
And in the pass of Thermopylæ. . .

O little did the machine-makers know,
Trading on ships and railways,
With their newspapers, telegraph, laboratories,
That they were carrying the past and setting it down
On every doorstep of Earth. . .
But we, we have drunk from the breast of the great Mother
The same milk of vision,
We belong to one nation,
The Land of One Another,
And from us in every nation shall spring the new life of Man on Earth. . .

9.

The day of democracy?—Yes. . .
And what is democracy?
It is allowance for each man's wish,
And so the mass-wish rules. . .
Not needs, not duties, not rights,
But wishes, desires, wills. . .
But when shall men wish greatly?
How many will volunteer
To create great lives and loves?
Look to the past: how many
Are the volunteers on the scroll?

Surely democracy
Will mean the end of greatness

Unless you, O young world,
Spring forth to the call—
Firstlings of the Voluntary Life—
To go forth in yourself
To the terrible pains of growth,
To new births and new visions,
To the living of new values,
To the risks of loneliness and persecution and discomfort. . .

Examples—they are the contagious flame in democracy;
Teachers—they are the revealing light for the people. . .
For this, prepare,
O Voluntaries!

10.

Let the great Artist teach you his secret,
How he reaches his hands in his own dark breast,
That rich jungle,
And shapes from his sorrow, delight,
From frustration, music,
From lust, vision. . .
He becomes, not a precipice of authority,
But a hill that invites climbing. . .
He tempts men to high places
By the dazzling beauty of his own heights
Which are but a transformation of his own depths. . .
He is a destroying storm turned into music,
A hatred become love, an evil become good. . .

He is the beginning of democracy,
For in place of imposing his passion upon others
He turns his passion into a gift,
And the gift works more miracles than a king's command. . .
And in place of submitting his soul and mind to the will of others
He turns his herd-lust into a work of self
Personal and new,
And so renders service as no slave could render.

Are you artists, O spirits of the young world?
Are you those who seek to transform destroying things
Into symbols of glory and works of fruitfulness?
Would you end war, clean out poverty, stop disease?
Neither law nor science shall suffice,
But only Art. . .

When men learn to sing together,
When they passionately desire their cities
To be songs in stone, musical to the eyes,
The song of their gathered vision;
When they love drama that reveals their future heights,
When festival and laughter are shared in reverence,
When a life without great sexual love is shunned and abhorred,
When children are brought to bloom as by perfect gardeners,
When work has in it the joy of the unexpected
And is wrought as a gift,
Then shall the abomination of desolation,
Money-striving, and slaughter, and disease
Flee like night before the irresistible sun. . .

Great is the task of the artist who works in stone or in flesh,
In song or in values. . .
But his epoch opens before us. . .

11.

It is not enough to love, O Voluntaries. . .
It is only enough when you turn hatred into love. . .
Man is a natural hater, hunter, slayer, destroyer;
He is a storm, a volcano. . .

This came to me:
A dark mood out of the depths
Like a storm rising out of the sea. . .
But I hate darkness,
I cannot spend it on myself except I slay myself.
So I send it out upon others. . .
I say, "*They* are the guilty; *they* are oppressing me;
They have wronged me. . ."

How then does this suffice?
I writhe in the coils of my hatred,
I seek for a victim, yet have none—
(Am I not civilized? How can I slay or torture another?)
But neither can I remain so encoiled,
Confused, wasted, unable to sleep or toil. . .
What shall I do?

I look to the wisdom of the past:
"Forgive my trespasses
Even as I forgive those who trespass against me. . ."
Does this serve? I try it:
I try it as one who prays. . .
I put passion into a struggle to turn to mine enemies
And in my heart embrace them and forgive them. . .
And behold, I am released. . .
For I have taken the storm of hatred
And by passion made love of it. . .
Now I have all this energy to give unto others
Or unto my tasks,
And so go free. . .

Even in this is the great art of living. . .

12.

It is not enough to love—no,
It is only enough when you love strongly. . .
There is a weak love that is amiable and flattering,
It seduces a man to follow the demands of others,
To soothe, to coddle, to spoil with kindness. . .
Strong love may be a scourge. . .
Not the scourge of hate and passion,
But the stab of the surgeon's scalpel
Which goes with infinite deliberation
And fine impersonal thrust
Into the core of the abscess. . .

Therefore, go strongly, Spirits of the Young World,
Be advised by Nietzsche: be hard,
Creators must be hard. . .
Carry a saving bitterness and a stinging laughter
As weapons of self-defence. . .
Know the cruelty of the greatest love. . .

13.

A new day has dawned for groups. . .
O lonely young,
Seek one another out, and be gathered to one purpose. . .
A strength awakens in three or in ten
That sleeps in one or in two. . .
The pressure of mind against mind,
The honorable high rivalries,
The demands one on another,
The sense of a herd backing one's vision,
The drooping faith that flames again in the warm shelter of others:
These are the gifts and the discipline of the group. . .

So comes massed power. . .
A group is a giant,
It is a flying wedge against the dull undergrowth of humanity,
It is a shock battalion against the entrenched. . .
It is a miniature brotherhood, the beginnings of camaraderie. . .

Not in unions, commissions, and societies
Organized for a common gain,
But the natural coming of a few together
Like fragments flying into place
To make a new personality
Larger than a single man.

14.

Are the common things for you?
Are you for them?
Surely not only tubers are rooted in the soil,
But also roses, oaks, redwoods. . .
Our law is from below upwards,
From the Earth, the body, the passions, desires,
Up into vision and love. . .
Ours is the organic life—
No dream sent down from heaven
And clapped on us willy-nilly,
But the dream opening even like the petals of the flower
Out of our blood and impulse. . .
Render unto the human what belongs to the human
That you may be free to render unto your vision
What belongs to your vision. . .

Only in a twist or two are we pioneers,
A new color of thought, a new note of longing,
A new flame of vision. . .
Though our night belongs to ourselves,
Our day belongs to democracy. . .

We are different only because there is a future,
We are united with humanity because of the great past.

15.

Let us welcome each other at table
With food and drink,
Let us know the jolly unions of laughter,
Let us have our hour of the wild Earth,
The hour of the uncurbed gale, the whirling of leaves,
The dancing of grass. . .

Let us know all healthy things—the long tramp,
The swish of the canoe, the swimming in deep deep waters,
The bed in the open air, the splendid ride,
The common labor. . .
Let us burn the incense of our pipes among the pines,
And be a familiar of stars. . .

16.

Let us be morning-souls,
Meeting the sunrise with our own sunrise,
We, too, fresh winds on the flowers,
We, too, dew on the grass,
We, too, lusty as the sleep-strong dog barking his way to the forest. . .
Only too much have we been children of the depths,
The depths of night,
The hugged of sorrow, the beloved of lament;
But there is a depth in height,
The blue sky spread over the Earth by the strong sun
Thins toward eternity. . .
In ecstasy there is depth, in joy there is depth.
There is a laughter that belongs to eagles,
There is a joy that the air-man knows
Winging through universal radiance,

The shadow of his plane on the clouds below.
O joy of the artist
Lost in his vision, his hands shaping forth a new universe, real and living. . .
O joy of the mother
Like a sun spreading her radiant blue sky of adoration
About her smiling contented planet. . .
O joy that must come to this Earth
In the epochs opening,
Or all is in vain, all is wasted. . .

17.

There is a joy in love—
The love of man and woman—
Have you known it, O Voluntaries?
Rarely without this love is there any other love.

The great lover is he
Who first seeks community of spirit,
A sharing of vision,
And who next seeks community of mind
And dovetailing of habits,
And who last brings all these into marriage
Through the art of love. . .
O infinite delicacy
Of the gentle and tender word, the gradual caress,
The closer enfolding, the secret and intimate kisses,
The evocation from the instrument of woman
Of a slow-rising song, that rises, rises,
Bursting into triumph, ascending in ecstasy,
Crowned, consummated with union. . .

In this union,
If even for a moment,
The striking of Life into Life
Bears man and woman into the core of the sun-fire,
And through them blazes the flame of the mystery,
And through them is revealed,
Blindingly, the divinity and glory of the universe. . .

A marriage crowned with union
Creates out of the flesh
Depth of vision,
Height of joy,
And from these flow
A light over the troubled days and the darkened nights. . .
Through this door
They walk into the valleys of one another,
They reach to the last intimacy,
They bathe one another's faults with healing,
One another's sorrow with strength;
Understanding is theirs. . .

18.

It is not an easy thing to love. . .
Not easy to give one's greatest passion,
One's days, nights, unremitting efforts,
One's unabating service and thought,
Out to another. . .
But whoso has learned to give to one
Has cut an outgoing channel from his heart
And through this now may love flow to the world,
To tasks, to women and men. . .
Yea, the love of man and woman
Is the initiation into brotherhood. . .
It is the path out of self,
It is the road to Man. . .

19.

Sally out, young warriors. . .
Haters as you are of slaughter,
Enemies of war,
Yet yours is the greatest war. . .
You know that a man who does not slay himself
Seeks to slay others,
That he who does not grapple with the enemies within
Must wrestle with the enemies without. . .
Have you forgiven your enemies? have you embraced them with love?
Not till you love these darknesses in yourself
Shall you embrace the darknesses in others. . .

Sally out: but beware!
It is just for such as you that the Peril waits,
Temptation of Omnipotence. . .
He who was an arrow of longing for the Superman
Became God, and went mad. . .
He slew God, leaving the world empty,
And filled the emptiness with self. . .
But beware of being God. . .
We are nothing but ripples of foam riding the deeps,
The deeps that moved in our fathers as Demons and Divinities. . .
What image haunts you?
A Divine Man, a Star, a Christ?
Confess, do you sometimes think this image is *you?*
Turn from the peril:
It is but a symbol of the depths,
A picture by which you may see and adore the Inscrutable. . .
An image you may throw on the air before you,
Sundering yourself from the treacherous abyss;
And as one who feels a God approach and enfold him
You may give yourself to this symbol
And drink strength out of the depths,
And move, free of Omnipotence,
In the path of your destined self.

Young spirits! be
Not Gods, but men and women,
Not Saviors, but excellent fighters:
Enemies, indeed, of Magic,
Of Divine Rights in yourselves and others,
Of Mob-Tyranny and King-Tyranny,
Warriors against every fear and caution and world-wisdom that makes a man crawl when he should dance.

20.

I was meditating last night before the fire,
I was meditating at midnight. . .
I saw the faces of the young world gathering about me,
I saw these faces
Young, troubled, many in tears, a few radiant;
I saw the divine brotherhood of the young,
I felt one flame pass through us all, a flame burning
Color of skin away, and dividing manners,
Burning nationalities down, and leaping till we sat
In the central council circle of the sun;
Our floor was flame, our walls were dazzling fire,
And we were the children of the sun,
Wrapped in one strong hosanna of glory. . .
And out of the flames great shapes were leaning,
Seraphic shapes, shapes of unutterable wisdom,
The spirits of our brothers who are dead,
The spirits by which we live, and the ancient spirits
Of that invisible hierarchy
That lifts to ineffable Light and Song. . .
In the chain of the mighty past
We were that link
Connecting Earth with Beyond-Earth, the Future;
Through us the glory ran, the song;
Out of us the glory opened.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

X.

THE FEDERALIZATION OF SOVEREIGN STATES: A PROGRAMME FOR A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

To three causes is to be attributed the failure of the Articles of Confederation between the thirteen original and sovereign states in the American Union. The most important was the fact that the Confederation's central authority, its Congress, had no power; and it had no power because it had no support in public opinion, the citizens of the states being inordinately jealous of the exclusive sovereignty of their respective states; while the failure of public opinion to "get behind" the Congress was due to the fact that it had been created by an administrative fiat of the State Legislatures, without any reference whatsoever to such opinion, and hence without contact with the immediate life and interests of the people from whose interest and consent power derives. The three causes were at bottom one: Congress could not enforce its rulings. How to secure for it this force was the one problem before the Constitutional Convention, and the advance which the instrument framed by that body made over the Articles of Confederation is to be measured solely by the degree of power it put into the hands of the Federal agencies of government.

At the present writing the relationships of the democratic nations echo those of the American states between 1776 and 1787. What unity they have is enforced by the presence of a common enemy. The hypertrophied passion for exclusive sovereignty which is the vicious side of patriotism, and the drag of a diplomatic technique determined by the interests of such sovereignty have made genuinely federated action on a single front unnecessarily difficult. Arrangements between the allied democracies are separate arrangements and their character is that of treaty, not of public law. When Mr. Lloyd George, compelled by events to denounce the inexcusable impasse which this had led the Allies into, made his famous demand for unification, this jealousy—instinctive, animal—for the integrity of the herd, led to a vicious and unjustified assault upon him. Withal, the degree of cooperation between the democratic allies is tremendously greater than was that between the American states. But here again, the moving cause is not the will of statesmen; it is the character of warfare following from the nature of industrial society. The organization of industrial life has changed warfare from an affair of armies to an affair of nations: the logic of

social circumstance and of industrial machinery has compelled a federalization far beyond the present good will of rulers. Were the statesmen of the democratic alliance intelligent and courageous and free enough to follow out immediately what events will force them to concede ultimately as the inevitable implications of this logic, a constitutional convention would now be in public session for the federation of Russia, England, France, the United States, the South American republics, China, and Japan. It would be in session, war or no war, and it would generalize the present practices of coöperation, integrate them, and enact them into law, with the doors open for the Central Powers to come in or not, as they chose.

Such far-seeing relevancy in international conduct is not however to be hoped for. Everything international will be postponed until the peace conference; and if we may trust the tone of the ruling and possessing classes, it is a bold aspiration to hope that even then the compulsion of industrial interdependence and the impulsion of the very patent will of the peoples of Europe and America to a league of nations and a democratic and lasting peace will find their realization and satisfaction.

It is a bold aspiration. For the undercurrents of industry and the streams of feeling run counter the conscious life, the established habits, and the avowed purposes of men. The popular will needs to be defined by discussion and articulated in a definite programme. And discussions are "disloyal" or "unpatriotic," and programmes are "visionary." The *Realpolitiker* of the public press and the interests it guards have had very little good to say of Mr. Wilson's address of January 8; yet they have not said the worst thing that there is to be said about it. That worst thing is this. It puts the cart before the horse, and the cart is only the skeleton of a cart. The article requiring a league of nations should have come first, not last; and it should have been a definite programme for the organization of such a league, not a statement that a league is desirable. The will of the peoples to enduring peace needs such a programme to integrate it—a programme that shall designate the personnel of the peace conference and the manner of their election, the organization of the conference into a congress, and the chief articles in an international agreement, such that they shall come home to the vital interests of the masses of men and women everywhere.

Why the constitution of a league of nations ought to be the first proposition in the agenda of the peace conference should be obvious enough. Once certain principles of public law are established, the adjudication of all specific racial, territorial, economic, and military issues will follow easily and smoothly enough from them. The converse is not true. Let these issues be taken up severally and separately, without regard to an international rule, and the peace conference will become a bargain counter between dickering diplomats representing military forces. The specific adjudications will preclude a general principle which must necessarily contradict them. At best we shall have restored a precarious balance of power; at worst we shall resume fighting. If the peace conference be permitted to begin at the wrong end of the series of problems, there is little hope for a good end to the conference.

Whether or not it begins at the right end will depend on two factors. These are the pressure of enlightened public opinion upon it and the personnel of the conference itself. The former must be awakened by free discussion; the latter will be determined by the manner of their choice and the considerations leading to it. In this regard the experience of the "sovereign and independent" American states is illuminating. At the Constitutional Convention the only statesman who had also been a member of the Continental Congress that had conducted the war against England, was James Madison. The rest were the "demigods" who had won the confidence of the citizens of their states through very specific and signal service during the war or through intellectual leadership during and after it. So now. Diplomatists are by training, habit, and usage unfit for the particular service in hand. Servants of international conflict for exclusive national advantage, their

skill is only in the arts of innuendo and dickering which such service demands. They would be as unsuited to a task requiring frankness and mutual accommodation as a pork-magnate to settle a strike in his own packing plant. The men needed are the men of international mind, who have been studying these diplomatists in action, who are aware of the defects of the present state system, and who have thought out alterations and improvements. Such men are Sidney Webb, Brailsford, Henderson, Lowes Dickinson, Norman Angell in England; Thomas and his fellow Socialists in France; the members of the present Russian government and innumerable others in Russia; John Dewey, Louis Brandeis, Secretary Baker, David Starr Jordan, and Tharsten Veblen in America. And so in every country. Representatives should be chosen from the effective leadership of that great body of sentiment and opinion which has for the last quarter of a century kept the creation of a league of nations and the establishment of lasting peace constantly before the minds of men, which has so taught these ideals that the present war is unique in that the democratic urge to see it through to victory is the community of sentiment and opinion against all war. In short, a league of nations can be most effectively established only by representatives who are for it by habit of mind as well as desire, who have given it prolonged study, and have made themselves expert in the programmes of its inauguration.

But there is yet a further necessity in the delimitation of personnel. "Self-determination" for nationalities, sincerely applied, would give place and voice in the conference to representatives of all nationalities whose fate and status the conference is to decide. An autonomous Poland, for example, is undoubtedly desirable, but the unspeakable Polish overlords maintain a vicious hegemony over Lithuanians, Letts, and Jews, no less than over Polish peasants. Lithuanians, Letts, and Jews as well as Poles should have voice and place at the peace conference. Serbo-Croats, Bohemians, Poles, Jews, Rumans should represent Austria no less than Magyars and Germans. Arabs, Armenians, Kurds, to mention just a few, should have voice and place equally with the Osmanli Turks for the Ottoman empire. How the representatives of the minorities are to be elected, what their proportionate weight should be, are questions to be solved by free discussion and public opinion. That the cases for their peoples must be put by the chosen representatives of these peoples, that they must necessarily have a voice in deciding their own fate in the community of nations, is beyond argument. So much so, indeed, that following the principle involved, Mr. Norman Angell suggests the representation not alone of nationalities but also of political parties within nations, according to their numerical strength. Thus Germany would be represented by her Socialists as well as by the party in power, England by her Laborites as well as by her Liberals and Conservatives, and so on. In this way fundamental differences in political principle would get representation, no less than differences in national character and interest.

What the peace conference defining itself as such a congress would need to establish is the law of a minimum genuine international control. Now all political control consists in the exercise of two functions. One is limitation; the other, liberation. Limitation and liberation are distinct but not different, since every just and relevant limitation is a liberation—witness the traffic policeman. International limitation would apply to national armaments, to quarrels between states over the "stakes of diplomacy," to quarrels within states over national hegemonies. The limitation of armament is of course basic. For no matter what may be the provocation to a fight, the lack of weapons compels the substitution of persuasion for blows and fundamentally alters the locus of the "national honor," a figment for the defense of which most blows are struck. Hence the International Congress should determine for the nations of the world, as the Continental Congress was by the Articles of Confederation empowered to determine for the original thirteen American States, the extent of the armament of each state. The simplest way to do this would be to fix annually the amount of money each state might spend on armament. Control of expenditure would require the complete

socialization of the manufacture of munitions, its subordination to the inspection and control of an international commission on armaments, and absolute publicity of records and accounts. All uses of armament should require license from the International Congress, particularly such uses as go by the euphemism "punitive expedition." Failure to carry out these provisions or to submit to the rule of the International Congress should be regarded tantamount to a declaration of war. It should be so regarded with respect to the other causes of quarrel between and within states. Interstate disputes of whatever nature should be submitted to the International Congress, which would be also the highest and final court. There has been a good deal of silly differentiation between "justiciable" and "non-justiciable" disputes, but there's nothing that's one or the other but thinking makes it so. All group disputes are justiciable if public opinion says they are. When the International Congress has passed on them, they are settled. Failure to accept the decision of the Congress should automatically constitute a challenge of international power and be dealt with accordingly.

The devices for dealing with such failure are not exclusively military. The military machine, indeed, should be the last resort. Initially, there is the tremendous force of public opinion, which the Church wielded in the middle ages as the Excommunication and the Interdict. These should be revived. The economic, social, cultural, or total ostracism of states or portions of states involves tremendously less hardship and suffering than actual military assault and in the long run is bound in an industrial society like ours to attain the same end, far more than in earlier, less interdependent ones.

What degree of coercive power these provisions would have at the outset will depend of course on the will of the signatories to any international constitution not to turn it into a scrap of paper. The governmental organs of the public will can be regulated only by the public opinion of each state, and the public opinion of each state can be kept internationally-minded only by means of the completest publicity regarding all international relationships. Publicity and education are the cornerstone of any international system that shall be democratic. Hence the rule of publicity is a paramount limitative rule.

The foregoing provisions would, I think, supply the coercive force the lack of which rendered the American Confederation so instructive a failure. That they will absolutely prevent war cannot be claimed. Even the Constitution of the United States failed to do that, and the interstate unity it provided for became a permanent constituent of American political common-sense only with the Civil War. No doubt history on the terrestrial scale will repeat history on the continental. No doubt there will be, as in America, blocs and combinations within the combination, nullification and attempts at dissolution; but there will be in operation also, as in America, a definitely formulated, agreed to principle of unity, insuring mankind against a great many wars almost certain to come without it.

Yet the chief power of this insurance would reside in the function of liberation that the instruments of internationality would perform. Those turn on the satisfaction of the basic wants of men, and the consequent release of their spontaneous energies in the creative activities their natures crave. Such satisfaction and release demand, as we have already seen, a free trade in material commodities at least equivalent to the free trade in things of the spirit—in science, for example, or art, or music. It would be fundamental for the International Congress to create international commissions concerning themselves with the coördination of efforts to increase and properly distribute the food supply, to maintain and improve international health, to maintain and keep internationally open the world's highways, to secure the equality of all men before the law of any land, to expand and intensify the world's sense of community by internationally coördinated education.

Most of these functions have already been forced on the allied democracies by the exigencies of war; they would need only to be made relevant to conditions of peace. Such are the food and fuel administrations, acting purely in view of international needs. Others existed long

before the war. Such are the postal union, and Mr. David Lubin's indispensably serviceable agricultural institute, now living a starved life in Italy. Still others have gone on as voluntary and private enterprises. Such are the various learned societies, particularly the medical and the chemical societies. These would need endowment, endorsement, establishment under international rule. In none of these enterprises, please note, is a novel material necessary. All the institutions exist. Attention needs only to be shifted to their coöperative integration, expansion, and perfection by the conscious joint effort of the nations of the world to turn them into a genuine machinery of liberating international government.

The most important instrument of internationality is, however, education. Take care of education, Plato makes Socrates say in the "Republic," and education will take care of everything else. Internationally, education must rest on two principles: one, that it must be autonomous; the other, that it must be unprejudiced. Regarding the first: We have already seen how, in the case of Germany, the state's control of education laid the foundation for the present war. The school served the state's vested interest in the school. From the dark ages to the present day the Church has held a vested interest in the school, an interest from which events have more or less freed it, but which still makes itself felt. With the rise of private educational institutions or the secularization of theological ones—such as Harvard or Yale or Princeton—with the elaboration of the public school systems of the different states of this country or any other, the powers of government, visible or invisible, have determined largely what should and what should not be taught, what is true and what is false, always from the point of view of the interests of these powers. Heresy has been consistently persecuted, with means varying from the auto-da-fé of the Church to the more delicate tools of contemporary university trustees or school committees. Heresy consists of that which is not in accord with the interests or prejudices of the ruling power.

Now the art of education involves three forces: First, its theme—the growing child, whose creative spontaneities are to be encouraged, whose capacities for service and happiness are to be actualized, intensified, and perfected. Second, the investigator and inventor who discovers or makes the material and machinery which are the conditions of the child's life and growth, which liberate or repress these. Third, the teacher who transmits to the child the knowledge of the nature and use of these things, drawing out its powers and enhancing its vitality by means of them. Obviously, to the last two, to the discoverers and creators of knowledge, and to its transmitters and distributors, to these and to no one else beside, belongs the control of education. It is as absurd that any but teachers and investigators should govern the art of education as that any but medical practitioners and investigators should govern the art of medicine. International law would best abolish this external control by making the communities of educators everywhere autonomous bodies, vigorously coöperative in an international union. Within this union the freest possible movement of teachers and pupils should be provided for, exchanges of both between all nationalities to the end of attaining the acme of free trade in habits and theories of life, in letters, and in methods.

Regarding the second principle of internationalized education—that it must be unprejudiced: This requires the systematic internationalization of certain subject-matters. In the end, of course, all subject-matters get internationalized. The process is, however, too slow and too dangerous with respect to some of these, history being the most flagrant. Compare any collection of history textbooks with any similar collection in physics, for example, and you find the latter possessed of a unanimity never to be attained in the former. Why? Because every hypothesis in physics is immediately tested in a thousand laboratories and the final conclusion is the result of the collective enterprise of all sorts and conditions of physicists. In the writing of history such coöperative verification never occurs. Most histories, particularly those put into the hands of children, utter vested interests, not scientifi-

cally tested results; they utter sectarian or national vanity, class privilege, class resentment, and so on. Compare any English history of the American Revolution with any American history! Fancy the wide divergence of assertion between friends and enemies in the matter of German atrocities! Naturally, the interpretation of historic "fact" must and should vary with the interpreter, but the designation of the same "fact" should clearly be identical for all interpreters. To keep education unprejudiced requires therefore the objective designation of historic fact—"historic" to mean the recorded enterprise of all departments of human life. The "facts" of history should be attested by an international commission. So the second function of education is served.

With this we have established the full pattern of the house of peace—an international democratic congress, limiting armaments, judging disputes, coördinating and harmonizing the great national institutions by means of which men get food and clothing and shelter and health and happiness, making for a free exchange of all excellence, punishing default with interdict or excommunication or war, resting its authority upon public opinion and strengthening it by internationalized education.

XI.

EPILOGUE: HUMAN NATURE AND THE LIMITS OF INTERNATIONALISM

Solemn warnings echo through the land. Prophets stalk uncensored, prophesying war and woe unless we arm forever. Solemn warnings flash across the editorial pages of the kept press; and the weighty voices of Colonel Roosevelt and Congressman Kahn, of the National Security League and the munition manufacturers, of professors of international law out of Laputa, and of all the comfortable gentlemen who have passed middle age and are drawing upon a rich experience with life and light and leading, are crying to us, "Arm, arm! or we are lost." What these sapiencies think of human nature is not fit to print. And the worst of it is, they are not without provocation. Who, looking over the history of human conduct, dare say they are? According to the true testimony of history war is an institution of civilization and an invention of man. It is a blasphemy against Nature and a libel upon animals to say with the militarist philosophy made in Germany that these live by war. For war is organized murder for non-essential purposes. The struggle for survival is not organized, and it regards essentials only. Animals do not kill for the sake of killing; they kill for food, nor do they kill their own kind. In the botanical world plants do not survive by destroying their rivals; they do not regard their rivals. Plants survive by their own inward vigor, striking roots into the earth and shoots toward the sun. They simply crowd out their rivals by doing better the same things that the rivals are doing. War is common only to a small portion of mankind, for the masses of men are driven or persuaded into war and never have undertaken nor ever would of their own initiative undertake it. War is a class perversion of the universal enterprise of self-expression and self-realization. As an institution it rests upon the plasticity and inertia of human nature. Upon the plasticity because war must be carried on either by driven slaves or mercenaries or deceived free men, and the war-lust is generated in free men by infection from their rulers. What moves their rulers when these are dynastic is the vanity or the greed of the personage commanding their allegiance; what moves their rulers when these are national states are the same motives, going however by the names "national honor" and "the balance of trade." Both demand more than is needful or due for the actual free existence of either princes or states. These are able to infect men with the war-lust, even when they realize that war can do them no good whatsoever, because of the inertia of human nature. Men live far more by habit and tradition than by initiative and thought. The habits of deference and obedience to the masters, the reverence for the idols the masters are and for the shibboleths they delude men with, reënforce initial military infection and plastic re-

sponsiveness to the stirred-up herd feeling. Fear also plays a part, fear of rulers, fear of neighbors: German privates are fighting today because they fear their officers more than the enemy; Russian privates are not fighting, because they have ceased to fear their officers. War thus rests on and reënforces the maxims "Everybody's doing it" and "What was good enough for father is good enough for me."

That which originates war and spreads it is not, however, that which nourishes it in the mind of the common man. Though it derives from plasticity and inertia in human nature, it is justified by the soul's initiative. The society we live in is basically a system of taboos—taboos set by class for mass, by property for humanity, by civilization for the animal as well as spiritual spontaneities within us. Hence war is to society what drink is to the individual. It dulls the sense of repression, breaks up inhibitions, and liberates and satisfies energies and appetites normally starved. From the point of view of the possessing classes prohibition is suicidal. No doubt it enhances "efficiency"; but the stored-up discontents of workingmen, customarily dissipated in the irrelevancies of drink, accumulate under prohibition, and sooner or later must be discharged relevantly. By prohibition capitalism is digging its own grave. With regard to war, its instinct is less blinded by greed. Hence the jeremiads of Mr. Roosevelt and his ilk. In wartimes there is an exaltation in the land: even civilians are lifted out of themselves as by strong drink; their hatreds, prejudices, malices, and lusts need only to be decently cloaked by patriotism to flourish at the acme of propriety, while in the battlefields—frightfulness, regardless of race or state.

Now it is to be observed that the pressure toward peace and internationalism has been a direct function of the spread of democracy, and the spread of democracy has consisted in the removal of political, economic, superstitious, and social taboos upon the panting energies, the creative spontaneities of the masses of men. They have most to gain from lasting peace and internationalism; they have it most in their power to make them real.

Will they do it? Can they do it? The portents are not unfavorable. Men are awake in Russia and in England, and they need but to take thought in France, and with open minds and active wills "get behind the President" in America. What is called human nature by the elderly gentlemen who govern the world today and of whose interests and dogmas the Roosevelts are the high priests, is not human nature but second nature. Civilization is a growth, not an eternal form. Customs, conventions, and habits are things that once were not and that ultimately will not be. Investment too easily identifies these changing manners and morals of society with everlasting law, makes of them idols and masters where they ought to be symbols and servants. The civilization of Europe has gone a long way since the days of the Holy Roman Empire, and what was eternal law then is only superstitious survival now. Change, society does and will, no matter how our interests and wishes may in idea arrest it, holding fast to this or that form or institution. For the modern world the question has become: Shall we suffer or direct this change? Shall we be its victims or its masters? There is only one answer in a world so self-conscious as ours. Human institutions are but the mutual accommodations of separate human wills. Society is more and more what we choose to make it. In the forms of human organization belief *is* fact. "If you will it," said Theodor Herzl, urging his people toward the new Zion, "it is no dream." Surely the record of new achievement and invention in this our world, a record as rich as that of the less conspicuously changing old order which so dominates our attention, is sufficient warrant for attempting a new order which needs no more to make it real than a shift of this same attention. Human nature is not in conflict with lasting peace and a free international order. It sets no limits to internationalism. Only the perversion of human nature by the illusions of exclusive sovereignty, the harsh realities of class vanity and class greed, "national honor" and the "rights of property" limit and combat it. Regard a free league of free peoples: if you will it, it is no dream.

H. M. KALLEN.

A Happy Ending for the Little Theatre

Understatement was the gravest of Duse's errors when she told us that, to save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed. We have been hopefully watching the little theatre movement—assisted by the movies—deliver the coup de grace, only to discover that Duse vastly understated the operation. She also missed a further epigram and a new demonstration of the truth of Christian dogma. To save the theatre, its savior must likewise be destroyed. The salvation of the American theatre by the birth, suffering, and death of innumerable theatres has been going on pretty steadily for the past ten years. It has reached the point—in spite of the war or because of it, one can hardly say—where our wholesale show-shop of Broadway and The Road is thoroughly discredited artistically and scrapped financially, while the little theatre movement hovers between life and death, with four literary executors by the bedside. They are Thomas H. Dickinson, author of "The Insurgent Theatre" (Huebsch; $1.25); Sheldon Cheney, author of "The Art Theatre" (Knopf; $1.50); Louise Burleigh, author of "The Community Theatre" (Little, Brown; $1.50); and Constance D'Arcy Mackay, author of "The Little Theatre in the United States" (Holt; $2.).

The importance and vitality of the little theatre movement and the insecurity of the factors that compose it are amply demonstrated both by the fact of the almost simultaneous publication of these four volumes and by the contents of the books themselves. According to the computations of the writers there are anywhere from 23 to 51 little theatres in our country. Miss Burleigh records 51 in the course of her argument. Miss Mackay produces the same total by including 5 very questionable cases and at least 4 failures. Professor Dickinson is content to tell us of 32, with 9 of these now defunct. The goodly number included by even the most careful of these writers speaks for the reality of the revolt of artists, actors, and even audiences and authors against the gatling gun fodder of the regular theatre; while the disagreement over the exact facts, the inability which any of the authors would find in arriving at the same total two months running, ought to demonstrate—as all but one of these writers is willing to admit—the insecurity of this makeshift effort to create for America a new sort of theatre, which was a very old sort on the Continent before the war.

Unpleasant as the cant phrase has grown, the little theatre *is* a "movement." It is going somewhere. Three of these four volumes—the three that are really worth reading—frankly admit it. Each of the three decides that the little theatre is a step in a different direction—but a step, not a stop. Miss Burleigh says that the organization of little theatres is a step towards the "community theatre . . . a house of play in which events offer to every member of a body politic active participation in a common interest," a theatre where audience and entertainers are intermittently one. Sheldon Cheney sees the little theatre as an experiment in petto towards the "higher ideal" of the art theatre, whose products are distinguished by "spiritual unity, rhythm, style." Professor Dickinson, who has written by far the most valuable book of the four, sees the little theatre as an insurgent against things as they are, and particularly a creator and trainer of a new audience for a new theatre to come. Miss Mackay, among a score of other inaccuracies—some of which, to be sure, the other writers do not wholly avoid—declares that the little theatre "can advance towards the goal it has set for itself unhampered by the difficulties that beset the commercial playhouse. Indeed, all difficulties are promptly overridden." Maurice Browne, whose Chicago Little Theatre (source of the most consistent and distinguished work done in America) has been forced to the wall, would doubtless be heartened by Miss Mackay's statement—quite as much as the fellow-writers would be interested to learn that the little theatre "is the theatre of the Future." If that be movement, make the most of it.

The little theatre is a makeshift for

people who wish to create a fine, broad, democratic playhouse, and who find that they can no more begin by setting up a huge, expensive theatre in competition with the commercial houses, than a sculptor can begin his training by hewing away at heroic marble. The theatre seating three hundred is simply a way of getting round the problems of maintaining a cheap theatre for a limited audience. It is a laboratory out of which will come the evidences of new possibilities—the possibility of creating finer art by integral organization of actors, producers, and artists than by wholesale specialists, and the possibility of gathering together from the vast heterogeneous public of the regular theatres an audience which wants that sort of art and needs a place where it is sure of getting it.

The problem of creating the finer sort of art depends of course on individual and group ability, but the supposition is that it can be more easily created in a single, united theatre-laboratory than piecemeal all over the country. And it is safe to say that Maurice Browne in Chicago, Sam Hume in Detroit, the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, and Stuart Walker in his peripatetic Portmanteau Theatre have demonstrated this in varying degrees.

Gathering the audience is another matter. There even the Washington Square Players, with their less exacting standards, are not an indubitable evidence of success. Maurice Browne has failed outright in the second city of the country. Sam Hume and the Neighborhood Playhouse have succeeded by combining the endowment of a rent-free theatre and a limited number of performances with the economy of amateur acting. There is no available evidence as to whether Mr. Walker has really made money with his "theatre that comes to you"—and brings a company of paid players—but it seems safe to say that if he has been able to solve the problem of the limited audiences available in smaller cities, it is because he has lumped all these audiences together by playing only a few performances in each city.

Summed up, the work of the little theatres has demonstrated one truth above all others. They have proved the worth of something that they have avoided. They have established the efficacy and the necessity of the true repertory system. Not one of these theatres has been truly a repertory theatre—making productions with a certain regularity and dividing a week of seven or eight performances among three or more different plays.

Outside New York City it is doubtless safe to say that the day of the true repertory theatre must be postponed until gradual experiment has demonstrated the presence of a large enough audience to support steadily a reasonable-sized theatre. In New York it is now possible, as Grace George showed a few seasons ago, to make a better sort of theatre financially feasible if it will cut loose from comparison with the rest of Broadway. It is physically and spiritually possible to mount in one theatre, with one company of actors and stage artists, fifteen productions of a high level in a single season. It is no exaggeration to say that each of these productions—averaging up the successes with the failures—can be of sufficient interest to 15,000 people to keep the theatre comfortably filled for a total of from fourteen to sixteen performances of each bill. Some would do less well, some phenomenally better. But each would have its chance to be seen by those interested, and none would be expected to draw the hundred thousand patrons of a Broadway run. As part of a repertory such as this, the season's most interesting play and most precipitate failure—"The Deluge," as presented by Arthur Hopkins—would have drawn back its cost of production very comfortably during sixteen scattered performances. It could have turned loss into profit if the ten or fifteen thousand who would really have enjoyed it—and who doubtless intended to see it at sometime during its run—had divined the brevity of its life and rushed into the Hudson Theatre during the two weeks through which its actors appeared before handfuls of people. It is the essential principle of repertory, demonstrated time after time abroad, that it can gather a play's utmost audience economically and efficiently. Our theatre fails utterly in that important function. Our little theatres are making shift towards that vitally desirable end.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

Our London Letter

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The Christmas lull in literary production does not last long, but it gives one time to look round and see things which would otherwise escape the harried and bemused attention of the literary observer. And looking round me, I can see nothing more remarkable than the astonishing literary activity which is going on in Ireland. It has long been a commonplace of critics that Anglo-Irish literature ought to be judged as a separate species, that Mr. W. B. Yeats can only be compared with Shelley as vaguely and as distantly as Villon can be compared with Byron, and that not only the ideas but also the images and the rhythms of Dublin are different from those of London. Yet I am not at all sure that this commonplace has ever been true. Certainly Mr. Yeats has lived most of his time in Ireland and has used the figures of the Irish mythology in his verse; but he was also a member of the Rhymers' Club, the associate of Dowson and Symons, and I have a suspicion that the affinities between him and the English poets of the nineties—absurd and now mercifully fading age—are stronger than either his affinities with the Irish race at large or those of his associates with the main stream of English literature. The remarkable thing about him is not so much that he is a great Irish poet as that he is the one considerable new poet thrown up by the cosmopolitan and somewhat bloodless movement of the nineties. It is my impression that he found material in Ireland, whereas the others found it in France, the Roman decadence, Catholic theology, Jacobitism, and strange countries—the seeking and finding being in all cases very much on the same level, the difference appearing only in the use of that material.

But here is some ground for believing that the case is now a little altered or is, at all events, in process of alteration. I doubt if the real Anglo-Irish literature can ever be properly separated from pure English literature. Language, after all, is that which determines poetry; and the English language is not a brand-new, entirely plastic material which can be handled precisely as the poet pleases. It has its traditions and its habits; though the Irish writer may wish to compose upon Cuchullain or Diarmuid and Grainne instead of upon, let us say, Richard Cœur-de-Lion or the Black Prince or Robin Hood, his only models are the English writers. It will take the Irish a good many generations to evolve a distinct form of literary English upon which they can impress their own traditions and their own habits; and meanwhile everything that they are doing in this way will react on English literature. Some of Mr. Yeats's most characteristic rhythms and images and ways of thought are now the commonplaces of purely English writers. I have however already expressed my view that he is chiefly an English poet; so perhaps this illustration of the argument goes for nothing. On the other hand, John Millington Synge is as exclusively Irish a dramatist as one could expect to find. Even so, his plays have generated, not an Irish drama, but a type of peasant drama which has flourished much more rankly in England than in the place of its origin. His plays are not now Irish as opposed to English, but plays in the Wicklow dialect of English which stand side by side with other—certainly much less important—plays in the Gloucestershire, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and Heaven knows how many other dialects of English.

Yet there is, for all this, a very definite and independent stirring of life in the literature which can be called, if no more than topographically, the literature of Ireland. It began, I think, with "Æ," principally because "Æ" was not in his writing specifically a Celt, in the way in which other and more flamboyantly Irish writers had led us to interpret the word. He was more Irish than the rest because he was simply an Irishman whose fundamental habits of life were settled in his own country, while his intellectual and spiritual interests, like those of any intellectual and spiritual man, searched the world for their nourishment and brought it back, when found, to Ireland to consume. His was, on one side at least, a literary Sinn Feinism, not by deliberate adoption but by nature. He exalted Ireland, not by denouncing England but by taking no particular notice of her. He did not carry into literature the cheerful Sinn Fein prescription: "Burn everything English, except coal." I have never heard that he organized bonfires of the works of the English mystical writers on College Green. But he has never sought particularly to influence the English public or to capture English opinion. He is, one has always felt without being able to demonstrate the feeling very clearly, an Irish writer who would be just as much and as little affected if he were told that he was read and admired in England, as I should be if I happened to be told that I was read and admired in Norway.

All this leads up to the remark that I have on my table at the moment some ten or fifteen books which have arrived there during the last two months or so and almost all of which clearly have their origin in a centre of literature and thought quite independent of the influence of London. There never has been, since the days of Byron's "Scotch Reviewers," any real decentralization in English literature, such as can be found in Germany. The last word on every topic is said in London; and though the provincial repertory theatres have attempted some decentralization in the drama, their effort flickers unsteadily and has not yet produced many results of enduring value. But Dublin does pour out a stream of books in an attitude which seems to proclaim indifference to the opinion of London; and this is all to the good, even if it does no more than administer a healthy shock to English criticism. I have here now two volumes of the collected works of Padraic H. Pearse, who was executed for his part in the Easter insurrection, three volumes of sketches and stories, two volumes of literary studies, a narrative poem, two or three plays, a study of the career of Dr. Douglas Hyde, and a number of miscellaneous books, such as an account by Pearse of the methods adopted in the Irish school, "Sgoil Eanna," of which he was headmaster.

These are signs of the times; but, of course, the times bristle with signs. It is a curiously significant fact, for example, that the collected works of Padraic Pearse, whom we shot as a rebel less than two years ago, have been reviewed in the English press generally with respect, gentleness, and even appreciation. I do not mean merely in the Liberal and advanced papers. This curious portent—meaning whatever it may mean—has been observed in columns of the "Times." Yet Pearse was a man who sincerely detested England, if any Irishman ever did. I do not pretend to offer any exact interpretation of this phenomenon, though I may be excused for believing that its significance is of something entirely creditable to us. One does not feel inclined to do more than call attention to it.

Pearse's works, of course, were mainly written in Irish and have been translated, some by his own and some by another hand, for the present edition. They are naturally somewhat foreign in flavor and, by reason of the ruling passion of Pearse's life, markedly Irish in sentiment. Apart from this, his translations of his own poems are often beautiful and characteristic, as in "A Woman of the Mountain Keens her Son":

Grief on the death, it has blackened my heart:
It has snatched my love and left me desolate,
Without friend or companion under the roof of my house
But this sorrow in the midst of me, and I keening.

As I walked the mountain in the evening
The birds spoke to me sorrowfully,
The sweet snipe spoke and the voiceful curlew
Relating to me that my darling was dead.

I called to you and your voice I heard not,
I called again and I got no answer,
I kissed your mouth, and O God how cold it was!
Ah, cold is your bed in the lonely churchyard.

O green-sodded grave in which my child is,
Little narrow grave, since you are his bed,
My blessing on you, and thousands of blessings
On the green sods that are over my treasure.

Grief on the death, it cannot be denied,
It lays low green and withered together—
And O gentle little son, what tortures me is
That your fair body should be making clay!

This bears marks of a somewhat alien sentiment, which, in the hands of Pearse, almost takes on an anti-English tone. Yet, putting my hand into the heap at random, I can find nothing particularly exotic or propagandist in Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan's "Mud and Purple," a volume of descriptions of Dublin scenes and persons, or in Mr. E. A. Boyd's "Appreciations and Depreciations," studies of modern Irish writers, or in Mr. Austin Clarke's "Vengeance of Fionn," a beautiful narrative poem. I do find evidence of a new centre of thought and literature—a provincial centre, if you will, but still a centre. And I cannot but think that we shall all profit by it.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, February 11, 1918.

Haven

Under these moving tides that pass us by,
Or snatch us into maelstroms of profound
Oblivion where a thousand dreams have drowned,
Forgotten of all ports beneath the sky;
Under these waters, throated with a cry
Of old disaster, runs a deeper sound—
Music the slimed, uncrypted dead have found
In hushed, moon-haunted chasms where they lie.

Horns have been wound in silence. From the far
Black forests of the sea the shadows glide
Sunward; nor shall the wrath of storm prevail
Against their keels, or night withhold a star. . .
In many a bay the white armadas ride,
And winds return to many a straining sail.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Art in Victorian Suburbia

THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A., SCULPTOR AND POET. His Life in Letters. By Amy Woolner. Dutton; $6.

Not in his own letters, altogether, but chiefly in the letters written to him by his greater contemporaries; and not the best letters that they wrote, but in casual, usually trivial notes whose only interest is in the signatures. Truly a second-hand manner of biography, that inevitably gives the effect of a pallid, second-hand existence. Yet one suspects that this is exactly what passed for life in the circles which Woolner ornamented, and among the contemporaries whose faces and figures he earnestly copied in marble and bronze.

Woolner emerged from obscurity through the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. The best letters in the present volume were written to him by Rossetti, and it may be inferred that the most vivid and imaginative experience of life came to him through his association with the Brotherhood—inferred only, for his own testimony is lacking. A disappointment in a competition for a Wordsworth monument led him to turn to gold seeking in Australia, and his own chief contribution to his "Life" is a rather dull chronicle of voyaging, trekking, and digging. Emigration was represented as a cure for all forms of personal disappointment and discontent in the diluted post-Byronism of the fifties (*vide* "Locksley Hall," "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and "Alton Locke"). Woolner turned from unsuccessful gold digging to successful commercial work in Sydney and Melbourne.

After his return we hear little of Pre-Raphaelitism and artistic revolt. He connected himself with his more eminent contemporaries and became the official sculptor of a generation whose standard of portrait art was a good likeness. He did Tennyson, Carlyle, Palgrave, Maurice, Cobden, Gladstone, Newman, Palmerstone, Darwin, Archdeacon Hare, and Queen Victoria. A grave in Westminster Abbey almost cried out for a statue, bust, or medallion by Woolner. It is the rather external or official relation to his age of Woolner the portraitist and mortuary artist, which the letters chiefly commemorate.

Yet there is something curiously monumental about the book and, one might almost say, significant. There are the middle-aged Victorians all at play. A little wooden they are, like the figures in a child's Noah's Ark—and one is reminded that the well-behaved animals went in two by two, for many of the letters are by wives of famous subjects who were too busy to write for themselves and make arrangements for "sittings." Lady Tennyson, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Froude take pen in hand more often than their husbands. It is a very monogamous book; and when Woolner, after a really lovely bachelorhood, took to himself as wife the beautiful Miss Waugh, the triumphant flutter among the matrons was considerable.

The book brings out the essentially suburban quality of society among the Victorians. They are like people who live on the same street, and are good neighbors, thinking well of one another, cordial, jocular, sympathetic. Everybody liked to hear Tennyson read his poetry, and we find Woolner, from a safe distance, murmuring of "Merlin": "How I wish I could hear it; I quite envy those fortunates who have." Mrs. Tennyson is delighted to hear that Kenyon left a good deal of money to the Brownings but, with regret for an emotional extravagance, confesses, "I thought the Brownings had been poor, or I should not so much have rejoiced over their acquisition of money." Woolner stoutly approves of Browning's scorn of those who would curry favor with him by running down Tennyson. There is a kindly bit of gossip about Mrs. Browning's bribing the butler in her old home to leave the blind up a little so that she might get a last glimpse of her unforgiving father. One readily divines which of the group were good neighbors. Edward Lear, with his pattering drivel of baby talk, was a general favorite. Matthew Arnold, one fears, was a trifle remote. Woolner writes Mrs. Tennyson that Arnold "made kind inquiries after you, who seem to have taken his fancy exceedingly. He was a regular swell, in brilliant white kid gloves, glittering boots, and costume cut in most perfect fashion." Yet even this overpowering distinction made someone happy, for "he had a long talk with Patmore, whose countenance the whole time beamed radiant joy with the satisfaction of holding intercourse with such a high Oxford don." Ruskin was loathed. There is positive malice in Woolner's note that "Ruskin praised some of the worst pictures in the place; he has made such an obvious mess of it this year that his enemies are dancing for delight. . . The little despot imagines himself the Pope of Art and would wear 3 crowns as a right, only they would make him look funny in London."

There is very little about art in the book—fortunately, for it would have been painful.

Lady Tennyson suggests a slight improvement in the medallion of her husband—"the scraping away of a little of the nose underneath the nostril all along to the point so as to shorten the nose a wee bit; if this would not bother you and if you think it right." Woolner responds with equal suavity: "I have always taken your hints but in one instance, and now find I was wrong in not doing so: I refer to making the right jaw of the bust a trifle thicker as you wished, and I did not see." Perhaps the gem of art criticism is supplied by Lady Hooker. The community was justly incensed at the shocking accident to Woolner's bust of Sir William Hooker, which had its nose knocked off on its arrival at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and disgusted when that august body showed no willingness to pay for the damaged masterpiece. Lady Hooker suggested that Woolner should exhibit the bust anyway, and adds the comforting suggestion that "the Elgin marbles have well accustomed spectators to this special deformity, so that the loss of a nose no longer looks grotesque, but a mark of the real antique." Darwin would indeed make art the handmaid of science. He turns to Woolner, as one to whom certain matters are all in the day's work, to inquire how low down an experienced model will blush. He notes the assertion that a "celebrated French painter once saw a new model blushing all over her body" but, distrusting the Gallic verve of this observation, he demands the experience of "cautious and careful English artists." We are sure that all Woolner's artist friends were "cautious and careful."

There is but one touch of wholesome vulgarity in this chronicle of Cranford. Mrs. Carlyle writes to Woolner one day that they had two tickets for Charles Dickens's reading, that she could not go, and would he take the vacant seat beside Mr. Carlyle? He would be most happy. Carlyle, to do the thing in style, took him in a cab. The reading was two hours, with a ten minute pause during which the two unregenerate males went behind the scenes and had a drink with the entertainer—brandy and water. "Each poured out a portion for himself and Carlyle took his glass and nodding to Dickens said: 'Charley, you carry—whole company of actors under your own hat.'" Just for a moment we are in a real world with human beings—then back again among the frustrate but so courteous and gentle ghosts who owed their substance to Woolner's marble. Perhaps that is why they adored him.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

God as Visible Personality

GOD THE KNOWN AND GOD THE UNKNOWN. By Samuel Butler. Yale University Press; $1.00.

Whatever in the spiritual life of man has the highest potency for him, according to temperament or level of consciousness attained, whatever aspect of experience is felt to open the portals to the loftiest flights of creative imagination, is very apt to be projected into his God. The essence of God is sought in those concepts that liberate the caged self and make it supreme in its own world of chosen goods. God is thus the impersonation or source of magic, of power, of immortality, of truth, of art, of morality, of ecstatic vision, of annihilation. All gods, at any rate all useful gods, are anthropomorphic; in so far as the gods of theological and philosophical speculation escape the human mould, they reduce to purely verbal formulæ. The Jesus of Christian myth has intense vitality as a symbol of human aspiration, of triumph in degradation; the Holy Ghost can found no cult.

The God of Samuel Butler is no exception to the rule. He possesses the attributes of his creator and incorporates his strongest aspirations. I had come to Butler's essay fresh from "The Note Books," that curious congeries of brilliant epigrams, dead-ridden hobbies, far-fetched analogies, and penetrating analyses; hence I could not fail to observe the impress of Butler's personality, as revealed by himself in these notes, on his theological speculations. Butler was a man of a very definite, though not easily definable, cast of mind, possessed of very clear-cut likes and dislikes, and fond of hugging certain thoughts, attitudes, and modes of reasoning with a persistency that is occasionally trying to the reader, but indicative at the same time of their high emotional value for Butler. Some of the suggestive traits revealed in "The Note Books" are a pragmatic attitude towards truth that must have seemed paradoxical to his contemporaries (in one passage Butler directly states that that is true which it is most "convenient" to believe); a strong disinclination to take account of any factors not directly yielded by experience; a distrust of all arguments pushed to their logical extreme; a well-nigh amazing reliance on evidence from analogy (as Butler characteristically puts it, analogy is poor ground for an argument but it is the best we have); and, probably most deep-rooted of all, a habit of bridging all sorts of opposites, which Butler's ingrained love of antithesis of expression leads him to contemplate

with genuine interest, into a continuum, so that all life is seen to harbor death and no death to be altogether lifeless, all mind to be associated with matter and no form of matter to be altogether mindless—in short, A to include something of Z and Z something of A. One may, indeed, suspect the last two of these traits to have had over Butler something of the tyrannical sway of compulsive thought-habits. Surely not a little in his theories and fancies is attributable to them.

Through Butler's work runs, further, an earnest, quietly passionate, longing for eventual recognition, a longing now rising to calm assurance, now masking itself in a philosophic humor of indifference that was but half insincere. For the catchpenny recognition of the passing hour he had a genuine scorn, though the note of wistful regret is not absent from his contemplation of the relative failure to achieve literary fame that was his lot. Few men have had such confidence in the morrow succeeding to the day of personal identity, few have had such an abiding sense of the reality of the unity, biological and spiritual, which binds the generations inextricably together. The sense of a personality of flesh and spirit transcending that of individual consciousness is, indeed, the keynote to much of Butler's thinking. It is at the heart of his evolutionary speculations, with his curious identification of memory and heredity, as it, in a measure, also pervades his masterpiece, "The Way of All Flesh," a novel of four generations. Permanence of a something which, in the midst of endless dissolutions, unfolds towards an unknown goal—the concept is rarely absent from Butler's thoughts, it takes shape in innumerable forms. Between the personal fame for which he longed and the complete submergence of self in a spiritual humus affording nourishment to those that follow, Butler found no true opposition. Life, organic and psychic, is merely the endlessly ramified career of a single personality.

This brings us face to face with Butler's conception of God. His God will, above all things, be one that we can most "conveniently" believe in as doing least violence to our daily habits of thought and most readily following as a synthesis of actual experience. There will be nothing mystical about him, nothing that baffles the understanding. He will be a modest God, a God in man's own image, and he will no more hold in his hands the key to the riddle of existence than does the least of his creatures. Nor will he hold himself austerely aloof in a divine empyrean whence issue strange fulminations and prescriptions; he will be our veriest neighbor, squatting on our own domain. He will, like any phenomenon, be content to fit himself into the analogical scheme of things. And he will be as everlasting as life itself, no more and no less.

In short, Butler's God is identical with that ramified but single personality that evolution knows, whose being is the totality of life. He is the sum total and synthesis of all manifestations of life, animal and vegetable. To be more exact, he is the personalized energy or principle that resides and has, for untold æons, resided in living matter and mind—for the two are inseparable. The single cell of the animal organism is a perfect and self-sufficient life unit or personality, unaware, or but dimly aware, of the larger whole of which it forms a part, yet existing only for the sake of that whole. In precisely the same manner, argues Butler, each individual in the great sum of animated nature, plant or animal or human being, is a life unit or personality that is unaware, or but dimly aware, of the vast personality or God of which it forms an infinitesimal fragment and which, we may believe, possesses a consciousness transcending ours as this transcends the consciousness of the single cell. Cell, organism, God—these form "three great concentric phases of life." The vast personality indwelling in life is the known God. Whether or not there is a fourth concentric phase, an unknown God, embracing a multitude of Gods analogous to the only one we have direct knowledge of, it is useless to speculate. As the cell knows not our God, so we cannot be expected to know a super-God. Butler's theology leads to no metaphysical solutions of ultimate problems.

This conception of God differs radically not only from that of orthodox theism but from the all-inclusive God of the pantheists. Both of these lack the fundamental essential of an intelligible God—personality. Nevertheless it is easy to perceive that Butler's conception lends itself to a readier approximation to the pantheistic God than to the sovereign God of religion. In the present work Butler is at considerable pains to dismiss the pantheistic conception as unthinkable; yet we learn from his editor's note to the chapter on "The Tree of Life" that the separation of the organic from the inorganic, which is at the basis of Butler's thesis, was later abandoned

by him and that he felt impelled, in consequence, to reconstruct his essay. This work however he left undone. It is difficult to see how Butler could in the end have avoided the pantheism he had opposed. It would have had to be, needless to say, a pantheism arrived at by a series of concentric phases of some sort of evolutionary process.

In his critical study on Samuel Butler Mr. Gilbert Cannan somewhat petulantly remarks: "I cannot believe in his God, simply because he does not write about his God with style. He writes not as one passionately believing, but as one desirous of accounting for a phenomenon, in this instance faith. Since there is faith there must be God, panpsychic." This is not altogether fair. There are not a few passages in Butler's little book where the dialectic flames into imaginative diction. Moreover his God embodies, in the only way possible for Butler, his desire for spiritual perpetuation. Yet, on the whole, there is small doubt that the quest of God had not the burning necessity for Butler's ironical and eminently level-headed temperament that it has for certain other natures. Mr. Cannan could hardly have expected him to write of God with the passionate conviction and the love that are due His especially favored manifestation, Handel.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Background Without Tradition

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Hamlin Garland. Macmillan; $1.60.

Mr. Garland, in this story of his own life, seems hardly to be writing a confession, unless it be a confession—or rather avowal—of faith. He does not read like a man who has anything to recant or even abate; he lays down his cards very assuredly; he gives the reader, without reserve, not a finished and consequently more or less inscrutable product, but himself the artist, together with the material of his art. He presents the Middle Border with both vivid particularization and panoramic completeness of view; he has a filially sensitive eye for the menace and rigor of the frontier as well as for its splendor and charm. He sets himself before the reader with detachment—the actual detachment of time, for he stops his narrative at his thirty-first or thirty-second year. The picture is a large and broad one, occasionally too sardonic in its fidelity to fact.

Mr. Garland is inevitably, of course, the historian of his own consciousness, so far as he can call back the materials of it; and he recovers even from the dimness of his fourth year the memory of a midsummer evening and the rescue by his mother of a "poor, shrieking little tree toad" from the jaws of a long and wicked snake. The finer, certainly the more pleasing, parts of this history are those devoted to childish and boyish impressions; these memories are "of the fibre of poetry," unshadowed by the preoccupation which clings too closely to the author's mature consciousness—the preoccupation of the "man who has been there," the "competent witness," who is determined to set forth the "enforced misery of the pioneer." The prairie landscapes, "the radiant slopes of grass," "the brant and geese pushing their arrowy lines straight into the north," "the cloudless, glorious Maytime skies," "transcendent sunsets," "the fields that run to the world's end," "the fairy forest" of the wheat—all the fair things of nature are inimitably done. And there are numberless brief but adequate etchings of childhood: rich harvests of nuts and berries, bold explorations of the wilderness, breathless climbing of tall trees for grapes, the soldier pride of standing sentinel over new sown grain to guard it from wild pigeons. Whenever he speaks of these things, Mr. Garland's voice carries with the excellent timbre of romance.

But the convictions of the "man who has been there" assert themselves apace. Even his memories of "the twelve year old son of a Western farmer" frequently become memories of unremitting toil and desperate fatigue; and he speaks emphatically of his seventeen year old bitterness when his family moved from town back into the country. The farm even then had become to him the synonym for loneliness, dirt, and drudgery. That note in his theme continually gathers burden as he proceeds; avowedly it becomes his theme; it is clearly the source of the emotionalization not only of this but of all his work. His friends apparently found it necessary to warn him against the violence of his truth-telling; and the reader of this autobiography and of much of his other work will probably say that they advised him well, for while his art has become neither satire nor caricature, it smells of vengeance. Indeed from this admirable picture, both panoramic and detailed, which the author spreads out, the reader derives the contradictory impressions not only of the splendor and poetic suggestion of the

frontier itself, but also of the wretchedness, the pain, the futile inadequacy of life on the frontier. One cannot, however, infer from this wretchedness and inadequacy any inferiority in the individuals who lead such wretched lives; these pioneers may be more or less unlettered, but there can be no dispute as to the rugged power of the men or the strength and beauty of the women. It is the corrosive monotony, the loneliness, the blank unending labor, the bleak conditions of life that so preoccupy the author's mind. And perhaps the unsuspected element which, for the purposes of art, makes this wretchedness doubly tawdry, is the fact that it is raw and new; it has no tradition; it is unhistoric. In England it might have had the impressiveness of prescription —might have been the material of such a melancholy as Thomas Hardy's; even in New England much might have been done in Puritan dark gray; but in Dakota it seems to have been, to the artist whose inheritance it is, chiefly the material of exasperation. He explains its existence not by any splendid and gloomy conception of a Blind Power in whose grip humanity is helpless, but rather prosaically as the result of social injustice, of institutions not founded in accordance with the principle of the single tax.

One may well wonder if this result is not unfortunate. Has it not partially impaired the artist's perception of the dignity and antiquity of his material? Human tribulation is an old and impressive story. Has his emotionalization of the frontier not been crowded down to a lower level than it might otherwise have attained? Has not the determined *actualism* which Mr. Garland here so sternly reasserts, really been the refuge in adversity of a strongly romantic talent, a talent thwarted by the barrenness of its material?

C. K. Trueblood.

Yet Once More, O Ye Laurels!

Anthology of Magazine Verse: 1917. William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard; $2.50.

"All the glamour about our present Renaissance of poetry," says Mr. Braithwaite in the introduction to his latest anthology, "carries with it a palpable danger, the danger of disintegrating criticism. . . If the public heeds such criticism, audiences will diminish, and the consequent discouragement of the poets themselves will produce a decline in creativeness. . . Fame and fortune for the modern poet are the gifts of public recognition and appreciation, and if these do not come before youth advances to that vague borderland where it is lost, the modern poet gives the best of himself to other things. . ."

At first glance this position—assumed by Mr. Braithwaite as it has been assumed also, with differences, by Miss Monroe, editor of "Poetry" —appears reasonable enough. No one will for a moment question the desirability of a large audience for poetry, as for any art, nor the usefulness, to that end, of extensive publicity. But if we examine the doctrine more deliberately, we see certain flaws of logic in it. We all agree with Mr. Braithwaite that everything possible should be done to encourage the art of poetry in America—we all desire to see it developed to the highest degree of excellence. But many of us, as Mr. Braithwaite intimates in the paragraph quoted above, are beginning to doubt whether he has hit upon the best method for bringing this about. Mr. Braithwaite's method, as is now well known, is a simple one. It consists in carrying individual recognition for the poet to such a universal degree—trawling, so to speak, with so vast a net—that no poet can conceivably be lost. For the poet whose work is not represented in the "Anthology," and whose book is not enthusiastically reviewed either there or in the "Boston Transcript," one would have to go far indeed. To find such poets in any quantity, one would have to look among the very poorest of books published at the author's own expense.

Now if by practicing this method Mr. Braithwaite aims at making fame and fortune for his poets (and incidentally, we may properly assume, at helping poetry to evolve to an always clearer excellence) we may at once question whether he does not in reality sharply defeat both of his purposes. Among all artists there has always been and always will be a merciless struggle, silent, unconscious, uncalculated, for the survival of the fittest. In every generation there is a terrific and unremittent competition among them for recognition, and for the consequent rewards of fame or money. Unfortunately, the judge who awards the prize in this struggle is that most capricious and indiscriminate of judges, the public; the public, which, swayed too easily by considerations of the moment, carried away too easily by its common denominators of sentimentalism and conventionality, from generation to generation, with a divine inevitability, takes to its bosom the ephemeral, commonplace, and merely lusty; the cheerful and unreflecting

public, which, left to itself, and many times even despite the desperate efforts of the intelligent few, ignores genius and permits it to die. The survival of the best in literature is therefore forever dependent on the efforts of these heroic few. Without them genius would be ignored, or largely ignored, during its lifetime, lost in the blattering welter of the mediocre; and after its death wholly forgotten. It is this band of æsthetic pioneers, relatively small in every generation—this band of the fastidious, the aloof, the difficult—which awes the public by degrees first into accepting its discoveries, later into understanding them, and finally into loving them. Nor is the essential reality of this process vitiated by the fact that the public is itself the final and absolute arbiter of what is vital and what is not.

In these circumstances, it should be obvious that if here and there in this colossal combat an individual desires to assist the best in its struggle for survival, then his task will be to do, consciously, what nature in her simpler world does unconsciously—to discriminate. Since, in the world of ideas, the law of natural selection works imperfectly and tardily, and encounters the sullen hostility of indifference and ignorance and charlatanism, he must help to make it work more perfectly. If fortunate, he will occasionally find the beautiful and subtle, the worthy-of-praise, and for this he will do all in his power to secure honor and comprehension; but far more often will he find himself in the rôle of the surgeon who must be cruel in order to be kind. Benign cancers are common in the body literary, and occupy valuable space; and the malignant cancer is not rare. The intelligent critic must, in other words, add his own power of destruction to the fracas and destroy ruthlessly, secure in the knowledge that only the worthless can be truly destroyed and that only the fine can long survive. What mistakes he makes will be automatically undone. A Jeffrey cannot kill a Keats, nor even deflect him. Is anyone prepared to maintain that Poe was too severe a critic? Yet there have been few severer. Potentially far more dangerous to the recurring Keats of the literary world is the recurring Leigh Hunt, the sort of Leigh Hunt, be it understood, who is more given to praise than to appraisal. He, truly, is the destroyer.

It is to this category, unfortunately, that Mr. Braithwaite belongs, and it is to this tendency that American letters, and conspicuously American poetry, seem to be at the present moment helplessly surrendered. Mr. Braithwaite comes among us preaching, in the æsthetic world, what is clearly a Christian ethic, a doctrine of live and let live, a doctrine which, purporting to aim at the betterment of the species, flies in the face of nature, since it encourages the weak to propagate as freely as the strong. And the result is rapid and sure: in the consequent pullulation of mediocrity the excellent is lost or stifled. Conducted on this principle, the world of letters will suggest nothing so much as a forest in which the growth is so rank that few of the trees can attain their proper stature; and if here and there individuals contrive by special endowment to out-top the rest, it will be literally true that we shall be unable to see the tree for the forest.

In other words, to speak more precisely in terms of poetry, Mr. Braithwaite by awarding laurels to a hundred poets indifferently good, delays, if he does not prevent, the emergence of the poets who partake of genius. The genius must stand in line while Tom, Dick, and Harry get their doles; and when his own turn comes, he too will get only the same dole. Where then are the fame and fortune which Mr. Braithwaite hopes to guarantee him? They have, alas, ceased to exist except in fractions.

Of Mr. Braithwaite's actual performance in the present "Anthology" not much need be said. It is more copious than ever. Here and there in it are goodish poems, inevitably—"A Bather," by Amy Lowell; "To My Friend," by Eunice Tietjens; "The Interpreter," by Orrick Johns; "A Girl's Songs," by Mary Carolyn Davies; "Tomorrow Is My Birthday," by Edgar Lee Masters; "Return," by Willard Wattles; "In Tall Grass," by Carl Sandburg; "The Sons of Metaneira," by John Erskine; and perhaps a half dozen others—but of the important figures in contemporary poetry what ones are not hopelessly obscured here? Mr. Frost, Mr. Masters, Miss Lowell, Mr. Sandburg are dwarfed, if not lost; and among those who do not appear at all are Edwin Arlington Robinson, John Gould Fletcher, T. S. Eliot, Maxwell Bodenheim, and Wallace Stevens. In his critical summaries of the books of verse published during the year Mr. Braithwaite is less discriminating than ever. Forty-five are listed, and a few of them are worth reading; but Mr. Braithwaite's enthusiasm is glibly uniform and affords no clue. "This is all poetry!" says Mr. Braithwaite in effect . . . and escapes his duty as a critic.

In the end, one wonders whether such methods will not frighten away the audience far more

surely than a carefully selective criticism and whether, moreover, it will not also cheapen the audience, and in consequence the art. Ideals would certainly be kept higher—and would not the public interest be keener?—if Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology" consisted annually of thirty instead of a hundred-odd poems, and of five instead of forty-five eulogies of books. . . Mr. Braithwaite would then be contributing towards the survival of the best. As it is, he merely insures the meteoric evanescence of all, and by encouraging the unimportant many, discourages the important few. It is melancholy to suspect that Mr. Braithwaite's method is not so much a matter of will as of ability. Is it conceivable that in asking him to discriminate we are asking him to do something of which he is incapable?

CONRAD AIKEN.

Our Changing Permanence

NATIONAL PROGRESS, 1907-17. By Frederic Austin Ogg. (Vol. 27 in "The American Nation" series, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart.) Harpers; $2.

Professor Ogg has endeavored to write a history of the last decade of American history. That is, he has written the last installment of the now well-known series to which most of the scholars of repute in their respective fields in this country have contributed volumes. It is a valuable series, which needed to be brought down to date, and the work before us is worthy to stand beside the others.

Of course there are scores of works on the great war and the part of the United States in that war, and in recent years we have had many books on our own life which have traversed most of the subjects touched upon in this volume; but there is nothing that gives such an even distribution of emphasis, such a just estimate of forces, and such full and satisfying references and bibliographies. Every student of recent events will be grateful for the list of good documents, picked from the tons of Government publications, of satisfactory articles from the thousands of studies in periodicals, and of the best books on various topics of interest. The mechanism of this work is, I think, beyond all praise.

On the score of selection, of omissions and inclusions, hardly less can be said. No really important subject has been overlooked. And the space allowed to the dominating figures—Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson; Bryan, Root, and Harriman; or Gompers and his group—is well apportioned. If Professor Ogg plays favorites, it is only in the case of Roosevelt, whose picturesque figure and spectacular performances do, indeed, command attention. Of Bryan and his vast farmer following the author is not especially fond, although he does not deny him and them their due, especially in the working of the miracle by which Woodrow Wilson was made the nominee of the Baltimore convention in 1912 and afterwards elected President.

The election of 1908, the corporations and the trusts, tariff controversies, injunctions, party unrest, and Taft reaction are the subjects which occupy the earlier chapters. The canal, Latin America, the election of 1912, and our growing colonial empire come next in the story. Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic reforms, and the great war close the story.

According to the author the large issues were the curbing of industrial overlordship, the rise of labor to a commanding position in September, 1916, and the entrance of the United States into international affairs. And these are the subjects in which most men will be interested, at least for the next half dozen years. Roosevelt came to office when McKinley's name was a shibboleth and when exploitation of the country was the right and proper thing for business men. He had a delicate task, to make the great men of his party (to whom the historic rôle of the Republican party had become almost semi-sacred) see that there was a new rôle, that public leadership was a public trust, not a group trust. The vigorous young President did not wholly succeed. He divided the party, secured a sort of Democratic support, and drove some things through Congress—for example, the Elkins railroad bill. But the rift which was bound to come did not appear till Taft entered the White House as Roosevelt's protegé. Taft was helpless in the situation in which his friend had placed him. For Roosevelt had made the President the interpreter of public opinion and as the interpreter he focused his powers upon Congress. Congress, under the leadership of Cannon and Aldrich, did not like interpretation; they liked still less to be driven. Since Taft did not know how to interpret the thoughts of ninety million people and had no mind to drive Congress, he tried to govern according to constitution. He failed.

The failure became tragic in the Republican convention of 1912, and Roosevelt appeared as the angry opponent of his former friend. It was like Douglas in 1857 fighting the President whom he had done almost as much to put

into office as Roosevelt had done for Taft. Buchanan was a Taft; Taft was a Buchanan. But this must not be understood as disparaging the reputation of either the living or the dead President. Both sought to be guided by the constitution; both failed, because the constitution failed. Neither of them should have been denounced for not doing what they were by law as good as forbidden to do. But it is generally the president who keeps his oath to the letter who violates the spirit of his oath most tragically.

Nor must the Roosevelt idolaters consider the comparison with Douglas invidious. It is a just comparison. Roosevelt resembles Douglas quite as much as Taft resembles Buchanan. And Douglas had the same sort of qualities that Roosevelt has—political agility and remarkable insight. The work of each enters most creditably into the history of our country. Still, this is not strictly in point in a review of Ogg's book. I only hope that neither of our distinguished ex-Presidents may see these lines. Not because the comparisons are unjust; but because a living man is not a good judge of himself in history.

The Monroe doctrine and the Latin American situation are burning questions; or they would be burning questions if the present war would but come to an end. Professor Ogg thinks in terms of a mild and benevolent imperialism, a moderate Monroeist, one might say. He sees that concessions and loans and public utilities are the forces behind our Monroe professions. He thinks Wilson made a poor spectacle in Mexico; yet he sees that if he had done otherwise he must have made a poorer spectacle. To set the neighbor's disorderly house in order would have been quite as bad a business as not to set it in order. So the President concluded to wait "watchfully," which was about all that anyone who knew the facts and saw historically could have done. It may be doubted whether Roosevelt, who had so much to say, would have done otherwise, for somehow or other that eminent man had a wonderfully shrewd way of waiting "watchfully" when difficult matters were afoot —for example, his tariff silences in many languages. When one cannot do anything without doing worse, one is likely to do nothing; only the Mexicans would not let Wilson do nothing. Perhaps when ten more years have passed and historians review this period they will say that Wilson kept still because he thought a European war would be precipitated if he did otherwise; and that Germany did nothing in Mexico, because she thought that to do something would throw the United States into the arms of England and the English-French entente.

Open-minded people, if there are such in the world, read books about current issues and living statesmen in the hope of learning a bit about the future and their duty in the premises. This book makes it appear that Labor has at last won its long battle with capital and that working men will, in the future, dictate national policies. Did not Labor compel the President of the whole people to jam through Congress the Adamson law? And does not British Labor give orders to Lloyd George? The world, thinks Professor Ogg, is starting upon a new era with day-laborers in command. And Mr. Charles M. Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Company, formerly a worker with his hands, confirms the view. The day of capital is done.

Although the present status of Labor is strongly set forth in this book and the appearance of the present-day world supports the same conclusion, it may be well to ask ourselves a question before we fall into line. The farmers thought in 1801 that their day had come and that commerce and finance had been relegated to secondary places among the great forces which then drove this country toward the future. But seven years had not passed before the farmer's president had been definitely checkmated. In 1829 the farmers came back again, but they did not long control affairs. And the case was not very different in 1860; yet three years had not elapsed till finance and industry were in the saddle. Now it would seem that labor has won.

The existence of a great war gives laboring men, especially skilled men, an advantage that no other class has ever had. They will keep this advantage till arms are stacked on the western front. On that day finance and industry and trade will return to their former position.

A few hundred thousand men who run railroad trains or make munitions of war may now stop a great battle. The rulers of great nations who are fighting these battles have to give heed; under other circumstances they might let strikes come and railroad trains stop. No, it is not so bad as some think, nor half so good as others hope. The world is very much the same it has ever been. Can the man who has not a week's supplies in his cupboard rule mankind?

Having noticed the high status which this book gives to Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft, the reader may wonder what the place of Wilson is thought

to be. Professor Ogg is not sure that Wilson represents a new era. The reforms of 1913-6 were all on the road in 1901-8 and the then vigorous reform President is thought to have been the real author. In other words, Wilson is the heir of his brilliant critic. If one were to say that Lincoln was the fore-worker of Wilson, one would be quite as near the truth. Everything that Wilson has carried into the realm of reality was fought for by George Pendleton or Samuel Tilden or Bryan in those days of emotionalism which the author rather condemns, or by Roosevelt. If comparisons were not odious, I should venture to say that Wilson, although born of a line of gentle forbears, is more nearly like Lincoln, the son and grandson of backwoodsmen, than is any living leader of our country. But being like Lincoln has got to be somewhat commonplace, and I shall not press the point.

This book helps one understand oneself and points the way, even if a little hesitatingly, to a better future. For this, as for the many other helps and suggestions, the reader must be duly grateful.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

If This Be Literature Give Me Death

THE GREEN MIRROR. By Hugh Walpole. Doran; $1.50.

Memories of Meredith are provokingly inconvenient when one comes upon the younger English novelists of the stenographic school. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" dealt with the gulf between the generations, presented the hideousness of the smug family circle, and showed gloriously young love breasting the barbed wire entanglements of old conventions. All this Meredith did brilliantly, with the penetration which only the greatest possess, and with that understanding of human nature which endures as fame. To say that a thing has been done "once and for all" has always seemed an amusing utterance in a world where nothing is permanent except change. There is nothing irreverent in imagining a better novel than "Richard Feverel," nothing particularly daring in hoping that the "parent problem" will be presented in an even more universal manner. Yet so long as that masterpiece exists and is read, younger novelists, if they handle the same situation, will have to submit to a devastating comparison. And by the same situation can only be meant, of course, a similar situation.

This is what Hugh Walpole has done in "The Green Mirror." He has written, at great length and with profuse wordiness, the story of a self-satisfied, smug English family, of their inherent inability to admit the intrusion of a "stranger," of the actual intrusion of a genuinely undesirable stranger—a stranger with a "past"—and of the effects upon this family. Mr. Walpole's most irritating fault is his adherence to the court reporter's method of observing and recording. This is the fault of many of the contemporary novelists. It is their belief, apparently, that the mere writing down of lists of things, whether dishes of food, toilet articles on the heroine's dressing-table, books and objets d'art on the drawing-room tables, or the furnishings of a room, constitutes vivid literature. Maybe they feel that this is reality. But the effect upon the reader of such cataloguing as this is possibly not always what the author intended:

> Further away in the middle of a clear space was a table with a muddle of things upon it—a doll half-clothed, a writing-case, a silver inkstand, photographs of Millie, Henry, and Katherine, a little younger than they were now, a square silver clock, a pile of socks with a needle sticking sharply out of them, a little oak book-case with "Keble's Christian Year," Charlotte Yonge's "Pillars of the House," two volumes of Bishop Westcott's "Sermons," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters." There was also a little brass tray with a silver thimble, tortoiseshell paper-knife, a little mat made of bright-colored beads, a reel of red silk, and a tiny pocket calendar. Beside the bed there was a small oaken table with a fine silver Crucifix and a Bible and a prayer book and a copy of "Before the Throne" in dark blue leather.

In this one description there are still two more paragraphs of things listed in just the same way and there are perhaps hundreds of similar passages. For example, after a statement which reminds one of the cook-book—"Sunday supper should be surely a meal very hot and very quickly over"—we are regaled with the following bill of fare:

> A tremendous piece of cold roast beef was in front of Mrs. Trenchard; in front of Henry there were two cold chickens. There was a salad in a huge glass dish, it looked very cold indeed. There was a smaller glass dish with beetroot. There was a large apple-tart, a white blancmange, with little "dobs" of raspberry jam round the side of the dish. There was a plate of stiff and unfriendly celery—item a gorgonzola cheese, item a family of little woolly biscuits, clustered together for warmth, item a large "bought" cake that had not been cut yet and was grimly determined that it never should be, item what was known as "Toasted Water" (a grim family mixture of no colour and a faded, melancholy taste) in a vast jug, item, silver, white table-cloth, napkin-rings quite without end.

If this be literature give me death. And so it goes with the whole book, not only with things but with emotions, conversations, meals, the details of nature, everything. There is no absolute law that says things must not be listed, but there is a demand on the part of the reader that if things come in they must mean something in the mosaic the author is constructing. This is not the case with "The Green Mirror." There are 416 pages, of which it is not bold or unkind to say that 100 might be eliminated by the welcome reduction of mere lists.

Psychological details, at best the most fascinating development in the modern novel, become under this method little more than mere statistics. If you chance upon a chapter headed "Katherine," you may be sure that somewhere early in that chapter there will be pages of lists, giving all the emotions Katherine has had since childhood, and in such flat continuity as to deaden the liveliest interest. This is mechanical writing, and the most vital human beings, composing a situation of intense interest, are slowly crushed in the machine. Mr. Walpole's characters are the losers. Externally you know everything about them, spiritually almost nothing. It is not that he does not let them think and feel before you; they are at it most of the time. But you never get really into them. You are always moving around and about them, watching them, observing and wondering, but caring not a whit what their fate may be. This is because their creator did no selecting, no concentrating. With your friends in real life there are ways and means of ignoring or escaping those characteristics found annoying. With Mr. Walpole's people you must endure everything.

The total result of this manner of writing is to produce a story without concentration, a story that wearies the reader in spite of his feeling that the author is earnest and interested in his people. When it is possible to skip whole pages without loss, there is something wrong; when there is the desire to skip, even the good qualities are in danger. That desire is unquestionably provoked by Walpole's novel. After you have read five or half a dozen conversations that echo the dictaphone, there is an impulse to shy at quotation marks. Later you openly balk. No amount of hoping or arguing that all this may be necessary atmosphere does any good; the author himself convinces you that he is "writing," and that he is going to write, come what may.

B. I. Kinne.

Briefs on New Books

Anne Pedersdotter. A drama in four acts. By H. Wiers-Jenssen. English version by John Masefield. Little, Brown; $1.00.

In the theatre, familiarity breeds not contempt but interest, and old, popular dramatic themes, treated in quite the orthodox manner, have often won extravagant contemporary praise for mediocre playwrights. On the other hand, more than one great dramatist who has dared to handle traditional material in his own way has won harsh adverse criticism even from those who should be the first to welcome dramatic originality. For nothing demands of a dramatist such robust originality as a new treatment of old material; yet his very strength is his handicap, since nothing is so disconcerting to an audience as to see from a new point of view a character, a plot, or a setting which it knows well. Even the intelligent audiences of Mr. Ames's Little Theatre could not reconcile the tremendous originalities of "Anne Pedersdotter" to their natural expectations. The first production in America was not a popular success; but it is strange that publication in book form has not brought this remarkable play deserved recognition.

Mr. Wiers-Jenssen's conception of a sympathetic psychological study of the tragedy of witchcraft was a boldly original idea, but he has even more tellingly proved his powers by building his play almost wholly out of old materials. His action-plot, the love of a young wife (Anne Pedersdotter) for her step-son (Martin), was a favorite story of the medieval chronicle plays long before Racine wrote "Phèdre." Several of his lesser characters—notably the drunken clerical colleagues of Anne's husband, his old mother, and her servants—are perilously typical figures. The realistic dialogue and modern motivation in a play of the sixteenth century, which so baffled our newspaper critics, is no "startling novelty" in Denmark, where Strindberg's historical dramas are widely known. Even the psychological analysis of the strong, repeated suggestion that she has inherited the evil powers of witchcraft from her mother, by which Anne is first thrown into the arms of her lover and finally becomes convinced that she is truly a witch, is not an original explanation. The Danish playwright could hardly have known Barrett Wendell's illuminating essay on the witches of Salem, but the hypnotic power of public opinion, supported by unlucky coincidences, has been a popular dramatic theme since Ibsen—a theme that Brieux, Shaw, and Echegaray have all effectively employed. Mr. Wiers-Jenssen has used all these familiar materials finely to his own purpose and,

aided by a masterly technique, has given us a great character, his heroine.

For centuries witches have appeared on the stage in comedy and in tragedy, surrounded always by an elaborate machinery of the supernatural especially designed to render them un-human. But Anne Pedersdotter is a living human being. She is a woman first and a witch only incidentally—in fact, even at the end, when she confesses herself a witch, she is supremely a woman, a woman cheated in love by her marriage, tricked to give herself to a love which did not stand the test, for it is Martin's suspicion that she has seduced him by witchcraft that makes inevitable for her her self-conviction. In a plot so unsympathetic, to have won our sympathy for Anne Pedersdotter with no appeal to sentimentality is a fine artistic accomplishment; to have made her a very real human being and yet to make us feel the eerie powers of the mediæval Satan is a rare triumph of dramatic skill.

THE FOOD PROBLEM. By Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo E. Taylor. Macmillan; $1.25.

Most of us have thus far felt the pressure of war chiefly through war's interference with certain favorite habits of diet. Coöperating cheerfully with the Food Administration, the average citizen is still somewhat mystified as to just why he is urged to eat more of this and less of that, and dubious as to what effect, if any, his individual sacrifice may have towards winning the war. Both authors of "The Food Problem" are members of the United States Food Administration and well equipped to answer his questions. Professor Kellogg is a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and Dr. Taylor has made a special study of the food situation in Germany and was attached to Col. House's party at the recent Paris Conference of the Allies. The record of England, France, and Italy's mistakes in attempting to control and save food ought to keep us from trying those methods which have already been proved unsuccessful. In the regulation of public eating places in London, for instance, there was tried out a plan for the limitation of courses, which permitted only two courses, or their equivalent, to be served at lunch, and three courses at dinner. With half courses one might assemble a menu which would be safely within the letter of the law and away outside its intention. Since the result of this order was a heavy increase in the consumption of meat and staples, instead of the hoped for reduction, it was shortly revoked.

Germany's experience has elements of special interest, in view of the scientific care which beforehand she devoted to preparing for the emergency. The defect in the prearranged plan, it appears, was the characteristic Prussian failure to allow for the human equation. The German peasant did not coöperate as wholeheartedly as had been expected in carrying out the government orders to reduce his herds to the number that could be kept on domestic feed, and to reserve all wheat and rye for human consumption. The government was not able to secure the "equitable distribution of food stuff throughout all classes of society . . . because the producer class consumed more than their pro rata . . . diverted a portion of the food stuffs to the feeding of domesticated animals and sold to the well to do classes in disregard of the regulations. . . That the restrictions in the diet . . . have fallen almost entirely upon the industrial workers of the cities is fully realized by the industrial classes and represents a *casus belli* between them and the agrarians that will be the occasion of bitter political contests after the war." Germany has succeeded in keeping down the price of bread and sugar by the appropriation of state funds to cover the actual extra cost, and the milk supply has been reserved for the use of the children.

The important part psychology plays in nutrition is revealed by a study of the dietary habits of different nations and classes. The German housewife, deprived of milk and cooking fats, cannot make things "taste good" and the result is a diet which is unsatisfying even when it is scientifically balanced and adequate in calories and protein. In France practically all of the bread is purchased from the baker and must be such as to keep well, whereas in the United States more than half is baked at home; it is consequently easier for us here to combine other grains with wheat in the making of quick breads which need not keep so long. The importance of table beverages and of a sufficient amount of fats in the diet of the working classes is emphasized as a means of avoiding those conditions of unrest which are certain to arise in our large cities if the diet is not satisfying. The technology of food use is discussed in relation to four factors: "the psychology of nutrition, the psychology of alimentation, the supply of food stuffs, and the influence of trade." There is included a brief statement of the essentials of dietetics which will be appreciated by the unprofessional reader. It is made clear that the food problem is not a condition which will disappear with the ending of the war—that the war has made it an international problem which will demand our coöperation for many years to come. The book's only defect is in its tendency to overstate the difficulties of the food situation in order to emphasize the necessity for drastic reduction in certain types of consumption. But this is a forgivable propagandist accent at a time when we are witnessing an approach to something like a world famine.

PORTRAITS AND BACKGROUNDS. By Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. Scribners; $2.50.

For most readers the interest in Mrs. Blashfield's new book will centre in the initial study —of Hrotsvitha, the playwriting Benedictine nun of Gandersheim in the tenth century— and particularly in that part of it dealing with her play "Paphnutius," which is the source of Anatole France's "Thais." Curiously enough M. France has never acknowledged his indebtedness in this instance, though usually by no means averse to making a display of his erudition. How great the indebtedness is may be judged from a comparison of the situations and characters in "Thais" with those of the original play, from which copious extracts are given by the author of this book. They reveal only one notable change; namely, the transformation of the holy hermit, St. Paphnutius, into an "erotomaniac." "It seems curious," comments Mrs. Blashfield, "that a lover and writer of history like M. France should feel justified in smirching the reputation of an irreproachable saint, to whom many churches and monasteries are dedicated, and whose intercession is daily sought by thousands of Eastern Christians. M. France would have hesitated to take away the character of a French saint, or one nearer home. But St. Paphnutius is an Egyptian; like 'Punch's' collier M. France has no hesitation in "eaving 'arf a brick at a stranger.'" Mrs. Blashfield—who, in our opinion, makes too much of the matter—apparently forgets the storm of protest aroused by the same author's "Jeanne d'Arc"! More interesting is the question, renewed by her, whether the body of a holy woman named Thais, discovered by M. Albert Gayet in the Christian necropolis of Antinoë in Lower Egypt, is actually that of the Thais of history and of fiction. The archæologist himself refuses either to affirm or to deny, and Mrs. Blashfield offers a very complete résumé of the evidence on both sides:

Although the costume of Thais is not that of a recluse, yet the position of the tomb, which was found in the midst of the cemetery, surrounded by sepulchres of the fourth century; the inscription on its wall,"Here reposes the blessed Thais"; and the articles found with the body favor the hypothesis that in the Musée Guimet lies the blackened husk of the bewitching mime who inflamed the youth of Alexandria, listened to the preaching of Paphnutius, burned her treasures, and followed the hermit into the Thebaid to save her soul. Those who would play the devil's advocate and unsaint this poor shell argue that the dress—the coquettish wreath-like hood, borrowed from the roguish Tanagrian Loves, the rich-toned draperies that warm the eye like the tints of sun-soaked nectarines—is that of a child of the world, provoking rather than repelling glances. To this objection M. Gayet replies that saints who passed their lives in sordid rags were often buried in rich clothing and hoarded their festal garments to enter the Presence bravely; quoting the words of St. Macarius of Thebais, who when summoned before the governor of Antinoë was advised by his disciples to change his tattered tunic for a more decent habit and who answered: "I am keeping my new robe to appear before my Saviour." In a remote Nitrian convent the adventurous traveller is shown today the body of the "Holy Maximus," son of the Emperor Valentinian, clothed in purple and gold tissue, the costume of an imperial prince, though Maximus, who fled the court and became a monk, wore during his lifetime the coarse brown garb of his fellows.

The richness and beauty of a secular dress, therefore, prove nothing against the asceticism or sanctity of the wearer:

That of Thais may have been the "glorious habit" of pious legend, which every Christian tried to provide for his triumph in death over the sorrows and snares of life; it may have been the garments which the penitent wore when she received the favor of heaven through St. Paphnutius, and bade farewell to the theatre and her mourning lovers. There is no *mundus muliebris* buried with this Thais; no mirror, no jars of nard or stibium, no lute or embroidery frame; hers is the funeral baggage of the eremite. The chaplet, the cross—still recalling in form the *ankh* of the Egyptians—found by the side of the body; the rose of Jericho, symbol of resurrection, held between the skeleton fingers; the basket and goblet case of woven palm fibres to contain the Sacrament, which the Oriental Christians buried with the dead; the palm branches, martyrs' attributes, in which she lies as in a nest of verdure, all testify to the exceptional holiness of the "blessed Thais" of Antinoë and impart to her sepulchre a distinctly religious character, differentiating it from the other tombs of the same necropolis. In any case, without attaching undue importance to it, the "find" of M. Gayet lends vitality to the legend of the courtesan-saint, and provides costume and properties for the winning figure of the repentant actress.

The three other studies in Mrs. Blashfield's book deal respectively with Aphra Behn, the novelist and playwright of the Restoration; Aïssé, the Circassian girl who loved and suffered in France under the Regency; and Rosalba Carriera, the Venetian miniaturist and pastellist of the eighteenth century.

THE LAND WHERE THE SUNSETS GO. By Orville H. Leonard. Sherman, French; $1.35.

"Granted that they did not find the riches of which they had been told, they found a place in which to search for them."

Such is Castañeda's characterization of the Southwest in his stately and spirited history of Coronado's search for the Seven Cities, written nearly four hundred years ago. For the reviewer the world is divided into two great classes: the class of those whose view of the Southwest is like that of the traveler on the Santa Fé whom someone noticed looking rapidly from side to side of the observation platform and remarking in a dreary, bored tone, "As far as the eye can see—nothing—nothing," and the class of those for whom the great plateaus, their mesas and cuestas and arroyos, their cave-cliffs and cañons, painted

deserts and sand-blown trails, their wild Spanish-American and Indian history are, as for Coronado's companions, a place in which to search for riches.

To that enchanted place "The Land Where the Sunsets Go" will convey the interested reader. The book will be prized by lovers of the Southwest for its power of evoking her wide-lined landscape, her brilliant, inexpressible, changing colors and storied human scene of failure and success—especially her tale of successes of the spirit. The prose sketches of the collection excel in precision and originality the contributions in verse. Beautiful is the impression of the terrible Devil's Gate, its narrow, steep, dangerous road, where wagon-hubs almost graze the sides of the sheer high rock-walls and "for a little while at noon a sword flash drops down from the sun to cut the gloom, then all is purple-dark again."

Yes, the book tells you of a place where riches may be sought, and gives you something better than a treasure trove, a treasure yet to find, something lost behind the ranges.

Shakespearean Playhouses. By Joseph Quincy Adams. Houghton Mifflin; $3.50.

It is rather surprising that nobody else has recently tried to do what Professor Adams has here so well done; probably scholars have not realized how rich the harvest could be. But since Fleay's "Chronicle History," 1890, unsound and self-contradictory in so many of its particulars, and Ordish's "Early London Theatres in the Fields," 1894, incomplete by intention, this field has been left almost unworked in any comprehensive way. But in these twenty or more years, much new material has been discovered, especially by Professor Charles W. Wallace, and it is of this material that Professor Adams has made particularly good use. What he has sought to do is to give a chronological account of each of the playhouses of Pre-Restoration London, its erection, the principal events in its history, and its final disposition. So far as his material permits, Professor Adams describes the structure of each theatre, its business management, the companies that occupied it, and its location, for the last point making effective use of the various contemporary views and maps of old London. Professor Adams's principal original contribution is the identification of certain sketches of Inigo Jones's as plans for the Cockpit-in-Court, built in 1632 or 1633, at Whitehall, of the existence of which scholars have not previously known. But every chapter shows more or less important fresh conclusions based on a careful study of the sources. Scholars will find the book invaluable for its accuracy and comprehensiveness; the reader whose interest in literary history is less professional, will enjoy its picture of a fascinating circle in London life. The book is richly supplied with well-chosen maps and views of London, and has an index and very complete bibliography.

The Climax of Civilization.
Socialism.
Feminism. By Correa Moylan Walsh. Sturgis and Walton; the three, $4.50.

An interesting and curious, though not consistently dependable, example of modern pessimism is this work in three connected volumes. The first develops a cyclical theory of civilization and decay, maintaining that we have reached a position near the climax and apparently that we are destined to inevitable decay. There are two great groups of causes of decay—the material, and the moral or social. The material causes derive from the exhaustion of the natural resources from which we draw our wealth; the moral causes, from the degeneration produced by an excess of wealth among the leaders of civilization and the struggle of the masses for equality without merit to justify their pretensions. The masses are aroused by the evils which afflict them as the result of corruption at the top and by the growing restriction which the depletion of our resources imposes upon an over-expanded consumption. Their mistake is in aiming at a part in the spoils without making a compensating contribution.

The most conspicuous signs of this present-day moral decay, so far as the struggle for specious equality is concerned, are to be found in the movements known as socialism and feminism. Each is, according to the author, individualistic and anti-social, struggling merely for the satisfaction of the parties concerned without an understanding of either the foundations of society or of the necessity for a coöperative contribution to social welfare. The author's chief abomination is the tendency among many—he would say most—socialists and feminists to dispense with the family as an antiquated institution enforced by superstition and repugnant to the modern desire for maximum enjoyment without social responsibility. The author's reading has been very extensive, but his patent prejudices—such as his assumption of the native mental inferiority of women—have often prevented him from presenting a clear and well balanced interpretation of the two movements to which he devotes his attention. In spite of the fact that he hits tellingly upon some of their major weaknesses, he signally fails to grasp the highly social and idealistic aims back of both socialism and feminism in their best expression. To ignore these disqualifies him as a competent critic.

MEMORIES DISCREET AND INDISCREET. By a Woman of No Importance. Dutton; $5.

Someone has said that it is necessary to be indiscreet to be interesting, but the anonymous writer of "Memories Discreet and Indiscreet" manages to interest without fulfilling the promise of the last word of her book's title. In spite of the fact that she devotes a large part of her fat volume to dull and garrulous gossip about people whose names, to the average American at least, have no significance whatever, she offers what must be regarded as a distinct contribution to contemporary history. The book is rich in intimate glimpses of such personages as Garibaldi, Parnell, De Lesseps, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Sir Iaan Hamilton, and a dozen or so others—royalties and smaller fry—whose names are already historic. It affords, in addition, "inside" gossip concerning certain famous British campaigns in the East. But its chief value lies, not so much in its "close-ups" of the great or its analysis of past events, as in a panorama, not altogether flattering but certainly faithful in detail, of the English *haut monde.* The manners revealed are probably already the manners of a past age (the war will have seen to that) but the revelation has a very present interest. The student of history, of society, of politics, and the dilettante in the curious ways of humanity as well, can find much that is significant in what the writer says of other people and, more or less unwittingly, of herself.

WELFARE WORK. By E. Dorothea Proud, with an introduction by Lloyd George. Macmillan; $3.

An Australian by birth and nurture goes to England to study and makes her return contribution in the form of this volume. Evidently she takes the capitalistic state as a permanent fact, and her effort therefore is not toward replacing it with a more ideal social order but toward making it as workable as possible for those who live in it. Welfare work is one of these means. Despite the workers' distrust of welfare work, the author finds in its proper development the key to the promotion of the workers' best interests. She frankly recognizes its paternalistic character—possibly believing that the worker has not yet developed sufficient intellectual and political initiative to advance alone—and seeks to direct this in the best possible channels. Her study of welfare work in England shows many signs of reasonable thoroughness, so far as an analysis of the best examples is concerned. It certainly is to be doubted whether she sees equally clearly its unfavorable aspects under less ideal conditions. Nor can one help wondering whether she has not overrated the altruistic initiative of the manufacturer in promoting beneficent factory legislation in the past. To the manufacturer, rather than to the worker, she now turns for the development of normal working-conditions in the factory and in the factory-worker's home. To her the welfare worker is—what he should be—the institution's social secretary. But as inspector, disciplinarian, employing agent, timekeeper, restaurant-manager, recreational director, and a score of other things which quite hopelessly combine service to master and servant, how can he be considered the friend of both in a capitalistic system of industry, when the system is a battle field? Yet in the best-managed factories he is just that. The author believes that under proper conditions he may be such in all. The worker believes he cannot, preferring the freedom and errors of democracy in industry to efficiency with mistrust of industrial paternalism. We shall not attempt to settle the question at issue, preferring to leave it to the reader, but we commend the book both for its information and because it is so well written.

PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY OF VITAL PHENOMENA. By J. F. McClendon. Princeton University Press; $2.

This is a compendium of biochemistry for the use of students and investigators in the biological and medical sciences. It is the outgrowth, primarily, of instruction of medical students in this relatively new and rapidly developing field on the frontier of biology. It deals with the efforts to interpret the processes of life in the terms of the physicist and chemist. From the study of the decomposition products of once living cells and from the analysis of the exchanges which such cells make with matter and energy of their environment, the investigator seeks to determine the actual composition of the living cell and to describe the changes which go on within its substance during its functional activity. Hence we find here discussions of ionic concentrations, osmotic pressure, electrolytic dissociation, surface tension, absorption, colloids, enzyme action, permeability, polarization, anæsthesia, amœboid motion, and many other topics which reflect the triumphs or propose the hypotheses of those who attack the problems of physiology with the weapons of the physical chemist. A terse, almost telegraphic, style leaves the reader at times to supply his own transitions and detect relations of the disjunct items. The specialist, who needs none of these aids to comprehension, finds here a compact and suggestive array of fact and theory, annotated to indicate both the territories of exception or debate and the fields for further inquiry.

Notes on New Fiction

It is Mrs. Atherton's purpose in "The White Morning" (Stokes; $1.) to show that assistance to the Allies may come almost any day from the German women themselves, rising in rebellion against the government. For in the years before the war, when women's personal liberty had been ignored by the autocratic heads of German households, a growing distaste for marriage had been aroused in the women of the empire. Now, according to Mrs. Atherton, as soon as the fundamental truth that they have been waging neither a defensive nor a victorious war penetrates to the German women, they will, "driven to desperation by suffering and privation and disillusion," suddenly "arise and overthrow the dynasty." The republic which they will then set up can be depended upon to put an instant end to the war and to conclude a fair peace.

This is demonstrable perhaps as a thesis. It is regrettable, however, that "The White Morning" resembles a thesis more than it does a novel, especially in its brevity, its rather gaunt, undistinguished style, and its logical impersonality. Whether the prophecy is sound or not—and a cogent note appended to the novel by Mrs. Atherton makes it at least seem plausible—the reader is not moved by the story itself. One can understand the author's impatience to put into circulation an original and encouraging notion like this; yet the fact remains that the growth of a great popular movement with the depth and breadth of the French Revolution is reported in a slender novel of 174 pages. To attempt within these limits to depict even a few chosen characters and to imply their participation in such a revolution, almost dooms a writer to give his story that cursory hearsay accent of the twice told tale of colloquial narration. Evident marks of a too zealous haste mar the book.

"I have been asked," states the author, "to set forth my authority for writing 'The White Morning'; in other words, for daring to believe that a revolution conceived and engineered by women is possible in Germany." Mrs. Atherton explains that her authority is based on what she had an opportunity for observing during a seven years' residence in Munich. There she saw what seemed to be a pretty general discontent with marriage on the part of women of the intellectual class. The idea of its growing into a definite rebellion was Mrs. Atherton's own, although since the novel was begun confirmation of the possibility has come in two articles published in this country, one by Mr. A. C. Roth, ex-consul in Plauen, and another by Herr J. Koetiggen, a refugee from Germany whose article appeared in the New York "Chronicle" in November. No one can question the sincerity of Mrs. Atherton's prophecy—propaganda, for obvious reasons, it cannot be. It is clearly one of several good guesses as to what is just now in Pandora's box—Germany. More than one writer has also laid claim to a private peep. And our hope is father to the thought that Mrs. Atherton may be correct in her surmise.

The angels of Mons might testify that in "The Terror" (McBride; $1.25) Arthur Machen knows how to play with states of mind, especially credulity. In this case he has added to credulity, horror. He mentions one dreadful event after another in an offhand manner—murders and sudden death in a war-swept and terrorized England. Each one he orients with the matter-of-fact exactitude of newspaper narration. He reports suspicions and surmises about these horrors, even to the conversation of bores. He goes so far as to gag the British press on the subject, this being one of the most realistic touches in the book. He pretends himself to be humbly ignorant; he cannot account for the mysterious horror that has descended on the land. All this is to sustain the mood. A few characters are sketched in to enrich the picture. For those who love mystery and that titillation of the emotions that comes of something dreadful about to be explained, who have, too, some craving for the lurid as it is to be found in good description of crime and sudden death, "The Terror" will have fascination. Its imaginative quality—halfway between the exaggeration of gossip and the extravagance of tradition—gives it its slight value. But it remains a sketch, an exercise in evoking horror, which is so well done as to leave nothing to be said in its favor.

"Four Days," by Hetty Hemenway (Little, Brown; 50 cts.), is yet another record of the intensity which these years of war have brought—a record of a snatched bit of honeymoon, a torn uniform, a few poignant days of sunshine, the bitter brevity of the parting. Originally published as a short story in the "Atlantic Monthly," it does not, in book form, wholly justify the striking impression that it first made. In other words, although clear and coherent and tragic, it is not the type of story that gains by re-reading.

Cecil Sommers's "Temporary Heroes" (Lane), a series of letters from the front during a period of eighteen months, is notable for two things: the letters are readable; and, though probably true, they are not horrible. One suspects the author of indulging a proclivity for amusing description, but at the expense merely of time. Surely in the rush of horrors there should be appreciation for this light-hearted chronicle of the trenches.

Casual Comment

For printing a poem in place of a leading article there is no precedent in the history of The Dial, but in so doing the publisher feels that he is living up to his declared editorial policy: "to try to meet the challenge of the new time by reflecting and interpreting its spirit—a spirit freely experimental, skeptical of inherited values, ready to examine old dogmas and to submit afresh its sanctions to the test of experience." The publisher believes that "The Young World" is of the utmost significance at the present time in that it gives so vivid an expression to a spirit which many of us already see emerging from the war conflict, the spirit of internationalism. There are rumors on every side of spiritual awakening . . . even we in America have not been unmoved. In such crises the poet is the truest prophet. In this connection it is interesting to quote Ralph Adams Cram, who says in his recently published "The Substance of Gothic": "Unless there is behind him [the artist] a communal self-consciousness, unless the air is quick with the impulses and desires of a whole people eager for the expression of their own spiritual experiences and emotions . . . then the art of the individual, however great he may be, is a fond thing, vainly imagined, and no part of any life save only his own." It is not too soon even now to anticipate this social self-consciousness which the war will bring to America. Once that consciousness has become articulate, it will be served only by those who move unflinchingly forward toward the future.

• • •

A sane wartime economy is urged by the "Publishers' Weekly" in its recent summary of the 1917 book field. Now is the time, says the editor, to resist the fetish of the *new* book Sharper and sharper competition in the production of novelties has brought the bookseller to the point where "he dares not order all that a new book might warrant for fear that a newer book will take the wind out of its sales before his counters are cleared." The publisher, too, can scarcely "give each new title a push" into the hazardous world before he must father its successor. And the reader, it should be added, is increasingly harassed by the fear that if for a moment he relax vigilance some deserving volume, thus orphaned, may slip past him into oblivion. Such conditions, observes the "Weekly," make the business of publishing (and of reading) one of "continual speculation and waste." Now that production is somewhat reduced and fiction is selling less than non-fiction, so that time is less of the essence of the business, publishers have an opportunity to guide their children through the mischances of a life that need not be so brief. Let them "carry on 1917 into 1918"—and beyond; let them distribute emphasis more impartially between the newer and the older members of their families; in short, while they are making a market for today's book let them remember to extend the market for the excellent book of yesterday. The responsibility for this economy must rest upon the publishers' advertising; but its benefits would reach beyond the dealer and the publisher himself, in whom the "Weekly" is professionally interested, to every reader whose pleasure or profit interests him in the conservation of good books.

• • •

The Russian revolution has now practically completed the first year of its erratic and thrilling progress. So speedily do we adapt ourselves today to new social conditions that already the autocratic Russia of romance and fiction seems something of the dim legendary past. For the historian and psychologist the sudden collapse of the older myths about Russia and the formation of new ones must be a fascinating contemporary record of how ideas and concepts about a nation are destroyed and remade. Very likely the immediate picture of Russia as a country torn to pieces by anarchy, violence, and fanatical ideas is as false to reality as the picture in the popular melodramas of ten years ago. Even in peace-time it is not easy to get a cool, historical perspective; in time of war, almost the attempt alone seems presumptuous. Yet it is an attempt worth making. For some sense of the movement of history would probably have checked us, at the beginning of the revolution, from indulging in too fantastic hopes for a speedy Russian utopia, just as some sense of the movement of history would probably today check us from too great a despair at the current course of events. Let us remember that nations seldom die when they have the vitality for anarchy.

• • •

The report on reconstruction after the war, prepared by the sub-committee of the British Labor party, is a document of remarkable eloquence and vigor. Compared with this clear and courageous programme for a new social order, the tepid and rhetorical generalizations about the necessity for coöperation and burying the hatchet between capital and labor for the period of the war, which have emanated from American Labor organizations, seem really pitiful. Is there no boldness, no intellectual back-bone, no social thinking in the leaders of American Labor?

Could a passage like the following be found in any of their pronunciamentos?

> It [the Labor party] calls for more warmth in politics, for much less apathetic acquiesence in the miseries that exist, for none of the cynicism which saps the life of leisure. On the other hand, the Labor party has no beliefs in any of the problems of the world being solved by good will alone. Good will without knowledge is warmth without light. Especially in all the complexities of politics, in the still undeveloped science of society, the Labor party stands for increased study, for the scientific investigation of each succeeding problem, for the deliberate organization of research, and for a much more rapid dissemination among the whole people of all the science that exists. . . No labor party can hope to maintain its position unless its proposals are, in fact, the outcome of the best political science of its time; or to fulfil its purpose unless that science is continually wresting new fields from human ignorance.

Obviously this passage was not written by a Welsh miner or a Liverpool dock-worker, and perhaps the clue to the discouraging feebleness and conventionality of the social vision of American Labor lies ultimately in that simple fact. Between the British laborer and the intellectual man, the scientist, the Oxford or Cambridge radical, the scholar like Graham Wallas, the publicists like Ramsey Macdonald and J. A. Hobson, the patient investigator like Sydney Webb, the mathematician and philosopher like Bertrand Russell, the artist and poet like John Masefield, the popular novelist like Wells, the satirist like Shaw—between men of this type and the British laborer there has always been a friendly rapprochement. For example, the "Home University Library" series, selling for a shilling a volume, brought art and science and history and religion to the humblest household. The men and women who wrote these books knew how to be popular without becoming patronizing; they could be informative without also being dull. Since the nineties, too, it had been a kind of tradition for the young radical to join some wing of the Socialist party or the I. L. P. The leaders of the Labor party, although at first the mere business agents for selfish and snobbish crafts unions, came more and more to look to the liberal university men for guidance and help instead of regarding them suspiciously as the special pleaders for a privileged class. Socialism was a living theory then, not the doctrinaire rigidness of immigrants and the industrially exploited, as too often with us. British Labor leaders had less and less of our morbid fear of the "highbrow." Even before the war there was the beginning of a genuine alliance between those who worked with their hands and those who worked with their brain. Since the war, accompanying the accelerating deliquescence of traditional Liberalism, the Labor party has grown not merely in political power and actual membership but in steadiness of purpose, in the power to think and plan constructively, in wise and temperedly radical leadership. This programme for reconstruction is the fine result of the growth and union of those enlightened and vital forces. It is the programme at last for a real democracy.

. . .

Now if this highly effective alliance between the intellectuals and the laborites in England has its obvious political and moral lesson for American trade-unionism, it has equally a lesson for the American professor. Not only must our own labor organizations "go into politics" with a purpose and a programme and remodel their antiquated craft-unionism structure, but our own university men must make a more vigorous attempt to establish a real political and intellectual partnership with the leaders of organized labor. The time is now ripe for the organization of some kind of non-exclusive Labor party, with a touch of healthy opportunism in politics perhaps, yet with a definite, conscious programme. Such a party might utilize the brains of the Socialist party, the scientific help of the university men; capitalize the discontent of the middle class; get vitality and direction from the trade-unions. Already our professorial type tends more and more to the timid recluse, the jejune well-mannered and over-cultivated. Our Labor organizations still think mostly of the main chance for themselves, still regard politics as a game where clever bargainers know how to gain special legislative privileges. Our Socialists still shriek in impotent, dogmatic rage, garnering the votes of the miserable and the disinherited. Have we no leaders with the wisdom and ability to gather these forces together and focus them on a common democratic purpose?

. . .

The incorrigible anthologist, like the confirmed toper, is never without plausible occasions for indulging his vice. Though the day of unblushing lists of "the hundred best books" now seems as remote as the day of the candid remark that passed between the governors of the Carolinas, listing no more abates in the face of outraged public opinion than (unless statistics lie and there is no truth in eye-opened witnesses) alcoholic consumption diminishes in the congenial, but now "dry," Southland. The devotee has merely transferred more and more of his ingenuity from the compiling of lists to the devising of new occasions for lists. It was a genius in his day who first posed that seductive query, "If you were cast away on a desert isle what score of books would you select . . .?" How many of us escaped his lure? But we are warier now and will not be intrigued by any but the most cunning adepts at the vice. One such has

"It's a Queer Feller

seen by a queerer feller." Such is Mr. Tarkington's good-humored description of Mr. Holliday's new book. A striking portrait of the man and a keen analysis of his work, without any of the hero-worship that sometimes crops out in such books. Booth Tarkington's progress is traced from the spacious Princeton days to the later Penrod era. There are enlightening anecdotes galore and engaging passages of critical insight. You will realize why this man has gathered one of the most enviable followings in America when you read

BOOTH TARKINGTON

***By* Robert Cortes Holliday**

Net, $1.25

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. DP&C **GARDEN CITY NEW YORK**

lately drawn up a full net from the sophisticated waters of the New York "Sun." His technique is inimitable:

Sir: You were choosing, let us suppose, some books to put on a guest room shelf. . . Many of your guests are of the male sex and have the habit of reading in bed. You keep a reading lamp by the bed, of course, and a bookshelf. What thirty volumes. . .? May I tell you my. . .?

The thing is diabolical! It is not enough to pillory this offender—Mr. Christopher Morley, Oxonian, author of "Songs for a Little House," and (so brazen is the cult!) an editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal"; such crimes evoke emulators. The wise, therefore, are hereby warned to give neither comfort nor aid to anyone soliciting help in the selection of "a simple library —say three score titles—for the butler's pantry" . . . or "a shelf of thrillers for the telephone booth, to while away the hours of waiting" . . . or "a half dozen duodecimos, on India paper, for the bird house under the eaves."

• • •

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE SAMMIES in France appears in a recent number of "Inter-America," a new monthly magazine of Pan-Americanism published by Doubleday, Page and Company which is printed alternately in Spanish and in English. The quotation is from an article by Antonio G. de Linares, Paris correspondent of the Argentine "Caras y Caretas":

Large, slow, phlegmatic, the Americans filed through the streets of the city without being affected in the least by the "parade."

They are countrymen or sportive citizens, dressed rather as cowboys than as soldiers, and they savor of the Far West. Among them there is no display of gold lace, no fine trimmings, and barely an oak leaf, an eagle, or a star shows on their collars or shoulders to indicate their rank. They are strong and healthy, and they are not warlike. They give the impression of being good, frank, well trained boys; and they will get themselves killed—since this is what they came for—and they will die in the Dantesque waste of *No Man's Land* with great valor and with ever greater surprise, while seeking with their almost infantile blue eyes the maternal bosom of their native heavens and the soft horizon of the prairies.

• • •

THE GOLD MEDAL of the National Institute of Arts and Letters returns to sculpture after nine years. It was first awarded to Augustus Saint-Gaudens; it now comes to Daniel Chester French. Meanwhile, however, it has almost as often gone out into the by-ways and hedges as it has decorated men whom the nation must delight to honor—Riley, Howells, or Sargent. Perhaps it only imitates the inscrutable ballot of election. This year Franklin Henry Giddings, Edward Sheldon, Frank Vincent Dumond, Frederick Law Olmsted, Douglas Volk, and John Alden Carpenter have become immortal.

COMMUNICATION

BOOKS ON PALESTINE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The recent capture of Jerusalem by the British and the declaration of the British government in favor of the reëstablishment of a Jewish state in Palestine has created a great revival of interest in books bearing on the Holy Land and the world-wide movement among the Jews to recover their homeland. The Jews of the United States are raising a fund to restore Palestine and accomplish the repatriation of their people. It is predicted that a great revival of Hebrew culture will follow the reëstablishment.

A list of easily obtainable books published in English in recent years, dealing with Palestine and its people, and describing the modern Jewish colonies already established in Palestine, may interest your readers:

"Palestine, the Rebirth of an Ancient People." By Albert M. Hyamson; Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

"Zionism and the Jewish Future." By various writers, edited by H. Sacher; John Murray, London, 1917.

"Zionism—Problems and Views." By P. Goodman and Arthur D. Lewis; T. F. Unwin, Ltd., London, 1916.

"Recent Jewish Progress in Palestine." By Henrietta Szold; Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, 1915.

"Zionist Pamphlets." London, 1915. Published by "The Zionist."

"Zionism." By Richard Gottheil; Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, 1914.

"Palestine and the Jews." By F. G. Jannaway; Birmingham, 1914.

"The Haskalah Movement." By Jacob S. Raisin; Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, 1913.

"Jews of Today." By Dr. Arthur Ruppin. Translated from the German by Margery Bentwich, with an introduction by Joseph Jacobs; G. Bell and Sons, London, 1913.

"Zionist Work in Palestine." By various authorities, edited by Israel Cohen; Judæan Publishing Co., New York, 1912.

"The Story of Jerusalem." (Historical.) By Sir C. M. Watson; J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, 1912.

"The Land That Is Desolate." By Sir Frederick Treves; E. P. Dutton & Co., 1912.

"Palestine and its Transformation." By Ellsworth Huntington; Houghton Mifflin Co., 1911.

"Selected Essays." By A. Ginsberg (Achad Ha'am); Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, 1910.

"The Historical Biography of the Holy Land." (16th edition.) By George Adam Smith; London, 1910.

"A Jewish State." By Theodor Herzl; D. Nutt, London, 1896.

HAROLD KELLOCK.

Provisional Executive Committee
For General Zionist Affairs
New York City.

RECENT BOOKS
YOU SHOULD EXAMINE

The United States and the War. The Mission to Russia. Political Addresses
By the Honorable ELIHU ROOT $2.50
Of special interest are those speeches indicating the attitude of the United States to the war, both before and after her entrance into it, and the addresses delivered by Mr. Root as head of the Mission to Russia. All of his public utterances in that capacity are included.

Norman Institutions
By CHARLES HOMER HASKINS, Gurney Professor of History and Political Science and Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in Harvard University. Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. XXIV. $2.75
A comprehensive study of the institutions of Normandy in the formative period, considered particularly in relation to the development of English law and institutions.

Trade and Navigation between Spain and the Indies in the Time of the Hapsburgs
By CLARENCE HENRY HARING, Assistant Professor of History in Yale University. Harvard Economic Studies, Vol. XIX. Special stress is laid upon the period of the Catholic Kings and Charles V. $2.25

The State Tax Commission
By HARLEY LEIST LUTZ, Professor of Economics in Oberlin College. Harvard Economic Studies, Vol. XVII. $2.75
An investigation of the actual operation of the state taxing systems under the guidance and direction of such tax commissions as became popular about 1891. The emphasis is placed upon methods and results.

The Russian Revolution
By SAMUEL N. HARPER, ALEXANDER PETRONKEVITCH, FRANK A. GOLDER, and ROBERT J. KERNER. *Ready in March*
Papers presented at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association, 1917.

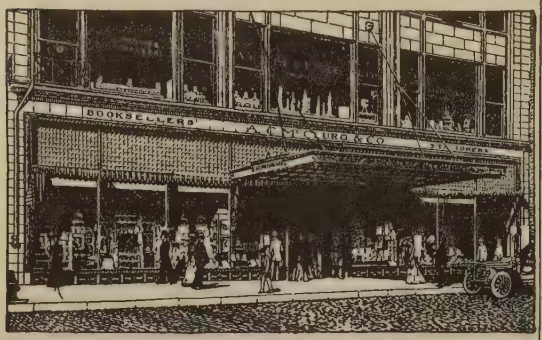
The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri
The Italian Text with a Translation into English Blank Verse and a Commentary. By COURTNEY LANGDON, Professor of the Romance Languages and Literature in Brown University. Vol. I. Inferno. $2.50
The first of four volumes which should prove extremely satisfactory to modern readers.

The Self and Nature
By DE WITT H. PARKER, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. $2.00
"An earnest and suggestive study of some of the basic problems of metaphysics."—*Philosophical Review.*

At all leading bookstores

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

23 Randall Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 280 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other book-dealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

Special Library Service

We conduct a department devoted entirely to the interests of Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities. Our Library Department has made a careful study of library requirements, and is equipped to handle all library orders with accuracy, efficiency and despatch. This department's long experience in this special branch of the book business, combined with our unsurpassed book stock, enable us to offer a library service not excelled elsewhere. We solicit correspondence from Librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

Retail Store, 218 to 224 South Wabash Avenue

Library Department and Wholesale Offices:
330 to 352 East Ohio Street

Chicago

Notes and News

James Oppenheim, whose poem "The Young World" leads this issue of The Dial, is the author of several volumes of fiction and verse. His better known books of poetry have been: "Monday Morning, and Other Poems" (1909), "The Pioneers" (a play in verse, 1910), and "Songs for the New Age" (1914). In March Huebsch will issue another collection, which will include and take its title from "The Young World." Mr. Oppenheim has been a frequent contributor to periodicals and was editor of "The Seven Arts."

C. K. Trueblood is a graduate in science of both Earlham and Haverford colleges. In 1915 he received an A.M. from Harvard. He is now an instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin.

The other contributors to this issue have previously appeared in the columns of The Dial.

January 17 this column published an announcement by The Poetry-Lovers of New York City regarding a prize contest in which Ridgely Torrence was included among the judges. Mr. Torrence writes that he is not serving in that capacity.

Harper & Bros. have announced "A History of Architecture," by Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell.

Sully & Kleinteich, publishers, have now become George Sully & Co. Their address is 373 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Rand McNally & Co. are the publishers of a vest-pocket manual on "The United States Army, Facts and Insignia," by Valdemar Paulsen.

The cumulated annual "Readers' Guide" for 1917 is just off the press of the H. W. Wilson Co. The Dial is among the periodicals regularly indexed in the "Guide."

Stanton & Van Vliet are offering "Aeroplane Construction and Operation," by John B. Rathbun —a manual for constructors, students, aero-mechanics, flight officers, and schools.

"The Pilgrims of Hawaii," an account of the first American missionaries in the Pacific islands, by Rev. Orramel Hinckley Gulick and his wife, has just been published by the Revell Co.

The World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York, have recently published a blank-book designed to assist farmers in keeping necessary daily records, the "Farm Diary," designed by E. H. Thomson.

March 1 the Association Press, which prints general religious works and some fiction as well as the publications of the Y. M. C. A., will move to the new Equitable Trust Building, 45th Street at Madison Avenue, New York.

Mr. Christian D. Larson announces that in March "Eternal Progress" will resume publication. It will appear monthly from San Francisco. Communications should be addressed to Mr. Larson at 210 Post Street.

Edgar Middleton, author of "Airfare of Today and of the Future" (Scribners), plans to accompany the aviator Herbert Sykes in a projected flight from London to New York by aeroplane. They expect to leave Feltham, Middlesex, at dawn and reach New York before dark.

H. M. Kallen's series of papers on "The Structure of Lasting Peace," which are concluded in this number of THE DIAL, are to be issued in book form by Marshall Jones this spring. Next month Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish his "Book of Job," a Greek tragedy.

"Great Britain at War" is the title under which Jeffery Farnol has collected his pen pictures of the French battle-fields, the grand fleet, the training camps, and the English munition plants and shipyards which he has visited. The volume will shortly be brought out by Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Philip Goodman announces that the title of H. L. Mencken's volume which he will publish March 15 has been changed from "Forty-Nine Little Essays" to "Damn! A Book of Calumny." Mr. Goodman has another Mencken book listed for May 1—"The Infernal Feminine."

E. P. Dutton & Co. now have ready the second volume of James Ward's "History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting," which is devoted to Italian art from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. The third volume will continue with Italian art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The "Collected Works" of Padraic Pearse will be issued in this country next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., who also announce three March additions to their "New Commonwealth Series": "The World of States," by C. Delisle Burns; "The Church in the Commonwealth," by Richard Roberts; and "Freedom," by Gilbert Cannan.

The Page Co. have issued this month two additions to their "See America First" Series: "Florida, the Land of Enchantment," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies," by Mae Lucy Baggs. For spring publication they announce a novel of business life, "Dawson Black," by Prof. Harold Whitehead of Boston University.

Mrs. F. L. Coolidge has offered a prize of $1000 for the best original string quartet submitted in a competition to be judged by Franz Kneisel, Frederick A. Stock, Georges Longy, Kurn Schindler, and Hugo Kortschak. Inquiries should be addressed to Mr. Kortschak at Aeolian Hall, New York.

Among the books promised on the spring list of the Yale University Press are: "The Method of Henry James," by Joseph Warren Beach; "The History of Henry Fielding," by Wilbur L. Cross; "An Outline Sketch of English Constitutional History," by George Burton Adams; "The Processes of History," by Frederick J. Teggert; and "Human Nature and Its Remaking," by William Ernest Hocking.

Last year St. Andrew's University, Edinburgh, established prizes for essays on prayer. The first competition brought out 1700 contestants and the five prizes were divided between England, India, Switzerland, and America. The American winner ($500) was the Rev. Samuel McComb of Baltimore, author of "A Book of Prayers," of which Dodd, Mead & Co. recently got out a new edition.

OLD STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD

LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

By OCTAVIA ROBERTS

Illustrations by LESTER G. HORNBY

The author of this notable book is a native of Springfield, Illinois. From her childhood, she has been steeped in traditions and anecdotes of Lincoln's life there, and by good fortune has recently obtained a manuscript diary kept by a neighbor of Lincoln's during his Springfield life, which contains many vivid pen pictures of the President. From this material and from her own memories and investigations, she has constructed a most interesting, readable, and illuminating book.

Recognizing the importance of the material, Mr. Lester G. Hornby, the famous illustrator, consented to go to Illinois and make for the book a permanent pictorial record of the scenes associated with Lincoln. The result is a volume as attractive as it is important, and one that has fixed for all time—pictorially and textually—the details of Lincoln's life in Illinois.

Royal 8vo, Large-Paper Edition, limited to 1,000 copies for sale, at $5.00 *net*, each.

Other Recent and Notable Books on Lincoln

HONEST ABE
By ALONZO ROTHSCHILD
Illustrated. $2.00 *net*

LINCOLN: MASTER OF MEN
By ALONZO ROTHSCHILD
With frontispiece. $1.75 *net*

UNCOLLECTED LETTERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Now first brought together by GILBERT TRACY. With introduction by IDA M. TARBELL. With photogravure frontispiece.
$2.50 *net*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE LAWYER-STATESMAN
By JOHN T. RICHARDS
Illustrated. $3.00 *net*

Houghton Mifflin Company
Boston and New York

BUSINESS BOOKS

Business books are helping to solve the economic problems caused by the war. Men and women everywhere are seeking practical help to carry on increased business with fewer workers. The demand for helpful books has quadrupled within the year.

D. Appleton & Company publish the business books people want. Pioneers in the field, they have built up a great, varied list of authoritative, up-to-date PRACTICAL books. Every branch of business is represented. Every librarian, every teacher of business subjects, every business man and woman will find it profitable to examine the Appleton list. Write to D. Appleton & Company, 35 West 32d Street, New York, for a copy of their special Business Book Catalog. Appleton Business Books may be had at all booksellers.

When You Think of Business Books Think of APPLETONS'

"A Philadelphia Pepys"

The Homely Diary of a Diplomat in the East

By THOMAS S. HARRISON

THE author of this delightful volume was American Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Egypt in the late nineties. A man of means and culture, with a charming wife, he had a high position in diplomatic society at one of the most cosmopolitan of capitals, and this fresh and intimate record of experiences and of his acquaintance with many notabilities makes a most readable narrative.

"The student of social history, browsing through the libraries of the year 2020, who discovers Colonel Harrison's Homely Diary will exclaim with delight at the treasures he will find buried there."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Lavishly illustrated. $5.00 net. At all bookstores

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Boston **New York**

Joseph Pennell's "Pictures of War Work in America," the publication of which has been delayed from December, is among the forthcoming Lippincott books. "The Training and Rewards of the Physician," by Richard C. Cabot, and "The Organization of Thought," by A. N. Whitehead, are announced for early publication by the same house.

Late this month Henry Holt & Co. are issuing "Leon Trotzky as Revealed in his Writings and Life," which will contain a translation of his "Our Revolution" (secretly published in Petrograd before the revolution), his essays and articles written between 1904 and 1917, and a biography and notes by the translator, M. J. Olgin, author of "The Soul of the Russian Revolution."

Another new book which reflects recent history in Russia is "The Life and Confessions of the Mad Monk, Iliodor—Sergius M. Trufanoff," which the Century Co. publishes. Father Iliodor prepared Rasputin for the priesthood and was for several years the friend and confidant of the "holy devil." Later on he discovered the latter's intrigues and led a campaign against him, for which he was unfrocked and imprisoned. He escaped to Norway and is now living in New York.

The mid-February Houghton Mifflin list included "Lincoln in Illinois," by Octavia Roberts, in a limited, large paper edition illustrated by Lester G. Hornby; the "Life of Naomi Norsworthy," of Teachers College, by Frances Caldwell Higgins; a new book of verse by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, "The Door of Dreams"; and another contribution to the rapidly growing literature about contemporary Russia—"Trapped in Black Russia," by Ruth Pierce, who was for six weeks detained as a spy.

Upton Sinclair has issued the first number of a monthly magazine "to advocate a just and permanent peace settlement." It is called "Upton Sinclair's" and is issued from his home at Pasadena, California. In this magazine he will publish serially the sequel to "King Coal"—"The Coal War," a novel about the Colorado coal strike; and "The Profits of Religion, an Essay in Economic Interpretation," being a study of supernaturalism "as a source of income and a shield to privilege."

The following religious works are among those announced as nearly ready by Longmans, Green & Co.: "The Mount of Vision: Being a Study of Life in Terms of the Whole," by the Right Rev. Charles H. Brent; "The Cross," by Rev. Jesse Brett; "Christianity and Immortality," by Vernon F. Storr; "Religious Reality," by Rev. A. E. J. Rawlinson; "Social Problems and Christian Ideals," by a few Northern Churchmen.

Five years ago "The Publishers' Weekly" prepared its list of 1200 private book collectors. Two years later the work was extended to 1800 names; and an alphabetical list, as well as an index to the various subjects represented by the collectors, was added to the geographical arrangement. For fall publication another revision is planned, to bring the list down to date. Book collectors not hitherto included, if they desire to be registered—with their hobbies—should write to the "Weekly" at 241 West 37th Street, New York.

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 81 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

THE WAR.

The United States and the War; The Mission to Russia; Political Addresses. By Elihu Root. Collected and edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott. 8vo, 362 pages. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

The Voices of Our Leaders. A Collection of Addresses Delivered by Statesmen of the United States and her Allies in the Great War. Compiled by William Mather Lewis. Introduction by Secretary Baker. 16mo, 159 pages. Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge. $1.

South-Eastern Europe. By Vladislav R. Savic. Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. With frontispiece and map. 12mo, 276 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

A Diary of the Russian Revolution. By James Houghteling, Jr. Illustrated, 12mo, 195 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Our Schools in War Time—and After. By Arthur D. Dean. Illustrated, 12mo, 335 pages. Ginn & Co. $1.25.

A Second Diary of the Great Warr. From January, 1916 to June, 1917. By Sam'l Pepys, Jun'r., Esquire, M. A. With effigies by John Kettelwell. 12mo, 304 pages. John Lane Co. Boards. $1.50.

Cavalry of the Clouds. By "Contact" (Capt. Alan Bott). With an introduction by Major-General W. S. Brancker. 12mo, xxii + 266 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

Headquarters Nights. By Vernon Kellogg. 12mo, 116 pages. Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.

Conscript 2989. Experiences of a Drafted Man. Illustrated, 12mo, 124 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.

Camion Letters. From American College Men, Volunteer Drivers of the American Field Service, 1917. 12mo, 100 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.

Army French. By Ernest H. Wilkins and Algernon Coleman. 16mo, 186 pages. University of Chicago Press. Paper. 40 cts.

The University of Louvain and Its Library. By Theodore Wesley Koch. Illustrated brochure, 12mo, 28 pages, paper. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

A Bibliography of the War Cripple. Compiled by Douglas C. McMurtie. 8vo, 41 pages. The Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men. Paper.

FICTION.

My Uncle Benjamin. By Claude Tillier. Translated by Adele Szold Seltzer. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. Boni & Liveright. $1.60.

Children of Passage. By Frederick Watson. 12mo, 308 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

A Family of Noblemen. By Mikhaïl Y. Saltykov (N. Shchedrin). Translated by A. Yarmolinsky. 12mo, 422 pages. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

Impossible People. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. 12mo, 332 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The Lost Naval Papers. By Bennet Copplestone. 12mo, 286 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Eastern Red. By Helen Huntington. 12mo, 289 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Revoke. By W. de Veer. 12mo, 343 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.

The Girl from Keller's. By Harold Bindloss. With frontispiece. 12mo, 328 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.40.

Gudrid the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. 12mo, 262 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35.

His Daughter. By Gouverneur Morris. With frontispiece. 12mo, 326 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

Humanity and the Mysterious Knight. By Mack Stauffer. 12mo, 295 pages. Roxburgh Publishing Co. $1.35.

The Great Modern French Stories. A Chronological Anthology. Compiled and edited by Willard Huntington Wright. 12mo, 409 pages. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

The Path of Error, and Other Stories. By Joseph M. Meirovitz. 16mo, 128 pages. The Four Seas Co. $1.

The Finding of Norah. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. 16mo, 94 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts.

"Better than Bombs!"

says Eleanor Gates, playwright and novelist, about

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S

stirring new novel

THE

WHITE MORNING

"What better material for propaganda in the Kaiser's realm could the United States desire than Gertrude Atherton's new novel? Better than bombs! This volume will do more good than its author will ever guess, or her publishers be able to trace." *Net $1.00.*

THE HOUSE OF CONRAD

By ELIAS TOBENKIN

Author of "Witte Arrives."

What America has done to the German brand of socialism that came to our shores in the '60's and how the labor movement, once nearly dominated by foreigners, has become a truly American movement, are vividly shown in a novel that is as interesting as it is significant. *Net $1.50.*

THE GIRL FROM KELLER'S

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Author of "Carmen's Messenger," etc.

In this vital story of pioneer grit conquering the wilderness, Harold Bindloss has excelled his previous novels of the Northwest. He tells of swift action, and alert men and women turning success into failure in the bracing atmosphere of the Great Northwest. *Net $1.40.*

MISTRESS OF MEN

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL

Author of "On the Face of the Waters," "Marmaduke," etc.

The glamour of India is the background of Mrs. Steel's new novel, one that is told with all the skill that gave "On the Face of the Waters" such fascination. *Net $1.40.*

ARMY AND NAVY UNIFORMS AND INSIGNIA

By COL. DION WILLIAMS

Absolutely the standard book on the subject—every detail of the uniforms and insignia, medals and ribbons, flags, ensigns and pennants of the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps, etc., and of every nation at war fully described and illustrated. 117 full-page illustrations and 8 full color pages. *Net $1.50.*

LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER

By RICHARDSON WRIGHT

Author of "The Russians: An Interpretation," etc.

Inspiring letters of a wise, kindly elder brother with a big heart and great mind to a mother whose son is at the front. This is the mother's manual of arms, her handbook of courage in the face of despondency and doubt. *Net $1.00.*

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1905*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.
W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.
Book Buyers
who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

Books of all Publishers
Immense stocks and location in the publishing center of the country enable us to fill promptly large or small orders for books of all kinds, including latest fiction and war books.
Catalogues on request.
The Baker & Taylor Co.
Wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers
354 Fourth Ave. New York At 26th Street

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray; The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. 12mo, 366 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The Master Builder, Pillars of Society, Hedda Gabler. By Henrik Ibsen. (Modern Library Series.) With frontispiece, 16mo, 305 pages. Boni & Liveright. Limp croft leather. 60 cts.

Anatol, and Other Plays. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. (Modern Library Series.) With frontispiece, 16mo, 226 pages. Boni & Liveright. Limp croft leather. 60 cts.

Robin Goodfellow, and Other Fairy Plays for Children. By Netta Syrett. 16mo, 139 pages. John Lane Co.

Dreams and Images. An Anthology of Catholic Poets. Edited by Joyce Kilmer. 12mo, 286 pages. Boni & Liveright.

The Poets of the Future. A College Anthology for 1916-1917. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. 12mo, 320 pages. Stratford Co. $1.50.

A Manual of Mystic Verse. Being a choice of meditative and mystic poems made and annotated by Louise Collier Willcox. E. P. Dutton & Co. 16mo, 296 pages. $1.25.

The Unseen House, and Other Poems. By Sylvester Baxter. Limited edition, autographed. 8vo, 64 pages. The Four Seas Co.

November: Poems in War Time. By Henry Bryan Binns. 12mo, 119 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Renascence, and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. 12mo, 73 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.

The Door of Dreams. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. 16mo, 63 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

Songs of Hafiz. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. 16mo, 76 pages. The Four Seas Co. $1.

Songs of the Great Adventure. By Luke North. 16mo, 159 pages. Golden Press, Los Angeles.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Story of the Scots Stage. By Robb Lawson. Illustrated, 12mo, 303 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Some Modern Novelists. Appreciations and Estimates. By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. 12mo, 368 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

A Book of Prefaces. By H. L. Mencken. 12mo, 283 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Booth Tarkington. By Robert C. Holliday. Illustrated, 12mo, 218 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

The Confessions of a Browning Lover. By John Walker Powell. 12mo, 248 pages. Abingdon Press. $1.

One Young Soldier. (Formerly published as "The Song of the Rappahannock.") By Ira Seymour Dodd. 12mo, 253 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.

Le Peuple de L'Action. Essai sur l'Idéalisme Américain. By Gustave Rodrigues. With an introduction by J. Mark Baldwin. 12mo, 248 pages. Librairie Armand Colin, Paris. 3fr. 50.

Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry. With frontispiece and bibliography. 12mo, 31 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. Boards.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Virgin Islands of the United States of America. By Luther K. Zabriskie. Illustrated, 8vo, 339 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

Balkan Home Life. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. Illustrated, 8vo, 309 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.

A Year in Russia. By Maurice Baring. Revised Edition. 12mo, 296 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

The Desert. Further Studies in Natural Appearances. By John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated, 12mo, 233 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies. ("See America First" Series.) By Mae Lacy Baggs. Illustrated in colors, 8vo, 380 pages. The Page Co. Boxed. $3.50.

Florida, the Land of Enchantment. ("See America First" Series.) By Nevin O. Winter. Illustrated. 8vo, 380 pages. The Page Co. Boxed. $3.50.

Analytical and Critical Bibliography of the Tribes of Tierra Del Fuego and Adjacent Territory. Being Bulletin 63 of the Bureau of American Ethnology. By John M. Cooper. With map. 8vo, 233 pages. Government Printing Office.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

France, England, and European Democracy. 1215-1915. By Charles Cestre. Translated by Leslie M. Turner. 8vo, 354 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A Short History of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. 12mo, 510 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.90.

Denmark and Sweden. With Iceland and Finland. (Story of the Nations Series.) By Jon Stefansson. With a preface by Viscount Bryce. Illustrated, 12mo, 378 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Discovery of America. 1492-1584. Edited by P. F. Alexander Illustrated, 12mo, 212 pages. Cambridge University Press. 3s.

The Petition of Right. By Frances Helen Relf. 8vo, 74 pages. University of Minnesota. Paper. 75 cts.

Lord Lister. By Sir Rickman John Godlee, Bt., K.C.V.O., M.S., F. R.C.S. Illustrated, 8vo, 696 pages. Illustrated, 8vo, 696 pages. Macmillan Co. $6.

Thomas Woolner, R. A., Sculptor and Poet. His Life in Letters. By his daughter, Amy Woolner. Illustrated, 8vo, 370 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.

The Homely Diary of a Diplomat in the East, 1897-1899. By Thomas Skelton Harrison. With a foreword by Sara Yorke Stevenson. Illustrated, 8vo, xxix+364 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

The Life of Naomi Norsworthy. By Frances Caldwell Higgins. With frontispiece. 12mo, 243 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. 8vo, 606 pages. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Problems of Self. By John Laird. 8vo, 375 pages. The Macmillan Co. $3.

On the Threshold of the Unseen. By Sir William F. Barrett. Introduction by James H. Hyslop. 12mo, 336 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Man's Supreme Inheritance. Conscious Guidance and Control in the Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization. By F. Matthias Alexander. With an introductory word by John Dewey. 12mo, xvii + 354 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Moral Values. A Study of the Principles of Conduct. By Walter Goodnow Everett. 8vo, 452 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Religions of the Past and Present. Lectures by Members of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by Dr. J. A. Montgomery. 12mo, 425 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.

The Psalms and Other Sacred Writings. Their Origin, Contents, and Significance. (Biblical Introduction Series.) By Frederick Carl Eiselen. 12mo, 348 pages. The Methodist Book Concern. $1.75.

Companions of the Way. A Handbook of Religion for Beginners. By Rev. Edward M. Chapman. 12mo, 192 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

The Master Quest. By Will Scranton Woodhull. 12mo, 186 pages. Abingdon Press. 75 cts.

The Haskell Gospels. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. First Series—Volume II, Part 5. 8vo, 16 pages. University of Chicago Press. Paper. 25 cts.

Sir Oliver Lodge IS Right. By Grace Garrett Durand. With frontispiece. 12mo, 64 pages. Privately printed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fieldbook of Insects. By Frank E. Lutz. Illustrated, 16mo, 509 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Boxed. $2.50.

Home Vegetables and Small Fruits. Their Culture and Preservation. By Frances Duncan. Illustrated, 12mo, 193 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.40.

A Home Study Course in Health and Culture of Body and Mind. Prepared by Henry Wysham Lanier from the rules of the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute. Illustrated, 8vo, 15 lessons separately bound in paper. Review of Reviews Co., New York.

The Water Works System of Chicago. Report prepared by the Chicago Bureau of Public Efficiency. Illustrated, 8vo, 207 pages. Paper.

Farm Diary. A Business Record and Account Book. 8vo, 410 pages. World Book Co. $1.50.

Dramatized Tales. A Select List. Brochure, 16mo, 23 pages. Brooklyn Public Library. Paper.

The Epic of Labor

PELLE THE CONQUEROR

By MARTIN NEXÖ

Former edition $6.00 net.
New two volume edition $4.00.
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

"One of the most momentous books which this century has so far produced."
—*Manchester Guardian*

"Possesses the literary qualities that burst the bonds of national boundaries."
—*Springfield Republican*

"The book is world-wide in its significance."
—*New York Tribune*

For a Limited Time Only!

THE DIAL will be sent for one year to new subscribers, together with the new two volume edition of "Pelle the Conqueror," on receipt of $4.00.

Seven Dollars Value for Four Dollars!

Present subscribers may send the subscription to a friend who is not at present a subscriber and receive the books themselves.

The Dial, 608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

Columbia University Press

(LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents)

New Catalogue of Meritorious Books Now Ready

AMERICAN BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS sent to any address, here or abroad

DIRECT IMPORTATION FROM ALL ALLIED AND NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

LEMCKE & BUECHNER (Established 1848)
30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

"RED RUTH"

Birth of Universal Brotherhood
By ANNA RATNER SHAPIRO

Romance Mystery Philosophy

The Journal-Courier, New Haven, Conn., says:
"This story is a noble and praiseworthy contribution. A fine love story is sandwiched in this pleasing book."

A. C. McClurg's Bulletin:
"The author's philosophy is inspiring—teaching the world the necessity for Universal Democracy and Brotherhood of Man." Price $1.35

For Sale at All Bookstores

Published by the
ARC PUBLISHING CO., 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

OUR REVOLUTION

By Leon Trotzky

ESSAYS ON WORKING CLASS AND INTERNATIONAL REVOLUTION (1904-1917)

Collected and translated, with biography and explanatory notes by MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, *author of "The Soul of the Russian Revolution."*

Ready immediately, $1.25 *net*

The reader may agree or disagree with Trotzky's views and acts, but these writings of his, which twelve years ago pictured an imaginary world, seem today but the history of an accomplished episode. They show a continuity of revolutionary doctrine unrealized by most of the world outside Russia, with which it behooves English readers to become acquainted.

This book contains the one English translation of the theoretical portions of Trotzky's book "Our Revolution" published in Russia in 1906 in defiance of censorship and immediately suppressed. This is Trotzky's clearest exposition of his views. The present translation is from one of but two or three copies of the original in America.

This volume includes, in addition: a brief biography (Mr. Olgin has known Trotzky intimately for ten years); essays written in 1904, before the abortive revolution of 1905; predicting revolution; an essay written ten days after the revolution of 1905; an essay on the Workingmen's Council of 1905 of which Trotzky was Chairman; the preface to Trotzky's "My Round Trip," an account of his exile to Siberia, expressing his ironclad certainty of a Russian revolution; and several essays written in New York before Trotzky left for Petrograd in July, 1917.

The Soul of the Russian Revolution

By Moissaye J. Olgin

This is virtually the first book from the inside, and is full of the color and interest of first-hand narrative. *Illustrated,* $2.50. *2nd printing*

"Merely to say that Mr. Olgin's book is the best of all that have appeared about the revolution in this country would be a very poor compliment. We must say that his work will be recognized as one of the best even in Russia."
—*Jewish Daily Forward*

"It is of vital importance to know the currents of democracy and revolution up to the outbreak of 1905, and from that time to the present day. The author has true dramatic power, and he treats the new thought and new aspiration of Russia as living forces." —*The Outlook*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 19 West 44th Street New York City

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO., CHICAGO.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

A Study of American Intolerance

PART ONE: THE UNACKNOWLEDGED HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

After we are through wringing our hands over our intolerance we shall still have to face the fact. We shall have to answer how it came about that a country which claims the highest development of democracy could at the same time be so crudely and often so savagely intolerant. We shall have to answer the unpleasant question of how mob rule, and the intellectual atmosphere that goes with it, should suddenly have become good form. For it is gravely doubtful if even the most optimistic of us can agree with John Dewey's amiable explanation. We cannot, after all, be content with the idea that our democratic deterioration is merely part of that swift and widespread de-civilization which invariably accompanies all wars. Nor can we accept the barren consolation which tells us that the evil is only apparent—an excess of our youth and inexperience that somehow will make for our ultimate integration. First of all, too many invidious comparisons can be made with other belligerents, which, as Mr. Dewey himself testifies, have shown considerably less bitterness and savagery than we. Furthermore, the historical evidence that intolerance is perhaps the most effective agent of disintegration in a commonwealth is far too striking. We too easily recall that it was the disintegrative force of intolerance in European countries which helped to populate these shores.

If our intolerance were merely an incidental unpleasantness of war-time, as too many of us like to imagine, the urgency for our understanding it would not be great. It is, however, a bad heritage and a menace for our future. We are dealing with something much more than the normal intolerance to be expected in times of war. The problem is really a specific one to be treated in terms of the social and racial conditions that exist among us. Certainly we shall miss an understanding of the situation if we regard it as merely a thing of today. The war has simply brought out what has long been latent.

We are, of course, inclined to sentimentalize. We like to look back romantically to the heyday of tolerance and free speech of the New England town meeting, conveniently forgetting the social and religious intolerance which tainted so much of our early history. Yet our past intolerance never really mattered so much, because the issue could always be evaded. The ultimate test of tolerance does not come until people are compelled to live together in close and vital relations. The tolerance that is worth while is usually found in mature and settled and fairly well populated communities where the geographical evasion has become so difficult that it is no longer thought of except as a last resort. With us that was never the case. We were always free to move on if social conditions did not suit us; or if we did not suit, we were told to move on. Just as the intolerance of Europe populated our Eastern seaboard in the first place, so our own intolerance progressively populated the country from the East to the Pacific coast. The history of our Westward movement is the history of people who moved on in order to be able to do what they pleased not only economically but socially and in religion. Intolerance is notoriously slow in teaching tolerance to the persecuted. In every new community the new schismatists moved on in turn. Tolerance did not become an issue with us until the country had filled up, until the wave turned east again.

While this was taking place two social and racial factors entered into our national life which completely upset the natural development of tolerance. One was the aftermath of the Civil War and the other was the sudden large influx of diversely alien immigrants which began

during the seventies and the eighties of the last century. The first of these is the more fundamental, and to a great extent it explains the second. The Civil War gave us the negro problem, perhaps the greatest racial problem which any nation has ever had to face. Before the negro acquired a civic status he did not so much live with us as under us. But as soon as he entered our lives and made a bid for equality we began to develop the typical psychology of a superior race in intimate contact with an inferior one. This psychology is well known in every European settlement in the Far East and finds its most complete expression in the attitude towards the Eurasian on the part not only of the superior race but also of the inferior race—which, of course, does not consider itself inferior. It is expressed in a general tightening up, a codification of the forms of social intercourse. Both races accept a number of social taboos to which they strictly adhere. There must not be too much intimacy or a too sympathetic exchange of thoughts and emotions. The restraint falls most heavily upon all forms of social intercourse which might lead to an approach between the sexes. For this is, of course, the great danger point and represents the fear of absorption on the part of the superior race. That is why the Eurasian is treated as an outcast.

It would be out of place here to discuss the ultimate sanction or necessity of such an attitude. Its effect upon tolerance, however, is unmistakable. The restraint imposed upon social and emotional relations is bound to be extended to the intellectual sphere. Where men go about with a constant check-rein upon their spontaneous social instincts the atmosphere can hardly be favorable to any intellectual exchange. New and vital thought upon religion, democracy, or philosophy is not likely to flourish in such a divided community. Religion and democracy will tend to exclude the inferior race, and philosophy will be perverted to justify the exclusion. Man will tend to become harsh and intolerant because he is uneasy and unsure.

It is not now difficult to see how these considerations apply to our negro problem, reluctant as we may hitherto have been to admit the problem in this light. Indeed, we have been loath to see it at all and have put a taboo upon any discussion of it. Acute foreign observers have not failed to remark this reticence. They looked upon it as the blind spot in our social thinking. They accused us, if I may fall into the jargon of the new psychology, of having a negro complex. It was very difficult for us to see this because we were so hysterically unaware of it.

Generally speaking, we do not think about the negro problem at all; we merely relieve our feelings about it. Yet we cannot altogether fail to observe how it has tensed the whole South, imposed an incubus upon social progress there, and made for absolutism in morality. It is an attitude which has not failed to infect the North wherever similar conditions have arisen, and the South has much justification for its "tu quoque." The emergence of the negro race problem thus marked the beginning of a new intolerance in this country just at the time when the fine spirit of forgiveness which ended so disastrously with Lincoln's death seemed about to inaugurate the development of a genuine tolerance in a community of united Americans.

The second disturbing influence began almost before the first had been fully developed. The influx of immigrants after the Irish and the German tide, was at first scarcely noticed. A large part of them remained itinerant and roamed about the country in response to the call for labor, as in the case of the Italian railroad builders. Few of them were skilled laborers or commercially trained, so that they were not impelled to settle down at once in the cities, like the Germans or the sociable Irish. It was only after they became part of the urban population and, either through raising their standard of living or becoming tools of the political machines, entered into the community life, that the situation grew more acute. A good many of these immigrants maintained a lower standard of living than ours and presented differences of race, morals, and manners which a more intimate intercourse could not avoid bringing home to us. The alarm caused by our inability to assimilate the alien newcomer expressed itself in a movement to restrict immigration. We began to talk of "the

melting-pot," but contented ourselves with a metaphor whose aptness we never undertook to probe. And once more where we failed to face a problem our community feeling registered a change of attitude. We tensed ourselves again and moved more uneasily than before against a background of explosive racial forces.

For this attitude towards alien races may well be viewed as merely an extension of the psychology which the negro problem has bequeathed to us. Our hostility towards the foreigner was fostered by a comparison with the relations already existing towards a people in our midst, who were infinitely more alien to us than any immigrant, with the possible exception of the Oriental, could ever be. Our instinctively self-protective attitude towards the negro could thus be readily extended to any race differing from us.

And the situation becomes infinitely more complicated in the case of the immigrant. Our attitude towards the negro was largely instinctive and dealt with primitive racial fears. The difference between the two races was so great that there could never be anything approaching a direct comparison. It is otherwise with the immigrant. He often represents a different civilization, the inferiority of which is in many ways debatable. His coming represents a challenge. He finds himself in a country in which everything, formally at least, conforms to the Anglo-Saxon standard. With all his gift for adaptation he also exhibits a stubbornness which is not entirely to his discredit. This tendency to assert himself, or rather not to desert everything that is native in him, seeks out the weak spots in the Anglo-Saxon structure. The pressure he exerts is a criticism which, according to the perfect melting-pot theory, ought to become a contribution. It does not always work out that way. Often it helps merely to increase the antagonism of the dominant classes, as one can easily ascertain by living in the atmosphere of a New England mill town where foreign immigration has replaced native labor. The attack which the immigrant was thus fated to make extends to law, to custom and manners, to the arts, to language—from the most prosaic to the most intangible things—and expresses itself in constant modifications of unequal value. Sometimes, to take a special instance from law, our negro complex and the influence of alien races may combine to bring about a joint result. It is entirely plausible that the almost vested right of the South to kill negroes and the spread of crimes of passion among South Europeans have helped to establish our unwritten law, a development essentially foreign to Anglo-Saxon legal traditions. The whole process is one which the upholders of an entrenched tradition cannot view with equanimity, and their resistance must express itself in intolerance.

Considerations such as these do not pretend to give a complete explanation of our intolerance. All wars breed intolerance and this one is no exception. A fuller treatment of the subject would require further discussion of those specific factors in the psychology of modern war which make for intolerance. But the point is that what I have called the normal intolerance of war fell upon fertile ground. It could swell to such fanatical proportions only with the aid of a native intolerance already created by our complex social problems. A parallel puts the matter into simple terms. Just as the world war may be looked upon, from one psychological point of view, as a struggle for Anglo-Saxon prestige, so our domestic war of intolerance is really a struggle for prestige on the part of the dominant class in America which consciously and by inheritance is Anglo-Saxon. It is the integration issue in its most fundamental form, and the vehemence of its champions shows that they have instinctively recognized that fact. Their resentment and alarm look beyond the mere handful of disloyal German-Americans in our midst. Their feeling extends to all who in spirit or in race are alien to them. They crave a national identity which we have not yet attained and cry with an arrogance more divine than democratic that all who are not with them must be against them. We have thus a double war and a doubled intolerance. It is a task fit for the mettle of statesmen to prevent this war of intolerance from continuing among us long after the world war shall have ceased.

ALFRED BOOTH KUTTNER.

Letters to Unknown Women

THE SLAVE IN "CLEON"

To: "One lyric woman, in her crocus vest."

Helen the queen and Sappho the poet are "unknown" to us because their legends have been altered and overlaid by so many men of different personalities that we have difficulty in deciphering the true character from the additions. Like all very great people they have become what men wished them to be, and those who seek the truth about them must search for it among a thousand lies. But you are fresh, unaltered by tradition, clear as on the day when the poet's brain made you live for us.

For all that, we know little about you; save that you were beautiful, that you were white, that you were a slave sent by Protos the tyrant with a cup to Cleon the poet, that you were clothed in a crocus vest woven of sea-wools, and that for love you turned from the overwise poet to the young rower with "the muscles all a ripple on his back." We know also that you lived some three and a half centuries after Alexander. For the rest we must invent you.

"Protos in his tyranny" can only have been some small potentate in Lydia or Cappadocia or some other inconsiderable semi-Asiatic state. We will make you a Lydian, half Greek, half Syrian, like the poet Meleager, who lived during your lifetime. We can think of you as being half oriental, like Chryseis, but your name shall be pure Greek—Melitta.

Melitta, because you were beautiful men loved you. Protos, the king, sent you to the great poet as his choicest gift. Alas, Melitta, that kings no longer send such gifts to poets! You would be very unhappy in our world, more unhappy even than when King Protos's ship carried you away from the lovers and friends you had in Lydia. But if we could recall you for a few hours from the grave, it would give us a pleasure unique and marvelous to hear from your lips what life was led in those days of the warm sunset of Hellas, to see in you what manner of loveliness it was that refined upon the beauty of Cleon's youth.

We do not pity you overmuch, Melitta, for being a slave; we are all slaves in our day and unhappily we do not have philosophers as masters. We pardon Cleon the sin of owning you, being sure that a Greek would love beauty too much to do anything but honor it. We feel sure that you lived as happily as a woman may, with no extravagant desires or despairs, in that calm philosophy of hedonism we cannot recapture, and that the gods loved you enough for you to die while you were still beautiful.

We think of you as a child in Lydia, learning the art of beauty, being instructed in the modes of music, in the meaning of poetry, in the significance of form; perhaps, even, you were not unacquainted with the sacred book of Elephantis. Melitta, if you could but return to us and teach us something of what you knew, we would promise to distress you as little as possible by our uncouth ways and unrefined manner of living!

Then we think of you as a girl in the king's palace, wearing your chiton and peplum folded like those we see in the little, painted figures from Tanagra, and with jewels "heavy with weight of gold" —an Attic figure in the midst of eastern luxury. And as a young woman you cross the sea to the poet's island, clothed in your crocus vest, and we see you most plainly at this moment standing wistfully upon the black and white pavement, gazing back at the sea, not heeding the fluttering of doves' wings in the warm afternoon air.

You cannot conceive how vividly your beauty affects us, for in that world of beauty yours was not specially remarkable; but we are so starved, so utterly alien to our time, that beside the memory of you the living women we know become as shadows. That is why we wish so yearningly to bring you back from death—to know if indeed the beauty we dream of did exist, to hear from you of your days and nights. We are curious about the life which Hellas lived in its wise autumn; we have been told, it is true, by our stoics

to consider yours an age of decadence, but for all that we are anxious to know what manner of life it was in those days —days which always seem to us golden with late afternoon sunlight, heavy with the scent of grapes and musical with slow fountains.

Our wishes are unavailing; we cannot know whether you indeed realized our intense dream or whether you were merely a white courtesan with a trick of grace unknown to ours. Forgive us our scepticism, Melitta; like our own, yours was not an age of faith, but we will persuade ourselves that you were that loveliness we imagine, that you were that understanding we covet. The flowers of our land are alien to you, our rites for the dead maimed and full of promises which would terrify, not console, you—but we strew wild roses and hill thyme upon your unknown grave, and may the dust of earth lie lightly upon your frail dust!

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

John Barrymore's Ibbetson

The vicissitudes of the young boy along the vague, precarious way, the longing to find the reality of the dream—the heart that knew him best—a study in sentimentality, the pathetic wanderings of a "little boy lost" in the dream of childhood, and the "little boy found" in the arms of his loved mother, with all those touches that are painful and all that are exquisite and poignant in their beauty—such is the picture presented by John Barrymore, as nearly perfect as any artist can be, in "Peter Ibbetson." Certainly it is as finished a creation in its sense of form, and of color, replete with a finesse of rare loveliness, as gratifying a performance, to my notion, as has been seen on our stage for many years. Perhaps if the author, recalling vain pasts, could realize the scum of saccharinity in which the play is utterly submerged, and that it struggles with great difficulty to survive the nesselrode-like sweetness with which it is surfeited, he would recognize the real distinction that Barrymore lends to a rôle so clogged by the honeyed sentimentality covering most of the scenes. Barrymore gives us that "quickened sense" of the life of the young man, a portrayal which takes the eye by "its fine edge of light," a portrayal clear and cool, elevated to a fine loftiness in his rendering.

The actor has accomplished this by means of a nice knowledge of what symbolic expression means to the art of the stage. He is certainly a painter of pictures and moods, the idea and his image perfectly commingled, endowing this mediocre play with true charm by the distinction he lends it, by sheer discretion, and by a power of selection. All this he brings to a play which, if it had been written nowadays, would certainly have convicted its author, and justly too, of having written to stimulate the lachrymal effusions of the shop-girl, a play about which she might telephone her girl friend, at which she might eat bon bons, and powder her nose again for the street. No artist, no accepted artist, has given a more suggestive rendering than has Barrymore here. It would be difficult to say where he is at his best, except that the first half of the play counts for most in point of strength and opportunity.

A tall frail young man, we find him, blanched with wonder and with awe at the perplexity of life, seeking a solution of things by means of the dream, as only the dreamer and the visionary can, lost from first to last, seemingly unloved in the ways boys think they want to be loved; that is, the shy longing boy, afraid of all things, and mostly of himself, in the period just this side of sex revelation. He is the neophyte—the homeless, pathetic Peter, perplexed with the strangeness of things real and temporal—vision and memory counting for all there is of reality to him, with life itself a thing as yet untasted. Who shall forget (who has a love for real expression) the entrance of Peter into the drawing-room of Mrs. Deane, the pale flowery wisp of a boy walking as it were into a garden of pungent spices and herbs, and of actions so alien to his own? We

are given at this moment the keynote of mastery in delicate suggestion, which never fails throughout the play, tedious as it is, overdrawn on the side of symbolism and mystical insinuation.

One sits with difficulty through many of the moments, the literary quality of them is so wretched. They cloy the ear and the mind that has been made sensitive, desiring something of a finer type of stimulation. Barrymore has evoked, so we may call it, a cole method—against a background of what could have been overheated acting or at least a superabundance of physical attack—the warmth of the play's tender sentimentalities; yet he covers them with a still spiritual ardor which is their very essence, extracting all the delicate nuances and arranging them with a fine sense of proportion. It is as difficult an accomplishment for a man as one can imagine. For it is not given to many to act with this degree of whiteness, devoid of off colorings or alien tones. This performance of Barrymore in its spiritual richness, its elegance, finesse, and intelligence, has not been equaled for me since I saw the great geniuses Paul Orleneff and Eleonora Duse.

It is to be at once observed that here is a keen pictorial mind, a mind which visualizes perfectly for itself the chiaroscuro aspects of the emotion, as well as the spiritual, for Barrymore gives them with an almost unerring felicity, and rounds out the portrayal for the eye from point to point. It is a portrayal which in any other hands would suffer, but Barrymore has the special power to feel the value of reticence in all good art, the need for complete subjection of personal enthusiasm to the force of ideas. His art is akin to the art of silver-point, which, as is known, is an art of directness of touch, and final in the instant of execution, leaving no room whatever for accident or untoward excitement of nerve.

We shall wait long for the silver suggestiveness such as Barrymore gives us when Peter gets his first glimpse of Mary, Duchess of Towers. Who else could convey his realization of her beauty, and the quality of reminiscence that lingers about her, of the rapt amaze as he stands by the mantel-piece looking through the door into the space where he sees her in the midst of dancers under a crystal chandelier somewhere not very distant? Or the moment when he finds her bouquet neglected on the table in the drawing-room, with her lace shawl not far from his hands? Or when he finds himself alone, pressing his lips into the depth of the flowers as the curtain gives the finale to the scene with the whispered "l'amour"! These are moments of a real lyrist, and would match any line of Banville, of Ronsard, or of Austin Dobson for delicacy of touch and feeling, for freshness, and for the precise spiritual gesture, the "intonation" of action requisite to relieve the moments from what might otherwise revert to commonplace sentimentality.

Whatever the prejudice may be against all these emotions glacé with sugary frosting, we feel that his art has brought them into being with an unmistakable gift or refinement coupled with superb style. How an artist like Beardsley would have reveled in these moments is easy to conjecture. For here is the quintessence of intellectualized aquarelle, and these touches would surely have brought into being another "Pierrot of the Minute"—a new line drawing out of a period he knew and loved well. These touches would have been graced by the hand of that artist, or by another of equal delicacy of appreciation, Charles Conder—unforgettable spaces replete with the essence of fancy, of dream, of those farther recesses of the imagination.

Although technically and historically Barrymore has the advantage of excellent traditions, he nevertheless rests entirely upon his own achievements, separate and individual in his understanding of what constitutes plastic power in art. He has a peculiar and most sensitive temper, which can arrange points of relation in juxtaposition with a keen sense of form as well as of substance. He is, one might say, a masterly draftsman with a rich cool sense of color, whose work has something of the still force of a drawing of Ingres with, as well, the sensitive detail one finds

in a Redon, like a beautiful drawing on stone. An excellent knowledge of dramatic contrasts is displayed by the brothers Barrymore, John and Lionel, in the murder scene, one of the finest we have seen for many years, technically even, splendid, and direct, concise in movement. Every superfluous gesture has been eliminated. From the moment of Peter's locking the door upon his uncle the scene is wrapped in the very coils of catastrophe, almost Euripedean in its inevitability. All of this episode is kept strictly within the realm of the imagination. It is an episode of hatred, of which there is sure to be at least one in the life of every young sensitive, when every boy wants, at any rate somewhere in his mind, to destroy some influence or other which is alien or hateful to him. The scene emphasizes once again the beauty of technical power for its own sake, the thrill of discarding all that is not immediately essential to simple and direct realization.

Little can be said of the play beyond this point, for it dwindles off into sentimental mystification which cannot be enjoyed by anyone under fifty, or appreciated by anyone under eighteen. It gives opportunity merely for settings and some rare moments of costuming, the lady with the battledore reminding one a deal of a good Manet. This and, of course, the splendid appearance of the Duchess of Towers in the first act—all these touches furnish more than a satisfying background for the very shy and frail Peter.

This performance of Barrymore holds for me the first and last requisite of organized conception in art—poise, clarity, and perfect suggestibility. Its intellectual soundness rules the emotional extravagance, giving form to what—for lack of form—so often perishes under an excess of energy, which the ignorant actor substitutes for the plastic element in all art. It has the attitude, this performance, almost of diffidence to one's subject-matter, except as the intellect judges clearly and coolly. Thus, in the sense of æsthetic reality, are all aspects clarified and made real. From the outward inward, or from the inward outward, surface to depth or depth to surface—it is difficult to say which is the precise method of approach. John Barrymore has mastered the evasive subtlety therein, which makes him one of our greatest artists. The future will surely wait for his riper contributions, and we may think of him as one of our foremost artists, among the few, "one of a small band," as the great novelist once said of the great poet.

MARSDEN HARTLEY.

To Rupert Brooke

I give you glory, for you are dead.
The day lightens above your head;
The night darkens about your feet;
Morning and noon and evening meet
Around and over and under you
In the world you knew, the world you knew.

Lips are kissing and limbs are clinging,
Breast to breast in the silence singing
Of unforgotten and fadeless things,
Laughter and tears and a beat of wings
Faintly heard in a far off heaven;
Bird calls bird; the unquiet even
Ineluctable ebb and flow,
Flows and ebbs; and all things go
Moving from dream to dream, and deep
Calls deep again in a world of sleep.

There is no glory gone from the air.
Nothing is less. Nay, as it were,
A keener and wilder radiance glows
Along the blood, and a shouting grows
Fiercer and louder, a far-flung roar
Of throats and of guns; and your island shore
Is swift with smoke and savage with flame;
And a myriad lovers shout your name,
Rupert! Rupert! across the earth;
And death is dancing, and dancing birth,
And a madness of dancing blood and laughter
Rises and sings, and follows after
All the dancers who danced before,
And dance no more, and dance no more.

You will dance no more; you will love no more;
You are dead and dust on your island shore.

A little dust are the lips where
Laughter and song and kisses were.
And I give you glory, and I am glad
For the life you had, and the death you had;
For the heaven you knew and the hell you knew
And the dust and the dayspring that were you.

MAURICE BROWNE.

Our Paris Letter

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Nearly four months ago—in the letter published in THE DIAL of November 8—I said that the war was almost forgotten here. That is still more true now. The papers contain hardly a word about the military operations except the official communiqués which nobody reads, and one rarely hears them mentioned in conversation. There are so many other subjects to talk about. First of all there is the Caillaux affair, which has been the chief subject of conversation since M. Caillaux's arrest on January 14 and has filled columns of the newspapers. Then there is the trial of M. Malvy and all the other "affairs" of treason and espionage. These lead to new arrests every other day, some of them unexpected, like that of M. Hanau, who had been correspondent here of a Genoese paper for twenty years and has been given a vote of confidence, since his arrest, by his Italian colleagues.

Questions of internal politics thus hold the field, and political passions run very high. The acute tension in the country was reflected in the violent scene of January 18, when Socialists and Royalists fought on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies and a Royalist deputy from the tribune aimed his revolver at the Socialists. Those whose knowledge of the Chamber goes farther back than mine say that nothing like it has been known since the stormiest days of the Dreyfus affair some twenty years ago. There is serious unrest in the labor world and we hear of strikes and threatened strikes in different parts of the country.

In these circumstances it will be understood that a war which has lasted three years and a half has ceased to be a topic of conversation. It is again that lively paper the "Œuvre" which sums up the situation in the daily side-note that it prints alongside its title: "The war must have stopped without anybody's noticing it; for nobody talks about it any more."

On the other hand, people find time to talk about peace. President Wilson's last speech, with its definite peace conditions, was more favorably received by the public than it appears to have been by the Government, for M. Pichon's references to it during the debate in the Chamber on January 11 were distinctly reserved and ambiguous, and M. Clemenceau refused to open his mouth. M. Clemenceau has always been hostile to any idea of a League of Nations or international organization, which he ridiculed in his paper up to the moment that he took office, and it is unlikely that he has changed his mind. There can be no indiscretion in noting the fact, since the press of the Left has openly discussed, and regretted, the obvious difference of opinion between him and Mr. Wilson—a difference shown, moreover, by the failure of the Allies to agree on a common declaration. The peace negotiations between Russia and the Central Empires likewise hold public attention. The surrender of the Ukraine is a severe blow to the French Government, which had given the Ukrainians a loan of about thirty million dollars and sent last week a military mission to carry its salutations to the Republic of the Ukraine and to accompany the Ukrainian army in its expected campaign under Generals Korniloff and Kaledines. The fact that it is the Maximalists of Petrograd, who have, after all, made some stand against the Central Empires, while the more moderate Ukrainians have hastened to make a separate peace, seems to confirm M. Marcel Sembat's view that it was a mistake to refuse to enter into contact with Lenine and Trotzky and to suggest that perhaps M. Clemenceau and M. Pichon put their money on the wrong horse.

The various "treason" affairs should not be taken too seriously in America, at any rate those in which prominent politicians are concerned. Accusations of treason are very easily made in France, especially against political opponents, because the French public has a traditional tendency to scent treason in war-time (and sometimes even in time of peace) when things are not going quite as well as they might. Few people have probably taken the trouble to read the account of the trial of Marshal Bazaine. I went conscientiously through it some years ago and was convinced that although he was an incompetent general and had made grave blunders, he was unjustly convicted of treason. Public opinion demanded a scape-goat in 1871. Nearly thirty years ago, at the time of the Panama and Cornelius Hertz scandals, ninety-nine out of every hundred Frenchmen firmly believed that M. Clemenceau was a traitor to his country. For three years (1889-92) public opinion was just as hostile to him as it is now to M. Caillaux—indeed, he had a much smaller number of defenders than has M. Caillaux, on whose side are the whole Socialist party and the Trade Union organizations. M. Clemenceau was ac-

cused of being bought by England, which was at that time the popular enemy. He was howled down in the Chamber and driven out of public life for some years. And M. Clemenceau had in fact received money for his paper, the "Aurore," from Cornelius Hertz, who did not, like Bolo, see the inside of a prison, because he fled to England and died there. Undoubtedly M. Clemenceau was in good faith and did not know what Hertz was doing, but the fact told against him. So strongly was he suspected even later by the Government that during his visits to England Waldeck-Rousseau, who was prime minister from 1899 to 1902, had him watched by French detectives, whose reports are among the papers found in the now famous safe at Florence. Yet M. Clemenceau completely recovered his position and is now Prime Minister for the second time. It is, therefore, without surprise that on opening an evening paper, "La Vérité," I find the title of its leader to be "If M. Caillaux Again Became Prime Minister." Nobody who has closely followed French politics for many years would be surprised; it is never possible to say that a political reputation is ruined in France.

As in all these cases, the feeling against M. Caillaux is vague and its causes are complicated. The public is in a mood to find a really prominent traitor and M. Caillaux is offered to it as M. Clemenceau was in 1889. The Bernstorff telegrams have had little effect; the French are quick-witted and saw at once that if M. Caillaux had really been disposed to help Germany in France, Count Bernstorff would never have urged that the Araguaya should be captured, for M. Caillaux as a prisoner would have been useless to Germany. This second telegram discounts the secondhand information of the first, which merely reports statements alleged to have been made by M. Caillaux to anonymous persons. Nobody is disposed to accept Count Luxbourg's word as gospel.

The real reasons for M. Caillaux's unpopularity are quite different. The principal ones are that he is supposed to be enormously rich (which seems unfounded), that Mme. Caillaux was acquitted in 1914, and that M. Caillaux is a little inclined to be a "crâneur"; that is, to put on side. The alleged contents of the safe at Florence have attracted far more attention than the Bernstorff telegrams, and the accounts of them in the papers have been worthy of Gaboriau. For the last couple of months one has had the impression of living in a *roman feuilleton policier,* so incredible have been some of these "treason" affairs, in which it has been difficult to distinguish the spy from the counter-spy, or either from the agent provocateur. During the last week "The Mystery of the Florentine Safe" has been published serially in the newspapers. M. Caillaux appears in it as a masked conspirator of the operatic stage. We have been told of his scheme for a coup d'état, with the list of eminent persons that he proposed to remove, which he committed to paper, no doubt, lest he should forget any of them. The worthy bourgeois, seeing the guillotine already erected on the Place de la Concorde, has shaken in his shoes. Then there was the untold wealth that M. Caillaux had taken to Italy to escape his own income tax; the amount was $400,000 according to some papers, $600,000 according to others—it must be remembered that in France a man who possesses $200,000 is called a "millionaire." This allegation, too, does not seem supported by the unromantic facts. The question of the money has had far more influence on public opinion than all the alleged conversations at Buenos Aires or at Rome, although it has nothing at all to do with the charges against M. Caillaux. The whole affair is an interesting study in popular psychology.

If the war is in the background, it may be imagined that literature and art are still more so. We are making the material for the literature of the future—not perhaps the near future, for I am afraid that neither literature nor art will flourish immediately after the war. A period of cataclysm is favorable to men of action rather than to writers, painters, or sculptors, and we are entering on a period of cataclysm in which most European governments and institutions seem likely to be swept away; the Russian revolution is only a beginning. One has the sensation of living at the end of a régime in France; all the symptoms that heralded the break-up of the ancien régime are recurring. The bourgeois Republic, like the old monarchy, is foundering in a whirlpool of scandals. But this time the change will be far more profound, for it is the whole economic system on which society has been based since the Revolution, that is threatened. And the rest of Europe is in the same case.

M. Henri Barbusse has revised "L'Enfer," which made some stir when it was first published a few years ago, and a final edition of it has just appeared (Albin Michel, Paris). It is

a book of extraordinary originality and insight into human nature, which explains how M. Barbusse came to write "Le Feu," the book which shows a penetration into realities unique even among those who, like himself, have written about the war from personal experience. The idea of "L'Enfer" is itself original: it is the history of a room in a hotel, written by a man who had the room next to it. A chance hole in the partition wall enables him to survey all the actions and hear all the conversations of his successive neighbors. The book is the record. It is the whole human tragedy that passes before us—life, love, death, joy and sorrow, the hopes of youth and the regrets of old age. The new edition reached me one evening and, although I had read it before, it was three o'clock in the morning before I could put it down. From beginning to end it holds one with the grip of stern reality. It is not a "pleasant" book; how could it be? Life is not pleasant. Many readers will say of it what many of the audience said at the first performance of M. Paul Géraldy's "Noces d'Argent" at the Comédie Française some months ago: "C'est dur." Which means that the author leaves us no illusions, veils no nudities, however shameful. It is not a book for boys and girls, unless they are too young to understand it, and in that case they would not read it; the first few pages would put them off. It is a psychological study, not a romance. The puritan should avoid it, for its frankness will shock him terribly. But the man or woman who will face life as life is will find it of poignant interest, not least because M. Barbusse reveals his own point of view about the great problems of life. Inevitably it recalls Zola, who, if he be suffering a temporary eclipse, will again come into his own; but it is in no sense an imitation or even a following of the great naturalist. M. Barbusse is entirely himself. "L'Enfer" is beautifully written in a limpid French, whose deceptively easy flow covers no fatal facility. Like "Le Feu," so different in many respects, it is a great book.

In "La Question Flamande et l'Allemagne" (Berger-Levrault, Paris) M. Fernand Passelecq gives an interesting account of the way in which Germany had tried to apply in Belgium the maxim "Divide and conquer." Before the war the Flemish question had been a subject of keen political strife in Belgium and there can be no doubt that the feeling between Flemings and Walloons was a grave national problem. It was made more acute by a fact which M. Passelecq does not mention, namely that the racial and linguistic division coincided to a great extent, although by no means exactly, with the religious and political division of the country. Although there were many Catholic and Conservative Walloons and many Socialist and Anti-clerical Flemings, Flanders was the stronghold of the Church and the Conservative party, and Wallonia of the forces of the Left. Moreover the Catholic Flamingants made a vigorous campaign against French influence and French literature, which was manifested by such proposals as the unsuccessful attempt to put import duties on books imported from France.

Nevertheless M. Passelecq shows that the German thesis that there is no Belgian nation is false historically and actually. His historical chapters will be found particularly interesting by foreign readers, most of whom have not an exact knowledge of Belgian history. Artificial as modern Belgium seems, it is nevertheless the creation of the Belgians themselves, who in 1830 revolted against the really artificial arrangement of the Congress of Vienna, which had annexed them to the kingdom of the Netherlands. The Germans, during their occupation of Belgium, have naturally tried to exploit the racial and linguistic division (more linguistic than racial) by the administrative division of the country, by the "flamandisation" of Ghent University, and other similar measures. M. Passelecq gives sound reasons for his opinion that the Belgian Flamingants who have supported this policy are only a small minority and that the policy itself has not taken root and has had very poor results. He quotes protests from such leading Flamingants as M. Camille Huysmans, Secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, against the German policy and its Belgian supporters. Of the solution of the Flemish problem after the war M. Passelecq takes a hopeful view. His book, although it does not perhaps meet all the difficulties of the case, gives an excellent and on the whole impartial account of the internal situation in Belgium and should be widely read. Things move so quickly that German war aims are probably not quite the same as when the book was written; for it seems certain that Germany has abandoned all intention of retaining a "sphere of influence" in Belgium.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, February 7, 1918.

Establishing the Established

SOME MODERN NOVELISTS: Appreciations and Estimates. By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. Holt; $1.50.

Recall to mind the forceful and absorbed youth who, at street fairs or in summer parks, buys a handful of balls and lets fly at the "nigger babies." How completely he concentrates on the target provided! With what docility he accepts that row of puppets as a be-all and end-all—as constituting the established and recognized mark at which he is to fire! He never looks about him to notice whether other puppets may be aspiring for recognition and for a place in the row—aspirants who might even reach it if he would only give a little friendly help. Still less is he conscious of any near-by, inchoate strivings amongst rags, paint, and stuffing such as might evidence the struggle to achieve form and place—which might be reached would he but deign to cast an encouraging eye. No, *le jeu est fait,* and he continues to blaze away at the conventional target: his record depends on his success with that, and just that.

So with the Folletts—as one may unceremoniously call them, for brevity's sake. Or, if the crude simile offends, another may be substituted for it. Let us figure an amiable and interested booklover, standing before tiers of well-filled shelves. The books are by "established authors" —or at least by authors who, by now, have been sufficiently commented upon to be "ranged." He takes down one here and there, ruffles its leaves, dusts it a bit, if required, and—puts it back about in the same place. The glorious company of leaf-rufflers has now been enlarged, and the established authors are established more firmly than ever.

This is about what the Folletts—still speaking with unceremonious brevity—do. To be perfectly fair, they do rather more: they slightly shift their authors to bring them into new relations, and they throw upon the general body of them a different and novel light. Their authors are put into pairs and the pairs are arranged into groups; and the light thrown upon them all is the red light of war.

They do one thing more. At the bottom of the rack, by way of appendix, they place a younger and somewhat inferior row of babies, selected—save for one brief exception—from among the recent fictionists of England. This tends to depress the native author. It seems to tell him one of two things: either that the American fiction of the day is slighter than the British—which it may be in depth, density, perspective and background, and value of social intention; or that our present critics are reluctant to waste good work (and their work *is* good) on people who may presently turn out not to have justified it. Safer and more satisfactory to exercise oneself on standard subjects.

The book includes a dozen reprinted essays which are reshifted and relighted by means of a table of contents and an introduction. The table of contents betrays a Gallic hankering after form, however come by, and a Gallic love of the label for the label's own sake. It is natural enough to pair Henry James and Mr. Howells under the head "Cosmopolitan and Provincial"; but it is less natural to bracket George Meredith and George Gissing under such a head as "The Will to Believe and the Will to Doubt." On the other hand, some pairings that seem especially artificial at first view justify themselves on inspection. To bring together Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett under such a caption as "The Five Counties and the Five Towns," seems like a mere tricksy piece of verbalism; yet it works out in a way to satisfy the sense of the reader, even if it ends by outraging the loyalty of Phillpotts's followers. But to oppose Hardy as "the specialist in place" to De Morgan as "the specialist in time" comes rather close to running one's system into the ground.

The introduction is a sheet of red glass run in to give a "timely" new coloring to old matter—or, rather, to matter produced previously and in independence of its aid. On what ground it asks, can one justify the production and perusal of fiction in such days as these? In other words, what is art's place in the world? Well, art goes abreast of war, as all history shows—and outlasts it. Another point stressed by the introduction is the growing "sense of community, the social conscience, human solidarity": a commonplace of present-day thought, in the air as a matter of course. New social forms and groupings may arise as the result of war—and then internal struggles and oppressions return with the coming of peace.

All this, however, is but grudging recognition of a book which, essentially, is good and sound. In fact, one feels a little like starting all over again. "Dear Sir and Madam:" one would say, "your twelve essays constitute one of the best books of literary criticism yet produced in America. You might indeed have shown a slightly sharper awareness of the im-

mediate Here and Now, and you might well have dispensed with certain vestibules and façades; but your house *is* a house of life, and save for these certain exceptions we are completely with you. You enjoy the sound benefits of right feeling and right thinking. Your diction, even if more to be noted for a self-conscious trimness than for freedom and unction, is really a pleasure, page by page; your concern with form, though rather overdone in the compilation of your table of contents, often comes out very handsomely in the papers themselves—quite splendidly in your remarkable characterization of the four principal novels of Galsworthy. Your sense of a worthy and serviceable relation between life and literature is immanent everywhere—a relation varying through the years and through your varying subjects—and requires no supplementary demonstration. In short, you have stepped within that choice circle of criticism which contains no more than half-a-dozen significant writers, all told; and the country—so far as it concerns itself with such matters at all—should feel gratified with you and your work. Your wine is good; you could do with less bush at your door."

HENRY B. FULLER.

A Vanishing World of Gentility

THESE MANY YEARS. By Brander Matthews. Scribners; $3.

What more cordial welcome could the reviewer ask than this "Que pensez-vous de cette comédie?" from the bookplate designed for Mr. Matthews by Abbey, and reproduced on the cover of these "recollections"? The bookplate, symbolizing Mr. Matthews as "an American interested in the drama," represents an Indian gazing into the face of a Greek mask. Our author will scarcely realize how much better a joke this is than any contained within the cover of his book. For anything less Indian or less Greek than the particular comedy of his life cannot well be imagined.

Deliberately and expensively bred to follow the profession of millionaire, he was released, just as he came of age, by the wiping-out of his father's fortune, for the profession that his heart craved—that of writing plays and seeing them acted on the stage. His unexpected translation to the professorial sphere did not transform him from being about the most naively worldly soul who ever got himself recognized as a man of letters. He gazed at life with no Indian hauteur, but with a never sated enjoyment in the pleasant comedy of clubs and theatres and literary associations—equally at home in London, Paris, and New York—incorrigibly anecdotal, genial, and curious. And it was no Sophoclean tragedy upon which he gazed, but the second-rate imitations of Scribe and Augier, and the cleverly turned short-story, and the wittiness of familiar verse. Sarcey, Coquelin, divided his worship with Austin Dobson, Bunner, and Locker-Lampson. How fortunate he was to live in the era of well-made plays, and of ballades and rondeaux! He took to them all like a fish to water. And he recalls his own half-dozen acted plays with a justifiable pleasure that is undimmed by the realization that no one now remembers that at least two of them had long and popular successes.

In his youth, he had a significant era of skill as an acrobat and gymnast, and he tells with glee of his being invited to go out on the road "under canvas." It was always the acrobatics of literature that Mr. Matthews responded to, and always the circus of the social and literary world which enthralled him. He achieved a wide acquaintance among the lions, and he practiced all the tricks, in verse and play and story. But he is so completely objective that scarcely one of the writers whom he knew is characterized with any precision whatever, except perhaps Andrew Lang, for whom he had a prodigious admiration, and W. E. Henley, for whose attack on Stevenson he has an unexpectedly sympathetic word. Otherwise the contacts and occasions pass before our eyes like dates in Mr. Matthews's diaries, carried along by his own pleasure in their abundance and their notability. There is plenty of mild gossip, and we are present at the founding of innumerable clubs, and at least one Academy. His anecdotes sound better in the classroom. The compulsion to autobiography sprang, in Mr. Matthews's case, less from a sense of personal flavor and distinctive quality in what he saw than from a boyish desire to get down a record of his passing life.

Anyone so completely extroverted as Mr. Matthews could not be immodest. He is as little interested in the processes of his own soul as in those of the brilliant and complex peronalities whom he has known. He does not think of himself as an absorbing person, to be detachedly studied and analyzed as a type of man, nor as a person of

romantic significance to be interpreted from the innermost core of his soul. His diary treatment of life is so pure as almost to make these "recollections" interesting. But there are too many passages such as this, where he reflects on his university life:

> So far as I have been able to form an opinion, there is no university in the United States where the position of the professor is pleasanter than it is at Columbia. The students, graduate and undergraduate, are satisfactory in quality; and their spirit is excellent. The teaching staff is so large that it is generally possible for each of us to cover that part of his field in which he is most keenly interested. Our relations with each other and with the several deans and the president and the trustees are ever friendly. So long as we do our work faithfully we are left alone to do it in our own fashion. And we have all of us the Lernfreiheit and the Lehrfreiheit, the liberty of the soul and of the mind, which was once the boast of the German universities, but which has been lost of late under the rigidity of Prussian autocracy.

"God bless us every one!" said little Tim.

Anyone who gets the full flavor of this passage, recalling all there is to be said on these matters, will be near the secret of that American race of men of letters of whom Mr. Matthews is one of the naiver specimens, a race to whom literature was a gesture of gentility and not a comprehension of life. There is a fascination about that brilliant literary world of the seventies and eighties when the "Nation" and the New York "Tribune" and "World" monopolized the younger generation of critical talent. But what on earth can a younger generation of today do with the remains of this gentility? In his account of the atrocious college education that the best of money could buy in America in 1868, Mr. Matthews gave me a guess at the secret of the continuance of this genteel tradition. Was it because you could get no education at all unless you got it from foreign travel or from cultivated relatives? Only the genteel, apparently, had these opportunities, so that the creation of a proletarian man of letters in America became automatically impossible, until universities and libraries improved and diffused the raw materials of the spirit.

What do I think of this comedy? I like the slight pugnacity with which Mr. Matthews went into the contest for the copyright bill and for simplified spelling. I like the candor with which he confesses his relief at being freed from the dread possibilities of practicing the profession of millionaire. But if there was ever a man of letters whose mind moved submerged far below the significant literary currents of the time, that is the man revealed in this book. He seems to have known everybody, and to have felt nothing. His genial youthfulness is infectious. But it is not the youth of idealism and aspiration, but of Peter Pan, writing stories of treasure-trove for "St. Nicholas." I know there's the "Molière," and the "Shakespeare," and the critical essays. But that's not the mind that writes "These Many Years." Turned on itself, it creates a tell-tale commentary of a literary era that never grew up. The puzzle to us now is that these bons viveurs have not made life more exciting, that these dear old romancers and realists of Mr. Matthews's generation have not made life more romantic and realistic. What on earth, I repeat, are we going to do with these people who blissfully never even knew what a world of horizons and audacities they lived in?

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Democracy by Coercion

FIGHTING FOR PEACE. By Henry Van Dyke. Scribners; $1.25.
THE HIGH CALL. By Ernest M. Stires. Dutton; $1.50.
THE COMMONWEALTH AT WAR. By A. F. Pollard. Longmans, Green; $2.25.
DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR. By John Firman Coar. Putnams; $1.25.

At first glance the four authors here grouped together would seem to have little enough in common: the littérateur who was for three years United States Minister to the Netherlands, the Rector of St. Thomas's in New York, the Professor of English History in the University of London, and the Professor of German in the University of Alberta at Edmonton. Yet it happens that for the moment their points of resemblance are more striking than their wide differences in background.

It is perhaps least important, though the reader will find it unsatisfactory enough, that all four books are of the nature of fugitive journalism. Three-quarters of Dr. Van Dyke's volume is a sketchy account of the origin and the earlier course of the war—not vividly illuminated by the reminiscences of one who in Antwerp marveled over tennis-court emplacements for those big German guns which Professor Pollard assures us were really fired from their own carriages; another eighth is devoted to such interludes as "A Dialogue on Peace between a Householder and a Burglar"; and a

residual eighth has any vital bearing upon his subject. "The High Call" is a series of fourteen sermons concerning our entry into the war, of which two or three, winging the serene empyrean of the fashionable church, let fall feathery ideas calculated to tickle the drowsy layman. Professor Pollard's nineteen reprinted papers (chiefly from the Thunderer's "Literary Supplement") are dated all the way from January, 1915 to August, 1917 and contain so many anachronisms and ungrateful flings at American neutrality that one wonders why they should have been reprinted at all, or being reprinted should have been imported. Finally, Professor Coar says of his much more coherent book that it "is based on addresses delivered in the United States and Canada since the fall of 1914." Volumes thus assembled can scarcely develop consistent theses.

More significant similarities are those of temper and opinion. A newspaper recently announced a new serial as follows: "She married a German. Read it! It will make you mad!" All four of our authors, though in descending degrees, have been made "mad" by what they have read or have observed about the Germans. The first dilates upon "the Werwolf at large"; the second tells us that God "sees in the home of modern atheism . . . the crucifixion of humanity"; the third discusses "the moral insensibility of Prussia," finds not one vestige "of moral scruple or enlightenment" in the history of the Junkers, and adds that "the problem before the civilized world, during and after this war, is how to deal with a parvenu who declines to observe any rules in the society into which he has thrust his unwelcome presence"; and the last would "grasp by the throat and throttle to death the autocratic beast . . . befouling the temple of humanity." It is not so much an olive branch as an olive rod that is thus extended. For the authors are unanimous in their insistence upon the knock-out blow, even if they do not quite endorse the dictum of Marse Henry Watterson, that perfect *jusqu'auboutiste:* "If any power is left intact in Germany to make treaty with any other power, we are lost." With Dr. Van Dyke the sine qua non is "repentance"—"to talk of any other course is treason, not only to our country but to the cause of true Peace." The Reverend Mr. Stires insists that "the beast . . . must be conquered." "When once the sword has been drawn," says Professor Pollard, "the day of persuasion is past. . . It is a question of victory or defeat." Professor Coar is explicit: the fall of the Hohenzollerns will not be enough; he wants us to reject "courageously" all peace terms that may be proffered before the enemy have been "converted to the faith of the democratic nations"; that time will come "when, and only when, the German people realize that their national fate lies in the hands of the Allies"; before that time the Allied forces must break the last line of defense and "penetrate the heart of Germany's industrial activity, the Rhenish province and Westphalia."

Yet not one of these advocates of a war to the bitter end purposes at its close a "crushed" Germany! All are deeply, even passionately, concerned for a "right conclusion" to the war, a just and (according to their several lights) a democratic peace, and after peace some international arrangement for the forestalling of war. What they do purpose at the close is a victorious democracy magnanimously bestowing the "pax humana" upon a people defeated but not embittered, powerless longer to do wrong and therefore "free" at last to do right—a criminal punished, penitent, regenerate. To that consummation they know only one course.

Let our authors be granted the dubious possibility of a peace dictated either in Berlin or in Paris—a clear cut "victory or defeat." Assuming that their course to a democratic peace is, if not the only course, at least one that is open, can we avoid seeing the impasse at which they arrive? It is a dilemma each of them might have foreseen but for the devious meanderings of the journalistic method. For (*pace* Professor Pollard) the question is not of "victory or defeat," but of victory *and* defeat. The proponents of the knock-out blow somehow forget that the shield of peace with victory has for reverse peace with defeat, and that defeat is not only bitter but—as witness the unreconstructed South—embittering. Has Dr. Van Dyke reflected that the reverse of his shield of "peace with righteousness and power" may well be peace with ignominy and impotence? A defeated Germany may not seem to us necessarily crushed and ignominiously facing annihilation, but she will seem so to herself. Do we desire for partners in that international democratic experiment to which we stand committed—and for which, as Messrs. Stires and Coar recognize, we are ourselves none too fit—a people broken, embittered, shamed, and consciously dependent upon their military masters for their economic existence? (That would be anything but democracy!) If

the German people are not now ready for a democratic peace—a peace negotiated between equals upon clear programmes of social reconstruction—will they be more ready when the Allied armies are in Westphalia, dictating democracy from the mouths of cannon? These militant gentlemen who have assured themselves that the German people are *not* ready; who would prevent as useless, enervating, or downright treasonable all discussion (except, of course, this of theirs) that looks toward clarifying our programme; who to that degree fail to get behind the President in his attempts to elicit our aims, the aims of our allies, and the aims of our enemies—are they not retarding the very creation they desire? A victorious peace they might get, but what is their guarantee that it will be the truly democratic peace "that alone can validate victory"?

Obviously the Junkers are not ready for a democratic peace. But whether there is in Germany any considerable body of opinion that is ready we cannot discover, and these advocates of international understanding would prevent us from discovering. Suppose such a body of liberal opinion does exist—what is their method of encouraging it? First, to refuse recognition of its existence; and, second, to bring it into existence by the sword. Theirs is the method of the parent who tells his child, "Now that the rod has been drawn, the moment of persuasion is past; it is now a question of your exhaustion or mine." They would retort that Germany has had ample opportunity to respond to persuasion. Perhaps—yet that is far less important than that the course they urge upon us would postpone any further persuasion until victory is secured and persuasion become coercion. With one hand they would close all the avenues to understanding, while with the other they would labor to increase the fear that now most prevents understanding. For the Germans know that a knock-out blow knocks out, and that a bitter end is bitter. If these, and these alone, be offered them they will inevitably concentrate their energies upon resistance.

But all this falls in a blind spot in the vision of these authors, whose gaze leaps from fighting for peace to the millennium of peace secured and democracy enthroned. As if democracy were a paradisal consummation instead of a method, an end instead of a means. In spite of Dr. Van Dyke's eulogy, of Mr. Stires's pious hopes, of Professor Pollard's learning and sound critical habits, and of Professor Coar's constructive analysis, not one of these four really understands democracy; otherwise he would understand that a democratic peace must be a peace *by* democracy if it is to be a peace *for* democracy.

Failing to understand democracy in this essential, the four naturally fail to agree in what they expect of it. The democracy that satisfies Dr. Van Dyke is a childish thing beside that envisaged by Professor Pollard in his view of a world where national wars are no more, but economic wars forever threaten. The democracy that the Reverend Mr. Stires invokes to stay the greed of socialism and make the world safe for the bourgeoisie, his parishioners, is a quaint sister to the democracy that shall build Professor Coar's towering edifice of state socialism. Such are the relatively unimportant differences between the authors.

Relatively unimportant, that is, as against what is after all the common method, temper, and premise of their books. Nor would those common denominators be of much significance in our more considered literature on the subject if they were not pretty generally the common denominators of the man in the street. Like these authors the man in the street thinks in journalistic patches, warms his thoughts with that temper of "righteous indignation" which for the purposes of war behaves exactly like hate, and accepts the premise that the war must be won. But by winning the war he does not yet mean all that his more cultivated advisers mean: where they emphasize a defeated Germany, he emphasizes a democratized Germany, a democratized world, and the discrediting of war forever. Are the proponents of military victory, then, his only advisers? Might he not listen also to a British soldier, talking in his dugout, as reported by a correspondent to the London "Nation"?

> A victorious war (in the old-fashioned sense) still leaves war a reasonable thing, a thing by which ends can be achieved. A stalemate leaves war discredited. To win a war (in the old-fashioned sense) is to perpetuate war. The loser would say, "Never mind! A war, it seems, can still be won. We will win the next." But let it be clear that a war cannot be "won" nowadays in the way in which the old wars were won, and you really have ended war. Let it end, as all ugly things should end, in collapse and squalor, and the thing is dead. But let it end in triumphant marches through cities, in proud speeches, in the ringing of bells, and the challenging music of bands—and war is still on its pedestal.

CLARENCE BRITTEN.

Poetry vs. Politics in the Ukraine

SONGS OF UKRANIA. Translated by F. Randal Livesay. Dutton; $1.25.

The question of Russian solidarity has become increasingly vital. Ever since the most fertile and accessible section of Russia has signed a separate peace with the Central Powers, the attention of a great part of the Western world has been centred in the Ukraine. Is the Rada really expressing the will of the people? we ask. Or are the masses, under the threat of German domination, becoming more and more socialistic? In the prevailing atmosphere of revolution has what was originally a nationalistic movement been turned into an attempt to solve a provincial land question? No one can yet be sure that the Ukraine will, as the New York "Tribune" puts it, continue to isolate itself against the contagion of restlessness and make "a bold stand against the spread of anarchy." Who can say whether the Ukrainians will be slaves or masters in their own home? Whether or not that home will be eventually incorporated in a federal Russian republic? Whether or not the Ukrainians' desire for the "self-determination of peoples" will end in self-extermination as the dependent military ally of the Central Powers?

While we are waiting for time to answer these questions with something more definite than our desires, it might be informing as well as interesting to turn to some of the literature produced not by the politicians of the Ukraine but by the people. And, since the soul and aspirations of a nation are rooted in its folk-poetry, we may come somewhat nearer to the people of little Russia by a consideration of "Songs of Ukrania," selected and translated by Florence Randal Livesay and published when the phrase "self-determination of peoples" was nothing except the shibboleth of harmless hack-writers, presumably in the employ of the Wilhelmstrasse.

The first impression is disappointing. There seems to be little that is deeply indigenous in this collection, little that is racially marked. There is much talk of pagan gods and goddesses; of Haidamaky and Oprishki, the Ukrainian Robin Hoods; of the sighs of the married woman, once a free *Cossachka,* now the slave of her husband, with no rights of her own; of the Dunai listening to nuptial revelry or to a young girl confiding her loneliness to its ripples. And the first impression persists. There is no national revelation here. With the exception of a few *kabatys, hutzuls, serdaks, widra,* and other untranslated bits of the vernacular, these might be the folk-songs of Bohemia, or of Bessarabia, or of Baluchistan. Such poems as "Far and high the cranes give cry," "Long ago when I was still free," "Where the Tisza's torrents through the prairies swell," might well be true types of Ukrainian folk-literature—were they not three of the most characteristic examples of Hungarian melodies translated by J. S. of Dale and Francis Korbay, the composer. Had some one done for the music of these Ukrainian songs what Korbay has done for the Hungarian ones, we might have had a more valuable document. For it is in the emotional quality of the music, its mixture of rudeness and tenderness, its savage impulse singing through its sad and even sentimental modulations, that is more expressive than the import of the words, which for the most part are the reflection of emotions common to all countries. The greatest of all Hungarian folk-songs ("Mohac's Field") is a feeble thing considered as a piece of written literature. But nothing could be more stark and stirring, more revolutionary and somehow resigned, more full of national cry and color than this same song when it is given with the vigorous melody that is its natural accompaniment. True folk-songs are the perfect blend of two arts; it is impossible to separate words and melody. Whenever this separation is attempted, as in the present volume, we get not only an inadequate half but a misrepresentative one. I have never heard the melodies that are played on the *kobza* and sung to these Cossack and robber songs, but I am certain that they create sterner feelings than are evoked by such colorless quatrains as:

> On the blue sea waves are roaring,
> Mountain high they tower.
> Crying in their Turkish dungeon
> Wretched Cossacks cower.
>
> "Why, O gracious God, this torture?
> Two years now we lie here;
> With the chains are hands are heavy—
> Wilt Thou let us die here?"

or the "Song of Victory—1648," that begins:

> Hai, all ye good people! list what I tell ye,
> What's done in Ukraina's plain—
> There under Dashiev, across the Soroka,
> What numbers of Poles now lie slain.
>
> Hai, Perebiynees! But seven hundred
> Cossacks he asked for that day.
> Then he with sabres smote the Poles' heads off—
> The rest swept the river away.

The wordless dances from "Prince Igor," the chant of the Volga boatman, or the single "Hopak" of Moussorgsky say more and say it

far more clearly than a hundred such stanzas. National feeling is expressed by something less definite but deeper than a list of ancient victories, faithless lovers, and dreams of forgotten kingdoms. These verses, with the exception of the hints of quaint rituals and superstitions found in the wedding songs and a few others, tell us little that is distinctively Ukrainian. Or rather, they tell us only of the Ukrainians of yesterday; they reveal nothing of what has come between them and their old visions. As historical memories, they contain many points for the statistician but, lacking their original impelling magic, they are only occasionally informing and rarely interpretative. After all, if we want an authoritative answer to the Ukrainian puzzle we shall not get it through Miss Livesay. We are far more likely to get it through the soviets.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"Million-Footed Manhattan"

THE BOOK OF NEW YORK. By Robert Shackleton. Penn Publishing Co.; $2.50.
A LOITERER IN NEW YORK. By Helen W. Henderson. Doran; $4.00.
GREENWICH VILLAGE. By Anna Alice Chapin. Dodd, Mead; $2.50.

No city seems to provoke epigrams from its observers so readily as New York. Henry James caught its many physical aspects in the net of his sensitive undulating prose, summarizing its external quality in his description of the long, shrill city, the "jagged city," with its skyscrapers like the teeth of a colossal hair-comb. Who forgets Walt Whitman's pæan: "When million-footed Manhattan unpent descends to her pavement"? Dickens's mordant caricatures are forgotten, yet it is comforting to remember that although the Harlem goats have long since given up their feeding-grounds to duplex apartment houses, one can still see an occasional survivor cavorting on the slopes of Bolton Road at Inwood. More recently the epigrams have taken on a sociological flavor. Julian Street tells us that an American in New York is nowadays at the mercy of the Greeks, Italians, Irish, Russians, French, Germans, and Swiss—with no American consul to appeal to! And a less amiable observer hit off the economic and social geography of the city when he wrote of New York, "An island of sin and misery divided by an avenue of wealth."

Perhaps the impulse to write a single succinct phrase about New York and chance on it one's reputation for perspicacity comes from a dim recognition that details will confuse the impression. The city almost invites to briskness. There is a possibility for characterization, one feels, in a quick glance over the vast jungle of its multiple life. But a long acquaintance will produce a kind of bewildered literary humility. The voice of the city, which even so fond a lover as O. Henry could not help making seem archaic today, will speak not only in siren-whistle tones and softer accents, but in many strange tongues and alien whisperings. The most careful explorer can never be sure there are not some clusters of life and custom and speech that he has missed. Turn East from the Avenue above the Plaza and you might for a moment believe yourself in Moscow. Home-sick travelers in the most bizarre cities of the Near East may comfort themselves with the reflection, "I have seen nothing so much like Mulberry Street on a Saturday night." Around Washington Square there are moments when it is easy to fancy onself in Boston or Paris or London. Morningside and Columbia and the Drive—who dares to say this is as distinctively New York as the Avenue between Thirty-Third and Fifty-Ninth on a sunny October day? Weakly we accept the cliché "a city of contrasts," and evade the difficulty of characterization. For hardly any hundred know identically the same New York, as hundreds of thousands must know the same glamorous London of autumn haze and the same gray vistas and wet, shining boulevards of Paris.

There are coils upon coils of life in the city that sends its ships out so proudly to the old world from the new. Huddled upon the lower island is the new America of triumphant finance, arrogant in its stone and steel and towering massiveness, and the pathetic remnants of an older, more gracious colonialism—little refuges in the teeming swamps of the new immigrants, who cling together for protection against the unknown and build their churches, their theatres, their market places, crowding down into them from the vast wilderness of tenements and cluttering the streets. There are here, as well, the architectural hints of other cities, the intersecting avenues of middle-class commercial America, with its steam-heated, bath-room apartmented clientèle, the dreary wastes of factory and terminals, an occasional shame-faced park and aggressive settlement house. Further up the island are the Broadway of lights-of-love, and

lights of fiction, the Drive and the Avenue, both the latter distinctively New York. Yet if you care to go down the short gridiron streets on either side to the two rivers you can find Detroit or Cleveland or Chicago even, in little. There are microcosms of all our industrial centres scattered along these water-fronts. And due north are infinite replications of all our homes, with their aura of families, from even the front-door shade tree to the box-like "flat," and from the panoply of new and splendid apartment houses to the more seemly brown-stone. Threading this strange motley the New Yorker, tolerant yet provincial, unmoved by the flux of heaving new subways and the perpetual tearing-down and building-up, yet curiously conventional in his pleasures and rigid in his beliefs, finds his way to the fringe of real American suburbia which envelops the almost denationalized cluster of lives and buildings called New York. It smiles down in friendly protection from the Jersey shores; stretches through the wastes of Brooklyn and Queens to the further Long Island of medieval country estates of the uncomfortably rich. It reaches down from the lovely rolling landscape of "up-State" through the Bronx and Harlem to the island itself, where the rivers ceaselessly wash this greatest of experiments in community life.

What author, except the casual visitor, would have the presumption to attempt to harness the kaleidoscope of all this in a few phrases, even in a single book? Who, except as the intuition from a brief trip, could make so bold, yet so profoundly wise, a comparison between our two largest cities as, "Chicago is self-conscious and New York is not"? Miss Chapin, for instance, in her attractively illustrated volume, "Greenwich Village," avoids the problem by confining her attention to one of the many little communities of New York. She writes of the district with great affection and a rather refreshing naïveté, with something of the embarrassed exhilaration the conventional man feels on his first introduction to an actress. Yet on the whole it is a friendly accent after the over-featured and over-adjectival publicity of industrious "special story" bandits, who do their best to rob our cities of what bloom is left them, by calling too shrill attention to the happier survivals. Miss Chapin calls her book "the chequered history of a city square," and dwells on the gallant days of "The Green Village," the career of old Sir Peter Warren, who was a true villager of those times in spite of achieving the too classic distinction of being buried in Westminster Abbey and having his epitaph written by none other than Dr. Samuel Johnson. There is the romantic story of Richmond Hill and Aaron Burr and, in later times, of "Tom Paine, Infidel," whose shade perhaps hovers hospitably over the merry young atheists of nowadays. The last part of her book Miss Chapin devotes to the villagers of today and to their many restaurants, for heavy eating and light talk are still the favorite in-door amusements. In spite of Miss Chapin's earnest desire to be friendly and to picture the villagers as impetuous, but youthful and ambitious, Arcadians in a sort of play-world of camaraderie, I think she has really missed the point of the modern village. It is true that there is a kind of youthful eagerness to make a personal try at life instead of accepting anyone's say-so. It is true that there is a tolerance (at least in speech and action), an easy willingness to forgive mistakes, a sense that there is always another day coming, a kind of perennial Micawber optimism. But there is little real intellectual life, although much pretense at it and a fierce dogmatic passion of approval for any idea which has the pure-food certificate of novelty. And although there are a few disorganized creative forces emerging out of the liberating leaven of the Square, they quickly transfer their centres of gravity to other sections of New York when they gain momentum and discipline. For Miss Chapin seems to forget that although all Bohemia is parochial enough, it is hardly the parochialism of people who have roots and a natural history. In Bohemia one's origins are one's disabilities; they are the points from which one has "reacted" or rebelled. It is the creed that one's future shall be tremulous and uncertain. To act as if moulded by any end greater than six days ahead is rank apostasy. It is the mood of adventurousness, of expectancy, of the fun of repudiating tomorrow what one cherishes today, the thrill of really assuming that it is a pluralistic world, ecstasy before the flux. It is hardly a mood for gray-beards or a programme for the ambitious. The most pathetic people in Bohemia are the "real" Bohemians—those who have been there a long time. They have confused a mood with a career; they are as absurd as middle-aged men with the chicken pox or a father with the whooping cough.

Nor does Miss Henderson in her larger and—in appearance only, not in intention—more pretentious volume, with its slightly ironical title, "A Loiterer in New York," attempt to "do" New York. She attempts merely to chronicle

the more conventional art and architecture of the city, with just enough of friendly gossip and historical anecdote and background to clothe the narrative engagingly. It would be a disconcerting lesson in appreciation for the traditionally indifferent and unobserving New Yorker to read Miss Henderson's estimates (and the estimates of others, for the author is generous in quotation) of the statuary of Macmonnies, French, Karl Bitter, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens; the architecture of McKim, White, Nash, Carrère, La Farge, and Hastings; the many treasures of the Museum; the paintings of Blashfield, Parrish, Redfield, and John La Farge. One can easily fancy the younger men sniffing a bit at these academic names; yet after all it is from these men that the greater number of New York's citizens get their fleeting glimpses of art and their conceptions, so far as they may be said to have any, of formal beauty. Such a study has real social value as a presentation of the æsthetic background of the majority. Miss Henderson's volume gives us a successful and entertaining performance in a task which perhaps few others would care to undertake. It may be many years —now that the war has made art, except as it ties itself to the chariot wheels of belligerency, a kind of capricious irrelevance—before New York will break through what we may call the external shell of imported excellence, and will develop enough of its own particular and individual æsthetic expression to justify a book.

Even Mr. Shackleton in his businesslike and informative volume, "The Book of New York," does not attempt himself to give an interpretation of the "soul" of New York. To be sure, in the course of his narrative, which he keeps really interesting throughout by a shrewd blend of description and drama and history, he quotes many summaries of the essence of the city from men of literary fame, many brilliant insights. However, he makes no pretense to express a coherent and highly individualized reaction to New York as a whole, the kind of articulation which comes from long seeping in of the city and from loving acquaintance with its cross-currents of life (as in some of Lamb's essays, for instance, London itself seems to be exhaled from the pages). That kind of book about modern New York has yet to be written. Meanwhile any one of these highly creditable performances will furnish agreeable hours to the many of us who never tire of hearing sung the glories of our beloved Manhattan.

HAROLD STEARNS.

The Soul of Civilians

NINE TALES. By Hugh de Selincourt. Dodd, Mead; $1.50.
POTTERAT AND THE WAR. By Benjamin Vallaton. Dodd, Mead; $1.50.

In the past month an American publishing house has brought to our shores two works of fiction which merit a cordial welcome. The first of these, a collection of stories by a young English writer, introduces a company of characters wholly eligible to meet, let us say, those in Henry James's "The Better Sort." "Potterat," on the other hand, serving as a French Mr. Britling or a Mr. Dooley, introduces us to the point of view of the Swiss bourgeoisie, and exhibits the type of middle-class philosophy by which they explain the causes and interpret the events of the war. Of the two books, Hugh de Selincourt's "Nine Tales" is the finer piece of work. The year, indeed, will be an exceptionally lucky one if for charm and subtlety it sees these stories surpassed.

The work of Mr. de Selincourt, so far editorially unrecognized, for the most part, in this country, is of the type and format customarily attributed to a "young Englishman." By this one is led to expect stirring stories of contemporaries, told with a kind of satiric realism which suggests an Oxford fluency in Greek and Latin, the languages and the literatures. The expectancy is gratified, and the book reads like brilliant, offhand table talk by the old gods, who yet have their fingers in the latest pie.

That America's contribution to literature is the short-story is a lesson not likely to be forgotten. The proof begins with Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, and ends with O. Henry—four inventors of four types. It seems probable that Mrs. Wharton's name will be added, both because of her distinguished work and because followers have made her special method into an invention. Candidly, Mrs. Wharton is now almost the only presentable member of the family to send to the front door. We are so busy with our own concerns, reading and collating magazine stories, that like Mark Twain's islanders we are eking out a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing.

On our opening "Nine Tales," any resentment toward a possible usurper turns to admiration for a friend. For these stories are what may be termed "pleasant," and most soundly so. One exception, "The Sacrifice," because its powerful theme makes it the most striking in the collection, deserves to be retold. Of Mr. Wellfield,

the first character, the author says that his all-absorbing love for Shakespeare was based on two motives—gratitude and patriotism. "Other things, however, undoubtedly told; such as the sustenance of the reputation which he had gained for apt quotation, and the size of the volumes, which happened to fit perfectly into the book-rest of his armchair."

On this morning the squire, sustained by a patriotic quotation from Richard II. and pleased by good news from his son at the front, allowed Rosa, carrying her child in her arms, to pass on up the road after a perfunctory offer of alms, which she refused. Rosa had left her husband, and her lover had been killed a few days before. Next, the vicar, thrilled by a regiment of recruits and then by the sight of Rosa and her baby, preached her a sermon on patriotic sacrifice. This he terminated by calling her "blesséd among women," but made only another offer of assistance. Eventually Rosa, physically wearied and mentally unstrung by fatigue and the vicar's rather heady eloquence, determined to sacrifice her baby by strangling him with her bootlace. That scene of mad renunciation stands out, with a similar one from "Jude the Obscure," as among the most genuinely pathetic in English. The story ends—but not at this point—with "a sense of rhythm and inevitableness which is always indicative of genius," as Mr. George Moore defines a short-story.

The distinguishing qualities of Mr. de Selincourt's style are his unforgettable characterizations and his restraint in permitting the reader to preach his own sermons. "Here is a character; this happened" is enough. This ecce homily method gives the tales an extraordinary sense of finish and finality. For brief characterization, none is better than this from "The Sense of Sin." "He had lately bought a complete edition of the works of William Morris, the pages of which it gave him great pleasure musingly to cut with an immense ivory paper-knife, very smooth and cool to the cheek."

The change now to M. Vallaton's book is like the change from chess to checkers. Quite as good a game in its way, but the lay-out of the board is not the same and the rules differ. Here an ample personality dominates the book, after the manner of nineteenth century novelists. It is the author's purpose to summarize the popular feeling of the Swiss at the outbreak of the war in the persons of Potterat, retired superintendent of police, and his friends. It would be an enterprising subject for investigation, by the way, to trace the influence of De Cassagnac's historical exploit in the middle of the last century, along through his imitators, down to our own Mr. Dooley. But "Potterat" also is fiction. The novel consists of a series of chapters in which the genial old optimist is seen tending his bees, working in his garden, fishing with his cronies on the lake, and gossiping with his neighbors in the lake-side country to which he had retired after thirty years of service. The encroachments of a real estate boom eventually sent him back into the town of Lausanne and an apartment house there. The old man's comic misery in the tawdry luxury of Madame Potterat's new drawing-room is no less human than his very genuine sorrow at leaving Eglantine Cottage. It was in their town quarters that the outbreak of the war and the orders for mobilization overtook the family, sending them in company with hordes of fellow townsmen scurrying for stores of food in the face of the impending famine. From the first the cry was, "The Germans," and in the three official letters which Potterat wrote just before his death the same note of alarm and patriotic resistance is repeated. Little masterpieces of common sense are these letters: one to General Joffre, one to King Albert, and one to the supreme federal council of Switzerland. "Neutrality," as Potterat said to his little son, "is a sort of Labyrinth; you go in, but you can't come out again. A month ago you were neutral, but you didn't know it."

The value of this novel, the last in a series of three in which Potterat is the central figure, lies in its description of the thoughts and emotions of a people threatened with invasion. It emphatically cannot be considered as embodying unofficially the sentiments of the Swiss nation as a whole. It must be remembered that this is the point of view of a French Swiss, for both Potterat and M. Vallaton are Vaudois. Repeated and melancholy evidences imply the domination in Switzerland of the German Swiss. Chiding the supreme council for inaction at the invasion of Belgium, it is Potterat himself who writes: "It is William Tell's country, and no other, which ought to take the lead in doing the right thing; for no one will ever convince me that our neutrality absolves us from the claims of humanity. . . There are thousands of people who think as I do, especially amongst the mass of the people, who are the backbone of the nation." The diction of this anonymous translation is most agreeably fluent English.

Myron R. Williams.

Briefs on New Books

Voyages on the Yukon and its Tributaries. A Narrative of Summer Travel in the Interior of Alaska. By Hudson Stuck. With maps and illustrations. Scribners; $4.50.

Readers who followed the Archbishop of the Yukon across the white wastes of wintry Alaska in his "Ten Thousand Miles in a Dog Sled" will be eager to ship with him on his "Voyages on the Yukon." They will recognize old friends of the snowy trails, and meet anew the ever-present and never-solved problem of the corroding and disintegrating influence of our vaunted civilization upon the simple and sturdy savages —so-called—of Alaska's forests and steppes. The lure of gold brings the adventurer whose mushroom cities linger on the map long after the weight of the winter's snows has crushed to the earth vacated saloon and flimsy dance hall, and summer's floods have washed away the litter with which the birds of passage have fouled the wilderness. But changing seasons bring no relief to the native peoples from the ills which the white man has left in the village, nor will the lapse of centuries redeem the now mongrel stock. Bishop Stuck portrays Alaska as it is, a land where nature and man alike are elemental and at times catastrophic. The sordid and the heroic mingle here and crowd one another, for not all men have gone to Iditarod and Circle City for gold alone. The book is well illustrated, and full of interest from cover to cover. It is revealing for one who plans a summer in Alaska for business or pleasure and should be read by every one who concerns himself with our national obligations to the people of this much neglected country.

The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer. By John Haynes Holmes. Dodd, Mead; $5.

On first opening these inviting volumes, so full of interests and ideals calculated to induce a blessed if momentary forgetfulness of our present subjection to the tyranny of war, one found this passage: "We are full of the war. The whole country is a great camp and drill ground. The spirit that has been called out . . . is the grandest thing ever seen in the country, perhaps in the world." And more in similar strain. Of course it is the Civil War that is referred to, and most heartily did the "blacksmith preacher" throw himself into the cause of freedom, as he doubtless would to-day, were he alive, into that of a vastly larger emancipation. Heroism and romance were not wanting to that full and varied life, with its successive experience of the Yorkshire moors and unlovely manufacturing villages, of Pennsylvania farms and their tillers, of strenuous Chicago in its marvelous growth, and of the great and bewildering metropolis with its cosmopolitan population. This heroism and this romance are set forth with literary skill, and also with the charm of homely reality, in the biography faithfully compiled from abundant autobiographical and other authoritative sources by the famous preacher's colleague in the closing years of his long ministry. Fortunate is the biographer to whom is assigned, as to Mr. Holmes was assigned by the Collyer family, so worthy and inspiring a theme; and fortunate is he whose life-story is told with so warm a sympathy and so true an understanding as have been brought to the present task.

The Odes and Secular Hymn of Horace. Translated by Warren H. Cudworth. Knopf; $1.50.

To most readers Horace means two things. He is the amiable prophet of a genial philosophy; and he is the writer of verse never surpassed in grace, dignity, and point. An English translation of Horace is successful so far as it preserves at once his formal perfection and the spirit of his philosophy. Mr. Cudworth has set himself a high standard of formal execution, to which he adheres to a remarkable degree. Though he does not keep the metres of the original poems, he systematically substitutes for them strophes which usually approximate in effect the Latin forms, and he wisely makes use of rhyme with unvarying accuracy. He demonstrates, what many would not have believed, that English verse is capable of as great compactness and brevity of phrasing as is Latin verse. In some cases however Mr. Cudworth has been unfortunate in his choice of metres; his unrelieved iambic lines are too heavy to carry the effect of the Sapphic and the Alcaic strophes; one waits in suspense for the tripping dactyls which one associates with the originals.

Perhaps, indeed, it is Mr. Cudworth's faithfulness to his principles that has at times prevented him from conveying the tone of Horace. "There are occasions, as every scholar knows," writes Martin, "where to be faithful to the letter is to be most unfaithful to the spirit of an author." Mr. Cudworth has by no means been unfaithful to Horace; but he might with advantage have allowed himself a little more elasticity of treatment. His rendering of the first strophe of "Integer Vitæ" is as near the words of Horace as is that of Martin; it is perhaps more fluent English:

> The man of upright life and conduct clean
> Needs neither Moorish javelin nor bow,
> Nor quiver, Fuscus, stuffed with arrows keen
> Whose tips with venom flow.

Yet its movement does not suggest so well that of the original as does Martin's version:

> Fuscus, the man of life upright and pure
> Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,
> Nor arrows tipped with venom deadly-sure,
> Loading his quiver.

It is of course unfair to judge either translation by a quotation of four lines; but Mr. Cudworth's work sustains such an even level that one may turn almost at random for examples that illustrate both his merits and his short-comings. In a field where success can at best be only relative, he has in large measure attained success; where he has fallen short, the defect has been in part inevitable, and has been the result of his rigid adherence to a preconceived notion.

The prefatory sonnet "To Horace" shows sympathy with the poet. It is a pity that it contains the noun "uplifts"—that word of unhappy memory. Horace, though in his way a moralist, would not have relished the word with its present associations.

A Short History of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. Vol. I: The Monarchy and the Republic. Putnams; $1.90.

In this first volume Ferrero and Barbagallo present us with a brilliant and coherent account of the history of Rome from the foundation of the city to the death of Julius Cæsar. Many readers who are familiar with Ferrero's larger work will be interested by the attitude which he now adopts towards the traditional records. With few exceptions, he defends the tradition against the conjectural emendations which have been so popular with the Germans and with Ferrero's own compatriot Ettore Pais; and perhaps the only startling novelty for which he is partly responsible is his suggestion that Rome under the later kings "ardently pursued a commercial career." If this expansion of Schwegler's theory is sound, and if it is true that the establishment of the republic was caused by a reaction of the Latin aristocracy against the commercial policy of Etruscan kings, we should indeed have a partial explanation of the slight amount of Greek influence discernible in the first centuries of the republic.

Ferrero devotes some of his best pages to the discussion of the reasons which at the beginning of the second century B.C. made Rome averse to the further extension of her empire. Such a policy is, as Ferrero says, almost incomprehensible to those who are accustomed to the "insatiable lust of territory which for two hundred years has possessed the states of Europe and America"; and his account of the relation between corruption and progress proceeds with great dramatic power down to the time when there was no longer a commonwealth sustained by a body of citizens, but instead a chaos out of which emerged an autocrat supported by an army. One wishes that more space might have been given to the peculiarly subversive effects of Greek thought upon the traditions of Rome, both political and religious; but the limitations imposed upon a single volume are severe, and the composition as a whole is admirable. Mr. George Chrystal, the translator, has done his work well.

Professionalism and Originality: With an Appendix of Suggestions on Professional, Administrative, and Educational Topics. By F. H. Hayward, D.Lit., B.Sc. Open Court; $1.75.

Life, Dr. Hayward argues, is a series of impulsions and compulsions. Some spark of genius is in each of us, while even the greatest genius cannot entirely escape the commonplace. The antinomy is most evident in those pursuits which have become most highly specialized and in which society is wont to repose most faith. The professions—law, medicine, teaching—are examples of such departmentalized compulsions. The professional ethics is designed to protect the member of the profession against those blunders for which the public should hold him responsible. Worse still, by its insistence on the commonplace in its "Specialists" it tends to strangle originality and hamper progress. The original man is one who responds most alertly to those impulsions not shared by his fellows and, because he is different and apart from them, is frowned upon as an innovator and an enemy to the common cause. So true is this that his merited recognition comes only with posthumous fame; the present generation cannot recognize the stigmata of genius possessed by its contemporaries. By way of reform let the various professions formulate their respective programmes and express definitely the tenets of their faith, the goals of their efforts. This will at once sweep away the cobwebs of mysticism that now conceal their real missions and will admit an understanding criticism from which they, as well as a larger society, will reap a benefit.

Mr. Hayward shows his own originality in his incisive and sometimes caustic arraignment of his own as well as other professions, but his uniform way of pigeon-holing his data is a detriment to the presentation. The elfishness of a genius—of a Shaw, for example—would have shattered these formal classifications and offered a more varied and enticing argument. But the criticism is usually solid, the thought is original at many angles, and the arraignment of professionalism contains many practical suggestions for

reform. Though its tone may not make it popular with professional men, the professions, should they heed its counsels, would certainly gain in popularity with the uninitiated.

THE ART OF GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN. Edited by Margaret Crosby Munn and Mary R. Cabot. With an introduction by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Dutton; $2.25.

It seems odd to read the biography of an American artist of the present generation, who received his art education—or the greater part of it—in London instead of in Munich or Paris, and whose earliest formative influences were those of Ruskin and the South Kensington Art Schools rather than of the boulevard and the atelier. It is true that, as Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson tells us in his brief but sympathetic introduction, Munn, a fellow-student of Frank Dicksee and Percy Macquoid among others, became dissatisfied with the opportunities offered by the Academy Schools and went to Paris. There he pursued his studies for a time at Julien's and Munkácsy's studios; but he soon returned to London, where he attracted the attention of G. F. Watts (as he had previously of Leighton), who gave him work, and his associations remained, on the whole, with English art and artists, as long as his health, permanently broken by an attack of typhus in Venice in 1883, permitted him to live abroad. Yet he never entered wholly into the English tradition. His strong admiration for Velasquez and Whistler saved him from that. There is a literary flavor to much of his work—it was the poetic sentiment of his "In Chancery" that appealed to Hon. Stephen Coleridge, one of his principal patrons—but he consciously eschewed the anecdote; and in landscape he early came under the spell of the great Barbizon painters, the spirit of whose work he interpreted in his own naïve, naturalistic, American manner. Yet his paintings often have also a fine decorative feeling. Most of his pictures are owned in England; so that, in spite of one memorial exhibition in New York, shortly after his premature death in 1907 at the age of fifty-six—he had, however, long ceased to produce—there has been little opportunity for his powers to be recognized in his own country. But the late Russell Sturgis contributed a warm appreciation of him to "Scribner's Magazine" in 1908; and this, reprinted in its entirety, with a brief memoir giving the essential facts of his brilliant promise and his broken career, might have served Munn's posthumous fame better than the present book, with its rather miscellaneous and turgid tribute to his art, character, conversation, and personal charm.

BRAHMADARSANAM OR INTUITION OF THE ABSOLUTE. By Srî Ananda Achârya. Macmillan; $1.25.

Western culture has shown a singular lack of interest in the philosophy of ancient India. This has been due partly no doubt to linguistic obstacles, but partly also to Western provincialism. Aside from books by missionaries who were obviously special pleaders for the occidental plan of salvation, Hindu philosophy was, until recently, practically inaccessible to all but a few linguistic experts and those who could read the language of the commentators. Of late, however, books dealing with the characteristically Hindu view of life, written by native scholars and intended for laymen in the western world, have been making their appearance in gratifying numbers. Srî Ananda Achârya's "Brahmadarsanam" belongs to this class.

In spite of one's more or less vague appreciation of the age of the civilization of the far East, one is surprised to find well-developed Hindu systems of thought many centuries before the rise of philosophy in Greece. And one is pleased to come upon the germs of doctrines with which one has been long familiar in their developed form. The author of the present volume thus does the reader a genuine service by predisposing him to examine further. He also succeeds in showing that underneath external differences of approach, terminology, and style of argument, Hindu philosophy concerns itself with one problem, employs one method, and comes to one conclusion. The central problem is the escape from the prison of finitude; its method is concentrated introspection; the solution is the vision of the self as one with the soul of the infinite.

In spite of its excellencies, however, the book fails to arouse enthusiasm. Like our own historians of philosophy the author feels it necessary to say something about so many things that he can say only a little about anything. Then, too, his words often lack flesh and blood meanings. The introduction of numerous Hindu terms, together with their definitions, adds to the difficulty of reading intelligently, for one can hardly digest the ordinary philosophic terminology, and consequently one leaves the book with one's mind in a confused state. The author is, moreover, inclined to mistake vigorous assertion for logical demonstration, and his assertions regarding Western philosophies and philosophers often rest upon nothing more solid than a string of ambiguities. Nevertheless, the reader of the book carries away a distinct feeling of the age of Hindu speculation and of the significance of soul in Hindu philosophy—perhaps just what the author intended to accomplish.

Casual Comment

War offers small opportunity for laughter, but the zeal with which certain gentlemen have undertaken their self-appointed task of censorship has reached a pitch which brings their activities almost into the realm of opéra bouffe. One of the most amusing recent instances is that of Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood, chairman of the Conference Committee on National Preparedness, who exhibited a bad attack of hysteria in the New York "Tribune." Mr. Wood sent the "Tribune" a statement denouncing "The Nature of Peace," by Thorstein Veblen, as "the most damnable piece of pro-German propaganda that the Federal authorities have overlooked"! This misrepresentation he fortified with a series of quotations so clearly divorced from the context that one can only marvel at the spectacle of his intellectual blindness. It is no secret that Mr. Veblen's book is an extremely ingenious and powerful argument for the theory that until the menace of German militarism has been utterly destroyed it is not possible to think of world peace. A similar spectacle is furnished by one Dr. William H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, whose highly strung nerves caused him to publish in the Detroit "Free Press" equally unwarranted and perverse conclusions concerning "The Nature of Peace." A few days after publishing Mr. Wood's letter the New York "Tribune," in retracting, sadly observed that the incident had caused them to lose faith in the intuitive habit of thought. It is to be hoped that this and similar incidents will cause a long patient public also to lose faith in these "intuitive" zealots, who seem to have determined that nobody except themselves shall say anything. The country ought soon to be thoroughly weary of these half-baked alarmists.

* * *

In George Bernard Shaw's recent review of "The Free Press," by Hilaire Belloc, he concludes with the following characteristically provoking paragraph:

> My own most polemical writings are to be found in the files of the "Times," the "Morning Post," the "Daily Express," the "World," and the "Saturday Review." I found out early in my career that a Conservative paper may steal a horse when a Radical paper dare not look over a hedge, and that the rich, though very determined that the poor shall read nothing unconventional, are equally determined not to be preached at themselves. In short, I found that only for the classes would I be allowed, and indeed tacitly required, to write on revolutionary assumptions. I filled their columns with sedition; and they filled my pockets (not very deep ones then) with money. In the press, as in other departments, the greatest freedom may be found where there is least talk about it.

Why provoking? Because although this may be quite true of Shaw and his experiences, it can hardly be so easy for the smaller fry. If you are brilliant and amusing you may talk atheism in a theological seminary, write in the most conservative and patriotic magazine something that would land a less clever author in jail for disloyalty, or discuss the social value of sabotage in the "Wall Street Journal." Give us Shaw's wit and dramatic sense and intellect, and we guarantee that we could advocate polygamy in a staid religious weekly or non-resistance in the report of the National Security League. To be unhampered in what you say, it is only necessary—to be as clever as Shaw. But for most of us, who are duller and probably less serious, the number of magazines that will welcome our polemic writings will never seem so large as to furnish an embarrassment of journalistic riches.

* * *

Will the pedagogues leave us no cozy corners in the house of letters, neither closet nor attic to explore and lounge in unoppressed by some prim guide to the world's best literature? Is there to come a time when no good old book can be reprinted without the editorial meddling of a diplomaed mentor, long on culture but short on "juice de vivre," whose foreword, hindword, notes, and bibliography—quaintly paginated in lower-case Roman—must needs obscure the text they pretend to illumine? These queries are prompted by a recent pedagogical invasion of that last intimate retreat where children might forget the impertinence of school—"Alice in Wonderland." William J. Long conducts this drive, munitioned by Ginn & Co. and reluctantly convoyed by Oliver Herford, who (to do him justice) has no stomach for the sorry business. The illustrator's heart, one conjectures from his prefatory "Apology" in verse, is in Tenniel's boots along with his feet. But the editor is shameless in spoliation of Carroll's province. There he turns things topsy-turvy, installing on page iii a "Finale" and on page 205 a "Foreword." Then he violates the good don's Oxford privacy and pulls from its decent niche the skeleton of Carroll's double life. Meanwhile, inevitably, there have been "notes"—"Notes and Harmonies," announces the editor. Listen to a few of the sweet harmonics with which Mr. Long accompanies Lewis Carroll:

> A hookah is a kind of machine or thingumajig which the Turks use for smoking. . . Like most wild sea birds, the dodo was quite tame. Still, he was never, as you might say, a dodomestic bird. . . They call one creature a tortoise because he has crooked feet, and another creature they call a porpoise because he looks something like a *porcus* or hog. And sailors twist the twisted tortoise till he becomes turtle, but they can't twist the untwisted porpoise till he becomes purple.

This is not nonsense; nonsense is always serenely unconscious that it is not the whole sense. Any child will at once recognize this for a stilted, patronizing imitation by a self-conscious "Olympian" and will politely draw away from it, at the same time (more's the pity!) drawing away from Wonderland. Nor is it education, of which our editor spreads a hopeful report:

> Language is queer; there's no telling what some words really mean. . . It's just a fashion of speaking, with no sense to it. . . If a child ate too many [comfits], there might *come fits*. Hence the name, to scare you properly. But you will not find any such reasonable explanation in the dictionary. If you bother with such books, you may *have to learn* [our italics] that "to comfit" means to preserve. . . Nowadays, in proper schools, he [the Mouse] would read five or six history books, all different, and not learn anything in particular; which is, you see, the great advantage of modern education.

Yet, after all, the heinous crime of "Alice's" editor is to spoil transparent nonsense with silly explanations and to rub the bloom off words of glamor which children love because they only half understand them. Criticizing Carroll for parodying "Star of the Evening," Mr. Long quotes a stanza of the mawkish original and adds, "Some things should be let alone, especially things that have the two virtues of being old and being good." They should indeed! THE DIAL bespeaks for this outrage the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If, while yet in school, its officers had "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Child's Garden," and alas! how many other golden books thus tarnished for them, they will find a way to deal with these insatiable pedagogues.

• • •

THE "BELLMAN" RECENTLY LAUNCHED A tirade against the selfish publishers who want to have repealed the War Revenue Act of October 3, 1917—the so-called "Zone System" measure—solely because the new postal rates rob them of profits. Of course, in so far as publishers as a class are trying to evade their just contributions to the cost of the war, they merit all the invective which can be hurled at them. No one wants, any more than the "Bellman," to see poor magazines "subsidized" by the Post Office. But it is a singularly ungracious remark of the editor's that it would be a good thing if half the magazines in the country were put out of business. Perhaps they should be; we should be the last to sing their literary or intellectual merits. Yet undesirable as it may be that certain publishers should get what might be called strategic profits, or that trivial magazines should flourish in the land, it is far more important that America should not see introduced the principle of discrimination. For once magazines come to be discriminated against on the ground of their intrinsic merit, who is going to be the judge? The literary man who dislikes trade journals? The business man, who thinks that the "movies" already take up enough of his employees' time without devising for them further distractions from their job in magazines with pictures and "stories" of their favorite heroines? The conservative who dislikes all radicalism? or the radical who would cheat us from the pleasure of seeing the "North American Review"? Really, none of us would be safe in such a capricious world, and who can say whether or not the "Bellman" itself might not be excommunicated? Perhaps the censor, if exceptionally intelligent, would rule that a magazine could attack anything it wished so long as it was just to its opponents. Under that test the "Bellman" would not fare any too well. For it does not even touch the real objection to the "Zone System," which is simply the ancient one of freedom of communication, guaranteed by the Government. Is it necessary in this day of enlightenment to point out that the true function of the Post Office is not to ape a corporation, interested primarily in dividends, but to provide a cheap and easy means for the interchange of ideas and the free circulation of opinion? Democracy grows on its foolishness almost as much as on its wisdom. Until people have been interested in reading soap advertisements and sentimental stories, they can hardly be expected to be interested in the kind of literature the "Bellman" would wish to see them reading. It is through this kind of progress that we gradually emerge from petty localism into a broader tolerance, a better taste, and a more general spread of ideas. The "Zone System" would tend to keep us provincial.

• • •

"IT IS WELL TO BE CAUTIOUS IN STATEMENT about any contemporary book." "A half-truth is often of extreme simplicity; but the whole truth is usually of such complication that the utmost effort is necessary in order merely to state it." THE DIAL might safely offer a large prize to the first reader to guess the author of these sentiments. Some backward looking doctor of deliberation? Some hesitant meticulous assembler of metaphysical gear? Dear reader, not at all. Those words were written by none other than our national apostle of the contemporary and practitioner of the snap-judgment, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. They may be found in a recent "Outlook" in a "notice"—which somehow escaped being a preface—of Henry Fairfield Osborn's "Origin and Evolution of Life."

Briefer Mention

A unique little volume of its kind is an "Introduction to Political Philosophy," by H. P. Farrell (Longmans, Green; $1.25), outlining the masterpieces of political thinking from the days of Plato through the historical and ethical schools of the past generation. Aside from a brief introductory chapter, there is little comment by the author, the greater part of the text being taken up with a remarkably lucid outline of the theories of Plato, Aristotle, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, and the analytical and historical jurists. At one point the author departs somewhat from this method in criticizing rather sharply the "great error in political philosophy" perpetrated by the contract theorists. As a handbook and guide the volume is valuable, but the diligent student will wish to go much farther afield, especially into modern theories of society and the state.

Greenwich Village runs true to form in "The Lady of Kingdoms" (Doran; $1.50), the newest novel by Inez Haynes Irwin. Disguising a zealous dose of feminism under a veil of modern romance, Mrs. Irwin guides the reader through 500 pages of alternate thrills and heart-searching conversations to a triumphant conclusion. There seems to be a subtle conviction in the mind of every Village Dweller, no matter how kindly, that he or she is divinely appointed to open the eyes of the plodding conservative; and to this end we are bidden to watch the antics of their almost plausible puppets. These, in the present instance, are happily provided with money, clothes, looks, education, and docile relatives, and they dance very gracefully into each other's arms, or out of them, without mishap. Two young ladies in a Cape Cod hamlet, each with a sex problem, are the principal actors. To them are added, during a summer holiday, the Real Villagers; the problems are brought forward, discussed, and solved by the unfettered City Dwellers, and at the end of the book everybody has developed into superman behind the gloriously falling curtain. The effort of sustaining two stories of almost equal interest proves here, as often, too great. The effect is patchy, and each career loses verisimilitude. Descriptions of scenes and occasions are varied and striking, though the recurrence of "butter-colored lace" and taxis "boiling up to the curb" palls upon the reader.

James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Warbler" (Doubleday Page; $1.25) is a pallid attempt at a reproduction of the crystallizing point of adolescence. This delicate feat is reserved for the very few to accomplish with anything like perfection; Mr. Allen's sun-parlor methods leave the reader convinced that no serious encroachments have been made on hallowed ground. The book contains a very interesting biography of Alexander Wilson, the naturalist, around which the story itself is built, and there is effective vocational material there for those who can use it.

Private Dubb, whose exploits at camp have been delighting the devotees of newspaper comics, now shows his insouciant baby stare between boards in "That Rookie from the 13th Squad," by Lieut. P. L. Crosby (Harpers; 75 cts.). These cartoons would make a Rookie's Progress from initial reveille to appointment as private of the first class (with increased pay), but for one fact—Mr. Dubb does not progress. It was in October that he hung two bright stars on either shoulder because he thought they looked "awfully snappy" on an officer he had seen; in January he was found in possession of a full line of officers' insignia—"I heard there was going to be some promotions and I want to be ready for such emergencies." Sentry-go he cannot master. In October he offered to shake hands with a colonel he had halted; in December he halted and unhorsed a mounted colonel, though nobody had posted him in the road—he was "just practicing"; and only the other night he kept the officer of the post waiting in the rain while he vainly tried to remember what follows "Advance and be recognized!" in the sentry's ritual. Not that Dubb's life is monotonous. On parade, in barracks, at mess, under the pup tent, at the hospital, on the rifle range, in bayonet or grenade or gas mask drill, encountering the fair sex while on duty or on leave, and trotting to headquarters to "be measured for a horse," Dubb suffers every mischance that simplicity can invite, enduring all with a fetching good-nature—not unmixed with wonder.

American financial administration has been like that of a spendthrift with superabundant resources. A necessary war economy will, however, popularize a demand, hitherto confined to observant individuals, for a complete reform in our system of governmental estimates, appropriations, and expenditures. While we cannot blindly adopt a foreign system of financial administration, an understanding of the excellencies in English methods will afford a proper basis for the reconstruction of our own methods. William F. and Westel W. Willoughby and S. M. Lindsay, the authors of "The System of Financial Administration of Great Britain" (Appleton; $2.75), are thoroughly conversant with American governmental methods and are consequently well fitted to conduct an investigation of the English system. They have succeeded in stating their results in non-technical language and in a form intelligible to the general reader. They discuss the fundamental principles which underlie public finance. They then trace the financial procedure of Great Britain, beginning with departmental preparation of estimates, describe the subsequent incorporation of these in a general parliamentary budget, the action of the House of Commons upon the same, the functions performed by the Bank of England, and finally the methods of expenditure and accounting. In a concluding chapter of the book the results of the investigation are summarized with direct reference and application to American conditions. Another important financial book is "Foreign Exchange Explained," by Franklin Escher. (Macmillan; $1.25.) A practical and at the same time a sound economic, and not too academic, discussion of foreign exchange has long been needed, and this book by one acquainted both with actual business and with university

teaching must prove of value to the economic student and to the business man as well. Its value lies in the fact that it elucidates the underlying principles of foreign exchange as well as the actual conditions existing today. The most valuable chapters in the book are perhaps those on international banking, pars of exchange, principal rates of exchange, the foreign exchange market, gold and its movement, and bankers' long bills. The question is discussed whether or no the dollar is to replace the pound sterling as the dominant factor in world exchange. Not the least valuable part of the book is an appendix in which is given in outline the monetary systems of the world. A book of this kind is a sign of the times and shows that the trade of the United States is rapidly becoming international in scope.

"State Sanitation," by George Chandler Whipple (Harvard University Press; $2.50), is a chronological series of reprints and abstracts of papers selected by the editor from the annual and special reports of the Massachusetts State Board of Health. Owing to the fact that this board was a pioneer in this country in undertaking thoroughgoing and scientific work in public health and sanitation, the papers constitute a series of classics on the subject. The volume contains articles on water supplies, sewage disposal, stream pollution, filtration, microörganisms of water and air, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and infantile paralysis. Addresses on the relation of the state to public health; on the liquor problem; on milk, food, and drug inspection; and on preventive medicine and kindred topics in the social relations of medicine are to be found here from men eminent as authorities and contributors to medicine and sanitation. Municipal and sanitary engineers, physicians, public health officials, and others having responsibilities in these fields will find both information and incentive in these carefully selected and informing treatises.

The lines in "Verses of Idle Hours," by O. Chester Brodhay (Frederick C. Browne, Chicago; $1.), are said to have been written in the "idle hours" which the author has snatched "from his active duties in the business world." They are not, it is true, the effusions of the well-known T. B. M.; but the platitudinous thoughts expressed in stereotyped phrases, the cloying sentimentality, and the poor workmanship support the view that the man in the street has never been able to tame Pegasus. The technique is slip-shod: rhymes like "born" and "storm" abound; and a scheme as loose as the following is not rare: a, B, c, D, e, d, f, d, g, D, h, B—the capitals signifying the use of the same word. Here is a couplet typical in form and content:

> What happy, happy days, gentle Mary dear!
> Memory has not failed me through many a year.

A reader opening the book at random might be tempted to consider it satirical, but careful perusal of its pages discloses a solemn puritanism and such cloudy metaphysics as no keen ironist could imagine. In one long ode, an ambitious "transposition" of "Thanatopsis," the author declares that "Life is God, the One Intelligence, the only Power." Subsequently he remarks that "our greatest thoughts are seldom known," and concludes that these meteorites are "God's presence." This curious and, it would almost seem, unconscious denial of the intellect is repeated less rhetorically in the various sentimental jingles of which the book is full. It is probably at the root of the author's belief that poetry can be the work of idle hours, that it can do with anything less than the complete fusion of emotion and intellectual passion.

COMMUNICATION

WHY CRITICS SHOULD BE EDUCATED.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

For the information of those of your readers who may have read Mr. Untermeyer's article in your issue of February 14, permit me to state that most of the verses in my "First Offering" were written before I had any connections with a university. I don't know where your critic obtained his information that I have been "brought up at a university"; however, he should be congratulated upon having picked out for quotation as a specimen of my art the worst eight lines I have ever written. He could not possibly have done better.

Mr. Untermeyer argues that a poet should not be educated. Certainly he has not permitted an education to spoil his own work, and his method of criticism is an eloquent argument on "Why Critics Should Be Educated." It is really unnecessary to offer a defense of scholarship in Poetry: it would be as superfluous to emphasize that as to emphasize the need of a knowledge of the sea in the training of a sailor. Mr. Untermeyer belongs to a curious group of writers who possess what one might call a talent for self assertion, which, in the absence of a vigorous art, has been accepted as literary genius. This group has even attained a certain yellow-press distinction. Mr. Untermeyer writes vigorously in defense of his group; but no amount of such argument will make their temporary prestige tenable in the presence of the development of a real poetic art in this country.

SAMUEL ROTH.

[EDITORS' NOTE: Mr. Roth may properly feel aggrieved that his book of verse, "First Offering," should have been judged by Mr. Untermeyer as a post-University product instead of as an ante-University product, which it really was, although the intrinsic merit of the volume is not in any way lowered or raised by this irrelevant fact. And, as Mr. Roth himself tacitly admits, Mr. Untermeyer's judgment was not wholly incorrect; he does, indeed, congratulate his critic on selecting for quotation "the worst eight lines I have ever written." In other words, what Mr. Roth discloses in his letter may be somewhat damaging for Mr. Untermeyer's paradoxical theory, but it hardly makes out a case against Mr. Untermeyer's taste. As for the amiable weakness of blowing one's own horn, which has been commonly supposed to be a characteristic of poets in general, would Mr. Roth contend that he departs from the normal in this particular?]

READY MARCH 15

United States Army, Facts and Insignia

By VALDEMAR PAULSEN

Illustrated with 27 half-tones from photographs, United States Army Insignia and flags of the nations in colors. Cover in colors showing coat of arms of the United States. Paper, vest pocket size, 25 cents; cloth 50 cents. 96 pages.

A little book for which the whole country has been clamoring. Built upon official government data. Treats of organization, arms of the service, staff corps and departments, units of fighting forces, rank, pay, war risk insurance, military schools, insignia and salutes. A host of up-to-the-minute facts about fighting forces that every American should know.

1918 Rand-McNally Juveniles

Wholesome and Pleasing

Little Brothers to the Scouts	$0.50
Little Lame Prince	1.25
Loraine and the Little People	.50
Pied Piper of Hamelin	1.25
Overall Boys	.75
Story Teller's Book	.75
Sunbonnet Babies Book	.75
Sunny-Sulky Book	.50
When I Was Little	.75
When Little Thoughts Go Rhyming	.75
Billy Robin and His Neighbors	.50
Adventures of Sonny Bear	.50
Bobbie Bubbles	.50
Butterfly Babies Book	1.00
Doings of Little Bear	.50
Flower Fairies	1.00
Goody-Naughty Book	.50
Grandad Coco Nut's Party	.50
Kipling's Boy Stories	1.00
Jolly Mother Goose Annual	1.00
Muffin Shop	1.00
Land of Don't-Want-To	1.25
Japanese Fairy Tales	.75
Kidnapped	1.00
Mother Goose Village	.75
Paddy-Paws	.50
True Bear Stories	1.00
War of Wooden Soldiers	.25
Goosey Goosey Gander Series, each	.50
Dotty Dolly's Tea Party	.25
Real Mother Goose	1.50
Stories of the Pilgrims	1.00
I Wonder Why?	.50
Flower Babies Book	1.00
Child's Garden of Verses	.75
A. B. C. Mother Goose	1.00
How the Animals Came to the Circus	.50
Jackieboy in Rainbowland	.50
King Arthur and His Knights	1.00
Alice in Wonderland	1.50

For sale at all leading book and department stores

Rand-McNally & Company
CHICAGO

NOTES AND NEWS

Alfred Booth Kuttner, who contributes the first of two articles on American intolerance to this issue of THE DIAL, is a graduate of Harvard and the author of many essays and studies which have appeared in various newspapers, magazines, and technical journals. He has long been a student of psychological problems, especially of the so-called "Freudian psychology," and most of his writing has been in the nature of an exposition of the new psychological method of approach and the implications of this approach for conventional estimates in literature, art, and politics. His home is in New York City.

Richard Aldington, one of the leaders of the English Imagist group, is represented in the various Imagist anthologies and is the author of "Images Old and New" (Four Seas; 60 cts.). Much of his work, especially in the "Egoist" and the "Little Review," has consisted in verse and prose evocations of the spirit of antiquity. His letter to the Slave in "Cleon" in this issue is the first of a series of "Letters to Unknown Women" which THE DIAL will print from time to time. Succeeding "Letters" will be addressed to Helen, Sappho, Heliodora, Amaryllis, and La Grosse Margot.

Marsden Hartley, who contributes the lyrical appreciation of John Barrymore's acting in "Peter Ibbetson," has had several of his appreciative and descriptive essays published in periodicals. Besides his literary work he is a painter of considerable distinction, especially of landscapes, and the effect of this artistic work upon his prose style is clearly discernible. He travels in search of subjects for his brush, but his present residence is in New York City.

"Special Libraries" for February contains a list of dictionaries of commercial commodities and similar books.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel of German intrigue, "The Pawns Count," will be issued March 27 by Little, Brown & Co.

The George H. Doran Co. have in preparation a new book by Frank Swinnerton—"Nocturne," to which H. G. Wells has contributed a critical introduction.

The Boston "Evening Record" has been sold by Francis W. Bird to a syndicate headed by Louis Coues Page, president of The Page Co., publishers. It will be continued as a Republican newspaper.

The Four Seas Co. will issue this spring another volume of poems by Conrad Aiken, whose "Nocturne of Remembered Spring" they recently published. It will be called "The Charnel Rose."

The Grolier Club, of New York City, is now installed on East 60th Street, where its new rooms have been arranged to give the effect of a library in an English college.

"Ambulance 464," by Julien H. Bryan; a book of stories by Alice Brown, "The Flying Teuton"; Professor John Spencer Bassett's "The Lost Fruits of Waterloo"; and "War Time Control of Industry," by Howard L. Gray, are among the forthcoming Macmillan volumes.

Harper and Brothers are about to publish "A Flying Fighter," by Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C.; "The Road that Led Home," by Will E. Ingersoll; "Long Ever Ago," by Rupert Hughes; and "Skinner's Big Idea," by Henry Irving Dodge.

Among the books announced for immediate issue by D. Appleton & Co. are: "The War Cache," a novel by W. Douglas Newton; "American Women and the World War," by Ida Clyde Clarke; and "The Great Sioux Trail," by Joseph A. Altsheler.

This spring Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish the companion volume to "Jerusalem," by Selma Lagerlöf—"The Holy City," translated by Velma Swanston Howard. The present book deals with the Dalecarlians in Jerusalem, where they work with the Gordon Colony of Americans.

The John Lane Co. announce that March 22 they will issue the second of Lieut. Coningsby Dawson's three war books, "The Glory of the Trenches." The third will be called "Out to Win" and will discuss the entry of the United States into the war. "Carry On: Letters in War Time" was the first volume of the trilogy.

The Dutton list for early March includes "Use Your Government," by Alissa Franc, and "State Services," by George Radford—two books that deal with the services of the state to the individual. The former is an exposition of the government departments of the United States; the latter, a plea for the nationalization of certain factors of national wealth in England.

March 15 Boni & Liveright will publish a translation of "Men in War," by Andreas Latzko, an Austrian army officer. Other books on their March list are: "The Unbroken Tradition," by Nora Connolly, daughter of James Connolly—a record of her experiences during the Irish rebellion, which led to her father's execution; "The Hand of the Potter," Theodore Dreiser's four-act play which is to be produced in New York this month; "Mariana," by the Spanish dramatist Jose Echegary; "Erdgeist" and "Pandora's Box," by Frank Wedekind; "The Sanity of Art," by George Bernard Shaw; and (by arrangement with the American-Scandinavian Foundation) "Marie Grubbe," a historical romance of the seventeenth century, by Jens Peter Jacobsen.

Egmont Arens is publishing, at the Washington Square Book Shop, New York, the "Flying Stag Plays for the Little Theatre." This series, he announces, will include the best one-act plays produced by the Washington Square Players, the Provincetown Players, the Greenwich Village Players, and other companies. The numbers now issued are: "The Chester Mysteries, a Passion Play," as played on Christmas Eve by the Greenwich Village Players; "The Sandbar Queen," by George Cronyn, as played by the Washington Square Players; and "Night," by James Oppenheim, as played by the Provincetown Players. Those in preparation are: for March, "The Angel Intrudes," by Floyd Dell; for April, "Barbarians," by Rita Wellman; for May, "The Slave with Two Faces," by Mary Caroline Davies—all from the repertoire of the Provincetown troupe. The price is 35 cts. an issue (monthly) and $3. a year.

Books of the Moment

Principles of American Diplomacy
By John Bassett Moore

Do you know where your own country stands on the great questions of international relations? Perhaps you think that this has nothing to do with you. But in these days when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon America, when everyone is relying upon her to stem the Teuton tide, surely you should know the place she has taken in the council of nations. Prof. Moore's book will give you a clear understanding of our relations with foreign powers. $2.00

National Progress, 1907-1917
By Frederic Austin Ogg, Ph.D.

Have you a clear idea in your mind of the various steps America has taken, as a nation, during the last ten years? Are you familiar with the policies of the three Presidents who were in office during that time? The governmental problems? The relations of the United States in the Pacific, the Caribbean and elsewhere?

In this book Prof. Ogg has given us information on every phase of national advancement, even as far back as 1900. $2.00

TRAVELING UNDER ORDERS
A Guide-Book for Troops en route to France
By Major William E. Dunn, N. A.

Before you start for the front—buy this book! It will save you days of endless worry and discomfort. It tells you what you need to equip yourself for foreign service and is written by a field officer who knows and no detail for safety or comfort is overlooked. 16mo. Khaki Cloth, 50 cents

In Our First Year of War
By Woodrow Wilson

That the public desires to possess in permanent form these important State papers is proved by the success of "Why We Are At War," and by the many requests which have come to us for a war volume of the President's messages which have appeared since the earlier book was published. The book opens with the second inaugural address and contains the President's messages and addresses in the first calendar year of the war, including the latest, "The Terms of Peace." Portrait. $1.00

A French-English Military Technical Dictionary
By Cornélis De Witt Willcox, Colonel U. S. A.

If you really want to know the meanings of the innumerable terms in French used daily in connection with the discussion of war, this book will be invaluable. It is not merely a handbook for the soldier, but a volume comprising every known phrase used in military circles, and is as essential to the civilian reading the dispatches in the daily paper as to the officer going abroad. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $4.00

Harper & Brothers Established 1817 **New York**

GREAT WAR, BALLADS
By Brookes More

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the war.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

$1.50 Net

For Sale by Brentano's; The Baker & Taylor Co., New York; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; St. Louis News Co., and All Book Stores

THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.
Fort Smith, Arkansas, U. S. A.

50 Books on the War at Bargain Prices

War books by Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Pierre Loti, and John Reed are among the 750 titles in our newly issued *Catalogue of Book Bargains*. Recent fiction, travel books, and works of almost every description from our overstock are also included—all at considerable reductions from original prices.

FREE ON REQUEST

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK At 26th St.

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.

Book Buyers

who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

BOOKS

We carry a large stock of First Editions of Modern Authors, viz.:

Galsworthy	Meredith	Swinburne
Gibson	Moore	Symons
Hardy	Shaw	Wells
Masefield	Stephens	Yeats

The Brick Row Print & Book Shop, Inc.
104 High Street, New Haven, Conn.
Importers *Booksellers* *Print Dealers*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[*The following list, containing 84 titles, includes books received by* THE DIAL *since its last issue.*]

THE WAR.

Wonderful Stories. Winning the V. C. in the Great War. Illustrated, 8vo, 280 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

The Great Crime and Its Moral. A Connected Narrative of the Great War. By J. Selden Willmore. 8vo, 323 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2.

Deductions from the Great War. By Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. 12mo, 212 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Story of the Salonica Army. By G. Ward Price. With an introduction by Viscount Northcliffe. Illustrated, 12mo, 311 pages. Edward J. Clode. $2.

Under Four Flags for France. By George Clarke Musgrave. Illustrated, 12mo, 264 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.

America at War. A Handbook of Patriotic Education References. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. 8vo, 425 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

World Peace. A Written Debate Between William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan. Illustrated, 12mo, 156 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

In Our First Year of the War. Messages and Addresses to the Congress and the People, March 5, 1917 to January 8, 1918. By Woodrow Wilson. With frontispiece, 16mo, 166 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.

Two War Years in Constantinople. By Dr. Harry Stuermer. Translated from the German by E. Allen and the author. 12mo, 292 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

First Call. By Arthur Guy Empey. Illustrated, 12mo, 369 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Canteeners. By Agnes M. Dixon. Illustrated, 12mo, 176 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Trapped in Black Russia. By Ruth Pierce. 16mo, 149 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Soldier Men. By "Yeo." 12mo, 238 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

The German Terror in France. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Illustrated, 8vo, 220 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.

The New Spirit of the New Army. By Joseph H. Odell. 12mo, 121 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cts.

That Rookie From the 13th Squad. By Lieut. P. L. Crosby. 8vo. Harper & Bros. 75 cts.

The All Highest Goes to Jerusalem. Translated from the French by Frank Alvah Dearborn. Illustrated, 12mo, 88 pages. George H. Doran Co. Boards. 50 cts.

Traveling Under Orders. By Major William E. Dunn, N. A. 16mo, 80 pages. Harper & Bros. 50 cts.

The Fourth Year in Belgium. How Help is Reaching the Lowlands through the American Red Cross. By Paul U. Kellogg. 12mo, 32 pages. American Red Cross, Paris. Paper.

FICTION.

The Bag of Saffron. By Bettina von Hutten. Illustrated, 12mo, 451 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Sunshine Beggars. By Sidney McCall. Illustrated, 12mo, 302 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

An Orkney Maid. By Amelia E. Barr. With frontispiece, 12mo, 308 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Hope Chest. By Mark Lee Luther. With frontispiece, 12mo, 334 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The Biography of a Million Dollars. By George Kibbe Turner. Illustrated, 12mo, 356 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The Best in Life. By Muriel Hine. 12mo, 365 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

My Two Kings. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. Illustrated, 12mo, 473 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Lucky Seven. By John Taintor Foote. 12mo, 309 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.40.

The Long Trick. By "Bartimeus." 12mo, 278 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

Twinkletoes. By Thomas Burke. 12mo, 259 pages. Robt. McBride & Co. $1.35.

W. E. Ford. A Biography. By J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond. 12mo, 318 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Key of the Fields and Boldero. By Henry Milner Rideout. 12mo, 375 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.35.

The Gossip Shop. By J. E. Buckrose. 12mo, 317 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Man with the Black Cord. By Augusta Groner. 12mo, 287 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.35.

The Return of the Soldier. By Rebecca West. Illustrated, 12mo, 200 pages. The Century Co. $1.

Kitty Canary. By Kate Langley Bosher. With frontispiece, 12mo, 190 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.

POETRY.

The Broadway Anthology. By Edward L. Bernays, Samuel Hoffenstein, Walter J. Kingsley, and Murdock Pemberton. 12mo, 60 pages. Duffield & Co.

Hill-Tracks. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. With portrait, 8vo, 65 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Wraiths and Realities. By Cale Young Rice. 12mo, 187 pages. The Century Co. $1.25.

Wings in the Night. By Alice Duer Miller. 12mo, 47 pages. The Century Co. $1.

Sonnets, and Other Lyrics. By Robert Silliman Hillyer. 12mo, 67 pages. Harvard University Press. 75 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert. Edited by Joseph Quincy Adams. With frontispiece, 8vo, 155 pages. Yale University Press. $2.50.

Per Amica Silentia Lunae. By William Butler Yeats. 12mo, 98 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Hearts of Controversy. By Alice Meynell. 12mo, 115 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Mexico: From Diaz to the Kaiser. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. George H. Doran Co. $3.50.

A History of the Pacific Northwest. By Joseph Schafer. Revised and rewritten. Illustrated, 12mo, 323 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Lincoln in Illinois. By Octavia Roberts. Illustrated, 8vo, 119 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

The Mad Monk of Russia, Iliodor. Life, Memories, and Confessions of Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff. Illustrated, 8vo, 363 pages. The Century Co. $2.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Travels in London. By the late Charles Morley. With recollections by Sir Edward Cook, J. A. Spender, and J. P. Collins. With frontispiece, 12mo, 286 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Alone in the Caribbean. By Frederic A. Fenger. Illustrated, 12mo, 353 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2.

The Sunny South and Its People. By C. W. Johnston. With frontispiece, 12mo, 461 pages. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.50.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Theories of Social Progress. By Arthur James Todd. 12mo, 579 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

The Question: "If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?" By Edward Clodd. 12mo, 313 pages. Edward J. Clode. $2.

Evolution in Modern Thought. By Haeckel, Thomson, Weismann, and Others. (Modern Library Series.) With frontispiece, 16mo, 280 pages. Boni & Liveright. Limp croft leather. 60 cts.

Religion and Common Sense. By Donald Hankey. 16mo, 82 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

BUSINESS.

Income Tax Law and Accounting. 1918. By Godfrey N. Nelson. Second edition. 12mo, 364 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The Theory and Practice of Scientific Management. By C. Bertrand Thompson. 12mo, 319 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

The Fat of the Land. The Story of an American Farm. By John Williams Streeter. New edition. 12mo, 406 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"AT McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

Israel Zangwill on "The Dilemmas of the Diaspora"—Jacob H. Schiff on "At the Gate of the Promised Land"—Justice Irving Lehman on "Our Duty as Americans"—President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard on "Three Lines of Action for American Jews"—Jacob Billikopf on "The Treasure-Chest of American Jewry"—Prof. M. M. Kaplan on "Where Does Jewry Really Stand Today?"—a stirring poem by the Menorah poet, Martin Feinstein: "From a Zionist in the Trenches"—and the literary sensation of the year, "Pomegranates," a series of "acid" comments on Jewish topics by a brilliant anonymous writer,—all in the current number of THE MENORAH JOURNAL. This number *FREE* to you with a trial $1.00 subscription for six months (published bi-monthly), beginning with April number, if subscription is mailed promptly to Menorah Journal, 600 Madison Ave., New York. WRITE TODAY.

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1905*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

A CATALOGUE of books and pamphlets relating to the Civil War, Slavery and the South (including a number of scarce Confederate items) will be sent to collectors on request.
W. A. GOUGH, 25 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

IF you want first editions, limited editions, association books — books of any kind, in fact, address:
DOWNING, Box 1336, Boston, Mass.

The Advertising Representative of THE DIAL in England is
MR. DAVID H. BOND
407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

For Authors **ROMEIKE** operates a special literary department, as complete in every detail as an entire
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Having the use of our international facilities this department is known and patronized by as many authors and publishers as make up the entire clientele of an ordinary bureau.
With our exceedingly large patronage it is necessary for us to maintain a standard of efficiency and service which cannot be approached by bureaux that devote their efforts to the acquiring of new subscribers without thought for those they have. An inefficient press clipping service will prove irritating, so don't experiment. Use the reliable
ROMEIKE
108-110 Seventh Avenue, NEW YORK
Established 1881

THE ARTS.

Giotto, and Some of His Followers. By Osvald Sirén. Translated by Frederic Schenck. In 2 vols. 8vo, 285 pages, 220 plates. Harvard University Press. Boxed. $12.

Francisco de Zurbarán. His Epoch, His Life, and His Works. By José Cascales y Muñoz. Translated by Nellie Seelye Evans. Illustrated, 4to, 158 pages. Frederic Fairchild Sherman (privately printed). Boxed. $12.

Japanese Art Motives. By Maude Rex Allen. Illustrated in colors. 12mo, 273 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. Boxed, $3.

Rubens: The Story of His Life and Work. By Louis Hourticq. Translated by Frederick Street. Illustrated, 8vo, 194 pages. Duffield & Co. $2.50.

The Head Voice and Other Problems. Practical Talks on Singing. By D. A. Clippinger. 12mo, 102 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. 85 cts.

EDUCATION AND TRANSLATION.

The Quarter-Centennial Celebration of the University of Chicago: June 2 to 6, 1916. By David Allan Robertson. Illustrated, 8vo, 234 pages. University of Chicago Press.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. With a translation in blank verse and a commentary. By Courtney Langdon. Volume I. "Inferno." 8vo, 397 pages. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

The Greek Anthology. With an English translation by W. R. Paton. In 5 vols. Vol. III. 16mo, 456 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Plautus. With an English translation by Paul Nixon. In 5 vols. Vol. II. 16mo, 490 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Plutarch's Lives. With an English translation by Bernadotte Perrin. In 11 vols. Vol. V. 16mo, 544 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Dio's Roman History. With an English translation by Earnest Cary. In 9 vols. Vol. VI. 16mo, 492 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Selections from the Novelas Ejemplares La Gitanilla and El Licenciado Vidriera. By Miguel de Cervantes. Edited, with an introduction, notes, and vocabulary, by Hugo A. Rennert. 16mo, 218 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

A School Grammar of Modern French. By G. H. Clarke and C. J. Murray. 12mo, 370 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

La France: French Life and Ways. By G. Guibillon. Illustrated, 12mo, 276 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Rapid French Course. By Randall Williams and Walter Ripman. Illustrated, 12mo, 235 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 90 cts.

French Primer. By W. E. M. Llewellyn. Illustrated, 12mo, 60 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 35 cts.

Hossfield's New Practical Method for Learning the Italian Language. By A. Rota. New edition. Illustrated, 12mo, 416 pages. Peter Reilly.

Conjugation of Italian Verbs. (Hossfield's Educational Series.) By A. Rota. New edition. 16mo, 32 pages. Paper. Peter Reilly.

Dent's New First German Book. By Walter Rippmann, S. Alge, and S. Hamburger. 16mo, 183 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 80 cts.

Hints on German Teaching. By Walter Rippmann. 16mo, 95 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

Journalism for High Schools. By Charles Dillon. Illustrated, 12mo, 119 pages. Lloyd Adams Noble. $1.

The Winter's Tale. (The Yale Shakespeare.) Edited by Frederick E. Pierce. 16mo, 143 pages. Yale University Press. 50 cts.

The Tragedy of Othello. (The Yale Shakespeare.) Edited by Lawrence Mason. 16mo, 168 pages. Yale University Press. 50 cts.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. With notes and a sketch of Bunyan's life. Illustrated, 12mo, 119 pages. Ginn & Co. 40 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution: 1916. Illustrated, 8vo, 607 pages. Government Printing Office.

Diabetic Cookery. Recipes and Menus. By Rebecca W. Oppenheimer. 12mo, 156 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Garden Steps. By Ernest Cobb. Illustrated, 12mo, 226 pages. Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cts.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

Traps for the Unwary

What place is there to be for the younger American writers who have broken the "genteel" tradition with a sudden violence that elicits angry cries of pain from the critics, so long regarded by the significant classes as guardians of our cultural faith? Read Mr. Brownell on standards and see with what a bewildered contempt one of the most vigorous and gentlemanly survivals from the genteel tradition regards the efforts of the would-be literary artists of today. Read Stuart P. Sherman on contemporary literature, and see with what a hurt panic a young gentleman, perhaps the very last brave offshoot of the genteel tradition, regards those bold modern writers from whom his contemporaries derive. One can admire the intellectual acuteness and sound moral sense of both these critics, and yet feel how quaintly irrelevant for our purposes is an idea of the good, the true, and the beautiful, which culminates in a rapture for Thackeray (vide Mr. Brownell), or is a literary æsthetic (vide Mr. Sherman) which gives Mr. Arnold Bennett first place as an artist because of his wholesome theories of human conduct. Mr. Sherman has done us the service of showing us how very dead is the genteel tradition in our hearts, how thoroughly the sense of what is desirable and absorbing has shifted in our younger American life.

But he has also shown us how gentility in literary attitude lingers on. Professors of literature still like it, and those pioneer rebels who hate it have tended to hate it not wisely but too well. Crusaders like Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Mencken have dealt loud enough blows, but they beat at a straw man of puritanism which, for the younger generation, has not even the vitality to be interesting. Art always has to struggle with the mob, and Mr. Mencken's discovery that it has to struggle in America is a little naïve. The philistine and the puritan are troublesome, though never decisive, and in America today they seem less decisive than ever. Mr. Sherman, an arrant philistine, in that he defends the life lived through the conventions, is dangerous because he makes philistinism sound like belles-lettres. Mr. Mencken, on the other hand, deserves everything Mr. Sherman says about him, because in his rather self-conscious bluster he makes literary art sound like vulgarity. The best thing that can be done to these contending critics is to persuade them to kill each other off. Both are moralists before they are critics of literary art. Both have an exaggerated respect for Demos, which one expresses by means of a phobia, the other by a remarkable process of idealization. Mr. Mencken is as much a product of the genteel tradition as is Mr. Sherman, for he represents a moralism imperfectly transcended.

Let us look for the enemy of the literary artist in America today not among the philistines or the puritans, among the animal-obsessed novelists or the dainty professors who make Mr. Mencken profane. The real enemy is still the genteel tradition which tends to smother the timid experiments of a younger generation that is not satisfied with husks. For the deadly virus of gentility is carried along by an up-to-date cultivated public—small perhaps, but growing—who are all the more dangerous because they are so hospitable. The would-be literary artist needs to be protected not so much from his enemies as from his friends. Puritan and professor may agree in their disgust at the creative imagination at work in America, but it is not their hostility which keeps it from being freer and more expressive. The confusing force is rather an undiscriminating approval on the part of a public who want the new without the unsettling. The current popularity of verse, the vogue of the little theatres and the little magazines reveal a public that is

almost pathetically receptive to anything which has the flavor or the pretension of literary art. The striving literary artist is faced by no stony and uncomprehending world. Almost anyone can win recognition and admiration. But where is the criticism that will discriminate between what is fresh, sincere, and creative and what is merely stagy and blatantly rebellious? The Brownells profess to find no nuances in this mob of young literary anarchists. The Shermans cannot degrade themselves to the level of treating seriously a crowd of naughty children. A new criticism has to be created to meet not only the work of the new artists but also the uncritical hospitality of current taste. If anything more than ephemeral is to come out of this younger school, outlawed by the older criticism, the new critic must intervene between public and writer with an insistence on clearer and sharper outlines of appreciation by the one, and the attainment of a richer artistry by the other.

That is why a study such as Miss Amy Lowell's on recent tendencies in American verse is so significant. The intelligent reviewers who saw in the book only a puff for Imagism disclosed how very novel is an intelligent attempt to place our current literary art not merely against the spiritual background of tradition, but in the terms and in the spirit of the contemporary imagination itself. Her very tone is revolutionary. She is neither sentimental nor apologetic. Poetry appears for the first time on our critical horizon as neither a refined dessert to be consumed when the day's work is done, nor as a private hobby which the business man will deride if he hears about it, but as a sound and important activity of contemporary American life. Some people who habitually patronize Miss Lowell complain that in her book she patronizes Carl Sandburg. Actually she makes him a powerful figure, with his brave novelty of the America that is in the making. Her sound intuition gets the better of her class-feeling even in her attitude towards the war. For, having orthodoxly registered her sense of the complete *bouleversement* which it is making in the spiritual life of the world, she calmly proceeds as if it were not. Neither in her criticism nor in her verse is the slightest evidence that into the domain of literary art has the war penetrated, or will it penetrate. Nothing shows better than her attitude how very far the younger generation is beyond those older counselors who hope that the war will "get under our skins"—perhaps to make a few bad poets write worse poems, and to give many mediocre writers a momentary patriotic and social glamor, but not to touch a "young world" which has its treasures for other heavens!

The problem of the literary artist is how to obtain more of this intelligent, pertinent, absolutely contemporaneous criticism, which shall be both severe and encouraging. It will be obtained when the artist himself has turned critic and set to work to discover and interpret in others the motives and values and efforts he feels in himself. The "high seriousness" of Miss Lowell's own critical attitude towards the artistic problems of the six poets suggests, I think, that there is a promise of a rich and vibrant literary era before us. No one pretends to be satisfied with the novels and plays and interpretations now being turned out by the younger intellectuals. Least of all must they themselves be satisfied. After all, very little of their work really gives voice to the ambitions, desires, discontents, and spiritual adventures of the all too self-conscious young American world. Moreover, there is for this healthy dissatisfaction an insidious trap—the terrible glamor of social patronage which so easily blunts idealism in the young prophet. The other day, reading "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances," I shuddered at Howells's glee over the impeccable social tone of Boston and Cambridge literary life. He was playful enough about it, but not too playful to conceal the enormity of his innocence. He does not see how dreadful it is to contrast Cambridge with ragged vagabonds and unpresentable authors of other ages. To a younger generation which feels that the writer ought to be at least a spiritual vagabond, a de-classed mind, this gentility of Mr. Howells and his friends has come to seem more alien than Sologub. We are acquiring an almost Stendhalian horror for those correctnesses and tacts which wield such hypnotic influence over our middle-class

life. "Society," we say, whether it be in the form of the mob or the cultivated dinner-circle, is the deadly enemy of the literary artist. Literary promises can be seen visibly fading out in the warm beams of association with the refined and the important. And social glamor was never so dangerous as it is today when it is anxious to be enlightened and liberal. Timidity is still the reigning vice of the American intellect, and the terrorism of "good taste" is yet more deadly to the creation of literary art than is sheer barbarism. The literary artist needs protection from the liberal audience that will accept him though he shock them, but that subtly tame him even while they appreciate.

If this literary promise does not fulfill itself, it will be because our younger writers have pleased a public too easy to please. As we look around at those who have ideas, our proper mood is not pleasure that their work is so good, but discontent that it is not better. It will not be better unless certain values are felt more intensely. Those Americans who are fortunate enough to see Copeau's theatre seem to remark there a fusion of fervor and simplicity with finished workmanship, a sort of sensuous austerity of tone—an effort of creative novelty working with all that is vital in a tradition. Do we not want these values in our American effort? Should we not like to see from this younger generation a literary art which will combine a classical and puritan tradition with the most modern ideas? Do we not want minds with a touch of the apostolic about them and a certain edge—a little surly, but not embittered—with an intellectual as well as an artistic conscience, with a certain tentative superciliousness towards Demos and an appalling hatred for everything which savors of the bourgeois or the sentimental? Now while everything that is respectable in America seems to be putting its effort, with a sort of joyful perversity, into the technique of destruction, are there no desperate spiritual outlaws with a lust to create?

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Rimsky-Korsakov

The music of Rimsky-Korsakov is like one of the books, full of gay pictures, which are given to children. It is perhaps the most brilliant of them all, a picture-book illuminated in crude and joyous colors—bright reds, apple greens, golden oranges and yellows—and executed with genuine verve and fantasy. The Slavonic and Oriental legends and fairy tales are illustrated astonishingly, with a certain humor in the matter-of-fact notation of grotesque and miraculous events. The personages in the pictures are arrayed in bizarre and shimmering costumes, delightfully inaccurate, and if they represent kings and queens, are set in the midst of a fabulous pomp and glitter, and wear crowns incrustated with large and impossible stones. Framing the illustrations are border-fancies of sunflowers and golden cocks and wondrous springtime birds, fashioned boisterously and humorously in the manner of Russian peasant art. Indeed, the book is executed so charmingly that the parents find it as amusing as the children.

But though the music is the loveliest of picture-books, it is nothing more. It is as if Rimsky-Korsakov had ignored the other and larger functions of his art, and been content to have his music only picturesque and colorful; as if the childish Czar in "Le Coq d'Or," who desires only to lie abed all day, eat delicate food, and listen to the fairy tales of his nurse, had been something of a portrait of the composer. There is a curious coldness and objectivity in the music, for all its gay and opulent exterior, as if the need that brought it forth had been very small, very easily satisfied. There is no page of Rimsky's many scores that reveal him heavy with a great experience, straining to formulate it. The music is never more than a graceful arrangement of surfaces, the competent presentation of matter chosen for its exotic rhythms and shape, its Oriental and peasant tang. The form is ever a thing of two dimensions. The musical ideas

are passed through the colors of various timbres and tonalities, made to undergo a series of dexterous deformations, and are contrasted, superficially, with other ideas when the possibilities of technical variation have been exhausted. There is no actual development in the sense of volumnear increase. The form extends only in time; in "Scheherazade," for instance, the climaxes are purely voluntary and physical. And it is only the virtue of the component elements, the spiciness of the thematic material, the nimbleness and suavity of the compositional arrangements, and chiefly, the sensuous quality of the orchestral speech that save the music of Rimsky-Korsakov from banality and give it a certain limited value.

It is just this superficiality which makes the place of the music in the history of Russian art so ambiguous. Intentionally, to a certain extent, Rimsky's work is autochthonous. He was one of those composers who, in the middle of the last century, felt descend upon them the need of speaking their own tongue and gave themselves entirely to the labor of discovering a music essentially Russian. His material, at its best, approximates the idiom of the Russian folk song, or communicates certain qualities—an Oriental sweetness, a barbaric lassitude and abandon—admittedly racial. His music is full of elements —wild and headlong rhythms, exotic modes—abstracted from the popular and liturgical chants or deftly moulded upon them. For there was always within him the idea of creating an art, particularly an operatic art, that would be as Russian as Wagner's, for instance, is German; the texts of his operas are adopted from Russian history and folklore, and he continually attempted to find a musical idiom with the accent of the old Slavic chronicles and fairy tales. Certain of his works, particularly "Le Coq d'Or," are deliberately an imitation of the childish and fabulous inventions of the peasant artists. And certainly none of the other members of the nationalist group associated with Rimsky-Korsakov—not Moussorgsky, for all his emotional profundity; nor Borodin, for all his sumptuous imagination—had so firm an intellectual grasp of the common problem, nor was technically so well equipped to solve it. None of them, for instance, had so wide an acquaintance with the folk song, the touchstone of their labors. For Rimsky-Korsakov was something of a philosophical authority on the music of the many peoples of the Empire, made collections of chants, and could draw on this fund for his work. Nor did any of them possess his technical facility. Moussorgsky, for instance, had to discover the art of music painfully with each step of composition, and orchestrated faultily all his life, while Rimsky-Korsakov had a natural sense of the orchestra, wrote treatises on the science of instrumentation and on the science of harmony, and developed into something of a doctor of music. Indeed, when finally there devolved upon him, as general legatee of the nationalist school, the task of correcting and editing the works of Borodin and Dargomijsky and Moussorgsky, he brought to his labor an eruditeness that bordered dangerously on pedantry. Nor was his learning only musical. He had a great knowledge of the art and customs that had existed in Russia before the influences of western Europe repressed them, of the dances and rites and sun worship that survived, despite Christianity, as popular and rustic games, and he could press them into service in his search for a national expression. Like the Sultana in his symphonic poem, he "drew on the poets for their verses, on the folk songs for their words, and intermingled tales and adventures one with another."

Yet there is no score of Rimsky-Korsakov's, no one of his fifteen operas and dozen symphonic works, which has, in all its mass, the living virtue that informs a single page of "Boris Goudonow," the virtue of a thing that satisfies the very needs of life and brings to a race release and formulation of its speech. There is no score of his, for all the tang and luxuriousness of his orchestration, for all the incrustation of bright strange stones on the matter of his operas, that has the deep glowing color of certain passages of Borodin's work, with their magical evocations of terrestrial Asia and feudal Muscovy, their

> Timbres d'or des mongoles orfèvreries
> Et vieil or des vieilles nations!

For he was in no sense as nobly human of stature, as deeply aware of the life about him, as Moussorgsky, nor did he feel within himself Borodin's rich and vivid sense of the past. "The people are the creators," Glinka had told the young nationalist composers, "you are but the arrangers." It was precisely the vital and direct contact with the source of all creative work that Rimsky-Korsakov lacked. There is a fault of instinct in men like him, who can feel their race and their environment only through the conscious mind. Just what in Rimsky's education produced his intellectualism, we do not know. Certainly it was nothing extraordinary, for society produces innumerable artists like him, who are fundamentally incapable of becoming the instrument every creative being is, and of discovering through themselves the consciousness of their fellows. Whatever its cause, there is in such men a fear of the unsealing of the unconscious mind, the depository of all actual and vital sensations, which no effort of their own can overcome. It is for that reason that they have so gigantic and unshakable a confidence in all purely conscious processes of creation, particularly in the incorporation of *a priori* theories. So it was with Rimsky. There is patent in all his work a vast love of erudition and a vast faith in its efficacy. He is always attempting to incarnate in the flesh of his music, laws abstracted from classical works. Even Tchaikowsky, who was a good deal of an intellectualist himself and found "perfect" each one of the thirty practice-fugues that Rimsky composed in the course of a single month, complained that the latter "worshipped technique" and that his work was "full of contrapuntal tricks and all the signs of a sterile pedantry." It was not that Rimsky was pedantic from choice, out of a wilful perversity. As in all inhibited artists, his employment of intellectual formulas is only his fear of opening the dark sluices through which the rhythms of life surge.

If Rimsky-Korsakov was not absolutely sterile, it was because his intellectual quality itself was vivacious and brilliant. Though he remained ever a stranger to Russia and to his fellows, as he did to himself, he became the most observant of travelers. Though as the foreigner he perceived only the superficial and picturesque elements of the life of the land—its Orientalism, its barbaric coloring—and found his happiest expression in a fantasy after the "Thousand Nights and a Night," he noted his impressions skilfully and vividly, with an almost virtuosic sense of his material. If he could not paint the spring in music, he could at least embroider the score of "Sniegourochka" delightfully with birdcalls and all manner of vernal fancies. If he could not recreate the spirit of peasant art, he could at least, as in "Le Coq d'Or," imitate it so tastefully that, listening to the music, we seem to have before us one of the pictures beloved by the Russian folk—a picture with bright and joyous dabs of color, with clumsy but gleeful depictions of battles and cavalcades and festivities and banqueting tables loaded with fruits, meats, and flagons. It is indeed curious, and not a little pathetic, to observe how keen Rimsky-Korsakov's intelligence ever was. It is within the limits marked by his work that Russian music developed. There is no work of Strawinsky's, for instance, that is not simply the successful handling of a material Rimsky attempted to employ. The opera based on a fairy tale and composed with the naïveté of a child, the burlesque scenes from popular life, with their utilization of vulgar tunes and dance rhythms, and the reconstruction of ethnological dances and rites are all foreshadowed in Rimsky's work. And when finally "Les Noces Villageoises," Strawinsky's new ballet, is produced it may well appear the complete realization of the matter the older man employed only picturesquely in "Le Coq d'Or." Even in his science of orchestration—the sense of the instruments that makes him seem to defer to them, to let them have their will rather than to impose a music from without upon them—Strawinsky has simply materialized Rimsky's intention. It is not only because he was for a while Rimsky's pupil. It is because fortune has given him the power to take possession of a chamber outside of which the other stood all his life, and could not enter, and saw only by peering furtively through the chinks of the door.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

A Study of American Intolerance

PART TWO: HOW THE WAR HAS SHARPENED OUR DIFFERENCES AND PUT OUR DEMOCRACY UPON ITS METTLE

The study of our domestic intolerance is so fascinating that I am tempted to pursue it a little further in one or two directions before examining the contributive intolerance which the atmosphere of war has inevitably created in this as well as in all other warring countries. This will at the same time put us in a better position to understand the combined effect of these two currents of intolerance now so widely manifest in our public life.

In times of peace we should answer the charge of intolerance by referring to our constitution, to our state charters and supreme court decisions, to all the splendid declarations of our political literature where our sense of liberty and the rights of free speech have been so frequently expressed. We should make naught of the accusation by reviewing the guarantees which, as we conceive it, put our tolerance beyond debate. But it might well impress an acute observer that we were citing all our formulations on the subject and very few of our practices. And yet that is the vital point of the discussion. For tolerance is at bottom a spiritual and intellectual matter which can never be wholly expressed in fixed forms. Its presence or absence is always most clearly registered in the intellectual atmosphere and social sanctions of the community.

If we apply this more searching, internal standard instead of making a purely formal defence, we may bring ourselves to realize that we have been curiously intolerant of many of the things which tolerance ought to breed. The tolerance of criticism, for instance, is not as native to us as we like to imagine. We resent criticism with a passion that makes any real criticism impossible because it breaks off all communication between the critic and the person criticized. Nobody is so cordially hated among us as the "knocker," a term which of itself shows that the function of criticism is not understood. It was this almost instinctive resentment which was so skilfully played upon by powerful interests against the "muckraker," just when muckraking had outgrown its sensationalism and was about to begin constructive criticism. Our magazines soon resumed the more congenial task of chanting our achievements and ignoring our defects. The almost complete absence of sarcasm and irony in our more permanent literature is certainly significant in this connection; most of our writers dispense with these forms of criticism altogether, and those who cling to them soon find themselves exiled from the general reading public. Intellectual exchange among us is constantly impeded by this amazing hostility to criticism. We act like people who are afraid to sit down and discuss things lest the discussion bring out deep and irreconcilable differences.

This same feeling about criticism is reflected in many of our most current sayings. Our greatest national slogan, "mind your own business," undoubtedly echoed an earlier defiance of the inquisition of state and church authorities which the American pioneer had discarded. But the hostile note in it also helped to solidify the antisocial isolation which became typical of American life until it grew to be an anachronism and an impediment at a time when vast economic changes called for a degree of social interaction hitherto undreamed of. For it is well to remember that we have been isolationists not only in external policy but in our internal life as well. A less classic saying from the Far West, which enjoins to be able to "look the other fellow in the eye and tell him to go to Hell," betrays a similar attitude. One cannot help imagining that anyone who urged his fellowship so defiantly must have had something to conceal.

Here again we must consider the social background. These Western communities were composed of the most extraordinarily heterogeneous groups of men, with sometimes a criminal record to live down or a failure not altogether of their own doing to make up for. The tolerance they craved

was entirely of a negative sort; they wished to be left alone. They could not help emphasizing their own positive intolerance, because they had to guard not only against inquiry from without but also against any inner impulses from their past which might threaten assertion. The scarcity of women among them was another fertile source of intolerant codifications. For the hard and fast division of women into the infinitely good and the eternally bad, with its peculiar combination of sentimental reverence and cruel sexual exploitation, is one of the unconscious sources from which intolerance spreads to the social and intellectual life. So primitive a society is never tolerant; it is built up on rigorous taboos and cannot admit any sophistications. An interesting parallel to colonial conditions here suggests itself. These Western mushroom communities were by no means so unlike our earliest European settlements on the Atlantic coast as tradition would prefer us to believe. After all, did not these first immigrants number among them, aside from the religious and political exiles, many "undesirable citizens"? and did not this state of affairs cause much uneasiness among the righteous majority? If we may credit the scant social records of those early days, the answer is surely in the affirmative. Here too conditions made for a negative tolerance, an avoidance of any issues that might reveal deep-seated differences. Thus our immigrant psychology was, in one sense, with us from the beginning.

But the uneasy sense of anarchic differences to which I have referred in all these connections and the resulting atmosphere of tension, so hostile to the flexible requirements of any true tolerance, are nowhere so subtly reflected as in our attitude towards the law. We are renowned for the number of laws and statutes which our legislatures grind out every year. In fact this excessive legalism is really in the nature of a symptom. In the sphere of neurotic afflictions, we often encounter a man who is so afraid of his impulses that he finds it necessary to protect himself by means of all sorts of self-imposed restrictions. Such a sufferer, the compulsion neurotic par excellence, is not free or capable of being tolerant towards himself; he cannot trust his spontaneity and must therefore fortify an inner psychic fear by external formulations, which may take the shape of wall mottoes, or of a series of commandments which he constantly repeats to himself, or of any other artificial contrivance; and, conversely, he cannot perform any positive action without reference to a series of precedents and justifications. A free man gets along with a minimum of regulations. A free nation does the same. A nation which is inwardly constrained, on the other hand, takes refuge in legalism, and displays a naive and superstitious faith in legal devices.

Both in the individual and in the nation this excess breeds its own reaction. With all our great reverence for law we also show a dangerous contempt for it. The magic of law has become parlor magic. We are all for doing things legally rather than justly. Where a law forbids we quickly pass another one which will permit, and thus destroy the sanctity of the law by using it to cloak a social violation. From being an instrument, law has become for us merely instrumental, something trivially conceived and without the deeper social sanctions which alone give weight and permanence to law. But these are again conditions which allow a dominant class to indulge its intolerance towards inferior classes of lesser prestige. That this form of intolerance ending in sheer injustice is in danger of spreading can hardly be doubted. We may put ourselves above the startling accusations of Russian immigrants, recently returned to Russia, about legal and other oppressions suffered here, but we cannot ignore that astonishing document of Governor McCall's to the Governor of South Carolina in which it is stated as a notorious fact that at least three immigrant races beside the negro do not receive justice in some of our states.

If I have been somewhat over elaborate in painting the background of a native intolerance in this country from indications that are perhaps novel to the reader, I may now count upon a swifter understanding of what the psychology of war adds to these conditions. Little as we know in this comparatively unexplored field, we may at least record a tendency

which for want of a better name I have called the principle of degradation. Before man can become a killer he must first degrade his opponent to the point of utter worthlessness. Where the issue is of life or death we reduce the value of our enemy's life to zero and raise our own value to infinity. In the most naked form of strife, when we slay for the sake of food or for sexual rivalry, the process is transparent. We destroy our rival, reduce him to nothingness, in order that we may live on, either in ourselves or in our progeny, live forever, in that infinite expansion of ourselves for which we all instinctively strive. In such a case the comparison is direct: we compare our enemy to ourselves and condemn him to death in preference to ourselves. Where the cause of strife is more abstract, the comparison becomes indirect: we then measure our enemy against an idea compared to which his value ceases to exist, as when we slew the Saracen for the greater glory of the Lord. The well known tendency to reduce our enemy to an automaton—to think of him in mechanical terms as an object whose plans, movements, and ultimate defeat can be predicted—is merely a different aspect of this same process. For there is, of course, nothing more degrading to a personality than to reduce it to the status of a thing. We need only to visualize the collapse of the body when a person has been shot.

This process of degradation, with its allied automaton theory, is an essential psychological step in every form of killing, however sordid or exalted. We should find it inconceivable to kill anybody whom we valued as we do our own person, for this would be equivalent to killing ourselves. The sense of human identity must first be destroyed. The process then develops somewhat as follows. When a wave of national hostility arises over some specific issue, and the possibility of aggression moves into the foreground, the tendency to degrade the opponent immediately sets in. The aim is to divorce him from human fellowship, to render him utterly alien, so that we can slay him with a good conscience. It is essential that the dangerous sense of having killed somebody like ourselves, which it is the very object of internal state morality to revive in the murderer when it condemns him to death, should by no chance be aroused. Every possible form of difference, beginning with differences of race, color, religion, or morality, is exaggerated to the greatest possible extreme. The process extends by imperceptible degrees to such subtle matters as philosophy or manners or even diet, as when cockney mobs threatened the "frog eaters" across the Channel over the Fashoda affair. In the end these differences may become sheer fictions unless it be assumed that they express instincts so elusive that they cannot be put into words, as in the proverbial case of the two Irishmen who began to fight as soon as they had been introduced to each other. The neutral spectator, himself removed from the workings of this tendency, here helplessly witnesses that most abominable camouflage of war which obscures man's common humanity.

In a comparatively homogeneous nation such as England or France or Germany this process runs off smoothly. The "enemy" is entirely without, so that the whole psychological mechanism of alienation works outward beyond the boundaries of the country. Lack of actual contact with one's enemy is an advantage under these circumstances: the chasm which must open between two nations before they can bring themselves to fly at each other's throats can be created in the shortest possible time. This projection of aggressive emotions upon the enemy beyond the boundary line tends to reduce the aggressive tendencies within the country to a minimum. All the clashes between castes and classes, the normal domestic group hostility, are temporarily suspended. A fictitious sense of alienation from the enemy without is echoed by a fictitious sense of likeness and identity within the nation. The "solid front" towards the enemy accompanies an internal solidarity.

It is the failure of that process in this country which we are now witnessing. The most primitive incentive to a solid front, an attack at close quarters, was absent. We did not go into the war for the prosaic motive of self-preservation as the term would be understood by the average sensual man, but for the sake of an inter-

national idea complicated in its nature and slow to penetrate through large masses of the people. There was therefore a natural retardation of the movement towards internal solidarity, quite aside from the obstacles which I have outlined. But in the absence of incentives to a solid front the result was not internal apathy, such as would be certain to settle upon a comparatively homogeneous country, but a violent increase in every form of internal hostility and intolerance. Our certified Americans, educated in the theory that the world war was a struggle for Anglo-Saxon prestige and bitterly concerned to preserve their own domestic prestige, were quick to see the issue. Their sure instinct discovered the "enemy within," a phrase which in itself shows an intuitional genius of no mean order. Balked in their desire to get at the foreign enemy, they turned upon those whom they had long sensed as hostile forces in their very midst. To take one example from hundreds: at a recent meeting of the teachers of New York City to consider the question of loyalty, a speaker declared it to be an easy matter to discover disloyalists by inspecting the names of the teaching staff. After pointing out some of the names he remarked, "Do these sound as if they came of New England stock?" This is the issue of Anglo-Saxon prestige in its most naked form. To raise it is to inaugurate a system of private warfare within the state. It is the culmination of an intolerance long latent and now privileged to break forth with the excuse that war inevitably breeds such a condition.

Yet it has not bred it to a similar degree in other countries. An English mob may sometimes, as recently in the case of Mr. Russell, attempt to burn a church over a philosopher's head as if to show its contempt for the two things which it has never understood; but it is still to be recorded that any considerable part of the British Empire applauded the act. In almost all the warring countries on the Entente side large bodies of reputable people have stood out against the government—on platforms varying all the way from out and out pacifism to definite schemes for immediate negotiations—without utterly losing caste or drawing upon themselves anything more than a resentment which, though fierce and scathing, still retains a predominantly political character. With us that has not been the case. Our "best people" have approved some of our worst excesses, or else excused them as being inevitable. These countries, if I may again be permitted to use a medical figure, had a sounder psychological constitution to stand such differences of opinion. People could differ without utterly forfeiting their sense of identity or being classed as "alien" or "enemies within" on the easy analogy drawn from the presence of large groups of psychologically "alien" groups. Differences could thus be discussed at a more intellectual level with a much greater degree of tolerance, for tolerance consists in the recognition that people like ourselves may after all have different points of view. To excommunicate for difference of opinion is the easiest, and in a way the most natural, thing to do. But it reveals a primitiveness of intellectual processes which is directly inimical to any civilized order.

One of the most mischievous results of such a condition is that it effectually prevents the expressions of any moderate point of view. The real alien enemy among us is rightly prevented from voicing his opposition to the war by the penalty of his liberty and his life. But all over the country there are large blocks of public opinion which for the present are constrained to remain inarticulate for fear of being automatically classified with groups which they themselves most patriotically detest. Our bitter-enders have temporarily acquired a tremendous leverage.

Yet this is, after all, a condition which cannot last. As soon as our moderates can again contribute to a sane public opinion about our war aims, it will become apparent that the war has opened many large questions. It will then be seen that the "enemy within" is really a class opposition to a true cosmopolitan democracy. Our internal racial differences are really a part of the human situation. The "enemy within" is our enemy only because we make him so. He is part of the problem of living together, of democracy put upon its mettle.

ALFRED BOOTH KUTTNER.

Our London Letter

The English literary public has learned by experience to feel some distrust of new great foreign authors and, in particular, of new great foreign dramatists. These articles of export have come to us, in the past, mainly by way of Germany; and the German critics, who are to be commended for their omnivorousness, are hardly to be commended for their judgment. If I may use a vigorous phrase, they have, at one time and another, sold us a great many pups. Nevertheless the English literary public is just preparing to take an interest in a great foreign dramatist, whose reputation up till now has been principally gained in Germany. Mr. Josip Kosor, whose four plays have just been translated into English under the title "People of the Universe," is a Serbo-Croat who fled from the Austrian province of Dalmatia, in which he was born. This, no doubt, will help to efface the Teutonic associations of his fame. What we shall make of him in the end I cannot tell; nor can I very clearly express what I think of him at the moment. One thing at least is obvious: he is a writer of extraordinary power in the rendering of unrestrained passion. His characters are both terrible and painful to behold, for they fling themselves about in their world as a bird does when it has got itself unawares into a room. Whether mere demoniac energy of this sort is enough, or whether in Mr. Kosor it is supported by deeper intuitions of life—these are questions which as yet it is difficult to answer. Only very timid criticism refrains from approaching new work until it is ready with a settled judgment; yet only very shallow criticism judges before it is ready. The plays do at least demand notice and examination.

A few days ago I met Mr. Kosor, who is now in London; but I must confess that I got little enlightenment from him. It may have been the feebleness of my apprehension, although I preferred to believe that it was the uncertainty of his English. I had hoped to find some bridge over the gulf which still divided me from a thorough understanding of his work. I found none however; nor could I foist upon him any literary affiliations such as one naturally clutches at when one is thoroughly puzzled. He rejected the suggestion of any influence from Strindberg, saying that he had never read Strindberg; and he affirmed that the sole influence of which he was conscious came from the Gospels. He also maintained that the real essence and worth of his work lay in its symbolism. Yet for me the second of his plays, "Passion's Furnace," and the first act of the third, "Reconciliation," are the clearest and most enjoyable, because they can be taken simply as immensely vigorous pictures of peasant life, extraordinarily alive with the peasant's love of land. The end of "Reconciliation" is highly mystical in character, and the first play, "The Woman," and the last, "The Invincible Ship," are almost wholly symbolical. "The Invincible Ship" seems to be Mr. Kosor's favorite. It is, he says, more lyrical than the rest; and it does at least give me some sort of total impression, which I cannot analyze or describe.

The real trouble, I suppose, springs from the gulf which divides Slav from European. After all, the Slav is the link between Europe and Asia; and our difficulty in apprehending Slav poetry, though not so great as our difficulty in apprehending Asiatic literature, is at least analogous to it. At the same time that I met Mr. Kosor I met also a compatriot of his with whom I discussed certain Russian authors who have recently made a stir in London. In particular I asked him what he thought of Sologub; and he told me that Sologub had poetry, could create beauty, and was in fact an æsthete, but had no depth of thought. Now to me those of Sologub's books which I have read are simply inexplicable nightmares, to which this criticism gave me no key at all. It seemed like judgment moving on another plane of thought than mine. On the other hand, both Mr. Kosor and his compatriot found it amusing and characteristically English when I confessed that to me Turgenev and Chekhov were ultimately the most satisfying of Russian writers.

I find that I must embark on yet another confession of inability to deliver judgment. Not long since in these pages I had to apologize for confusing Mr. Yeats's new volume of verses with another book by him which was announced at the same time under the title "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ." This second book, rather long delayed after its announcement, is now published; and it has raised again my question as to what Mr. Yeats really is. I am certain that he is a fine, perhaps a great poet—surely a very clever one. He himself claims to be a mystic, and I wish I could make up my mind as to whether he is not also something of a charlatan. The study of charlatanry is a fascinating business, though the meaning of the word is not very clearly understood. A charlatan is not a

plain humbug; if he were, I should not have thought of the word in connection with Mr. Yeats. A charlatan is a man whose success in deceiving others flows from the fact that he has first deceived himself. And I sometimes wonder whether Mr. Yeats is not mistaken in supposing that he is mystical by nature, and whether the mystical element in his writings is not merely a magnificent pretense to which he has fallen the first and most complete victim.

Mr. E. A. Boyd in his book on "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" leaves no doubt as to his own judgment in the matter:

> Vision comes only as the reward of severe mental discipline, after study as vigorous as that demanded by any of the so-called exact sciences. But there is no trace of this in Yeats, who cannot properly be described as an intellectual poet. His appeal is primarily sensuous. . . Mysticism to Yeats is not an intellectual belief, but an emotional or artistic refuge. His visions do not convince us, because they are obviously literary rather than spiritual. The concepts which are realities to Blake, or to Yeats's contemporary, "Æ," are to him symbols, nor do they strike the reader as being anything more.

And after some misgivings and hesitations, I come to the same conclusion. Mysticism and magic, with all the apparatus of dreams, and divination, trances, automatic writing, materialization, and what not are to Mr. Yeats, in the end, just so many poetical "properties." His real greatness lies, as Mr. Boyd says, in his sensuous appeal, in the images he creates, and in the extraordinary beauty and exactness of his phrases and rhythms. I am fortified in this opinion by a careful perusal of his new book. I do not believe he would give his life for any of these ideas, although he might well give his life to persuade himself and others that he really held them.

The book consists of two essays. One is entitled "Anima Hominis," the other "Anima Mundi." The first expounds the theory that the poet, and the man of genius generally, expresses in his work not his own self but his anti-self, the antithesis of his real personality. Thus Dante, says Mr. Yeats, "celebrated the most pure lady poet ever sung and the Divine Justice, not merely because death took that lady and Florence banished her singer, but because he had to struggle in his own heart with his unjust anger and his lust." This is at least an attractive theory; and it is newer than that of the second essay, which deals with the "great memory passing on from generation to generation" and Henry More's "soul of the world," which receives the spirits of the dead and from which knowledge comes inexplicably to living men. Although the subjects of these essays are interesting in themselves, I am nearly sure that they are to Mr. Yeats only "subjects" on which he can string phrases and images. It seems probable, in my judgment, that they have to him no more intellectual significance than the ballad-themes had to the balladists or the story of "The Eve of St. Agnes" to Keats. Yet he has made out of them two beautiful pieces of prose and a mysterious but moving poem which acts as a sort of preface to the volume.

In Mr. Yeats's prose I always find sentences and incidents related by way of illustration over which I linger with peculiar pleasure. He handles words as a dancer manages and varies his steps in an intricate figure; and one is fascinated by the unconcerned precision with which he expresses his meaning, as when he says that he closes a book because his thought has overbrimmed the page, or that "even the most wise dead can but arrange their memories as we arrange pieces upon a chessboard, and obey remembered words alone," or that:

> The dead living in their memories are, I am persuaded, the source of all that we call instinct, and it is their love and their desire, all unknowing, that make us drive beyond our reason, or in defiance of our interest it may be; and it is the dream martens that, all unknowing, are master-masons to the living martens building about church windows their elaborate nests; and in their turn the phantoms are stung to a keener delight from a concord between their luminous pure vehicle and our strong senses.

But the pleasure one finds in such passages is purely literary and Mr. Yeats is here a fine poet, not a mystic. However, so long as the belief produces such passages from him there is no reason for us to quarrel with him for thinking himself a mystic.

These two books are on the whole the most interesting of recent publications. One or two more, however, may be briefly mentioned. Mr. Hugh Walpole has just brought himself to allow a pre-war novel to be printed, with an apology to the effect that all this will seem very old-fashioned and long out of date. Mr. Gerald Gould, the most indefatigable, wrong-headed, and readable critic of novelists ever known, has protested that whatever was fit subject for artistic treatment before the war must necessarily remain fit even now. Here he is, of course, right for once; and I should find it hard to believe, what I was assured the other day, that our promised post-bellum revival of literature will take the form of our poets', novelists', and dramatists' writing exclusively for that abominable and formless

myth or phantasm, the Business Man. But I must protest that the theme of "The Green Mirror," which is the conflict between a long-founded family and new disruptive ideas, has been treated too often lately for any except a man of great genius to avoid the clichés of thought, phrase, and situation which the subject has gathered round it. I am sick of the conflict between the old and the new generations; and here, at any rate, I am all for peace by negotiation.

Verse has been very quiet, as they say in the financial columns. Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson has published a collection called "Whin," in which the use of proper names for poetical purposes has been pushed, I suppose, further than ever before in the history of literature. There is little else that is remarkable about it. Two more interesting volumes are promised to us: Mr. J. C. Squire's "Poems: First Series" are in the press and will appear sometime during the summer; Mr. Walter de la Mare's new book, "Motley; and other Poems," may come at any moment. It is eagerly awaited (this is neither a cliché nor an over-statement) by many who have waited, with varying degrees of impatience, on Mr. de la Mare's pleasure for some two years, during which the book has been promised. Having read his latest pieces scattered in periodicals, I believe that from being a fine poet he has become a great poet; but we shall know within a month or so. No certain report exists as to how Mr. de la Mare was induced to allow the book to go to the printer. Some of his followers had given up all hope; but it is credibly stated that a committee of admirers burglariously entered his house and removed the manuscript from his custody.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, March 7, 1918.

To Dorothy

An old moon hunts for the edge of sky,
And finds it is but the rim of a dream
He carried within himself.
Yet, he spreads his dream-line to a horizon,
And searches once more.
Then, when at last he seats himself
With falling head, he feels his dream-edge
Driven against his breast . . .
These things I have done, seeking you.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

A Hint to Essay-Lovers

THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE TO COME. By Charles S. Brooks. Yale University Press; $2.

The essay-reader does not have to explain to another of his kind why he enjoys essays. There is an understanding between them, and while they do not constitute a secret brotherhood, a closed corporation, there is that aspect about their communion. Lamb has an exquisite philosophical outlook, he has a quizzical sense of humor, he is lovable and he is kindly. But the essay-phile enjoys and likes Hazlitt! He is certainly not lovable in the way Lamb is; in fact it might be said that if Lamb is lovable Hazlitt is not. One loves Lamb in a personal manner, as though one had known him through the many years of devotion to "Bridget"; one would have found Hazlitt difficult, intensely interesting but demanding a great bit of intellectual and spiritual endurance. One might have loved him, but not *for* his faults. And so it goes. There is Stevenson, and there is Macaulay; Carlyle, Montaigne, and Bacon all have their personalities, as different in their essays as they were in the flesh. It is their essays that endear them all to the devotee; under that banner they march side by side, congenial and attractive. We will have no invidious distinctions. Either you are an essay-phile or you are not.

While it might be possible and conventional, therefore, to say that "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come" names a book of essays by the man who wrote "Journeys to Bagdad," Charles S. Brooks, and to rest assured that the sales of the one will at least equal those of the other, there remains the desire of the discoverer to pass along the good news: "There is another essayist!" It cannot satisfy the heart of the real essay-lover to hope that a man's first book will guarantee the success of the second. One must do something to help.

There is Lamb in these essays, not imitation, not even subconscious aping of style. But in charm of spirit, quiet humor, whimsical phraseology—in these characteristics one feels Lamb. In "A Plague of All Cowards" one comes on this:

> And yet—really I hesitate. I blush. My attack will be too intimate; for I have confessed that I am not the very button on the cap of bravery. I have indeed stiffened myself to ride a horse, a mightier feat than driving him, because of the tallness of the monster and his uneasy movement, as though his legs were not well-socketed and might fall out on a change of gaits.

Even the seasoned rider will not have forgotten this feeling. And though you must wade back through memory to childhood you will respond when you read this:

But if your companion is one of valor's minions . . . a dizzy plank is a pleasant belvedere from which to view the world. The bravery of this kind of person is not confined to these few matters. If you happen to go driving with him, he will—if the horse is of the kind that distends his nostrils—on a sudden toss you the reins and leave you to guard him while he dispatches an errand. If it were a motor car there would be a brake to hold it. If it were a boat you might throw out an anchor. A butcher's cart would have a metal drag. But here you sit defenceless—tied to the whim of a horse—greased for a runaway. The beast Dobbin turns his head and holds you with his hard eye. There is a convulsive movement along his back, a preface, it may be, to a sudden seizure. A real friend would have loosened the straps that run along the horse's flanks. Then if any deviltry take him, he might go off alone and have it out.

One of the charms, if not *the* charm, of the essay is that the essayist may talk about anything he please, and the reader may expect anything, no matter what the ostensible subject was at starting. Therefore in Mr. Brooks's essay "The Man of Grub Street Comes from His Garret" a splendid, yea a brilliant, résumé of Fifth Avenue is quite in place.

Is there a scene like it in the world? The boulevards of Paris in times of peace are hardly so gay. Fifth Avenue is blocked with motor cars. Fashion has gone forth to select a feather. A ringlet has gone awry and must be mended. The Pomeranian's health is served by sunlight. The Spitz must have an airing. Fashion has wagged its head upon a Chinese vase—has indeed squinted at it through a lorgnette against a fleck—and now lolls home to dinner. Or style has veared an inch and it has been a day of fitting. At restaurant windows one may see the feeding of the overfed. Men sit in club windows and still wear their silk hats as though there was no glass between them and the windy world. Footmen in boots and breeches sit as stiffly as though they were toys grown large and had metal spikes below to hold them to their boxes. They look like the iron firemen that ride on nursery fire-engines.

Moreover, to honeycomb this review with quotations is only to follow the best essay tradition. Thus is the victim often treated in the kindest manner. Montaigne, certainly, set a record that, though it may not be desirable to attempt beating it, gives dignified justification. Therefore another:

Had I been the artist I would have run from either F's praise or disapproval. As an instance, I saw a friend on a late occasion coming from a bookstore with a volume of suspicious color beneath his arm. I had been avoiding that particular bookstore for a week because my work lay for sale on a forward table. And now when my friend appeared, a sudden panic seized me, and I plunged into the first doorway to escape. I found myself facing a soda fountain. For a moment, in my blur, I could not account for the soda fountain, or know quite how it had come into my life. Presently an interne . . . asked me what I'd have. Still somewhat dazed in my discomposure, having no answer ready, my startled fancy ran among the signs and labels of the counter until I recalled that a bearded man once, unblushing in my presence, had ordered a banana flip. I got the fellow's ear and named it softly. Whereupon he placed a dead-looking banana across a mound of ice cream, poured on colored juices as though to mark the fatal wound, and offered it to me. I ate a few bites of the sickish mixture until the streets were safe.

There you are. If, after that, you have no desire to own the book, my aim has been frustrated and you are the loser. For—I shall be quite frank about it—it has been my conscious intent to write that sort of review which would make the reader want the book. It is the kind of volume you keep handy to read to your friends; somebody says something which reminds you of Brooks, and away you rush to get the book to read "just this paragraph."

B. I. KINNE.

Superstition Become Respectable

THE QUESTION: "IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?" By Edward Clodd. Clode: $2.

Mr. Edward Clodd presents—in the impresario sense—a review of the follies of 1917 in the revival of the ancient miracle-play of spiritualism. The year is pertinent only in that it marks the appearance of "Raymond," the tragic volume in which Sir Oliver Lodge records the inconsequential evidence of the communications of his son killed in battle, received through mediumistic harlequins and their vaudeville "controls"; also the evidence of his own pitiable credulity. In spite of a high regard for Sir Oliver's well merited reputation, for his sincerity and noble qualities, and in spite of a keen sympathy with his loss, Mr. Clodd does not permit himself to mitigate his duty to speak plainly as a defender of science and reason:

You, Sir Oliver, knowing, as you must have known, the taint which permeates the early history of spiritualism, its inception in fraud and the detection of a succession of tricksters from the Fox girls onwards, and thereby cautioned to be on your guard, have proved yourself, on your own admission, incompetent to detect the frauds of Eusapia Palladino. . . Your faith in the integrity of Mrs. Piper, despite her failure, crowned by her confession, withdrawn, it is true, but none the less a fact, remains unshaken. You lose a dear son in the holiest of causes for which a man can die; you forthwith repair to a modern Witch of Endor to seek, at second hand, consolations which assuredly he whom you mourn would, in preference, pour direct into your attuned and sympathetic ear; you—one of the most prominent and best known of men—are simple enough to believe that your anonym-

ity and that of your wife and family was secure at the early séances which Mrs. Leonard and Mr. Vout Peters gave you. And with what dire result—the publication of a series of spurious communications, a large portion of which is mischievous drivel, dragging with it into the mire whatever lofty conceptions of a spiritual world have been framed by mortals.

What is more serious, your maleficent influence gives impetus to the recrudescence of superstition which is so deplorable a feature of these days. The difference between the mediums whom you consult and the lower grade of fortune-tellers who are had up and fined or imprisoned as rogues and vagabonds is one of degree, not of kind. The sellers of the thousands of mascots—credulity in which as life-preservers and luck-bringers is genuine—the palmists, and all other professors of the occult, have in you their acknowledged patron.

Thus you, who have achieved high rank as a physicist, descend to the plane of the savage animist, surrendering the substance for the shadow.

Introductory to this climax of application, Mr. Clodd brings within the covers of a readable survey a brief account of the several factors and personalities that have contributed directly to modern spiritualism, and of the kindred influences hovering congenially in the hazy penumbra of occult notions and befuddled verbiage. The historical prelude is spoken in these words: "Picture to yourself a little chamber in which no very brilliant light was admitted, with a crowd of people from all quarters, excited, carefully worked-up, all a flutter with expectation." The reader will assume that this account of the psychological atmosphere of the séance refers to some "evidential" sittings with the entranced Mrs. Piper revealing private affairs of her sitters among the élite of Boston; or to the crude but much headlined and conspicuously sponsored Eusapia in London, Paris, or New York; or if not so recent, to the slate-writing performances of Slade or the "cabinet" pranks of the Davenports; or at the earliest to the raps and table-tippings of the original (?) Fox sisters. Not at all; they were written eighteen hundred years ago by that rare modern, Lucian, whose accounts of such impostures are as good reading and as good sense today as when they were written for the benefit of any Greco-Roman Society for Psychical Research that may have flourished in his day. The strange unoriginality of the tricks of the spiritualist trade prove that the longings of men have always led to the same modes of seeking and finding satisfaction: mysterious raps and voices and forms, rocking of tables, miracles in transporting objects, handling live coals, floating through space, seeing at a distance, reading sealed messages, foreseeing the future, holding converse with the dead.

But even Lucian and his intellectual ancestry are recent compared with the racial antiquity of all this longing inquiry, and of the beliefs and legends that surround it. It goes back to the early history of mankind and is found in its spontaneous expression wherever the primitive mind survives: in the angekok of Labrador, the shaman of Siberia, the mediums of unenlightened lands from China to Peru, the mahatmas of Adyar or the voodoos of the Congo. Here is its authentic root and its true service; it is anthropology and not psychical research. The interest is not in the evidence but in the beliefs and the ways of satisfying them—precisely the same interest that attaches to primitive medicine-magic and the crude ritual of the medicine man. That such ways of thinking survive, and must in the nature of things survive, brings them within the equally legitimate study of folklore. And if our interest lies in the manner of their appeal, and in the understanding of the processes by which such evidence continues to impose on modern and schooled minds, psychology is ready to furnish an answer to the logical minded. The difficulty is that cold logic is less satisfying than hot (or warmed over) dramatic superstition; that the otherwise open-minded are also open to the lure of the obscure and the soothing siren tones of prepossession. Logic does well enough for the workaday world, where reason is at a premium, or at least at par, but is not welcome at the private hearth of desire and the reserved sanctum of the will to believe. Even a mild indulgence in this toxic atmosphere closes the door of reason. "When men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions and registered them as authentic records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligently to such men as to write legibly on a paper already scribbled over." That remains as true today as when Hobbes wrote it.

Mr. Clodd's antidote consists of select doses of anthropology, reënforced by plain tales of exposures of mediums, who at the worst are rascals and scoundrels and at the best "are an unwholesome lot"—"a mad world, my masters." The anthropology is not all of the primitive type; much of it is in the nature of survival, and naturally takes on the color of a sophisticated mysticism, and an intellectual speculation. But wherever spiritualism seeks the evidence of physical manifestations and deserts the spiritual field for "materializations," it is bound to come in contact with fraud and hysteria, to which it usually succumbs. The byways of the pursuit

are many and devious, some of them rescued from the mire of pseudo-science and made intelligible and respectable as authentic psychological facts with a proper and scientific explanation. At that point the psychical researcher loses interest in them. Such are "crystal-gazing" and "telepathy" and hypnosis and hallucinations. But the difficulty remains that while all this is fairly convincing to the normal stable mind, the average degree of stability is still compatible with a belief in the existence of black swans that are not biological variants of white ones, but intrinsically of a different color, taking their appearance and behavior from a different set of laws than those that rule in a commonplace universe. To these may be repeated the dictum of William James—whose psychological hospitality was wide—that the interpretation of events for their personal significance is an abomination. Once the personal element in such beliefs is reduced to proper proportions, their restriction to the middle ground of sanity is assured.

Such is the question that Mr. Clodd propounds, and such his firm matter-of-fact answer. (Mr. Clodd, an anthropologist and writer by avocation, is a banker by profession.) Out of the same rank growth he garners a very different harvest. The task is likely to prove an ungrateful one, but must constantly be repeated if the world is to be made safe and held safe for rationality. It must be done in modern terms and by way of modern instances. The follies of 1817 or 1857 seem indeed old-fashioned follies; but not so those of 1917, with their reputable sponsors whom we know and respect. Prestige remains a dangerous influence, and yet an indispensable one. The right disposition of our confidence is one of the pragmatic tests—not of learning but of wisdom in the higher reaches of thought, and of common sense in the lowlier ones. It is not pleasant to contemplate the lapses of noble minds, nor is the self-approval of our superior shrewdness an enviable trait. The true lesson of the review is a subjective modesty, and an objective firmness; it is of the same order as that moral stability that holds to the might of right, though the wrong celebrate its triumphs. Anthropology is the proper study of mankind, its legitimate drama; though the annals of psychical research make an interesting motion-picture of the vagaries of all sorts and conditions of men.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

The Poetry of Conrad Aiken

NOCTURNE OF REMEMBERED SPRING, and Other Poems. By Conrad Aiken. Four Seas; $1.25.

It is a difficult business to be a poet. It is not only difficult; it is highly dangerous. For the poet must constantly employ not only his mind, but his feelings. He must see the world not only as objective phenomena for meditation, but as subjective influence for emotion. Now it is perfectly true that the majority of mankind, the "average sensual" man and woman, only maintain their mental equilibrium through the rigorous suppression or the progressive atrophy of their feelings. From this state of emotional prohibition the poet alone, the man of imagination, is free; and his is a dangerous freedom, for himself and for others, since in it the rules of social conduct, the regulations of the average, do not exist.

Therefore it is difficult to be a poet. I do not mean by this that it is at all difficult to be the prevailing fashion of the day in poetry, or even the fashion of the year before last. For that, one needs only a certain crude vigor of the pen, and a voice loud enough to dominate the market place. But the true poets do not dominate the market place. They may think themselves lucky if they find a hundred serious readers, and among them, two or three friends. They may consider themselves fortunate to find a publisher. They may hold themselves highly favored if they retain some measure of health and can wrest a sufficiency of food from the world.

Conrad Aiken is a poet in the sense that his work displays a certain harmonious development upon a given groundwork. His first volume, "Earth Triumphant," proved that he was the possessor of an instrument. It is true that he played on this instrument with a dangerous facility. For in him the sense of metrical rhythm and the answering recall of rhyme was given from the very first. Other poets have to enter the great vague world of thought that beckons them, by hacking and hewing their way through a forest of experimental forms—a process which is calculated to kill off all but the stoutest. There was nothing of this in Aiken. He was master of a smooth limpid flow of verse narrative from the beginning. He did not have to learn and unlearn his technique. It was an authentic gift. Such a poet is rare enough even in England, still rarer in America.

But it was not until the appearance of his

second volume, "Turns and Movies," that Aiken began to use his powers for the deliberate expression of any new idea. Since that volume he has published two others, "The Jig of Forslin" and now the "Nocturne of Remembered Spring," which this morning's post has brought to my desk in London. Throughout these three works there runs a sole essential idea. Aiken is the poet of sexual illusion and disillusion.

It will be remembered that Aiken admits being a Freudian. Indeed, his most remarkable work, "The Jig of Forslin," was constructed as a deliberate Freudian synthesis of civilized man's mind —to quote its author, "Forslin is not a man, but man." Now the substance of the Freudian psychology is this; that the major part of the higher psychical reactions of mankind may be traced to sexual impulse, suppressed, transformed, and sublimated. It is true that Freud himself has never pushed this theory to the point which it occupies in the minds of many of his more fanatical followers, such as Jung. For Freud, what part of any human imaginative effort could be traced to sublimated libido would probably vary with every given case. But the theory that man does normally discharge along lines of imaginative art and phantasy the superfluity of his sexual reactions, remains to Freud, as to Aiken, unquestionable.

Now the difficulty with any psychological theory of this sort is that it tends to stereotype minds, to make all the activities of the human brain seem alike. If it be true, as I believe it is, that the transformation of species has been brought about by adaptation to changed surroundings, rather than by natural selection of any particular species, then it follows that of all species man is the most adaptable to all given circumstances and, further, that the mental and psychical reactions of man vary according to the circumstances in which he is placed. The theory of Freud and Jung would fasten upon mankind a certain fixed type of thought—that all imaginative activity is reducible to a transformation of primitive sex-impulse. This theory fails completely to take into account the claims of evolution. If the sex-impulse can thus transform itself, what is to hinder it from becoming another kind of impulse altogether? And having become that, what is to hinder it from again reacting upon the untransformed remainder, and again transforming it? We must keep our minds away from these hard and fast compartments. Freud's theory, even if true, is merely a limitation of our activities; it clears up old ground, but it does not point the way to any new sphere of thought-activity.

I have been led to this digression by the necessity of examining critically the basis of Aiken's thought before proceeding to the study of his poetry as illustrative of that basis. Now it seems to me that, apart from his incontestable gifts as a prosodist and word-controller, Conrad Aiken's mind has up to the present worked on somewhat too narrow a basis. His poems, in short, are variations of but one idea—the idea of sexual disillusionment. It is true that this method as employed in the case of "The Jig of Forslin," produced a poem of very remarkable range and beauty. But "Forslin" in a sense exhausted the range of variations possible to its theme. And in his more recent work Aiken contents himself with repeating a little more wearily and subtly his familiar cry. There is an atmosphere of boredom about it all, a hint of yawns, a trail of dust.

This should not be. Any poet with one half the powers Aiken has should mentally rouse himself to tackle other themes. There is nothing which wearies the mind more quickly than to be chained down to one particular type of work. Shakespeare, and not only Shakespeare, found that the way of the utmost range was the way of the fullest development. The best poem in Aiken's present volume is the one called "1915: The Trenches." It is a very fine picture of the weariness of waiting, with the poignant cry at the end "Will the word come today?" It proves that the war is legitimate matter for poetry in so far as it enlarges one's mental horizon—as a great spectacle to be looked upon impersonally, without partisan spirit, in the way in which the veteran soldier now looks upon it. Next to this poem I like best the one called "Episode in Grey." This too is a study in disillusionment, but it has a harsher, more poignant, more masculine accent than the others. It carries disillusionment far beyond mere boredom, to the point where disillusionment begins to live a new passionate life of its own. Conrad Aiken is developing, after all, and when he arrives in the new country whither he is tending, I caution the dry-rotting celebrities of yesteryear in America to look out! They will find a poet.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

A Year of Mistakes

APPROACHES TO THE GREAT SETTLEMENT. By Emily Greene Balch. Introduction by Norman Angell. Huebsch; $1.50.

IN OUR FIRST YEAR OF WAR: Messages and Addresses to the Congress and the People, March 5, 1917 to January 8, 1918, by Woodrow Wilson. Harpers; $1.

We have recently been told that until a century or two has elapsed we cannot expect to discover the deeper significance of the Russian Revolution. Perhaps—but unfortunately it will then be too late to draw lessons from the mistakes of the conventional diplomacy of 1917. That is, it will be too late for the present war. Doubtless there would be a certain intellectual pleasure in assessing the year with so secure a detachment and assurance, yet like a great many intellectual pleasures it would be bought only at the price of practical impotence. We shall have to risk our interpretations in a world of perversity and change, just as we have to risk our actions. The intelligence which explicates only accomplished facts somehow cuts a pitiable figure in our immediate world, where thousands of men are every day blown to bits because we seem unable to control events beyond expressing a mild surprise when the "inevitable" (always called that afterwards) takes place. Indeed, it is a kind of duty to attempt our interpretation, even perhaps a false interpretation, when the great body of American public opinion still seems blissfully unaware that any blunders were made. Mistakes are forgivable; but the ostrich habit of refusing to recognize them after they have occurred, a habit so beloved by our newspaper editors and too many of our public spokesmen, is a sure way to lose the war. As far as the casual observer can discern, President Wilson is about the only person of influence who has shown any clear perception of what the big diplomatic blunders of 1917 were. Of course he hasn't advertised these blunders from the housetops—to do so was hardly necessary, nor would it be exactly tactful towards certain of our co-belligerents. But in his speech to Russia of January 8, 1918, and in his answer to Von Hertling, President Wilson revealed a democratic vision and an understanding which not only put our case admirably before the world and before history, but by implication exposed the more glaring errors of Allied diplomatic policy in the previous year. In these two books—the first documentary, the second merely a collection of speeches—the record stands out with terrifying clearness.

Yet curiously enough it has been the last two speeches to Russia and Von Hertling which have given most concern to our unofficial but strident moulders of public opinion, who somehow have got the idea into their heads that the United States is composed entirely of fools and cowards who cannot hear the word "peace" uttered without going into a collapse. These swivel-chair diplomats have been fearfully whispering the word "morale" ever since we entered the war, and have successfully persuaded themselves that the larger part of our population must be treated tenderly, like babies. Any discussion of war aims—except, naturally, those that they engage in—will certainly break our spirit, and put us under the heel of Potsdam. That is why the first two speeches of President Wilson in 1918 embarrassed them so. Here was the acknowledged leader of the nation saying just the sort of thing which, if the private citizen had uttered it, would certainly merit the reproach of faint-heartedness, pacifism. Why not be honest? Many editors and speakers secretly thought that our President *was* guilty of this weakness in "morale" (oh, magic word!), although they hadn't the courage to more than hint as much. It is a hard thing to say, yet it is perfectly true that many regarded the pitiable plight of Russia less with democratic sympathy than with something of gratification that here was proof positive that President Wilson's "peace offensive" was untimely. "Now," they are all bleating again in joyous unison, "is no time for peace talk." In other words, as long as President Wilson's diplomacy did not appear to work, had no striking effect in Germany, they were all for it. The moment it began to stride, to become a genuine force, they grew uneasy and anxious. Beating Germany by the sword they understood; beating Germany by the power of ideas was, of course, a chimera. But to combine, to beat Germany both by the sword and the power of ideas, which is President Wilson's method, they completely failed to comprehend. However, Germany did not disappoint them; it did not become liberalized. After that dubious January, they are again living in a world they understand, a world of victory and defeat by arms alone, a world of international crime and punishment, a world in which President Wilson's diplomacy has no legitimate place. At a time when most of all we need to voice and perform a great

act of faith towards Russia, they are only half-heartedly supporting the President in his obvious desire to check the hand of Japan. Once more they are urging him to abandon all his originality, his force, his moral distinction and to become the shouter for a stale and flaccid shibboleth. Seemingly America is to contribute nothing more than men, money, and munitions.

But these alone will not win the war. A superiority of material forces will not break the spell of the German autocracy over the suffering German people, any more than those possessing an inferiority of material forces will be compelled to bow to that autocracy. The whole history of 1917 shows that. The obvious lesson from 1917 is not that we need Wilson diplomacy less, but more. After all, President Wilson's chief error in 1917 was not an error of intention but of emphasis, a mistake arising from lack of self-assertion of his diplomacy and delay in winning our co-belligerents to an acceptance of that diplomacy. He has made notable efforts to retrieve the harm of this error in the first two speeches of 1918 and in the message to the Russian soviets at Moscow. Likewise, his seemingly steadfast disapproval of Japan's assertion of her right to preserve "law and order" in Siberia will some day be one of the events of this war that we shall look back upon with the most pride. Our political aims and objects in this war to a great extent stand or fall as the Russian Revolution stands or falls. President Wilson has been quick to see and emphasize this. Others may abandon Russia, but he will not.

What, then, were the chief mistakes in Allied diplomacy during 1917? There were three major mistakes: first, the misunderstanding, partly malicious and deliberate and partly through innocent lack of information (as in our own case), of the Russian Revolution and its purposes; second, the failure to emphasize the importance of the Reichstag resolution of July 19 and to give it moral encouragement; third, the refusal by the Allied governments of permission to attend the Stockholm conference of Socialists. All three mistakes were the results of a suspicious and embittered temper, and sprang from a lack of faith in that democracy which it is the object of this war to promote. They were blunders applauded, if not engineered, by the reactionary and purblind powerful minorities that still exercise too great a control over the destinies of the Allied nations.

Consider what the first mistake achieved. Misunderstanding of the Russian Revolution resulted in a failure to revise war aims until that revision came too late to allay Russia's suspicion of the Allies' disinterestedness and democratic intentions. It resulted in the fall of the Kerensky government and the rise of the Bolsheviki. It resulted in foolish and untimely attempts to foster counter revolutionary sentiment and in false charges of a desire to make a separate peace (on June 15, for example, the Council of Workmen and Soldiers' Deputies expelled Grimm for suggesting a separate peace). It resulted in complete failure to take advantage of the great strategic opportunity offered by the Russian invitation to attend the Brest-Litovsk conference. And finally it has resulted in the practical loss of Russia to the Allies. If anyone can study the record and remain satisfied, he must be singularly lacking in imagination. Russia is not even yet irremediably lost, but if we continue the fatuous policy of 1917, if we do not firmly support President Wilson in his obvious attempt to render aid and comfort to a stricken nation, we shall lose Russia beyond all hope of recovery in this or the next generation.

The second blunder, the failure to give encouragement to the liberal elements in Germany which had put through the Reichstag resolution by a vote of 212 to 126, was less obvious, although almost as pernicious in its effects. In moving the resolution Deputy Fehrenbach, of the Center, said: "One must despair of humanity, if the people in enemy countries do not recognize the note of honesty in this Resolution. If the enemy should scorn again this manifestation for peace, then, of course, the slaughter must continue until the Entente group tire of sacrificing their nations." Yet what was the reception accorded this resolution? On July 26, one week after its passage, even so fair and liberal a man as Asquith himself made the blunder of referring contemptuously to the resolution in a speech in the House of Commons. And his attitude was but a reflection of the conventional attitude of the Entente countries. The Reichstag itself was jeered at as a "hall of echoes"; the German Socialists were called "Kaiser Socialists." In a word, Germany was mocked for her absence of democracy, yet when the more decent men in the government made their first rather feeble and timid step towards democracy, they were reproached for not having gone the whole way. It was precisely like condemning a man for giving up whiskey because all his life he had been a drunkard. This error, too, President Wilson

has tried to rectify in his explicit appeal to the makers of that resolution in his first two addresses of 1918.

The third mistake, not allowing the Stockholm conference to meet, is already costing us almost as much as the other two. "Ninety-nine per cent of all the peoples looked with longing and hope to Stockholm. If France and Great Britain renounce annexation and Germany insists thereon, we shall have a revolution in the country." So said Scheideman in the German Reichstag on May 15, 1917. On May 28, the organized Socialists of France accepted the invitation to the Stockholm conference. On June 1, 1917 the Council of Workmen and Soldiers' Deputies issued a new appeal to the Socialists and workers of the world to go to Stockholm. On June 6, 1917 the organized Socialists of Italy accepted the invitation. On August 10, 1917 the British Labor Party, on the advice of Arthur Henderson, voted to attend the conference. Yet early in August Samuel Gompers, presuming to speak for American labor, refused to send delegates to the conference; and on August 13, 1917 the British government, following the American government's lead, denied passports to the delegates, and a day later France followed suit. Whether such a conference would today be similarly flouted is perhaps doubtful. It is clearer now than it was in 1917 that if the labor and peoples of the world want to acquaint the German people with the opinion held of them outside their own country, we stand a better chance to do it by talking to them directly than by addressing them through the intermediary of their lying government.

Such is the record of 1917, a tragic year indeed for democracy. It must be plain by now that we cannot win this war by force of arms alone. If it is not a war of ideas, it is a war without meaning and purpose. But if it is a war between two conflicting attitudes of viewing the world, what is our ultimate goal? Eventually we shall have to capture the hearts and minds of the German people. Even though we hoist our standards in Berlin and march triumphantly through Potsdam, we shall have lost the war unless we have achieved that moral capture. Even though millions more wade through blood and suffering, unless at the end Germany has become liberalized and has acquired a government that can be trusted in a community of nations, those that have laid down their lives so generously and fearlessly will have laid them down in vain. The very ghosts of our dead will mock us for our failure if no cleaner and more decent system of international relations is created as a result of this war. Already they demand of us a nobler record than that of 1917. It is not enough to punish Germany for her sins; we must win her people in spirit and purpose. We cannot begin the plans for that campaign too soon. We cannot examine our own democracies too critically or too severely. We cannot forget that it will be impossible to confer on a people by the sword an idealism of which we ourselves are only the half-hearted champions.

HAROLD STEARNS.

New Plays and a New Theory

PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT. By Clayton Hamilton. Holt; $1.60.
SACRIFICE, and Other Plays. By Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan; $1.50.
THREE SHORT PLAYS: Rococo, Vote by Ballot, Farewell to the Theatre. By Granville Barker. Little, Brown; $1.00.
TWO BELGIAN PLAYS: Mother Nature and Progress. By Gustave Vanzype. With an introduction by Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown; $1.50.

The fisher for dramatic ideas who has cast his net by publishers' coasts finds little to hearten him this season. There is Clayton Hamilton's "Problem of the Playwright"—it is a sizable, but not a flavory fish; Rabindranath Tagore's "Sacrifice" has the flavor of remote seas, but one finds that one's appetite for it does not persist; Granville Barker's "Three Plays" is long in the head, bony in the middle, but has a nice bit near the tail—also there is some sport in landing it; then Gustave Vanzype's "Two Belgian Plays," while not a very important catch, has flesh and flavor that make it better than mediocre. On the whole the haul is not at all exciting.

And now to particularize. "Problems of the Playwright" is a reporter's note-book. It is intelligent and conscientious, but of the kind of criticism that one finds in every page of Bernard Shaw's dramatic essays—the kind of criticism that immediately puts you into possession of dramatic standards—there is not a gleam. Clayton Hamilton simply gives us his reports on the American Theatre for the past two years. Arresting things in connection with dramatic theory are sometimes given, but one invariably finds them enclosed between quotation marks. "A play is a more or less rapidly-developing crisis in destiny or circumstance, and a dramatic scene is a crisis within a crisis, clearly furthering the

ultimate event. The drama may be called the art of crisis, as fiction is the art of gradual development." This saying is interesting and really instructive. But it is William Archer being quoted by Clayton Hamilton. He is combating Brunetière's generally accepted assertion that the essential element of drama is a struggle between human wills. Not finding this theory always applicable, Mr. Archer puts forward the theory of "more or less rapidly-developing crisis." Clayton Hamilton does not find Archer's theory invariably applicable either. This leads him to put forward his own theory of contrasts: "A play," he says, "becomes more and more dramatic in proportion to the multiplicity of contrasts it contains within itself."

This idea too is interesting and instructive. But it is not really a defining idea as William Archer's is. Clayton Hamilton's theory of contrasts would cover any interesting piece of literature. One could say only of a play, "It is a more or less rapidly-developing crisis." But one could say of an epic or a novel or an ode, "The one indispensable element of success . . . is the element of contrast." Then one could point out the very marked contrast between Achilles and Hector, between Dante and the blessed souls, between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote, and in the "Ode to the Skylark" or the "Ode to the Nightingale" the poets' contrast between their own joyless state and the happiness of the bird that seems destined to sing for all time.

There is a comment of Arthur Pinero's repeated in "Problems of the Playwright" that is valuable and that gives us a standard. Pinero makes a distinction between "strategy" and "tactics" in playmaking. Strategy is the general laying-out of the play, and tactics is the craft of getting the characters on and off the stage, and so forth. Such a distinction opens our eyes to what is a real plan and what is merely a device. It is a pity that Pinero has not written a book of dramatic criticism. One feels inclined to say that one would give several of his plays for such a book.

One very intriguing thing about "Problems of the Playwright" comes out of the way in which Clayton Hamilton contrives to admire the most sharply contrasted types of playwright. He is devoted to Pinero—yes, devoted: he takes to him as one takes to a religious belief. But he also admires Maeterlinck. Now how can a man who appreciates the internal drama of "Aglavaine and Sélysette" accept the mechanics of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"? If there was ever a play that was an insult to the imaginative and spiritually informed mind it is that bad play of Pinero's. And yet one beholds Clayton Hamilton rising off his knees in the conventicle of Pinero to give a benediction in Maeterlinck's grove. One is left to wonder how it can be done.

If we had been told that the five plays in the volume called "Sacrifice" had been written by the pupils in Rabindranath Tagore's seminary we could easily accept the statement. Not one of the plays given in the volume is at all on a level with "The Post Office," or "The King of the Dark Chamber," or "Chitra." The persons in these five plays have the indistinctness of character that is in romances composed by children. And the dooms meted out to these persons are just such dooms as imaginative children would be touched by. For each of the plays there is a philosophic setting, but then the children of a philosophic people might lisp in such terms. There is a suggestion that the play called "Sacrifice" is a pronouncement upon the present disaster to civilization. One can hardly accept it as such. Indeed it is the child's detachment that is on each one of them that makes these plays cherishable.

Many plays published in book form are dramatic without being theatrical, but it might be said of the three plays that Granville Barker presents us with that they are theatrical without being dramatic. They are not, of course, theatrical in the sense of being meretriciously appealing; they are theatrical in the sense that they are written with the two eyes of the author fixed on the stage and that they actually demand a looker-on. Take, for instance, the scene in "Rococo" where the vicar is on the carpet with Reginald's knee holding him down while the vicar's sister makes interventions. What is dramatic in this scene does not come into the written word. The breaking of the rococo vase, too, is only half dramatic in the text; it would be a sensation on the stage, but it is a sensation at a remove in the book. "Vote by Ballot" like "Rococo" is mordant, and like "Rococo" the best that is in it does not come out through the dialogue. The truth is that these two plays have the matter of the unusual, but not the fine, short story, and that we look for something more filled with life and experience in plays presented to us in a volume.

"Farewell to the Theatre," however, does hold more than the experience that is in the unusual short story. But one is left wondering if all Granville Barker's adroitness could make it effective on the stage. For "Farewell to the Theatre" is a dialogue only—indeed one might describe it as an Imaginary Conversation between a Celebrated Actress and her Constant Lover. A poetry that, as it would seem, should have been very hard to disengage, comes out of this dialogue:

. . . I found that the number of my looking-glasses grew. Till one day I counted them . . . and big and small there were forty-nine. That day I'd bought the forty-ninth—an old Venetian mirror . . . so popular I was in those days and felt so rich. Yes . . . and then I used to work out my parts in front of every mirror in turn. One would make me prettier and one more dignified. One could give me pathos and one gave me power. Now there was a woman used to come and sew for me. You know! I charitably gave her jobs . . . took an interest in her "case" . . . encouraged her to talk her troubles out for comfort's sake. I wasn't interested. . . I didn't care a bit. . . It didn't comfort her. She talked to me because she thought I liked it. But oddly, it was just sewing she liked and she sewed well and sewing did her good . . . sewing for me. You remember my Lily Prince in "The Backwater"?

Yes.

My first real failure.

I liked it.

My first dead failure . . . dear Public. Do you know why? I hadn't found her in the mirrors. I'd found her in that woman as she sewed.

I didn't think it a failure.

Well . . . the dear Public wouldn't pay to see it . . . and we've found no other word. But I knew if that was failure now I meant to fail . . . and I never looked into a mirror again. Except, of course, to do my hair and paint my poor face and comically comfort myself sometimes . . . to say . . . "Dorothy, as mugs go it's not such an ugly mug." I took the looking-glasses down. . . I turned their faces to the wall. For I had won free from the shadowed emptiness of self. But nobody understood. Do you?

There is no struggle of human wills in this conversation between Dorothy Taverner and Edward McLenegan; there is a crisis, however, although it is hardly marked. And because there is a crisis there "Farewell to the Theatre" exists as a piece of drama.

Gustave Vanzype, the Belgian dramatist, has obviously been influenced by the French playwright Curel, whose "La Nouvelle Idole" has been produced in New York by the French Theatre. But the Belgian has a distinctive accent. Indeed in the two plays presented in this volume, in "Mother Nature" and in "Progress," he suggests a richer human life than does Curel. Both wrote thesis plays, but in the Belgian plays the thesis is imposed upon humanity. In the case of "La Nouvelle Idole" humanity is straitened into a thesis. In "Mother Nature" an intellectual (Olivier) degrades his wife Renée: he will not share his life with her and he will not permit her to have children. In the end Renée goes to a lover (Méryac), but not before she assures herself that her escape is willed not from weakness but from strength. She obeys Mother Nature (La Souveraine) in her choice. In "Progress" there is a conflict between the two generations represented by the physicians Dr. Thérat and his son-in-law Dr. Leglay. The younger finds out that the elder's methods are not advancing and that they are becoming destructive to life. He breaks with him and in doing so breaks with his wife, who is devoted to her father's reputation. The generation that succeeds Dr. Leglay reconciles the methods of each.

The distinctive element that Vanzype brings into the thesis play is a strong sense of home and of family life. The action of both plays takes place within a family circle. Vanzype evidently belongs to that race of artists who loved to paint ordinary groups and homely interiors. His people are types rather than characters, but the strong sense that he has of their solid surroundings makes it possible for the dramatist to give them an accent and a complexion.

PADRAIC COLUM.

"A Queer Fellow"

BOOTH TARKINGTON. By Robert Cortes Holliday. Doubleday, Page; $1.25.

Remy de Gourmont called the critic a "créateur des valeurs" and contended that Sainte-Beuve had no small share in "making" the poets of the French romantic movement by imposing them upon the public at his own valuation of their talents and genius. Usually, however, it is the public that creates its own values. Criticism, as we have it today in the absence of a Sainte-Beuve, does little more in the long run than echo popular approval, confirming or substantiating it. Now and then a critic essays some rationale of this taste—seeks to explain why, in his opinion, such and such a novelist has achieved success. Even this is something, and one wishes it were attempted oftener in America on the scale of Mr. Holliday's clever and candid study of Booth Tarkington.

In England [he writes in his "Foreword"] it seems to be quite the fashion to get up all the while very

respectable little biographical and critical affairs about Mr. Wells and Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy. And we do have knocking about over here admirable little books about foreign writers such as Conrad, Anatole France, and the one-time American Mr. James. But certainly we have rather neglected to pry into living home talent.

Now that Mr. Holliday has made the start, perhaps others will follow and we shall have similar studies of Theodore Dreiser, Robert Chambers, Edith Wharton, Mary S. Watts, and Gertrude Atherton. After all, it is just as well to make the most of what we possess; and even if the material at times seems somewhat thin, and the writer a little ill at ease in his effort to thicken it, something will no doubt be gained if only in the useful practice of the critical genre which, as M. de Gourmont implied, is as important in its way as the creative. Indeed, it may itself become entirely creative in the hands of a critic who, like Mr. Holliday, is also something of a literary artist in his own right, and who can combine sound analysis with the ability to construct out of the qualities and characteristics thus disengaged a complete and well proportioned portrait of the man and his work.

In the present instance it is a portrait somewhat fantastic and by no means altogether flattering. For Mr. Holliday has accepted seriously, though with a light heart, his task of interpretation; and if he has made the most of Mr. Tarkington's good points—as he was bound to do if he was to justify the job at all—he has by no means failed to stress the weak points of this popular favorite among contemporary American novelists. As such, Mr. Tarkington constitutes a somewhat peculiar case. We may take with what qualification we will his indignant denial that he has ever deliberately courted public favor; he has, nevertheless, clearly and to an unusual degree tried to please himself as well as his readers. Even when most superficial in matter and most artificial in manner, perhaps most of all at such times, he has shown an uncommon concern for at least certain aspects of his art as a writer. This is the more remarkable in that among the many conventions which he implicitly accepts and which, as Mr. Holliday points out, make him so markedly a man—an American man—of his time, none is more pronounced than his ostentatious aversion to anything in the least savoring of the "artistic."

His little short of violent reaction to the whole idea of the "literary" atmosphere is a subject for . . . the literary alienist. His friends know that at public dinners he always "winches," as he puts it, at every oratorical reference to "literature."

Yet this is the man who on leaving college made his debut in a fin-de-siècle little magazine called "John-a-Dreams" and who still in his conversation refers more frequently to the "artist" than anyone, "except a painter or two," whom Mr. Holliday has ever heard!

The modern painter himself is not above this particular form of insincerity and affectation. I know one who makes a boast that he would rather be taken for a professional baseball player than anything else. Of course his is a more or less inevitable recoil from the velvet jacket and long hair pose of the preceding generation. But may we not express the hope that the time will come—and soon!—when both painter and writer will be content to be simply themselves and nobody else? Certainly Mr. Tarkington's personality, as Mr. Holliday presents it to us, would be far more engaging without this taint of morbidity and self-consciousness, which seeks expression also in a pretentious disclaimer of "highbrow" interests. It is difficult to find anything either amusing or edifying in the anecdote of his encounter with a friend whom he had not seen for some time and who, in the interim, had become a professor at an Eastern college. After their first greetings Tarkington remarked musingly, "Let me see, what is it you are doing now?"—then added quickly, "Oh yes, I remember now. You are doing the serious."

Something of the undergraduate's superciliousness towards the faculty survives in this jejune flippancy, which is therefore not without a certain significance. For all his days Mr. Tarkington, like the late Richard Harding Davis, has remained an undergraduate in his outlook on life. The world as he views it is an essentially unreal world, and his realism is no less romantic than his romance itself. Mr. Holliday professes to trace a development in his work as a novelist, a growth in seriousness and human interest, but we are unable to follow. The mere abandonment of a complicated plot at one point in his career proves nothing except that he is as ready to accept one convention as another, and that without being imitative in any strict or slavish sense, he is yet responsive to the current changes in literary fashions. Mr. Tarkington's lack of any real grip upon life is perhaps even more apparent in "The Turmoil" than in his earlier works, just because the stark simplicity of its plan throws into still higher relief his complete inability to create characters of a sufficient depth or complexity to make them either credible or

interesting. It, no less than "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," strikes one as the sort of book that might perfectly well have been written by a clever college boy who knew nothing of life save by divination, and for whom literary art consisted exclusively in the cultivation of a sometimes heightened and colored style. It is noticeable that the melodrama which forms an important element in so much of Mr. Tarkington's earlier work is by no means eliminated from "The Turmoil." It has merely been transferred from the plot itself to the descriptive passages, and to the idea of modern industrialism which supplies the emotional atmosphere.

Compared with "The Turmoil," "Seventeen," which I believe appeared the same year, is a masterpiece and certainly marks the height of Mr. Tarkington's accomplishment to the present. The one type of character into which he has thus far shown any real insight is that of the small boy and adolescent youth—and there, perhaps, because he has had to depend less upon imagination than memory. The one being of whom each of us is certain to know a little something is himself, at the different stages of his development, while at the same time there are no experiences which men and women share so completely and universally as those of youth and childhood, before lives and souls alike draw apart and become "specialized." Mr. Tarkington, of course, by no means invented this boy genre, which has been one of the most popular in recent literature. But I can think of no one else who has exploited it at once so seriously and so systematically. "Seventeen" is a good deal more than a mere funny book, which is the aspect under which Mr. Holliday principally views it. It is a study of adolescence that is searching almost to the point of cruelty—cruelty such as Flaubert and Maupassant have been accused of in their wielding of the scalpel upon adult subjects. The style, too, in this particular department of Mr. Tarkington's work is admirable. Indeed, one is tempted to say that whereas in other departments he has displayed styles, here he has achieved Style. The question of Mr. Tarkington's future career as a novelist is largely a question of his ability to carry over this singularly simple, nervous, and forceful manner into his other work, as a result of increasing insight into other, and more mature, types of character.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

Rebecca West—Novelist

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER. By Rebecca West. Century; $1.

What first interests me in this story is its length, or rather its brevity: all is done within one hundred and eighty-five pages. We have here an acute compressed exemplar of the form lately advocated by the Folletts—that mode of novel-writing which has produced James's "The Spoils of Poynton" and Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Say they: "The novel as it is best written today has the sharp focus, the unity in purpose and point of view, of the short story. The change came about through the invention of an intermediate form, the kind of two-hundred-page narrative which results, not from foreshortening the novel into the novelette, but from expanding the short story into the 'novella.'" Miss West's "novella" is an episode, a situation involving but a few days—or would be, were it not for a chronological backthrow which provides perspective, complications, and the road to a highly effective climax.

We think, at the start, that we have to deal with Rebecca West as still the brisk and brusque young radical of "The Freewoman" and "The New Republic," walking through life in a trim tailor-made, with her feet setting themselves down firmly and her elbows in vigorous action. Well, she is all of that—in certain phases of her social criticism; but she is much more.

Later on we incline to image Miss West as a spirited young filly, speeding it over her race track. For two-thirds of her course she trots, true to form, on the old well-known course, though she covers it with a quickened stride; then comes a moment of tangled hoofs and a threat to bolt the regular track and to finish up before the judges' stand anyhow. It is this that makes the fifth of her six chapters, which is crowded with unskilled transitions, both the worst and the best; surely it is the most novel and moving.

"The Return of the Soldier" is of course a war-story—a story of shell-shock, amnesia, and the suppressed wish. The author is of the new day, and the new nomenclature shall not fail. But she throws out a decisive arm and tames science to art—all with a tense economy of means that helps open a fresh era for the novel. Shall the returned soldier be left in his happy penumbra of uncertainty by the one woman out of his past who understood and satisfied him, or shall he be cured and restored to the slight-natured wife who never satisfied him at all? Shall the worthy

woman make the sacrifice for the unworthy one, condemning the rescued hero to face the future with a "dreadful, decent smile"?

One's sense at the beginning is that the book may be a contraption ad hoc: it indeed derives from the war, and it rests on a combination of circumstances impossible before our own day; but one presently perceives that it is animated by a higher and better spirit, and one willingly meets the applied psychology which, exercised near the end on the basis of homely domestic detail, brings the clouded mind safely through the labyrinth and throws a last grateful light on a memorable and essentially lovable heroine.

It is in the social setting of her scene that Miss West seems most her radical self. Though she loves the changing aspects of nature and is lavish with vignettes portraying them, she is severe upon the landscape-gardening of the country-house and upon all its implications. A border of snowdrops and crocuses has no æsthetic reason: "its use is purely philosophic; it proclaims that here we esteem only controlled beauty, that the wild will not have its way within our gates, that it must be made delicate and decorated into felicity." Yes, most of the people in this story live in "the impregnable fort of a gracious life," and have but scorn for the sordid dowdiness of the low-born heroine when she must be introduced into its choice precincts. Opposed to her stands the mistress of the place; she is of those who are "aware that it is their civilizing mission to flash the jewel of their beauty before all men, so that they shall desire it and work to get the wealth to buy it, and thus be seduced by a present appetite to a tilling of the earth that serves the future." And the curse of life under such general conditions is quietly but memorably expressed by the lady (under process of reformation) who tells the tale: "People like me, who are not artists, are never sure about people they don't know."

Miss West's diction (I may even call it style) is of a richness—a tempestuous, tangled richness that keeps one interested and excited. She lavishes it alike on her landscape and on the psychology of her people. Truth to tell, as regards this last, she is her own brusque, peremptory self, and sometimes does rather cursorily what, with due regard to the mysterious temple of the human mind, might justly enlist a little more leisure and finesse. But she has set her own limits and done her best—a pretty good best—within them.

HENRY B. FULLER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

COLORADO, THE QUEEN JEWEL OF THE ROCKIES. By Mae Lucy Baggs. Page; $3.50.

FLORIDA, THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT. By Nevin O. Winter. Page; $3.50.

Give the imagination the task of constructing an unexperienced whole out of the bits of evidence at hand, and it is likely to play strange tricks. A certain writer confesses that he was bitterly disappointed at his first sight of a swan —it was so different from the bird he had reconstructed on the basis of the china cygnet that served as a match safe in the farmhouse where he had spent his boyhood. There are probably not a few people to whom, similarly, Colorado appears in the mind's eye as a wilderness of highly colored post-card mountains, with cogways running to the summits; or to whom Florida, if not the paradise depicted on land-agents' pamphlets, is a vivified woodcut of the Everglades, with a lambrequin of Spanish moss and reptiles. Perhaps in no respect is the average American more deficient than in the geography of his own land. As an aid to his imagination, accordingly, the "See America First" series, of which these two books are the latest volumes, must prove invaluable. If the books themselves hardly justify their sub-titles any more than a chamber of commerce bulletin ever paints a convincing "Wonder City," they yet furnish abundant material from which the active imagination of the reader can reconstruct the true wonderlands in which to go aroaming.

The prospective tourist or the rocking-chair traveler will find "Florida" and "Colorado" complete guides. Both books follow practically the same plan, showing the rich historic backgrounds against which the modern life of the states is lived, and depicting that modern life in its most interesting phases. The chief emphasis (not unnaturally, since one of the chief industries of both states is the tourist) is placed on playgrounds. "Florida," while not neglecting Palm Beach, will be found especially interesting and valuable for its descriptions of wild life; and the account of Colorado's mountain sports is enough to awaken a long-stifled wanderlust. The fact that the books have small literary merit is not greatly in their disfavor. One could wish that the writer had not used "glimpse" as a verb, or had been a little more careful with their relative pronouns; but one can recommend the books, in spite of crudities of style, as bits of honest workmanship, brimming over with facts, attractively printed and bound, well illustrated, and presenting each a businesslike bibliography for the reader who wishes to travel further.

A Diary of the Russian Revolution. By James L. Houghteling, Jr. Dodd, Mead; $1.25.

From January 20 to Easter, 1917 Mr. Houghteling was either in Petrograd or Moscow—or on the train between the two cities. Although this is only the start of the Revolution—indeed, the really dangerous revolution to proletarian control did not come until last fall—it is the most dramatic period, the period one would give most to have seen. But it is not an especially dramatic period in Mr. Houghteling's narrative, which is just what it says it is, a diary. He sees some of the street fighting; he witnesses the perverse and imperturbable manner in which the ordinary activities of everyday life insisted on continuing; he talks with people on the train, in the hotel, at street corners. Perhaps if Mr. Houghteling had made pretenses to a subtle literary style instead of writing straightforward description his story would have lost most of its present genuine effectiveness and interest. For that effectiveness comes largely from the naturalness and matter-of-factness of Mr. Houghteling's tone, its very lack, as it were, of the theatrical and melodramatic. A revolution loses most of its terrors under such a treatment; it becomes almost temptingly easy and conventional. On March 13 the author writes: "It was growing dark and we could not make out who were skirmishing, but the thought surged in upon us that we might be taken for policemen. We were near home and by unanimous consent adjourned for the day. The streets of the city are no place for an innocent bystander tonight." Fortunately Mr. Houghteling was content to be an innocent bystander with respect to interpretation of events. He wisely remains a reporter. Yet one report we cannot read but with pride—the eagerness of the Provisional Government to be recognized by the United States, and the historic fact that we were the first nation to accord that recognition.

Creators of Decorative Styles. By Walter A. Dyer. Doubleday, Page; $3.

Mr. Dyer's book reminds one of Oscar Wilde's accusation that we love art but do not sufficiently honor our craftsman. In fact it has chiefly been the epigrams in Wilde's "Decorative Arts in America" which have been remembered, with the result that the book's effectiveness in the drawing-room has largely robbed it of its value as inspiration in the workshop. Mr. Dyer, however, wisely does not attempt to draw morals from his clear and concise history of our decorative styles and their leaders. Yet he has avoided the pitfall of describing all styles or all decorators—an attempt which has cast so many interpretative efforts on the statistical junk-heap—and he has at the same time resolutely refused to take a short cut to taste. The evolution of the styles in England from 1603 to 1800, which have given a distinctive stamp to English and American social life, is developed so that it is impossible to read his twelve chapters without drawing an inference. English style is our heritage, and others are but exoticisms. When Mr. Dyer chooses eleven decorators from Inigo Jones to Sheraton, we can question only his choice of Chambers, and this is effaced in the joy of escaping Isaac Ware and William Kent. It is not a book telling the component parts of all style, how to recognize them in polite society, and how to imitate them on a small income: hints as to the adaptability to the present are left, as they should be, to the personality of the reader. It is a book not only for those Americans whose social position forces them to take an interest in style, but also for those who honestly wish we could boast a national decorative style of our own.

Organic Evolution. By Richard Swan Lull. Macmillan; $3.

By far the larger number of books dealing with the subject of organic evolution have been written from the standpoint of interpretation of the existing organic world. Inductions from observations on structure, development, distribution, and activities of animals and plants as we find them to-day have been made the basis for the analysis of the factors of evolution. In the last decade experimentalists have been busy putting to the test the inductions of the Darwinian and post-Darwinian period, not always with confirmatory results. Professor Lull's book is written from the standpoint of the actual record of evolution as read by the paleontologist in the fossils from the past. Of necessity, this record deals mainly with the diversifications and successions of types already established, for all the great groups of animals were in existence in Lower Cambrian times or shortly thereafter. The investigator of fossils is constantly called upon to reconstruct the whole animal in his imagination from a single organ system, the hard parts or skeleton, and to conjure up its environment and habits of life from the slightest of clues and by analogies from living relatives. His attention is also repeatedly called to changes in structure, with lapse of time, in changing environmental conditions. Function and environment thus come in his view of the evolutionary process to be the fashioning hammers which incessantly shape the evolving life of sea, forest, desert, and plain.

It is this historical dynamics of life, richly illustrated from the records of the ancient faunas, which is presented in this latest effort to

trace the course of evolution and evaluate its factors. Here the author is on familiar ground and his contributions are illuminating and authoritative. When he enters other fields, however, he relies quite freely on previous summaries. Hence his uncritical acceptance of the mimicry hypothesis and his unqualified ascription of the biogenetic law to Haeckel. Even the germ plasm dogma of Weismann, which he incorporates without qualms, does not seem to disturb his later applications of Lamarckian principles. From the standpoint of the cytologist, the geneticist, the mutationist, and the experimentalist, the work leaves much to be said, but they must look elsewhere for a critical, up-to-date presentation of their conflicting contributionus to this ever-widening field of investigation.

THE NOTE BOOK OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. By Eric Fisher Wood. Century; $1.75.

There are many good things in Major Wood's book. It is the gossip of a man who has met in the impact of work the personalities which direct the operations of the British Empire. He has had an eye to their revealing ways as well as to the humorous wayside incidents of war. He has an interesting study of the workings of the stupendous British censorship. In his account of the Battle of Arras, in which he marched forward into machine-gun fire and was wounded, there is the simplicity of strong feeling. There is the simplicity, too, of good form, which makes the volume the talk of a gentleman rather than the revelation of an artist. For although what Major Wood writes is carefully observed and under favorable conditions, he betrays the anæsthesia of class. He is a fierce admirer of Lord Northcliffe. He talks of the "progressive elements in British public life under the leadership of such men as Lloyd George, Carson, Milner, and Derby." He cannot even resist his impulse of enthusiasm, quite natural to the man who fights, for war and war's galvanic effect on the emotions of a people. "There are moments of exaltation," he writes, "when one finds oneself agreeing with the detestable Nietzsche that war is a great moral rejuvenator, both for the nation and for the individual." He has become convinced that "war psychology lies very near to fundamental truths." Major Wood is an example of the upper class man at his best—convinced of the rightness of his cause, ready to sacrifice himself and be a gentleman in the act, humorous, charming, not too impressed with the power of his own emotions. And yet if Major Wood were not an American, one might call him insular. For those rumblings that may some time outsound the clamor of war itself, he has no ear.

HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY. By Alice Meynell. Scribners; $1.75.

While other critics are engaged in appraising and placing the authors of "today" and of "yesterday" Mrs. Meynell in this little volume concerns herself with the authors of day before yesterday. Time has moved on; yet Tennyson, Dickens, Swinburne, and Charlotte Brontë, after the pendulum-swing of appreciation and depreciation, are not even yet in the places where they precisely belong. Mrs. Meynell, in her delicate, none too conclusive fashion, holds up her little taper, throwing a new light and producing some delayed nuances. She occupies herself largely with the culling of verbal felicities, securing many even from Dickens, and not a few—of a stark, direct kind—from Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." She also follows Charlotte from her early days of "unscholarly Latin-English" to the later period of the better, more vital English in which she describes her sister Emily's death. Mrs. Meynell praises Tennyson for his independence of French influences, and taxes Swinburne for having so often merely applied his own verbal dexterity to other men's passions. Mrs. Meynell is always and everywhere very obviously concerned with diction; and diction, in most of the present essays, is her dominant preoccupation.

A LITERARY PILGRIM IN ENGLAND. By Edward Thomas. Dodd, Mead; $3.

For the chimney corner and slippered ease this series of twenty-nine topographical biographies is good company. The author is not interested, for the moment at least, in the tragedy of Keats's life, the sternness of Arnold's, or the boisterousness of Burns's. His intent is merely to show how certain districts of England reacted on certain of her writers: what London meant to Lamb, for example; to what extent the Downs affected the prose of Jefferies, the Lake District the poetry of Wordsworth, and Wiltshire the delightful gossip of John Aubrey. The principal question always is: What is Herrick's country? Fitzgerald's? Stevenson's? And to what degree and in what manner did this country, with its hills, flowers, birds, streams, and trees, find its way into the author's mind and thence into his work? Although Mr. Thomas tells us little that is new, it is a pleasure to have half-forgotten landscapes brought thus deftly before our eyes again. Liberal, though skilful, quotation from letters and poems, and the reproduction in color of several paintings after Walter Decker, R.B.A., and others, help materially to make the volume what it is —a leisurely and unruffled journey through the garden that is all England.

Medical Research and Human Welfare. By W. W. Keen. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.

America is fortunate in the medical tradition that has set in high regard the practitioner with broad human interests. The tradition begins early in the career of Benjamin Rush. It received a popular sanction in the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and again in those of S. Weir Mitchell. It is to this group that one may add the services of Dr. Keen—the fact that three of the names belong to Philadelphia is worthy of mention. Dr. Keen's volume tells the deeply significant story of the conquest of disease by human endeavor; it tells it convincingly, with adequate reënforcement of data, with telling evidence, with a human charm in the pride of triumph of a professional devotion. The volume contains a photograph of Dr. Keen as he served in the Civil War, and another that shows him in the dignity and vigor of his present age. The contrast serves to illustrate the tremendous advance in methods of surgery and medicine which a single life, consecrated to the alleviation of ills, has witnessed and aided. We accept all too thoughtlessly the gifts of the physician, rising no higher ordinarily than the personal tribute of the "G. P.," the grateful patient. It is well to have passed in review the achievements of the army of medical science, an account of its many campaigns, its sore trials, its still imperfect control of many of the ills that flesh is heir to—but through it all a persistent and consistent advance and a series of battles won. Dr. Keen's story belongs in every library in the country. With the country at war, the service of the medical fraternity is again conspicuously recognized. The laboratory and the hospital sustain the men at the front, and sustain them with the international humanity of a common service. One discordant note has appeared, the protest of sentimental extremists against the use of animal life to save the precious lives of the defenders of our country. The lesson of the contribution of medical research to human welfare still needs to be vigorously enforced.

The Spell of China. By Archie Bell. Page; $2.50.

There is a good deal of agreeable chit-chat about some of the better known parts of China in this book of tourist travel, and a flowing journalistic style makes it easy and occasionally diverting reading. The so-called "spell" is exerted by little more than the regulation sights —Hongkong, Canton, Macao, Shanghai, Hangchow reached via houseboat, Hankow, Peking, Tientsin—cities which, although they spread over a large part of the eastern coast of China, comprise only a small part of the whole country. But if Mr. Bell saw only what may be seen by other tourists, he seasoned what he has written with a few nearly original investigations that go far toward justifying his effort. His experiences in a native theatre in Shanghai give rise to some interesting comments about what the new art in our theatrical world owes to the very ancient Chinese drama, especially in the matter of stage technique. A short excursion into Nipponized Korea, with observations on Japan's methods of efficiency, completes a volume which, were it as valuable as readable, would take a dignified position in the literature of travel.

The History of Medieval Europe. By Lynn Thorndike. Houghton Mifflin; $2.75.

Thorndike's history belongs to the new school. The dominant interest here developed is in great movements cutting across nationalities and political geography. Artificial boundary lines tend to disappear in the writer's mind and international tendencies in the development of Europe are seen as wholes. The book is primarily a history of culture. It develops the economic and social, the literary and artistic, the religious and moral life of the people quite as much as, or even more than, the course of political intrigue and military exploits. However, dynastic and other class ambitions are not without their rôle in the medieval drama as here described, and the observable kinship to present tendencies in this regard is sometimes striking. Through all the book one gains a sense of continuity, of orderly progression. This effect is especially helped by the chart at the end of the volume which portrays graphically by use of maps the major movements in medieval times.

An Introduction to Political Parties and Practical Politics. By P. Orman Ray. Scribners; $1.60.

Politics has been somewhat obscured, if not placed in abeyance, by the war, but the present revision of this popular handbook, reviewing the latest legislation and usage in the field, is welcome. Professor Ray, who teaches at Northwestern University, has produced the most practical and incisive work that has yet appeared in this division of social science. There is scarcely a phase of the subject—from an analysis of current party policies and methods to the practical nominating and campaigning machinery of the parties in action—which is not illumined by his wide investigations. The extended bibliographies at the end of each chapter are probably the most complete of the sort anywhere to be found and will be of particular interest to students of practical politics.

Casual Comment

From France comes the blackest news of the war, as The Dial goes to press, and for the present everything else will shrivel into insignificance beside the issue being decided in that long roar of guns whose steady throbbing can be heard on the house-tops even in London. Perhaps when these words are read the final direction of the tide of battle will be known. For ourselves, we cannot lose faith. We remember the Marne, and take courage. We remember Ypres. We remember Verdun and the Somme. And one thing now is clear. German autocracy must win this battle or lose the war—the militarists dare not stand upon the defensive and appeal to the judgment of mankind. Their record in Russia shows that they know no other way to win peace than the way of force. That way, we firmly believe, is forever barred to them. It is no longer a question whether militarism and autocracy will or will not be defeated; they are already defeated.

* * *

An artists' committee has nominated to the War Department eight American artists to accompany our armies and make a pictorial record of the war. The list is something of a commentary on the status of painting in this country. It includes only one representative of the salon tradition of vested "Art"—only one of secure reputation—Ernest Peixotto, pupil of Benjamin-Constant, Doucet, and Lefebvre. It includes only one etcher, J. Andre Smith. There are two others who are primarily painters, neither of whom is very widely known—Harvey Dunn and Harry Townsend. But there are four illustrators: Wallace Morgan, Walter Enright, William Aylward, and George Wright. A few of these eight have done, or bid fair to do, good work; yet at least half of them are unknown quantities so far as the public is concerned. Britain and Canada (as Laurence Binyon said in The Dial for January 31) have commissioned for the same purpose such men as Muirhead Bone, William Orpen, and Augustus John —brilliant painters, "living forces." We have nominated four representatives of our craft of illustrating, than which nothing could be more stagnantly conventional, and some young men of whom we have hopes. It is quite possible that among them the opportunity might discover a man of brilliance and force; all of us trust that it would. Meanwhile, however, shall we not recognize that when there arises an opportunity for distinguished talent and originality in art, we have to meet it with practitioners of a popular craft, with a graceful acknowledgment to the academic, and then with blank checks drawn on our hopes?

What do our public libraries cost us? The following figures of appropriations per capita in certain cities have been roughly compiled from data on library taxation in 1916, drawn from the current report of the Pratt Library in Baltimore, and from the populations reported in the 1910 census. Probably they are far from accurate, since some of these cities grew very rapidly between 1910 and 1916; but if a similar study were to be based on the 1920 census it would doubtless discover much the same general conditions. There are given figures for three cities of more than one million inhabitants: New York is taxed about 29 cents per inhabitant, Chicago about 25, and Philadelphia about 18. The next group includes cities of less than a million and more than half a million: Cleveland 73 cents, Pittsburg 60, and St. Louis 42. Comparison of these groups suggests that there is something like a maximum cost for the first-class library and that it mounts much less rapidly than does the population the library serves. Baltimore would fall in the second group; but whereas the three cities named in that group average an appropriation of 58 cents per capita, Baltimore enjoys only 9 cents per capita, to which must be added from its endowment 9 cents more. The fact that this total of 18 cents is 40 cents less than the average for his group certainly supports the Pratt Librarian's plea for more funds. The remaining groups divide at the quarter-million mark:

OVER 250,000		UNDER 250,000	
Los Angeles	.70	Oakland	.79
Detroit	.59	Seattle	.74
Minneapolis	.56	Springfield	.71
Newark	.43	Grand Rapids	.51
Milwaukee	.38	Worcester	.44
Cincinnati	.33	St. Paul	.33
Buffalo	.29	Louisville	.27
Denver	.26	Omaha	.24
Rochester	.24	Atlanta	.21

The discrepancy between the upper cities in each group and their group averages is doubtless accounted for by their greatly augmented population since 1910. Fair averages might omit Los Angeles and Detroit from the first column and Oakland, Seattle, and Springfield from the second. That would yield an average appropriation of 35 cents for cities of between a quarter and a half million population, and of 33 cents for cities of less than a quarter million. Compare these averages with those of the million and half-million groups:

GROUP AVERAGES	
Under 250,000	.33
250,000—500,000	.35
500,000—1,000,000	.58
Over 1,000,000	.24

It would appear that libraries in cities approaching the million mark cost per capita about 25 cents more than those in cities of a quarter mil-

lion, and about 34 cents more than those of cities that have passed the million mark. Accurate statistics would doubtless alter the relations between particular cities in the groups tabulated, but they would scarcely affect the expensive situation of those in the half-million group. Apparently the American city requires a metropolitan library long before it is able to finance one on a metropolitan appropriation per capita.

* * *

How will America's demand for books during the war differ from the demands of the other nations? Publishers and booksellers have long since noted the shift in interest from the light sentimental novel to the political and historical study, and the list of war books announced for publication this spring is staggering. Yet the implications of our peculiar geographical and psychological position have not been fully realized. Curiosity about the war is more insatiable with us than with other belligerents, who live too close to it. There is a whole "literature of release" in France and Germany and England, the avowed object of which is to "take one's mind off the war." With us, who do not live in fear of air raids, any emotional strain is quickly snapped by a visit to a "movie" house or a musical comedy, perhaps by a detective story. Generally speaking, however, we can endure much more realistic and depressing descriptions of the battle line than those peoples to whom the trenches are only a few hours' railroad journey distant. Robert Dell has told how little the war itself is mentioned in Paris. In Holland the one sure way to make yourself unpopular is to start a discussion about the war. Ambassador Gerard has told of the great throngs at the races in Berlin, and recent accounts from neutral cities give the picture of the German people as interested in almost everything except politics and belligerency. The theatrical season in London is admittedly banal, mere revivals or musical reviews. One aspect of Europe's war-weariness which has escaped attention is the disinclination to buy just those kinds of books which today crowd our own shops. We have an eagerness to learn the political and historical background of the war, as well as to read the more intimate, personal descriptions, which would be regarded with astonishment in any of the European capitals. To us it is all still an intellectual novelty and an emotional novelty. We are only beginning to participate, and until the autumn at least it is not likely that the first wave of interest will subside. We shall probably end by being better informed about the war than those who live next door to it. Who was the peasant who was born in 1785 and lived until 1840 in a suburb of Paris, yet had never heard of Napoleon?

The debuts of three more monthly magazines have taken place in the last few weeks: In January appeared the first number of "The New World," a liberal "medium for the free discussion of questions relative to the interpretation of Christianity to our age and its application for the reconstruction of society." It is published in New York City. The editors are Norman N. Thomas (Managing), Edward W. Evans, Harold Hatch, John Haynes Holmes, Rufus Jones, Richard Roberts, Oswald Garrison Villard, Harry F. Ward, and Walter G. Fuller (Secretary). "The Liberator," of which the first issue appeared in February, has no relation to the late "Masses"; but, curiously enough, Max Eastman is Editor, Floyd Dell is Associate Editor, and the list of Contributing Editors—which includes Cornelia Barnes, Howard Brubaker, John Reed, Boardman Robinson, Charles W. Wood, and Art Young—no less than the format, suggests once more that in real life coincidence is often more perfect than it is on the stage. And "Bruno's Bohemia" makes its bow. "Devoted to Life, Love, and Letters," it is published from 1476 Broadway, New York, by Guido Bruno, sometime editor and publisher of "Bruno's Weekly." These periodicals, together with "Upton Sinclair's" and other arrivals that The Dial has welcomed to the lists since the first of the year, should reassure all pessimists. The rising mortality among magazines need no longer alarm; the birth-rate is rising as rapidly.

* * *

One happy scheme for raising money for the Red Cross we might well copy from England. For three years the funds from the gifts of rare books and autographs have all been used for the benefit of the Red Cross. This year Sir James M. Barrie and Mr. E. V. Lucas have control of the collection, and Sir James has written a characteristic letter to the papers with the felicitous title "The Hundred Best Gaps." He pleads that in a time of sacrifice all of us may well take from our bookshelves our one valuable treasure, either a first edition or a manuscript. Sir James has himself given the original manuscript of "The Little Minister." Mrs. Reginald Smith has given the original manuscripts of Thomas Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd" and of Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque." But one of the most interesting gifts is that of Sir William Robertson Nicoll—the actual copy of "Vanity Fair" which Thackeray sent to Currer Bell when he first read her novel "Jane Eyre." He did not then, of course, know who the author was, but the book is autographed with "W. M. Thackeray's kind regards." Surely our own collectors and bibliophiles will not be outdone in generosity by their English brethren?

Notes and News

Paul Rosenfeld, who writes about Rimsky-Korsakov in this issue of The Dial, is a well-known critic of the arts whose discussions have appeared in various periodicals. His residence is in New York.

Maxwell Bodenheim is one of the "Others" group. His verse has appeared in "The Poetry Journal," "Poetry," and other magazines.

The other contributors have written for previous issues of The Dial.

"Literary Chapters," by W. L. George, was published March 27 under the imprint of Little, Brown & Co.

The Woman's Press announces for publication early in April "Mobilization of Woman-Power," by Harriet Stanton Blatch.

"The Sonnet," a bimonthly magazine published in Williamsport, Pa., has issued "Sonnets: A First Series," by its editor, Mahlon Leonard Fisher.

Among the March Scribner's books about the war is the personal narrative of Capt. R. Hugh Knyvett, Anzac Scout and lecturer. It is called "'Over There' with the Australians."

Dora Morrell Hughes, sometime editor of one or another domestic magizine, is the author of "Thrift in the Household," listed by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Judge Otto Schoenrich has written a survey of the history and present condition of Santo Domingo. The book, which is entitled "Santo Domingo: A Country with a Future," is on the spring list of the Macmillan Co.

Henry Holt & Co. have announced "The Country Air," a volume containing "six long short-stories" by L. P. Jacks, editor of "The Hibbert Journal." Two of the stories end in the Canadian Northwest.

The New York Public Library has lately reprinted from its January "Bulletin" an address, "The Joys of Librarianship," which Arthur E. Bostwick delivered before its Staff Association last fall. Mr. Bostwick is Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library.

Ten essays by Bertrand Russell have been collected from various periodicals—among them "The Monist." "The International Monthly," and "The New Statesman"—and published by Longmans, Green & Co., as "Mysticism and Logic, and Other Essays."

Among the Harpers books announced for later March are: "Songs of the Shrapnel Shell," by Cyril Morton Horne; "Your Vote and How to Use It," by Mrs. Raymond Brown; "The Winning of the War," by Roland G. Usher; and a novel, "Miss Amerikanka," by Olive Gilbreath.

The Marshall Jones Co. announce that the volumes of "The Mythology of All Races," hitherto sold only in sets, may now be obtained separately. Two volumes more are in press: Vol. iii—"Celtic, Slavic," by Canon John A. MacCulloch and Jan Máchal; and Vol. xii—"Egyptian, Indo-Chinese," by W. Max Müller and Sir James George Scott.

The Putnams will shortly publish "Militarism and Statecraft," by Munroe Smith, Professor of Jurisprudence at Columbia; and a posthumous book by Benjamin Kidd, "The Science of Power." They also announce two publications from the Cambridge University Press: "Rabelais in His Writings," by W. F. Smith; and "Cambridge Essays on Education," edited by A. C. Benson, with an introduction by Viscount Bryce.

The more recent "Annals" of the American Academy of Political and Social Science have been: November, "The World's Food"; January, "Financing the War"; March, "War Adjustments in Railroad Regulation." The May issue will be devoted to "Social Case Treatments," and the July issue, which will report the proceedings of the annual meeting, will discuss "Mobilization of America's Resources for the Winning of the War."

Among the books that B. W. Huebsch has in preparation are: a volume by Van Wyck Brooks, which will probably be called "Toward an American Culture"; "Horizons," by Francis Hackett; "Exiles," by James Joyce; "The Poets of Modern France," by Ludwig Lewisohn; and—in the field of international affairs—"Approaches to the Great Settlement," by Emily Greene Balch; "The Aims of Labour," by Arthur Henderson; and "Downfall or Democracy," by Frank P. Walsh and Dante Barton.

The tanks are figuring largely in the new war books. Following Derby Holmes's "Yankee in the Trenches" (Little, Brown) and Ian Hay's "All In It" (Houghton Mifflin), both of which gave much space to them, comes "Life in a Tank," by Captain Richard Haigh, announced for spring publication by the latter company. Other Houghton Mifflin publications are: March 14—"On the Stairs," by Henry B. Fuller; "In the Heart of German Intrigue," by Demetra Vaka; "Serbia Crucified," by Lieutenant M. Krunich; "Creating Capital," by Frederick L. Lipman; "Higher Education and Business Standards," by Willard E. Hotchkiss; and for March 28—"Miss Pim's Camouflage," by Lady Stanley.

The April list of the Century Co. includes "The Blue Jays in the Sierras," camping experiences in the California mountains, by Helen Ellsworth; "The A. B. C. of Voting," a handbook for the women of New York State, by Marion B. Cothren, of the New York Bar; "Runaway Russia," a woman's report of the Russian Revolution, especially as it affected women, by Florence Harper; "The War Whirl in Washington," snapshots of the capital in war time, by Frank Ward O'Malley; "The Nations at the Peace Table," a summary of the problems must likely to come up for settlement after the war, by Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank; "Right Above Race," war papers by Otto H. Kahn; "Ladies from Hell," experiences in action of a member of the famous London Scottish regiment, R. K. Pinkerton; Raemaekers's "Cartoon History of the War," Vol. I; and "A Woman's War-Time Journal," an account chiefly of Sherman's march through Georgia, by Dolly Summer Lunt (Mrs. Thomas Burge), with an introduction and notes by Julian Street.

Selective List of Spring Books

Heretofore it has been THE DIAL'S custom at this season to present as complete a list of spring publications as trade conditions permitted. Departing a little from that custom the present list includes only the more important issues and announcements of the publishers. As before, they are classified according to subject-matter. The list has been compiled from data submitted by the publishers and covers the entire field of general publication, except that new editions of standard literature, works of reference, military handbooks and manuals, books on woman and the home, juvenilia, and nature studies which are primarily instructive have been reserved for the Spring Educational Number, which will appear April 11.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE

The Life of John Fiske, by John Spencer Clark, illus., 2 vols., $7.50.—Daniel Webster in England: The Journal of Harriet Story Paige, 1839, edited by Edward Gray, illus., $5.—The Homely Diary of a Diplomat in the East, 1897-1899, by Thomas S. Harrison, illus., $5.—Lincoln in Illinois, by Octavia Roberts, illus., $5.—Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell and Others, edited by William Roscoe Thayer, introduction by Alice M. Longfellow, illus., $2.50.—Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, by Frederic Hathaway Chase, frontispiece, $2.—Life of Naomi Norsworthy, by Frances Caldwell Higgins, frontispiece, $1.50. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B., D.C.L., by E. A. Helps, frontispiece, $4.—Love Intrigues of the Kaiser's Sons: Secrets in the Lives of the German Princes, chronicled by William Le Queux, portraits, $3.—My Empress: Twenty-Three Years of Intimate Life with the Empress of All the Russias, from Her Marriage to the Day of Her Exile, by Madame Marfa Mouchanow, First Maid in Waiting to the Czarina Alexandra, illus., $2.50.—In the Days of Victoria, by Thomas F. Plowman, illus., $2.50. (John Lane Co.)

Thomas Woolner, Sculptor and Poet: His Life in Letters, by Amy Woolner, illus., $6.—The Life of Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S., by Admiral Sir Albert Hastings Markham.—The Devonshire House Circle, by Hugh Stokes, $5.—Further Memories, by Lord Redesdale, foreword by Edmund Gosse, illus., $3.50.—Memories of Eton Sixty Years Ago, by Arthur C. Ainger, $3.50.—The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy—Youth, 4 vols. Vol. I, 1847-1852, $2. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Recollections, by John, Viscount Morley, 2 vols., $7.50.—The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Vol. V, by George Earl Buckle, in succession to W. F. Monypenny, illus., $3.25. (The Macmillan Co.)

The Mad Monk of Russia, Iliodor: Life, Confessions, and Memoirs of Sergei M. Trufanoff, illus., $2.—Roving and Fighting: Adventures under Four Flags, by Major Edward S. (Tex) O'Reilly, illus., $2.—A Woman's War-Time Journal, by Dolly Sumner Lunt, introduction and notes by Julian Street, 60 cts. (The Century Co.)

Irish Memories, by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross, illus., $4.20.—The Life of John Cardinal McCloskey, First Prince of the Church in America, 1810-1885, by John Cardinal Farley, illus., $3.50.—Portuguese Portraits, by A. F. G. Bell, illus., $1.75. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Memoirs of the Comte de Mercy Argenteau, translated and edited by George S. Hellman, illus., 2 vols., $10.—Glimpses of the Cosmos: A Mental Autobiography, by Lester F. Ward, 6 vols., Vol. VI. 1897-1912, $2.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A Lieutenant of Cavalry in Lee's Army, by G. W. Beale, $1.75.—Lincoln, the Politician, by T. Aaron Levy, $1.50. (Richard G. Badger.)

Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln and War-Time Memories, by Ervin Chapman, illus., 2 vols., $5. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

The Life and Times of Stephen Girard, by John Bach McMaster, 2 vols., illus., $5. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Love Stories of Court Beauties, by Franzisca, Baroness von Hedemann, illus., $3. (George H. Doran Co.)

The Reminiscences of Raphael Pumpelly, 2 vols., boxed. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, by Lewis A. Leonard, illus., $2.50. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

The History of Henry Fielding, by Wilbur L. Cross. (Yale University Press.)

The Life of Sir Joseph Hooker, by Leonard Huxley, 2 vols., illus., $12. (D. Appleton & Co.)

My Life with Young Men, by Richard C. Morse, illus., $3.50. (Association Press.)

The Voice of Lincoln, by R. M. Wanamaker, $2.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Unbroken Tradition, by Nora Connolly, illus., $1.25. (Boni & Liveright.)

HISTORY

The National History of France, edited by Fr. Funck-Brentano, introduction by J. E. C. Bodley, 6 vols., 3 ready: The Century of the Renaissance, by Louis Batiffol; The Eighteenth Century in France, by Casimir Stryienski; The French Revolution, by Louis Madelin, $2.50 per vol.—France, England, and European Democracy, 1215-1915: An Historical Survey of the Principles Underlying the Entente Cordiale, by Charles Cestre, $2.50.—A Short History of Rome: From the Foundation of the City to the Fall of the Empire of the West, by Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo, 2 vols., Vol. I, To the Death of Julius Caesar, $1.90 per vol.—Reconstruction in Louisiana, by Ella Lonn, maps.—Sweden and Denmark, With Finland and Iceland, by Jon Stefansson, preface by Viscount Bryce, illus., $1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Guardians of the Gate: Historical Lectures on the Serbs, by R. G. Laffan, foreword by Vice-Admiral E. T. Trowbridge, illus., $2.25.—Japan: The Rise of a Modern Power, by Robert P. Porter, illus., $2.25.—A History of South Africa, by D. Fairbridge, illus., $1.40.—Ireland in the Last Fifty Years (1866-1916), by Ernest Barker, paper, 60 cts. (Oxford University Press.)

The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New, by R. B. Merriman, maps, 4 vols., Vol. I, The Middle Ages; Vol. II, The Catholic Kings, $7.50 the set.—The Cambridge Medieval History, planned by J. B. Bury, edited by H. M. Gwatkin; J. P. Whitney, Vol. III., maps, $5.—America Among the Nations, by H. H. Powers, $1.50. (The Macmillan Co.)

The Progress of Continental Law in the Nineteenth Century, by A. Alvarez, L. Duguit, J. Charmont, E. Ripert, and others, $5.—History of Germanic Private Law, by Rudolph Huebner, translated by Francis S. Philbrick, $4.50.—Three Centuries of Treaties

of Peace and Their Teaching, by Sir W. G. F. Phillimore, Bart., $2.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The Expansion of Europe: A History of the Development of Modern Civilization, by Wilbur Cortez Abbott, illus., 2 vols., Vol. I, 1415-1603; Vol. II, 1603-1789.—National Self-Government: Its Growth and Principles, by Ramsay Muir, $2.50. (Henry Holt & Co.)

The Fall of the Romanoffs, by the author of "Russian Court Memoirs," $5.—National History of Australia, New Zealand, and the Adjacent Islands, by Robert P. Thomson.—Light and Shade in Irish History, by "Tara." (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Index to United States Documents Relating to Foreign Affairs, 1828-1861, by Adelaide R. Hasse.—European Treaties Bearing on the History of the United States and Its Dependencies, to 1648, by Frances G. Davenport. (Carnegie Institution.)

Social History of the American Family from Colonial Times to the Present, by A. W. Calhoun, 3 vols., Vol. II, "From Independence Through the Civil War," $5., or $12.50 for the set. (Arthur H. Clark Co.)

John Pory's Lost Description of Plymouth Colony, edited by Champlin Burrage, $5.—The Rise of Nationality in the Balkans, by R. W. Seton-Watson, maps, $3. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century, by Heinrich von Treitschke, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, Vol. IV, $3.25. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

The Processes of History, by Frederick J. Teggart.—An Outline Sketch of English Constitutional History, by George Burton Adams, $1.75. (Yale University Press.)

National Progress, 1907-1917, by Frederic Austin Ogg, Vol. 27 in "The American Nation: A History," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, maps, $2. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Rise of the Spanish-American Republics, by William Spence Robertson, illus., $3.—American Negro Slavery, by Ulrich Phillips, $3. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Norman Institutions, Vol. 24 of "The Harvard Historical Studies," by Charles Homer Haskins, illus., $2.75. (Harvard University Press.)

Aram and Israel, or The Aramæans in Syria and Mesopotamia, by Emil G. H. Kraeling, map, $1.50. (Columbia University Press.)

Beaumarchais and the War of American Independence, by Elizabeth S. Kite, 2 vols., $5. (Richard G. Badger.)

The Formation of the State of Oklahoma, by Roy Gittinger, illus., $2. (University of California Press.)

Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy, by Ralph W. Page, frontispiece, $1.25. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Illustrations of Chaucer's England, by Dorothy Hughes, preface by A. F. Pollard, $2.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Mexico: From Diaz to the Kaiser, by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, illus., $3.50. (George H. Doran Co.)

Germany under Three Emperors, by Princess Catherine Radziwill, illus., $4. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Illinois in 1818, by Solon Justus Buck, illus., $2. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A History of Poland, by Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton, maps, $3. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Our Debt to the Red Man, by Louise Seymour Houghton. (The Stratford Co.)

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Greater Patriotism: The Speeches of John Lewis Griffiths, collected and arranged by his wife, Caroline H. Griffiths, illus., $1.50.—Appreciations and Depreciations: Irish Literary Studies, by Ernest A. Boyd, $1.35.—Anglo-Irish Essays, by John Eglinton, $1.25.—French Literary Studies, by T. B. Rudmose-Brown, $1.25.—Lighted Windows, by Frank Crane, $1.25. (John Lane Co.)

Last Words on Great Issues, by J. Beattie Crozier, $3.50.—Color Studies in Paris, by Arthur Symons.—New and Old, by Edith Sichel, introduction by A. C. Bradley, portraits. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Swinburne and Landor, by W. Brooks Henderson.—Per Amica Silentia Lunae, by William Butler Yeats, $1.50.—Women and the French Tradition, by Florence L. Ravenel, $1.50.—A Book About the English Bible, by Josiah H. Penniman, $1.50. (The Macmillan Co.)

The English Sonnet, by T. W. H. Crosland, $3.—Two Towns—One City: Paris—London, by John F. MacDonald, $2.—From Shakespeare to O. Henry: Studies in Literature, by S. P. B. Mais, $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

India and the Future, by William Archer, $3.—Prophets of Dissent, by Otto Heller, $1.50.—National Miniatures, by "Tattler," $1.50.—A Study in English Metrics, by Adelaide Crapsey, $1. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

The Mind of Arthur James Balfour: Selections from His Non-Political Writings, Speeches, and Addresses, 1879-1917, selected and arranged by Wilfrid M. Short, portrait, $2.—A. Boswell of Baghdad, by E. V. Lucas, $1.35. (George H. Doran Co.)

On Reading Nietzsche, by Emile Faguet, translated by George Raffalovich, $1.25.—The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored, by H. M. Kallen, introduction by George Foot Moore, $1.25. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Damn! A Book of Calumny, by H. L. Mencken.—In Defense of Women, by H. L. Mencken.—Lager and Old Ale, by Eugene Lombard.—A Book Without a Title, by George Jean Nathan. (Philip Goodman.)

The Cambridge History of American Literature, edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart Pratt Sherman, and Carl Van Doren, 3 vols. Vol. III, $3.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Wanderships, by Wilbur Bassett, frontispiece, $1.50.—Socrates: The Man and His Mission, by R. Nicol Cross, $1.25.—Socrates, Master of Life, by William Ellery Leonard, $1. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

Horizons: A Book of Criticism, by Francis Hackett, $1.50.—Toward an American Culture, by Van Wyck Brooks. (B. W. Huebsch.)

A New Study of English Poetry, by Sir Henry Newbolt.—Through the Year with Thoreau, by Herbert W. Gleason, illus., $3. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Shandygaff, by Christopher Morley, $1.40.—Booth Tarkington, by Robert Cortes Holliday, illus., $1.25. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Dog: An Anthology, selected and edited by F. M. Atkinson, introduction by George Gordon, illus., $1.25. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

Liberty and Democracy, by Hartley Burr Alexander.—The Great Thousand Years, by Ralph Adams Cram, $1. (Marshall Jones Co.)

The Classical Influence in English Literature in the Nineteenth Century, and Other Essays, by William Chislett, Jr. (The Stratford Co.)

Sanity of Art, by George Bernard Shaw, 75 cts.—Irish Fairy and Folk Tales, by W. B. Yeats, 60 cts. (Boni & Liveright.)

The Foundations and Nature of Verse, by Cary F. Jacobs, $1.50. (Columbia University Press.)

Edmund Spenser: A Critical Study, by Herbert E. Cory, $3.50. (University of California Press.)

Some Modern Novelists, by Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett, $1.50. (Henry Holt & Co.)

The Method of Henry James, by Joseph Warren Beach, $2. (Yale University Press.)

Hearts of Controversy, by Mrs. Alice Meynell, $1.75. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Literary Chapters, by W. L. George, $1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The Confessions of a Browning Lover, by John Walker Powell, $1. (Abingdon Press.)

Collected Works of Padraic Pearse, $3. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Tolstoy, by George Rapall Noyes, $1.50. (Duffield & Co.)

BOOKS OF VERSE

Posthumous Poems, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise, $1.50.—Messines, and Other Poems, by Emile Cammaerts, translated by Tita Brand Cammaerts, $1.25.—Tropical Town, and Other Poems, by Salomon de la Selva, $1.25.—Mid-American Chants, by Sherwood Anderson, $1.25.—Poems of West and East, by V. Sackville-West (Mrs. Harold Nicolson), frontispiece, boards, $1.25.—Evening Hours, by Emile Verhaeren, translated by Charles R. Murphy, $1.—The Day, and Other Poems, by Henry Chappell, introduction by Sir Herbert Warren, portrait, $1. (John Lane Co.)

Moments of Vision, by Thomas Hardy, $2.—Hill-Tracks, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, $1.75.—Rosas, by John Masefield, $1.50.—Toward the Gulf, by Edgar Lee Masters, $1.50.—Lover's Gift; Crossing, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, $1.25.—Reincarnations, by James Stephens. (The Macmillan Co.)

Oxford Poetry: 1914-1916, $1.25.—Wheels, 1917: A Second Cycle, $1.25.—Sketches in Verse, by M. C. Strachey, foreword by Frederic Harrison, illus., $1.—Lake and War: African Land and Water Verses, by A. S. Cripps, $1. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Fisherman's Verse: An Anthology, compiled by William Haynes and Joseph LeRoy Harrison, introduction by Henry Van Dyke, $1.25.—The Broadway Anthology, by Edward L. Bernays, Samuel Hoffenstein, Walter J. Kingsley, and Murdock Pemberton, $1. (Duffield & Co.)

The Book of New York Verse, edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong, illus., $2.50.—Georgian Poetry: Third Series, 1916-1917, $2.—Tricks of the Trade, by J. C. Squire, $1.25.—Sea Dogs and Men-at-Arms, by J. E. Middleton. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Muse in Arms: An Anthology, edited by E. B. Osborn, $2.25.—A Celtic Psaltery, by Alfred Perceval Graves, $1.75.—Ardours and Endurances, by Robert Nichols, $1.50.—The Grey Feet of the Wind, by Cathal O'Byrne, $1. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Nocturne of Remembered Spring, and Other Poems, by Conrad Aiken, $1.25.—The Unseen House, and Other Poems, by Sylvester Baxter.—Songs of Hafiz, translated by Edna Worthley Underwood, $1.—Star Drift, by Brian Padraic O'Seasnain, $1.25. (The Four Seas Co.)

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, with a translation in blank verse and a commentary by Courtney Langdon, Vol. I, "The Inferno," $2.50.—Sonnets, and Other Lyrics, by Robert Silliman Hillyer, 75 cts. (Harvard University Press.)

The Masque of the Poets, edited by Edward J. O'Brien, $1.50.—Poems: 1908-1914, by John Drinkwater, portrait, $1.25.—Twenty-Six Poems, by Cecil Roberts, $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Melody of Earth: An Anthology of Garden and Nature Poems from Present-Day Poets, selected by Mrs. Waldo Richards, $1.50.—The Door of Dreams, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, $1. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The Old Huntsman, and Other Poems, by Siegfried Sassoon, $2.—A Manual of Mystic Verse, by Louise Collier Willcox, $1.25.—The Ballad of Ensign Joy, by E. W. Hornung, 75 cts. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Pavannes and Divisions, by Ezra Pound, $2.50.—Airs and Ballads, by John McClure, $1.50.—The Stag's Hornbook, edited by John McClure, $1.50.— (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Verdun, and Other Poems: Newspaper Verse of the War, collected by Richard A. O'Brien, introduction by Bliss Carman, $1.25. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, $1.—A Banjo at Armageddon, by Berton Braley, $1. (George H. Doran Co.)

Wraiths and Realities, by Cale Young Rice, $1.25.—Wings in the Night, by Alice Duer Miller, $1. (The Century Co.)

The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite, $1.50. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

American Poetry: An Anthology, edited by Percy H. Boynton, $2.25. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1916-1917, edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, $1.50. (The Stratford Co.)

Poems, by Edward Thomas (Edward Eastaway), portrait, $1.—My Ireland, by Francis Carlin. (Henry Holt & Co.)

From the Front: An Anthology of Trench Poetry, compiled by Lieut. C. E. Andrews, $1. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Poets of Modern France, by Ludwig Lewisohn.—The Young World, by James Oppenheim. (B. W. Huebsch.)

The Burglar of the Zodiac, and Other Poems, by William Rose Benét, $1.25. (Yale University Press.)

The Path on the Rainbow: American Indian Verse, edited by George Cronyn, illus., $1.50. (Boni & Liveright.)

Sonnets: A First Series, by Mahlon Leonard Fisher, $1.75. (The Sonnet, Williamsport, Pa.)

Moonrise, by Herbert J. Hall, 75 cts. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Over Here: War Time Rhymes, by Edgar A. Guest, $1.25. (Reilly & Britton Co.)

Songs of Sunrise, by Denis A. McCarthy, $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Poems, by Frederick Mortimer Clapp. (Marshall Jones Co.)

Melodies in Verse, by Mary B. Ehrmann, $1. (Stewart & Kidd Co.)

DRAMA AND THE STAGE

Representative Plays of American Dramatists, edited by Montrose J. Moses, 3 vols., Vol. I, 1765-1819, illus., $3. per vol.—The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero, edited by Clayton Hamilton, 4 vols., Vol. I, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," $2. per vol.—The Story of the Scots Stage, by Robb Lawson, $2. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Three Plays, by David Pinski, translated by Isaac Goldberg, $1.50.—Exiles: Play in Three Acts, by James Joyce.—Wisconsin Plays, Second Series: "The Feast of the Holy Innocents," by S. Marshall Ilsley; "On the Pier," by Laura Sherry; "The Shadow," by Howard Mumford Jones; "We Live Again," by Thornton Gilman; introduction by Zona Gale, $1.50. (B. W. Huebsch.)

Harvard Plays, edited, with introductions, by Professor George P. Baker, 2 vols., Vol. I, Plays of the 47 Workshops; Vol. II, Plays of the Harvard Dramatic Club: "The Florist Shop," by Winifred Hawkridge; "The Bank Account," by Howard Brock; "The Rescue," by Rita Creighton Smith; "America Passes By," by Kenneth Andrews. $1. per vol. (Brentano.)

Flying Stag Plays for the Little Theatre, issued monthly, 35 cts. each, $3. a year: The Sandbar Queen, by George Cronyn.—Night, by James Oppenheim.—The Angel Intrudes, by Floyd Dell.—Barbarians, by Rita Wellman.—The Slave with Two Faces, by Mary Caroline Davies. (Washington Square Book Shop, New York.)

The Miracle of St. Anthony, by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, biographical sketch by Edward Thomas, portrait, $1.75. —Out There, by J. Hartley Manners, $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Artists' Families, by Eugene Brieux, translated by Barrett H. Clark, introduction by J. R. Crawford, 75 cts.—The Easiest Way, by Eugene Walter, introduction by H. T. Parker, 75 cts. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Harlequinade: An Excursion, by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker, $1.25.—Pawns of War, by Bosworth Crocker, foreword by John Galsworthy, $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Mariana, by José Echegaray, 75 cts.—Erdgeist, by Frank Wedekind, 75 cts.—Pandora's Box, by Frank Wedekind, 75 cts. (Boni & Liveright.)

Efficiency: A Play in One Act, by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan, illus., boards, 75 cts. (George H. Doran Co.)

They the Crucified; Comrades: Two Plays, by Florence Taber Holt, frontispiece, $1. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Airy Nothings, or What You Will: A Play and Thereto a Preface, by George Gordon, $1.25. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

God of Vengeance, by Sholom Ash, translated by Isaac Goldberg, introduction by Abraham Cahan. (The Stratford Co.)

Wagner's Dramas and Greek Tragedy, by Pearl C. Wilson, $1.50. (Columbia University Press.)

Problems of the Actor, by Louis Calvert, introduction by Clayton Hamilton. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Essays on Modern Dramatists, by William Lyon Phelps, $1.50. (The Macmillan Co.)

How's Your Second Act? by Arthur Hopkins. (Philip Goodman.)

FICTION

South Wind, by Norman Douglas, $1.60.—Nine Tales, by Hugh de Selincourt, $1.50.—Potterat and the War, by Benjamin Vallotton, $1.50.—Old People and the Things That Pass, by Louis Couperus, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, $1.50.—All Roads Lead to Calvary, by Jerome K. Jerome, $1.50. —The Graftons, by Archibald Marshall, $1.50.—Under the Hermés, by Richard Dehan, $1.50.—He Who Breaks, by Inna Demens, $1.50.—Great Ghost Stories, preface by James G. Hyslop, $1.50.—The Flame, by Olive Wadsley, frontispiece, $1.40.—Gudrid the Fair, by Maurice Hewlett, $1.40.—Tales of Wartime France, translated by William I. McPherson, $1.25.—The Ne'er-Do-Much, by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, illus., $1. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Stucco House, by Gilbert Cannan, $1.50.—Secret Bread, by F. Tennyson Jesse, $1.50.—While Paris Laughed: Being Pranks and Passions of the Poet Tricotrin, by Leonard Merrick, $1.50.—Nocturne, by Frank Swinnerton, introduction by H. G. Wells, $1.40.—Psalissa, by G. A. Birmingham, $1.35.—The Long Trick, by "Bartimeus," $1.35.—An Autumn Sowing, by E. F. Benson, $1.35.—W. E. Ford: A Biography, by J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond, $1.35.—Ninety-Six Hours' Leave, by Stephen McKenna, $1.35.—The Brown Brethren, by Patrick MacGill, $1.35.—Fore! by Charles E. Van Loan, $1.35.—Lord Tony's Wife, by Baroness Orczy, $1.35. —The Passport Invisible, by Perley Poore Sheehan, $1.25. (George H. Doran Co.)

The Tree of Heaven, by May Sinclair, $1.60.—In the Heart of a Fool, by William Allen White, frontispiece, $1.60.—The Boardman Family, by Mary S. Watts, $1.60.—The High Romance, by Michael Williams, $1.60.—Foe-Farrell, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, $1.50.—Chronicles of St. Tid, by Eden Philpotts, $1.50.—The Flying Teuton, by Alice Brown, frontispiece, $1.50.—His Second Wife, by Ernest Poole, frontispiece, $1.50.—Flood Tide, by Daniel Chase, frontispiece, $1.50.—The Rise of a Star, by Edith A. Zangwill, $1.50.—First the Blade: A Comedy of Growth, by Clemence Dane, $1.50.—The Wife, and Other Stories, by Anton Chekhov, translated by Constance Garnett, $1.50.—Mashi, and Other Stories, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, $1.50. (The Macmillan Co.)

The Holy City, by Selma Lagerlöf, translated by Velma Swanson Howard, $1.50.—Aliens, by William McFee, $1.50.—Simba, by Stewart Edward White, $1.40.—Pieces of Eight, by Richard Le Gallienne, illus., $1.40.—Boy Woodburn, by Alfred Ollivant, frontispiece, $1.40.—Fanatic or Christian? by Helen R. Martin, $1.40.—Making Her His Wife, by Corra Harris, illus., $1.30.—Tales from a Famished Land, by Edward Eyre Hunt, $1.25.—The Kentucky Warbler, by James Lane Allen, frontispiece, $1.25.—The Full Measure of Devotion, by Dana Gatlin, 50 cts. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The U. P. Trail, by Zane Grey, frontispiece, $1.50.—Miss Amerikanka, by Olive Gilbreath, illus., $1.40. —Long Ever Ago, by Rupert Hughes, frontispiece, $1.40.—Gaslight Sonatas, by Fannie Hurst, frontispiece, $1.40.—The One Who Survived, by Camille Marbo, translated by Frank H. Potter, $1.35.—The Road That Led Home, by Will N. Ingersoll, frontispiece, $1.35. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Standard-Bearers, by Katherine Mayo, illus., $1.75.—On the Stairs, by Henry B. Fuller, $1.50.—The Statue in the Wood, by Richard Pryce, $1.50.—My Ántonia, by Willa Sibert Cather, illus., $1.50. —Impossible People, by Mary C. E. Wemyss, $1.50. —Miss Pim's Camouflage, by Lady Stanley, $1.50.—Oh, Money! Money! by Eleanor H. Porter, illus., $1.50.—The Son Decides: The Story of a Young German-American, by Arthur S. Pier, illus., $1.35. —The Finding of Norah, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham, 75 cts. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Pan Tadeusz, or The Last Foray in Lithuania, by Adam Mickiewicz, translated by George Rapall Noyes, $2.25.—To Arms! by Marcelle Tinayre, translated by Lucy H. Humphrey, introduction by John Finley, $1.50.—Children of Passage, by Frederick Watson, $1.50.—A Happy Garret, by V. Goldie, $1.50.—The Unwilling Vestal, by Edward Lucas White, $1.50.—My Two Kings: 1674-1686, by Mrs. Evan Nepean, $1.50. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Film Folk: "Close-Ups" of the Men, Women, and Children Who Make the "Movies," by Rob Wagner, illus., $2.—Comrades, by Mary Dillon, illus., $1.40. —The Firefly of France, by Marion Polk Angelloti, illus., $1.40.—The Happiest Time of Their Lives, by Alice Duer Miller, illus., $1.40.—Caste Three, by Gertrude M. Shields, frontispiece, $1.40.—Just Outside, by Stacy Aumonier, frontispiece, $1.40.—The Return of the Soldier, by Rebecca West, illus., $1. (The Century Co.)

The Pawns Count, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, frontispiece, $1.50.—Sunshine Beggars, by Sidney McCall, illus., $1.50.—The Hope Chest, by Mark Lee Luther, frontispiece, $1.50.—Mrs. Marden's Ordeal, by James Hay, Jr., frontispiece, $1.50.—The Wolf-Cub, by Patrick and Terence Casey, frontispiece, $1.40. —The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace, by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, illus., $1.35. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Pelle the Conqueror, by M. A. Nexö, 2 vols., $2. per vol.—The Old Madhouse, by William De Morgan, $1.75.—Strayed Revellers, by Allan Updegraff.—Hope Trueblood, by Patience Worth, edited by Casper S. Yost.—Rekindled Fires, by Joseph Anthony, frontispiece, $1.40.—Professor Latimer's Progress: A Noval of Contemporaneous Adventure, anon., illus.—The Country Air, by L. P. Jacks, $1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Tarr, by Wyndham Lewis, $1.60.—Martin Rivas, by Alberto Blest-Gana, $1.60.—A Little Boy Lost, by W. H. Hudson, $1.50.—Gold and Iron, by Joseph Hergesheimer, $1.50.—Where Bonds Are Loosed, by E. L. Grant Watson, $1.50.—The Mainland, by E. L. Grant Watson, $1.50.—Pilgrimage: III. Honeycomb, by Dorothy Richardson, $1.50.—The Three Cornered Hat, Pedro Alarcón, $1.25. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

The Bag of Saffron, by Bettina von Hutten, illus., $1.50.—The Way Out, by Emerson Hough, illus., $1.50.—An Orkney Maid, by Amelia E. Barr, frontispiece, $1.50.—The Restless Sex, by Robert W. Chambers, illus., $1.50.—The Lucky Seven, by John Taintor Foote, $1.40. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Carniola, by Theodore Watts-Dunton, $1.50.—The Best People, by Anne Warwick, $1.50.—The Man Who Lost Himself, by H. De Vere Stacpoole, $1.50. —The Best in Life, by Muriel Hine, $1.50.—His Job, by Horace Bleackley, $1.40. (John Lane Co.)

Drift, by Mary Aldis, illus., $1.50.—After, by Frederic P. Ladd, $1.50.—The Key of the Fields; Boldero, by Henry M. Rideout, $1.35.—Paulownia: Stories by Contemporatary Japanese Writers, edited by T. Taketomo, introduction by John Erskine, $1.25. (Duffield & Co.)

People of Borg, by Gunnar Gunnarsson, translated by Alex Gerfalk, $1.50.—Eastern Red, by Helen Huntington, $1.50.—Maktoub, by Matthew Craig, $1.50.—The Secret of the Marne, by Marcel and Maud Berger, $1.50.—Schönbrunn, by J. A. Cramb (J. A. Revermort), frontispiece, $1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The House of Conrad, by Elias Tobenkin, $1.50.—Stepsons of France, by Capt. Percival C. Wren, $1.50.—The Treshold of Quiet, by Daniel Corkery. —Soldiers Both, by Gustave Guiche, $1.40.—The White Morning, by Gertrude Atherton, $1.—Waysiders, by Seumas O'Kelly. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

The Earthquake, by Arthur Train, $1.50.—Five Tales, by John Galsworthy, $1.50.—The Flower of the Chapdelaines, by George W. Cable, frontispiece, $1.35.—His Daughter, by Gouverneur Morris, frontispiece, $1.35.—Branded, by Francis Lynde, illus., $1.35.—The Airman and the Tramp, by Jeannette Lee, 75 cts. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Marie Grubbe, by Jens Peter Jacobsen, $1.50.—Bertha Garlan, by Arthur Schnitzler, 60 cts.—The Seven That Were Hanged; The Red Laugh, by Leonid Andreyev, 60 cts.—Creatures That Once Were Men, and Other Stories, by Maxim Gorky, 60 cts. (Boni & Liveright.)

Twinkletoes, by Thomas Burke, $1.35.—Sister Clare, by M. Reynes-Monlaur, translated by M. E. Arendrup, $1.25.—Peasant Tales of Russia, by V. F. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, translated by Claude Field, $1.25. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

Rinconete and Cortadillo, by Miguel de Cervantes, translated with introduction and notes by Mariano J. Lorente, preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, illus., $1.50.—Teepee Neighbors, by Grace Coolidge, $1.50. (The Four Seas Co.)

Vicky Van, by Carolyn Wells, frontispiece, $1.35.—The Enchanted Barn, by Grace L. H. Lutz, illus., $1.35. —The Apple Tree Girl, by George Weston, illus., $1. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Whirlwind, by Edna Worthley Underwood, illus., $1.50.—The Best Short Stories of 1917, edited by Edward J. O'Brien, $1.50. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

The Little Red House in the Hollow, by Amanda B. Hall, illus., $1.35.—Ibsen's Ghosts, novelized by Draycott M. Dell, $1.25. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)

Love and Liberty: or Nelson at Naples, by Alexander Dumas, $1.40.—Ramuntcho, by Pierre Loti, $1.35. (Brentano.)

Dawson Black, Retail Merchant, by Harold Whitehead, illus., $1.50.—The Mt. Blossom Girls, by Isla May Mullins, illus., $1.35. (The Page Co.)

Nine Humorous Tales, by Anton Chekhov.—The Short Story in the College: A Collection, introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. (The Stratford Co.)

The Great Adventure, by Peter Stuyvesant, illus., $1.50. (Standard Publishing Co.)

The Imprisoned Freeman, by Helen S. Woodruff, $1.35. (George Sully & Co.)

Gradiva: The Dream Girl, by W. Jensen, $1.25. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Where the Souls of Men Are Calling, by Credo Harris, $1.35. (Britton Publishing Co.)

Shorty McCabe Looks 'Em Over, by Sewell Ford. (Edward J. Clode.)

Vain Adventure, anon. (Marshall Jones Co.)

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Japan Day by Day, by Edward S. Morse, illus., 2 vols., $8.—The Cruise of the Corwin, by John Muir, edited by William Frederic Badé, illus., $2.75.—In Audubon's Labrador, by Charles Wendell Townsend, illus., $2.50.—Cape Cod, New and Old, by Agnes Edwards, illus., $2.50.—Your National Parks, by Enos A. Mills, illus., $2.50.—Tenting Tonight, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, illus., $1.75. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Historic Mackinac, by Edwin O. Wood, illus., 2 vols., $10.—Santo Domingo: A Country with a Future, by Otto Schoenrich, illus., $3.—Our Hawaii, by Charmian Kittredge London, illus., $2.25.—Two Children in Old Paris, by Gertrude Slaughter, illus., $1.25. (The Macmillan Co.)

Travels in London, by Charles Morley, with Recollections by Sir Edward Cooks, J. A. Spender, and J. P. Collins, illus., $2.—On the Winds of the Morning, by Arthur Grant, $2.—Early English Aventures in the East, by Arnold Wright. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Virgin Islands of the United States of America, by Luther K. Zabrishie, illus., $4.—The Note Book of an American Parson in England, by G. Monroe Royce, illus., $2.50.—Vacation Journeys—East and West, by David M. Steele, illus., $1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Florida: The Land of Enchantment, by Nevin O. Winter, illus., boxed, $3.50.—Colorado: The Queen Jewel of the Rockies, by Mae Lucy Baggs, illus., boxed, $3.50.—Sunset Canada: British Columbia and Beyond, by Archie Bell, illus., boxed, $3.50. (The Page Co.)

Balkan Home Life, by Lucy M. J. Garnett, illus., $3. —Beyond the Rhine, by Marc Henry, $2.50.—Japan at First Hand, by Joseph I. C. Clarke, illus., $2.50. —A Roumanian Diary: 1915, 1916, 1917, by Lady Kennard, illus., $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

In the White North: Four Years of Arctic Exploration, by Donald B. Macmillan, illus.—Along the New England Coast, by Holman Day, illus., $2. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Virgin Islands: Our New Possessions and the British Islands, by Theodoor de Booy and John T. Faris, illus., $3.—Over Here, by Lieut. Hector MacQuarrie. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Sunny South and Its People, by Charles W. Johnston, $1.50.—Along the Pacific, by Charles W. Johnston, $1.25. (Rand McNally & Co.)

Asia Minor, by W. A. Hawley, illus., $3.50.—Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish, by J. S. Fletcher, illus., $2.50. (John Lane Co.)

The Desert: Further Studies in Natural Appearances, by John C. Van Dyke, illus., $2.—Scotland of the Scots, by G. R. Blake. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Camps and Trails in China, by Roy Chapman Andrews and Yvette Borup Andrews, illus., $3. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Finding the Worthwhile in the Southwest, by Charles Francis Saunders, illus., $1.25. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer, by Frank Hedges Butler, illus., $4. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

On Two Frontiers, by George T. Buffum, illus., $1.35. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

Alone in the Caribbean, by Frederick A. Fenger, illus., $2. (George H. Doran Co.)

Seven Legs Across the Seas, by Samuel Murray, illus., $2.50. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

The Seventh Continent, by Helen S. Wright, $2.50. (Richard G. Badger.)

ART, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Old Sheffield Plate: Its Technique and History as Illustrated in a Single Private Collection, by Julia W. Torrey, illus., $7.50.—Hints on Landscape Gardening, by Prince von Pückler-Muskau, edited by Samuel Parsons, illus., $3.50.—The Bethlehem Bach Choir, by Raymond Walters, illus., $2.50.—Frank Duveneck, by Norbert Heermann, illus., $2.—Modern Water-Colour, by Romilly Fedden, illus., $2. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Ozias Humphry, by George C. Williamson, illus., $20. —Dancing with Helen Moller, edited by Curtis Dunham, illus., $6.—Early English Portrait Miniatures: In the Collection of the Duke of Buccleuch, special number of "The International Studio," illus., boards, $3. (John Lane Co.)

A History of Architecture, by Fiske Kimball and George Harold Edgell, illus., $3.50.—The Lure of Music, by Olin Downes, illus., $1.25.—That Rookie of the 13th Squad, by Lieut. P. L. Crosby, boards, 75 cts. (Harper & Brothers.)

Early Christian Iconography and a School of Ivory Carvers in Provence, by E. Baldwin Smith.—Early Egyptian Records of Travel, by David Paton, Vol. III. (Princeton University Press.)

The Art of Rodin, introduction by Lewis Weinberg, illus., 60 cts.—The Art of Aubrey Beardsley, introduction by Arthur Symons, illus., 60 cts. (Boni & Liveright.)

The Small Place: Its Landscape Architecture, by Elsa Rehmann, illus.—Fragments from France: Sketches, by Bruce Bairnsfather, $1.75. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Giotto, and Some of His Followers, by Osvald Sirén, translated by Frederic Schenck, illus., $12. (Harvard University Press.)

Beyond Architecture, by A. Kingsley Porter, illus.— The Meaning of Architecture, by Irving K. Pond, illus. (Marshall Jones Co.)

A History of Italian Furniture, by William M. Odom, illus., 2 vols., $30. per vol. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting, by James Ward, Vol. II, $3.50. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Cartoon History of the War, by Louis Raemaekers, 4 vols., Vol. I, $1.50. (The Century Co.)

The Western Front: Official Drawings, by Muirhead Bone, 50 cts. per part. (George H. Doran Co.)

Pictures of War Work in America, by Joseph Pennell, lithographs, $2. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

A History of Ancient Coinage 700-300 B. C., by P. Gardner, illus., $7.20. (Oxford University Press.)

SOCIOLOGY, PUBLIC HEALTH, ECONOMICS, AND POLITICS

History of Labor in the United States, by John R. Commons and collaborators, introduction by Henry W. Farnam, 2 vols., $6.—The Blind: Their Condition and the Work Being Done for Them in the United States, by Harry Best, $3.—Coöperation: The Hope of the Consumer, by Emerson P. Harris, introduction by John Graham Brooks, $2.—War Time Control of Industry: The Experience of England, by Howard L. Gray, $1.50.—Departmental Coöperation, by Albert Russell Ellingwood.—National Statistics: Their History and Development in Europe, America, Australia, and India, collected and edited by John Koren.—Statistical Methods, by Horace Secrist, $2.—Applied Eugenics, by Paul Popence and Roswell Hill Johnson.—Dispensaries: Their Management and Development, by Michael M. Davis, Jr.—The Vocational-Guidance Movement, by John M. Brewer.—Vocational Guidance for Girls and Women, by Albert L. Leake.—Criminology, by Maurice Parmelee.—Theories of Social Progress, by Arthur J. Todd, $2.25. (The Macmillan Co.)

Twentieth Century France, by M. Betham-Edwards, $4.—The Great Problems of British Statesmanship, by J. Ellis Barker, $4.—Industrial Reconstruction: A Symposium on the Situation after the War, by Huntly Carter.—A National System of Economics, by J. Taylor Peddie, $2.50.—State Services, by George Radford, $1.50.—Use Your Government, by Alissa Franc, $1.50.—Our Money and the State, by Hartley Withers, $1.25.—The Book of Municipal Housekeeping, by William P. Capes. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

A History of American Journalism, by James Melvin Lee, illus., $3.50.—The Chicago Produce Market, by Edwin G. Nourse, illus., $2.25.—Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission, by Duncan A. MacGibbon, $1.75.—A New Basis for Social Progress, by William C. White and Louis Jay Heath, $1.25. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Conditions of Labor in American Industries, by W. Jett Lauck and Edgar Sydenstricker, $1.75.—The United States Post Office, by Daniel C. Roper, illus., $1.50.—The Drug Peril, by Ernest S. Bishop, $1.25. —Alcohol: Its Relations to Human Efficiency and Longevity, by Eugene Lyman Fisk, $1. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Socialism and Feminism, by Correa Moylan Walsh, 3 vols.: The Climax of Civilization, $1.25; Socialism, $1.50; Feminism, $2.50; $4.50 the set.—Universal Service: The Hope of Humanity, by L. H. Bailey, $1.25. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

The Problem of a National Debt, by William Franklin Willoughby.—A New Municipal Program, edited by Clinton R. Woodruff (National Municipal League Series), $2.—The Regulation of Railways, by Samuel O. Dunn, $1.75. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Judicial Tenure in the United States: With Especial Reference to the Tenure of Federal Judges, by William S. Carpenter.—Storage and Utilization of Water, by Frederick H. Newell. (Yale University Press.)

Postal Savings, by Edwin Walter Kemmerer, maps, $1.25.—ABC of the Federal Reserve System, by Edwin Walter Kemmerer.—Financing the War, by A. Barton Hepburn.—Crime Prevention, by Arthur Woods. (Princeton University Press.)

Social Insurance in the United States, by Gurdon Ransom Miller, 60 cts.—Individual and Social Antagonism, by Arland D. Weeks, 60 cts.—Women and the Franchise, by Josephine Schain, 60 cts. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

The Polish Peasant in Europe and America: Monograph of an Immigrant Group, by William I. Thomas and Florian Znaniecki, 5 vols., Vols. I and II, $5.50 for the two. (University of Chicago Press.)

Index of Economic Material in the Documents of Pennsylvania, by Adelaide R. Hasse.—Federal System of the Argentine Republic, by L. S. Rowe. (Carnegie Institution.)

Principles of American Diplomacy, by John Bassett Moore, $2.—Socialism and Americanism, by John Spargo, $1.50.—Socialism Explained, by John Spargo, $1.50. (Harper & Brothers.)

Organized Banking, by Eugene E. Agger.—American Railway Accounting, by Henry C. Adams.—Fear God in Your Own Village, by Richard Morse, $1.30. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Fair Play for the Workers, by Percy Stickney Grant, $1.50.—Common Sense in Politics, by Job E. Hedges, $1. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

The Control of the Drink Trade: A Contribution to National Efficiency, 1915-1917, by Henry Carter, preface by Lord D'Abernon, illus., $2.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The Unmarried Mother: A Study of Five Hundred Cases, by Percy Gamble Kammerer, introduction by William Healy, $3. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Downfall or Democracy, by Frank P. Walsh and Dante Barton, $1.50.—The Aims of Labour, by Arthur Henderson, paper. (B. W. Huebsch.)

Hospital Social Service, by Lucy Cornelia Catlin, illus.—Food in War Time, by Graham Lusk, 50 cts. (W. B. Saunders Co.)

Rising Japan—Menace or Friend, by Jabez T. Sunderland, foreword by Lindsay Russell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Freedom, by Gilbert Cannan, $1.—The World of States, by C. Delisle Burns, $1. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

The Standard Form of Government: The Republic of the Golden Mean, by Harry F. Atwood, $1. (Laird & Lee.)

American City Progress and the Law, by Howard Lee McBain, $1.50. (Columbia University Press.)

Credit of the Nations, by J. Laurence Laughlin, $3.50.—American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship, by Sidney L. Gulick, $1.75. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Negro in Literature and Art, by Benjamin Brawley, illus., $1.35. (Duffield & Co.)

Federal Code of 1918, by Uriah Barnes, $8. (Virginia Law Book Co., Charleston, W. V.)

"Who opposes me I will crush to pieces!"
—*William II. Emperor of Germany.*

A SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
BETWEEN THE
UNITED STATES AND GERMANY

August 1, 1914—April 6, 1917

(Based on Official Documents). By JAMES BROWN SCOTT, President of the American Institute of International Law; Major and Judge Advocate, United States Reserves.

"A record which, if all other books in the world were to be destroyed, would itself alone be an abundant condemnation of Germany and an abundant vindication of our present course in warring against the Hun."—*New York Tribune.*

"The most comprehensive, thorough, and systematic presentation of German-American relations."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"It tells the story of how and why we have gone into the war better than it has yet been told by anybody else. An invaluable book of reference concerning the events leading up to the participation of the United States in the greatest war in history."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Royal 8vo, cloth, 506 pages, net $5.00

Two New Volumes in the Histories of the Belligerents Series.

JAPAN: The Rise of a Modern Power

By ROBERT P. PORTER. Crown 8vo. (7½x5¼), pp. xii + 362, with 5 illus. and 5 maps..Net 2.25

The first part traces the history from 600 B. C. down to the surrender of Kiao-Chau by the Germans to the Japanese and British in November 1914, and the second contains chapters on the physical characteristics and population, the resources and industrial progress, the trade and internal communications, the development of the Army and Navy, and the literature and art of Japan.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE GATE:
Historical Lectures on the Serbs

By R. G. D. Laffan, with a foreword by Vice-Admiral E. T. Trowbridge. Crown 8vo. (7½x5¼), pp. 300, with 22 illus. and 3 maps.....Net $2.25

"This extremely interesting book will help one to understand the Serbians better, and, in understanding, to appreciate the sterling qualities that underlie their national character."

THE TREASURE OF THE MAGI

A Study of Modern Zoroastrianism. By J. H. MOULTON. Demy (8¾x5¾), pp. xiii +278. $3.40

Dr. Moulton wrote this book in India while on a tour lecturing to the Parsis on Zoroastrianism. It fully describes the religion of Zoroaster and the ceremonial and priestly customs of the Parsis.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY AND METHOD OF SCIENCE

Edited by CHARLES SINGER, with an Introduction by Sir William Osler. Imperial 8vo (11x7¾), pp. xiv + 304, with forty-one plates, six being colored and thirty-three illustrations in the text .....Net $9.50

Will help the reader to attain a rational conception of the true place of scientific discovery, and to realize how the events of history have been modified and moulded by philosophic speculation, determining the direction of scientific interest and investigation.

At all Booksellers or from the Publishers

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 WEST 32d STREET NEW YORK

Marshall Jones Company's Spring Publications

Mythology of all Races: EGYPTIAN, INDO. CHINESE, by W. Max Müller, Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania, and Sir James George Scott, K.C.I.E., London. Large 8vo, price $6 in library buckram binding. 16 colored illustrations, 14 half tones and 232 line drawings in the text. *Volumes in The Mythology series are now sold separately.*

THE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS, by Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D., LL.D. This is Mr. Cram's solution to the condition of mediocrity which he considers obtains in the world to-day and which he describes in his "Nemesis of Mediocrity," just issued. 8vo. $1.

THE QUEEN'S HEART, a novel of unusual interest, sure to attract attention. The author has an international reputation but insists that his name shall remain hidden. Price $1.50.

BEYOND ARCHITECTURE, by A. Kingsley Porter, A.B., B.F.A., of Yale University. 8vo. 8 half tones, one photogravure. Price $2.

MISSION TO RUSSIA, Addresses by the Members. Large 8vo, price $1.50.

THE MEANING OF ARCHITECTURE, by Irving K. Pond, C.E., A.M. (Hon.). 8vo, with colored frontispiece, and 36 line drawings. Price $2.

LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY, by Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D., University of Nebraska. Comprises important contributions to *The Hibbert Journal, The Dial, The North American Review, etc.* Probable price $2.

NEW YORK AND OTHER VERSES, by Frederick Mortimer Clapp, author of "On the Overland." 8vo, probable price $1.25.

THE STRUCTURE OF LASTING PEACE, by H. M. Kallen, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin. Articles that have appeared in *The Dial.* 8vo, probable price $1.25.

IN THE HOPE OF THE NEW ZION, by H. M. Kallen, Ph.D., 8vo, probable price, $1.25.

MARSHALL JONES COMPANY

212 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Professionalism and Originality, by F. E. Hayward, $1.75. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

State Sanitation, by G. C. Whipple, Vol. II, $2.50. (Harvard University Press.)

Rural Problems of Today, by Ernest R. Groves, $1. (Association Press.)

Scientific Distribution, by Charles F. Higham, $2. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Backgrounds for Social Workers, by Edward J. Menge, $1.50. (Richard G. Badger.)

Not Guilty, by Robert Blatchford, 75 cts. (Boni & Liveright.)

The Revolution Absolute, by Charles Ferguson, $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Young Woman Citizen, by Mary Austin, $1. (Woman's Press.)

BOOKS ON THE WAR

Preliminary Studies on Effects of the European War, edited by David Kinley: Early Economic Effects of the European War upon Canada, by Adam Shortt; Early Effects of the European War on the Finance, Commerce, and Industry of Chile, by Leo. S. Rowe; Economic Effects of the War upon Women and Children in Great Britain, by Irene Osgood Andrews; War Administration of the Railways in the United States and Great Britain, by Frank H. Dixon and Julius H. Parmelee; Effects of the War Upon Insurance, with Special Reference to the Substitution of Insurance for Pensions, by William F. Gephart; Government War Control of Industry and Trade, with Special Reference to Great Britain and the United States, by Charles Whiting Baker; War Administration of Great Britain and the United States, Showing Changes in Governmental Organization Caused by the War, by John A. Fairlie; Effects of the War upon Labor Conditions and Organization, with Special Reference to Great Britain and the United States, by Matthew B. Hammond; War Finance and Taxation, Especially in Great Britain and the United States, by Frank L. McVey; Effects of the War on Negro Labor and Migration in the United States, by Emmett J. Scott; Effects of the War in Shipping, by J. Russell Smith; Agricultural Production and Food Control in Great Britain and the United States, by Benjamin H. Hibbard; Price Control in Great Britain and the United States, by David Kinley and Simon Litman; Economic and Social Effects of Government Control of the Liquor Business Caused by the War, with Special Reference to Great Britain and the United States, by Thomas Nixon Carver; Training of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors for Economic Usefulness, by Edward T. Devine. Paper, distributed by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; bound, $1. each. (Oxford University Press.)

My Four Years in Germany, by James W. Gerard, illus., $2.—Face to Face with Kaiserism, by James W. Gerard, illus., $2.—The Great Crime and Its Moral, by J. Selden Willmore, $2.—Two War Years in Constantinople: Sketches of German and Young Turkish Ethics and Politics, by Dr. Harry Stuermer, translated by E. Allen and the Author, $1.50.—In Mesopotamia, by Martin Swayne, illus. in color, $1.50.—Mexico's Dilemma, by Carl W. Ackerman, illus., $1.50.—Belgium in War Time, by Commandant de Gerlache de Gomery, translated by Bernard Miall, illus., $1.50.—Germany at Bay, by Maj. Haldane Macfall, illus., $1.50.—The Foes of Our Own Household, by Theodore Roosevelt, $1.50.—Keeping Faith with Democracy, by Newton

D. Baker, $1.50.—The World's Debate: An Historical Defense of the Allies, by William Barry, $1.50.—Captured, by Lieut. J. Harvey Douglas, illus., $1.40.—My '75: Reminiscences of a Gunner of a 75 m/m Battery in 1914, by Paul Lintier, introduction by Frances Wilson Huard, $1.35.—Trench Pictures from France, by Maj. William P. Redmond, M. P., illus., $1.25.—World Peace: A Written Debate between William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan, portraits, $1.25.—The German Terror in France, by Arnold J. Toynbee, illus., $1.—Best O' Luck, by Lieut. Alexander McClintock, $1.—The Book of Artemas, anon., boards, 50 cts. (George H. Doran Co.)

War and Revolution in Russia, by John Pollock.—In the Heart of German Intrigue, by Demetra Vaka, illus., $2.—Norman Prince, by George F. Babbitt, illus., $2.—An American Physician in Turkey, by Clarence D. Ussher and Grace H. Knapp, illus., $1.75.—The Faith of France: Studies in Spiritual Differences and Unity, by Maurice Barrés, translated by Elizabeth Marbury, introduction by Henry Van Dyke, $1.60.—Serbia Crucified, by Lieut. M. Krunich, translated by L. M. Bruce, $1.50.—Campaigns and Intervals: Being the War Journal of Lieut. Jean Girardoux, translated by Elizabeth S. Sergeant, $1.50.—The Field of Honor, by Hugues le Roux, translated by Mrs. John van Vorst, $1.50.—American Destroyers in the War Zone, by Ralph D. Paine, illus., $1.50.—High Adventure: A Narrative of the Air Fighting in France, by James Norman Hall, illus., $1.50.—Over Periscope Pond: Letters from Paris, October, 1916-November, 1917, by Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker, illus., $1.50.—Life in a Tank, by Capt. Richard Haigh, illus., $1.25.—Trucking to the Trenches: Letters from France, June-September, 1917, by John Iden Kautz, $1.25.—Letters of Enzo Valentini, translated by Fernanda Bellachioma, illus., $1.25.—An American Soldier: Letters of Edwin Austin Abbey, 2nd., frontispiece. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Rasputin and the Russian Revolution, by Princess Catherine Radziwill (Count Vassili), illus., $3.—The Business of War, by Isaac F. Marcosson, illus., $1.50.—At the Serbian Front in Macedonia, by E. P. Stebbing, illus., $1.50.—Harry Butters, R.F.A.: The Brief Record of a California Boy Who Gave His Life for England, edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, illus., $1.50.—A Second Diary of the Great Warr, by Sam'l Pepys, Jr., illustrated, $1.50.—Just Behind the Front in France, by Noble Foster Hoggson, illus., $1.25.—Soldier Men, by "Yeo," $1.25.—The Glory of the Trenches, by Coningsby Dawson, portrait, $1.—Liège: On the Line of March, An American Girl's Experiences When the Germans Came Through Belgium, by Glenna L. Bigelow, $1.—The Father of a Soldier, by W. J. Dawson, $1. (John Lane Co.)

Confessions of an Empress, by Count Paul Vassili, portraits, $3.—The Winning of the War, by Roland G. Usher, maps, $2.—The Iron Ration: Three Years in Warring Central Europe, by George Abel Schreiner, illus., $2.—Why America Went In, by David Lawrence, $1.50.—A Flying Fighter: An American Above the Lines in France, by Lieut. E. M. Roberts.—The Real Front, by Arthur Hunt Chute, illus., $1.50.—Outwitting the Hun, by Lieut. Pat O'Brien, $1.50.—With Our Rookies in France, by H. A. Gibbons, illus., $1.50.—Worrying Won't Win: Potash and Perlmutter in War-Time, by Montague Glass, illus., $1.50.—In Our First Year of War: Messages and Addresses to the Congress and the People, March 5, 1917 to January 8, 1918,

NEW BOOKS

THE MAYFLOWER PILGRIMS

BY
EDMUND J. CARPENTER

A popular and highly interesting account of early New England days. True to history, the rugged and heroic life of the Pilgrims takes new beauty and power under the author's skillful handling.

12mo. Illustrated. 256 pages. Cloth.
NET, $1.50, POSTPAID

A MOTHER'S FIRST PRAYER

BY KATHRYN WIRE HAMMOND

The spirit of motherhood breathes through this little prayer, which expresses just what a mother feels in her heart as she wakens to mother love with her new born child in her arms.

12mo. Frontispiece. 24 pages. Embossed cover, gold top.
NET, 25 CENTS, POSTPAID.

THE MASTER QUEST

BY WILL S. WOODHULL

Treats with sanity of expression, rarely excelled, the inspiration of the Scriptures and gives a vital interpretation of sin, atonement, and faith.

12mo. 186 pages. Cloth,
NET, 75 CENTS, POSTPAID

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BROWNING LOVER

BY JOHN WALKER POWELL

A fine interpretation of the message of Browning to our time. Believing that Browning is primarily an artist, the author holds that both by intuition and inspiration he is a philosopher and a theologian.

Crown 8vo. 248 pages. Cloth.
NET, $1.00, POSTPAID

GIANT HOURS WITH POET PREACHERS

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Brief, suggestive and inspirational studies of nine modern poets—four American and five English. The author's purpose is to interest his readers in those of whom he writes and in their ethical and spiritual messages. Mr. Stidger writes *con amore*. He knows and loves these Poet Preachers, and would have others know and love them too.

12mo. 129 pages. Cloth, gold top.
NET, $1.00, POSTPAID

AT THE BETTER BOOK SHOPS

THE ABINGDON PRESS

(FOUNDED 1789)

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO PITTSBURGH
BOSTON DETROIT KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND, ORE., SALESROOM
Order from the nearest Address

Worth While Books

of especial interest to
Dial readers

Aliens

By William McFee

Author of "Casuals of the Sea"

"A great romance flowering out of a commonplace New Jersey town populated by commuters and a few literary and artistic folk. A romance that takes you up and down the wide seas, across to Genoa, down to South America, to England.

"He has woven one of the most fascinating yarns we have read for many a day. The richness of his own personality, the stores of humor and wisdom, and observation of human nature that are so valuable a part of his literary equipment, find, it may be, their best outlet in this somewhat rambling and discursive method.

"It is Mr. McFee's personality that makes this a great story. He has the quality of genius." —*Philadelphia Press*

The Threshold

By Marjorie Benton Cooke

Author of "Bombi"

Take one clever young woman, give her a childhood acquaintance with the drabness of a factory town, throw her across the path of a millionaire mill-owner and his carefree nephew—and what happens? A book with shimmering wit on the surface and sound sense in its depths. Frontispiece in color. Net, $1.40.

At your booksellers

DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO. D.P. & C. GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

by Woodrow Wilson, portrait, $1.—America's War Task, by Frank A. Vanderlip. (Harper & Brothers.)

Wonderful Stories: Winning the V. C. in the Great War, illus., $2.50.—Intimate Prussia, by A. Raymond, $2.—We of Italy, by Mrs. K. R. Steege, $2.—My Experiences on Three Fronts, by Sister Martin-Nicholson, $2.—Inside Constantinople During the Dardanelles Expedition, by Lewis Einstein, $1.50.—A Crusader of France, Capt. Ferdinand Belmont, introduction by Henry Bordeaux, $1.50.—Marching on Tanga, by Capt. Francis Brett Young, $1.50.—Over There and Back, by Lieut. J. S. Smith.—Front Lines, by Boyd Cable.—Germany's Annexationist Aims, by S. Grumbach, translated by J. Ellis Barker, $1.50.—The Schemes of the Kaiser, by Madam Adam.—The High Call, by Rev. Ernest M. Stires, $1.50. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

History of the World War, by Frank H. Simonds, 5 vols., Vol. II, "The Making of Middle Europe," $3.50 per vol.—Comrades in Courage, by Lieut. Antoine Redier, translated by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson, $1.40.—Cavalry of the Clouds, by "Contact" (Capt. Alan Bott, M.C.), introduction by Maj.-Gen. W. S. Brancker, $1.25.—Fighting Starvation in Belgium, by Vernon Kellogg, illus., $1.25.—Blown in by the Draft, by Frazier Hunt, foreword by Theodore Roosevelt, introduction by Brig.-Gen. Evan M. Johnson, illus., $1.25. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Aircraft and Submarines, by W. J. Abbott, illus.—The Science of Power, by Benjamin Kidd, introduction by Franklin H. Giddings.—Militarism and Statecraft, by Munroe Smith.—Brave Belgians, by Baron C. Buffin, preface by Baron de Broqueville, translated by Alys Hallard, $1.50.—A "Temporary Gentleman" in France: Home Letters from an Officer at the Front, introductory chapters by Capt. A. J. Dawson.—First Call, by Arthur Guy Empey, illus., $1.50.—Democracy and the War, by John Firman Coar, $1.25. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Cradle of the War: The Near East and Pan Germanism, by H. Charles Woods, foreword by A. Lawrence Lowell, illus., $2.50.—Letters of a Canadian Stretcher Bearer, by "R. A. L.," edited by Anna Chapin Ray, $1.35.—A Yankee in the Trenches, by Corp. R. Derby Holmes, illus., $1.35.—Great Britain at War, by Jeffery Farnol, $1.25.—A Soldier Unafraid: Letters from the Trenches of the Alsatian Front, by Capt. Andre Cornet-Auquier, translated with an introduction by Theodore Stanton, $1. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The Nations at the Peace Table: Their Problems, Claims, and Interests, by Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank, maps, $2.50.—Runaway Russia, by Florence Harper, illus., $2.—Donald Thompson in Russia, by Donald Thompson, illus., $2.—The Roots of War, by William Stearns Davis, William Anderson, and Mason W. Tyler, maps, $1.50.—Keeping Our Fighters Fit, by Raymond B. Fosdick, illus., $1.25.—America after the War, by an American Jurist, $1. (The Century Co.)

Covered with Mud and Glory, by Georges Lafond, introduction by Maurice Barrés, $1.50.—The White Flame of France, by Maude Radford Warren, illus., $1.50.—Shellproof Mack, by Arthur Mack, illus., $1.35.—You Who Can Help: Wartime Letters of an American Officer's Wife, from August, 1916 to December, 1917, by Mary Smith Churchill, illus., $1.25.—On the Other Side of the Marne, by Henriette Cuvru-Magot, illus., 50 cts. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

The End of the War, by Walter E. Weyl, $1.50.—"The Dark People": Russia's Crisis, by Ernest Poole, $1.50.—Lloyd George and the War, by "An Independent Liberal," $1.50.—Ambulance 464: En-

core des Blessés, by Julien H. Bryan, illus., $1.50.—Through War to Peace, by Albert G. Keller, $1.25.—The Soul of Democracy, by Edward Howard Griggs, $1.25.—The Old Front Line, by John Masefield, illus., $1. (The Macmillan Co.)

Under Four Flags for France, by Capt. George Clarke Musgrave, illus., $2.—American Women and the World War, by Ida Clyde Clarke, $2.—Out There, by Charles W. Whitehair, illus., $1.50.—To Bagdad with the British, by Arthur T. Clark, illus., $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Europe's Fateful Hour, by G. Ferrerro, $2.—Psychic Phenomena and the War, by Hereward Carrington, $1.50.—The Flying Yankee, by H. A. Bruno, $1.50.—A Diary of the Russian Revolution, by James L. Houghteling, Jr., illus., $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Swiss Internment of Prisoners of War: An Experiment in International Humane Legislation and Administration, a report from the Swiss Commission to the United States, preface by William Staempfli, introduction by E. Stagg Whitin and Samuel McCune Lindsay, paper, $1. (Columbia University Press.)

"Over There" with the Australians, by Capt. Hugh Knyvett, illus., $1.50.—The Only Possible Peace, by Frederic C. Howe, $1.25.—The United States and Pan-Germania, by André Chéradame, illus., $1. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Prisoner of War in Germany, by Daniel J. McCarthy, illus., $2.—My Airman Over There, by his wife, $1.35.—Awake! America, by William T. Hornaday, illus., $1.25. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

The United States and the War; The Mission to Russia, political addresses, by Elihu Root, collected and edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott, $2.50. (Harvard University Press.)

Southeastern Europe, by Vladislav R. Savic, introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler, frontispiece and map, $1.50.—Facing the Hindenburg Line, by Busris A. Jenkins, $1.25. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

The Structure of Lasting Peace, by H. M. Kallen.—Zionism, by H. M. Kallen.—Mission to Russia: Addresses by the Members, $1.50. (Marshall Jones Co.)

Holding the Line, by Sergeant Harold Baldwin, illus., $1.50.—Long Heads and Round Heads, or What's the Matter with Germany? by W. S. Sadler, illus., $1. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany, August 1, 1914-April 6, 1917, by James Brown Scott, $5. (Oxford University Press.)

Ambulancing on the French Front, by Edward Coyle, illus., $1.35.—Over the Seas for Uncle Sam, by Elaine Sterne, illus., $1.35. (Britton Publishing Co.)

The Bolsheviki and World Peace, by Leon Trotzky, $1.50.—Men in War, by Andreas Latzko, $1.50. (Boni & Liveright.)

Our Revolution, by Leon Trotzky, translated with biography and notes by Moissaye J. Olgin.—Camion Letters, $1. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Approaches to the Great Settlement, by Emily Greene Balch, introduction by Norman Angell, illus., $1.50. (B. W. Huebsch.)

Over the Threshold of War: Personal Experiences, by Maj. Nevil Monroe Hopkins, illus. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Russia's Agony, by Robert Wilton.—Visions and Vignettes of War, by Maurice Ponsonby, $1. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The Creed of Deutschtum, by Morton Prince, $2.—Basis of a World Order, by Robert W. Rogers, $1.50. (Richard G. Badger.)

The Story of the Salonica Army, by G. Ward Price, illus., $2. (Edward J. Clode.)

OLD PEOPLE AND THE THINGS THAT PASS

By Louis Couperus

Author of The Books of the Small Souls, etc.

This is a tale of the very, very old—a hero ninety-three and a heroine ninety-seven—and the subtle influence of their tragically romantic past on their descendants. To the young people of the story it was inconceivable that these two could once have suffered the emotions of youth. Yet something strange seemed to be wafted between them; something of a tragedy. What was the secret of these old lives? They alone knew—they thought. A truly remarkable book; by far the finest effort of this noted novelist, as well as of his able translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. $1.50

POTTERAT AND THE WAR

By Benjamin Vallotton

Author of "Propos du Commissaire Potterat," etc.

THE DIAL says: "Potterat serves as a French Mr. Britling or a Mr. Dooley, introducing us to the point of view of the Swiss bourgeoisie." You will feel your heart grow warm under the genial influence of this big-hearted, peace-loving Swiss who is consumed with indignation over the outrages of a ruthless enemy. A book that will be remembered for its moral beauty and the truth of its tragedy. $1.50

GUDRID THE FAIR

By Maurice Hewlett

Author of "Love and Lucy," "Thorgils," etc.

A new tale of Icelandic heroes in old Norse days, founded upon two ancient sagas which tell of the first exploration of America. Mr. Hewlett possesses beyond all others the power to clothe these shadowy figures of the past with romantic fascination. $1.35

THE ENGLISH SONNET

By T. W. H. Crosland

A new theory of the sonnet and its development from Chaucer's time to our own; also some of the finest sonnets in the language accompanied by biographical sketches of their authors and valuable comments. 8vo, $3.00

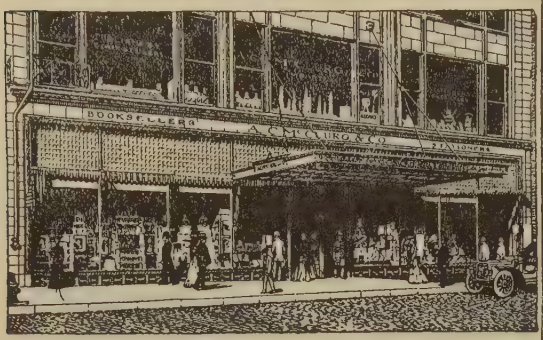
THE LANGUAGE OF COLOR

By M. Luckiesh

Physicist, General Electric Company. Author of "Color and Its Applications," etc.

A practical volume on color, the various fields in which it is used, and its importance in portraying the ideas that make for progress. Advertisers, designers, and all those who deal in color schemes and values, will be especially interested in this book. $1.50

New Books Published by
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other bookdealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

Special Library Service

We conduct a department devoted entirely to the interests of Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities. Our Library Department has made a careful study of library requirements, and is equipped to handle all library orders with accuracy, efficiency and despatch. This department's long experience in this special branch of the book business, combined with our unsurpassed book stock, enable us to offer a library service not excelled elsewhere. We solicit correspondence from Librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

Retail Store, 218 to 224 South Wabash Avenue

Library Department and Wholesale Offices:
330 to 352 East Ohio Street

Chicago

The Willy-Nicky Correspondence, by Herman Bernstein, $1. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Belgium under the German Heel, by Odon Halasi, illus., $1.50. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Nothing of Importance, by Bernard Adams, maps, $1.50. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

The Big Fight, by Capt. David Fallon, $1.50. (W. J. Watt & Co.)

Gunner Depew, by Albert N. Depew, illus., $1.50. (Reilly & Britton Co.)

Mobilization of Woman-Power, by Harriot Stanton Blatch, $1.25. (Woman's Press.)

Germany in War Time, by Mary Ethel McAuley, illus., $1.50. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

The Air Line to Liberty, by Gerald Stanley Lee. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Jewish Theology: Systematically and Historically Considered, by Kaufmann Kohler, $2.50.—Psychology and Preaching, by Charles S. Gardner, $2.—Patriotism and Religion, by Shailer Mathews, $1.50.—Religion: Its Prophets and False Prophets, by James Bishop Thomas, $1.50.—History of the Religion of Israel, by G. A. Barton, $1.50.—The History of Religion, by E. W. Hopkins, $1.50.—Can We Believe in Immortality? by James H. Snowden, $1.25.—The Bible at a Single View, by Richard G. Moulton, $1.—The New Horizon of Church and State, by William Herbert Perry Faunce, 60 cents. (The Macmillan Co.)

The Secret of Personality: The Problem of Man's Personal Life as Viewed in the Light of an Hypothesis of Man's Religious Life, by George Trumbull Ladd, $1.50.—Social Problems and Christian Ideals, by a few Northern Churchmen, edited by Rev. E. A. Wesley and Rev. J. A. Darbyshire, foreword by the Bishop of Liverpool, $1.—The Mount of Vision: Being a Study of Life in Terms of the Whole, by Right Rev. Charles H. Brent, $1.—Christianity and Immortality, by Vernon F. Storr. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Devil Worship: The Sacred Books and Revelations of the Yezidiz, by Isya Joseph, $2.50.—Zoroastrianism and Judaism, by George William Carter, $2.—The Revelation of John, by Charles C. Whiting, $1.50.—Creation Ex Nihilo, by L. Franklin Gruber, $1.50.—Theological Essays, by Arnold C. P. Huizinga, $1.25.—Unofficial Christianity, by Shelton Bissell, $1.00. (Richard G. Badger.)

Celtic Mythology and Religion, by Alexander MacBain, introductory chapters and notes by W. J. Watson.—Theory and Practice of Mysticism, by Rev. Charles Morris Addison.—The Last Days of Jesus Christ, by Lyman Abbott.—The Second Coming of Christ, by Rev. S. B. F. Prideaux.—Religion and Common Sense, by Donald Hankey. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mexico, by John W. Butler, illus., $1.—The Oregon Missions, by Bishop James W. Bashford.—The Itinerancy: Its Power and Peril, by James A. Hensey, $1. (Abingdon Press.)

Catholicity: A Treatise on the Unity of Religions, by Rev. R. Heber Newton.—The Holy Spirit: A Layman's Conception, by William Ives Washburn, $1.25. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

History of the Christian Church, by Williston Walker, $3.—Religious Education in the Church, by Henry F. Cope, $1.25. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Religions of the Past and Present, edited by J. A. Montgomery, $2.50. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Right and Wrong after the War, by Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell, $1.25. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation, by Rev. James Denny, $2. (George H. Doran Co.)
The Church in the Commonwealth, by Richard Roberts, $1. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, AND ETHICS

Studies in the History of Ideas, by Members of the Department of Philosophy, Columbia University, $2.—Dynamic Psychology, by Robert Sessions Woodworth, $1.50.—The Problem of Space in Jewish Medieval Philosophy, by Israel Isaac Efros, $1.50. (Columbia University Press.)
Morbid Fears and Compulsions, by H. W. Frink, introduction by James J. Putnam, $4.—Personality and Conduct, by Maurice Parmelee, $2.—Totem and Taboo, by Sigmund Freud, translated by A. A. Brill.—Reflections on War and Death, by Sigmund Freud, 75 cts. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)
The Psychology of Conviction, by Joseph Jastrow, $2.50.—Creating Capital: Money-Making as an Aim in Business, by Frederick L. Lipman, 75 cts. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
The New Rationalism, by Edward Gleason Spaulding.—Moral Values: A Study of the Principles of Conduct, by Walter Goodnow Everett, $2.75. (Henry Holt & Co.)
The Philosophic Function of Value, by Nathan Blechman, $1.—Jewish Ethical Idealism, by Frank H. Ridgley, $1. (Richard G. Badger.)
Man's Supreme Inheritance, by F. Matthias Alexander, introduction by John Dewey, $2. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Originality: A Popular Study of the Creative Mind, by T. Sharper Knowlson.—The Organization of Thought, by A. N. Whitehead. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)
The Treasure of the Magi: A Study of Modern Zoroastrianism, by J. H. Moulton, $3.40. (Oxford University Press.)
Collected Logical Works, by George Boole, $3.—Lectures on the Philosophy of Mathematics, by James Byrnie Shaw, $1.50. (Open Court Publishing Co.)
The Psychology of the Future, by Emile Boirac, illus., $2.50.—The Psychology of Marriage, by Walter M. Gallichan, $1.50. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)
How to Build Mental Power, by Grenville Kleiser, illus., $3. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)
Mysticism and Logic, and Other Essays, by Bertrand Russell, $2.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
Human Nature and Its Remaking, by William Ernest Hocking. (Yale University Press.)
Psychology and the Day's Work, by Edgar James Swift. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
An Ethical Philosophy of Life, by Felix Adler, $3. (D. Appleton & Co.)

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

On the Threshold of the Unseen, Sir William F. Barrett, introduction by James H. Hyslop, $2.50.—Artificial Dye Stuffs and Their Nature, Manufacture, and Uses, by Albert R. J. Ramsay and H. Claude Weston. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Personal Identification, by Harris H. Wilder and Bert Wentworth, $5.—The Mulatto in the United States, by Edward Byron Reuter, $2.—The Beginnings of Science, by Edward J. Menge, $2. (Richard G. Badger.)
The Gate of Remembrance: The Story of the Psychological Experiment Which Resulted in the Discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury, by Frederick Bligh Bond, illus., $2. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

BOOKS WITH PURPOSE

Published By *Association Press*

The Publication Department, International Committee Y. M. C. A.

Just Published

THOUGHTS FOR THE KIT-BAG

By Elizabeth Grinnell **(Cloth, 75 cents)**

Foreword by Malcolm James MacLeod

BUILT on a foundation of sound psychology, these paragraphs make their appeal in their humor, sympathy, and delicacy of feeling, as well as in their charming literary form. Not only the soldiers to whom they are addressed, but other readers of many sorts, will find in them such courage and optimism as spring only from a genuine faith in God.

A New "Everyday Life" Book

A LIVING BOOK IN A LIVING AGE

By Lynn Harold Hough

(Thin Paper, Art Leather Cloth, Round Corners, Pocket Size—60 cents)

A BOOK for daily devotional Bible Study on the "Everyday Life" plan—with the theme built around the living power of the Bible as evidenced in the great crisis of Martin Luther's time and expressed in his life. The book carries the conviction that this living power is as strong today now as then and as sure in its revitalizing influence on today's crises.

THE SCIENCE OF PRAYER

By Albert Clarke Wyckoff **(Cloth, 75 cents)**

PRAYER is so inexhaustible a subject that there is always room for a fresh approach. Here we have the method applied which a scientist would use in dealing with any other object of investigation, and the reader turns from so clear a presentation of the scientific grounds for prayer, both in theory and in practice, with a sense of intellectual stimulus, with the foundations of his faith strengthened, and with a fresh purpose to investigate for himself the possibilities of prayer.

MODERN PROBLEMS AS JESUS SAW THEM

By Herman H. Horne **(Cloth, 75 cents)**

MEN ARE coming to realize that they must go back to Christ for any adequate solution of the pressing problems of our day. This volume masses in an interesting and conclusive form the events in His life which brought Him into contact with many questions, and gives also His actual teaching, so that each problem is approached from two points of view.

Buy from your Book Store or from Us

ASSOCIATION PRESS 124 E. 28th St. New York City

The Book Sensation of the Year

OSCAR WILDE:

HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS

By FRANK HARRIS

with MEMORIES OF OSCAR WILDE by Bernard Shaw

An excellent biography, intimate, sympathetic, yet rigidly honest.

—H. L. Mencken, in Smart Set

A candid, revealing, and noble piece of literature. A book more important than anything Wilde ever did.

—Floyd Dell, in The Masses.

TWO VOLUMES FIVE DOLLARS

ORDER FROM

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

34 Union Square East, N. Y. City

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.

Book Buyers

who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

"RED RUTH" By ANNA RATNER SHAPIRO

A story based upon the Universal Brotherhood of Man

Romance Mystery Philosophy

You want to read Red Ruth if you give any thought to present world conditions. A story of intense human interest, giving a new angle on the power of woman's love.

The Journal-Courier, New Haven, Conn., says:

"This story is a noble and praiseworthy contribution. A fine love story is sandwiched in this pleasing book."

Illustrated by Carl S. Jungle

For Sale at All Bookstores or Postpaid, $1.35

The Arc Publishing Co., 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

On Growth and Form, by D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, illus., $6.50.—Theories of Energy, by Horace Perry.—The Destinies of the Stars, by Svante Arrhenius, illus. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Studies in the History and Method of Science, edited by Charles Singer, introduction by Sir William Osler, illus., $9.50. (Oxford University Press.)

The Evolution of the Earth and Its Inhabitants: A Series of Lectures by Members of the Yale Faculty. (Yale University Press.)

The Flower and the Bee: Plant Life and Pollination, by John H. Lovell, illus., $2.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Naval Officers: Their Heredity and Development, by Charles B. Davenport and Mary F. Scudder. (Carnegie Institution.)

The Submarine in War and Peace: Its Development and Possibilities, by Simon Lake, illus., $3. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Question: If a Man Die Shall He Live Again? by Edward Clodd, $2. (Edward J. Clode.)

Wasp Studies Afield, by Phil and Nellie Rau. (Princeton University Press.)

The Language of Color, by M. Luckiesh, $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BUSINESS AND AGRICULTURE

Profit Sharing: Its Principles and Practice, $2.50.—Modern Methods in the Office, by H. J. Barrett, $1.50.—How to Sell More Goods, by H. J. Barrett, $1.50.—Retail Credits and Collections, by Dwight L. Beebe, $1.50. (Harper & Brothers.)

Commercial Arbitration, by Julius Henry Cohen, $3.—Farm Accounting, by Hiram T. Scovill, $2.—The Law of Commercial Paper, by William Underhill Moore, $1.75. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Commercial Egg Farming, by S. G. Hanson, illus., $1.—Diseases of Truck Crops and Their Control, by J. J. Taubenhaus. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Managing a Business in War-Time, edited by the Editors of "System," illus., 2 vols., $3. (A. W. Shaw Co.)

The Determination of Farming Costs, by C. S. Orwin, tables, $2. (Oxford University Press.)

The New Business of Farming, by Julian A. Dimock, $1. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Patenting and Promoting Inventions, by Mois H. Avram, $1.50. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

The Romance of Commerce, by H. Gordon Selfridge, illus., $3. (John Lane Co.)

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[*The following list, containing 97 titles, includes books received by* THE DIAL *since its last issue.*]

THE WAR.

Problems of the Peace. By William Harbutt Dawson. 8vo, 365 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the Heart of the German Intrigue. By Demetra Vaka. Illustrated, 8vo, 378 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

Two Towns—One City. Paris-London. By John F. MacDonald. 12mo, 246 pages. Dood, Mead & Co. $2.

American Women and the World War. By Ida Clyde Clarke. 12mo, 545 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.

Under the Red Cross Flag at Home and Abroad. By Mabel T. Boardman. Illustrated, 12mo, 341 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.75.

A War Nurse's Diary. Sketches from a Belgian Field Hospital. Illustrated, 12mo, 115 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Serbia Crucified. By Lieutenant Milutin Krunich. 12mo, 305 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

In Mesopotamia. By Martin Swayne. Illustrated in water-colors by the author, 12mo, 166 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Inside Constantinople. A Diplomatist's Diary during the Dardanelles Expedition. By Lewis Einstein. 12mo, 291 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Belgium in War Time. By Commandant de Gerlache de Gomery. Illustrated, 8vo, 243 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

The Secret Press In Belgium. By Jean Massart. Translated by Bernard Miall. Illustrated, 16mo, 96 pages. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London. 2s 6d.

Over There and Back. By Lieut. Joseph S. Smith. Illustrated, 12mo, 244 pages. Marshall Jones & Co. $1.50.

Holding the Line. By Sergeant Harold Baldwin. Illustrated, 12mo, 305 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

Covered with Mud and Glory. By Georges Lafond. Translated by Edwin Gile Rich. Illustrated, 12mo, 265 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

The Making of a Modern Army, and Its Operations in the Field. By René Radiguet. Translated by Henry P. du Bellet. Illustrated, 12mo, 163 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Great Britain at War. By Jeffery Farnol. 12mo, 167 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Blown in by the Draft. By Frazier Hunt. Illustrated, 12mo, 372 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

Our Revolution. By Leon Trotzky. Collected and translated by Moissaye J. Olgin. 12mo, 220 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

The Soul of Democracy. By Edward Howard Griggs. 12mo, 158 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

German Atrocities. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Illustrated, 12mo, 160 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.

Long Heads and Round Heads, or What's the Matter with Germany. By Dr. W. S. Sadler. Illustrated, 12mo, 157 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.

The Fallacy of the German State Philosophy. By Dr. George W. Crile. 12mo, 32 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cts.

The Enlisting Wife. By Grace S. Richmond. With frontispiece, 12mo, 39 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cts.

Generals of the British Army. Portraits in color by Francis Dodd. With introduction and biographical notes. George H. Doran Co. Paper. 50 cts.

Early Economic Effects of the War Upon Canada. By Adam Shortt. 8vo, 32 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper.

Economic Effects of the War Upon Women and Children in Great Britain. By Irene Osgood Andrews assisted by Margarett A. Hobbs. 8vo, 190 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper.

The University of Chicago War Papers. No. 1. The Threat of German World-Politics. By Harry Pratt Judson. No. 2. Americans and the World-Crisis. By Albion W. Small. No. 3. Democracy and the Basis for World-Order. By Frederick D. Bramhall. No. 4. Sixteen Causes of the War. By Andrew C. McLaughlin. 8vo. The University of Chicago Press. Paper. 5 cts. each.

FICTION.

Pelle the Conqueror. By Martin Anderson Nexö. Translated by Jessie Muir and Bernard Miall. New edition. 2 vols. 12mo, 562-587 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $2, per vol.

Three Acres and Liberty. By Bolton Hall. Revised edition. Illustrated, 12mo, 276 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The Tree of Heaven. By May Sinclair. 12mo, 408 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60.

On the Stairs. By Henry B. Fuller. 12mo, 265 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Chronicles of St. Tid. By Eden Phillpotts. 12mo, 319 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The House of Conrad. By Elias Tobenkin. With frontispiece, 12mo, 375 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

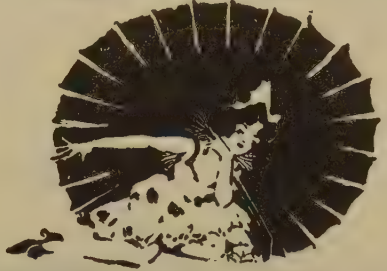
The Earthquake. By Arthur Train. 12mo, 307 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Flood Tide. By Daniel Chase. With frontispiece, 12mo, 358 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Oh, Money! Money! By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated, 12mo, 321 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

TWINKLETOES

By THOMAS BURKE
Author of "Limehouse Nights"



TWINKLETOES they called her, although her real name was Monica Minasi; but no one who ever saw her little body whirling in the mazes of a dance could question the aptness of the name. This is the book of her life. It is the story of a child, reared amidst the crime and roaring brutality of Limehouse, but left untouched in her sweetness and brave daintiness by the dirt and squalor about her.

Thomas Burke has again proved himself a magician, for he has created beauty and tenderness where another would see only immorality and degradation. *Just published.* $1.35 Net

Have You Read These?

LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS By Thomas Burke
Strange tales of love and life in Limehouse. One of the most discussed books of 1917. 4th Edition. $1.50 Net

MY ADVENTURES AS A GERMAN SECRET AGENT
By Horst von der Goltz
The romantic and daring life story of one of the ring of arch-plotters in America. 3rd Edition. $1.50 Net

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO. New York

If you want to understand the I. W. W. from the historical point of view read André Tridon's concise presentation,

THE NEW UNIONISM

"A CLEAR exposition of the philosophy and practice of syndicalism, its history and its present status all over the world. His account might be looked at as a valuable handbook, supplementing the works of Simkhovitch, Spargo, John Graham Brooks, and other writers, who do not apply so thoroughly the doctrine to the concrete experience of the agitation that is daily taking place." —*Boston Transcript.*

[$1.00]

If you want to understand syndicalism as it is rooted in philosophy, examine Georges Sorel's classic,

REFLECTIONS ON VIOLENCE

"IT is doubtful if any book can be named that is better calculated to state the spirit and method of revolution than this special volume by Georges Sorel. The Introduction alone will convince any reader that this study is not to be skipped by one who would know the most penetrating observations upon the various anarchisms of the hour." —*American Economic Review.*

[$2.25]

If you want the Socialist reaction to the revolutionary labor movements see John Spargo's statement,

SYNDICALISM, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM *and* SOCIALISM

"THE best exposition of syndicalism and its allied subjects is John Spargo's book. It is a careful piece of work, dealing, from the orthodox Socialist standpoint, with the origin, methods and philosophy of syndicalism and its relation to Socialism." [$1.25] —*The Independent*

Obtainable through good booksellers everywhere or of the publisher

THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS **B. W. HUEBSCH** 225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1905*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

IF you want first editions, limited editions, association books — books of any kind, in fact, address:
DOWNING, Box 1336, Boston, Mass.

Library Specialties SEND POSTAL FOR FREE CATALOG
IRVING G. BANGHART & CO. 431 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

The Flying Stag Plays No. 2
NIGHT *by* **JAMES OPPENHEIM**
The plays in this series will include the best productions of the *Washington Square Players*, the *Provincetown Players*, the *Greenwich Village Players* and others. To be published monthly.
35 cents per copy. $3 a year.
Published by EGMONT ARENS at the
Washington Square Book Shop
Send for our Drama List 17 West 8th Street, New York

50 Books on the War at Bargain Prices
War books by Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Pierre Loti, and John Reed are among the 750 titles in our newly issued *Catalogue of Book Bargains*. Recent fiction, travel books, and works of almost every description from our overstock are also included—all at considerable reductions from original prices.
FREE ON REQUEST
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK At 26th St.

Maktoub. By Mathew Craig. 12mo, 417 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Nobody's Child. By Elizabeth Dejeans. With frontispiece, 12mo, 340 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

The Wolf Patrol. By John Finnemore. With frontispiece, 12mo, 300 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

His Official Fiancée. By Berta Ruck. 12mo, 323 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The Three of Hearts. By Berta Ruck. Illustrated, 12mo, 268 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40.

Simba. By Edward Stewart White. 12mo, 332 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

Boy Woodburn. By Alfred Ollivant. With frontispiece, 12mo, 383 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

The Flame. By Olive Wadsley. 12mo, 384 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40.

Long Ever Ago. By Rupert Hughes. With frontispiece, 12mo, 302 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.40.

Fanatic or Christian? By Helen Martin. 12mo, 307 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

The Threshold. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. With frontispiece, 12mo, 353 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

The Source. By Clarence Budington Kelland. With frontispiece, 12mo, 312 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.40.

The Unseen Hand. By Clarence Herbert New. Illustrated, 12mo, 376 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

The House of Whispers. By William Johnston. Illustrated, 12mo, 292 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.40.

Love and Hatred. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 12mo, 365 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.40.

The Rod of the Snake. By Vere Shortt and Frances Mathews. 12mo, 310 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.

The Road That Led Home. By Will E. Ingersoll. With frontispiece, 12mo, 308 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.35.

Making Her His Wife. By Corra Harris. Illustrated, 12mo, 283 pages. Doubleday, Page Co. $1.30.

Vicky Van. By Carolyn Wells. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 304 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.35.

Ninety-Six Hours Leave. By Stephen McKenna. 12mo, 305 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Country Air. By L. P. Jacks. 12mo, 233 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

Gradiva. A Pompeiian Fancy. By Wilhelm Jensen. Translated by Helen M. Downey. 12mo, 118 pages. Moffatt, Yard & Co. $1.25.

The Red Cross Barge. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 12mo, 211 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

The Best Short Stories of 1917, and the Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. 12mo, 600 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

Taras Bulba, and Other Stories. By Nicolai V. Gogol. Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys. 16mo, 311 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

Skinner's Big Idea. By Henry Irving Dodge. 12mo, 80 pages. Harper & Bros. 50 cts.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Elements of Constructive Philosophy. By J. S. Mackenzie. 8vo, 487 pages. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

The Psychology of the Future. By Emile Boirac. Translated and edited by W. de Kerlor. Illustrated, 8vo, 322 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

Dynamic Psychology. By Robert Sessions Woodworth. 12mo, 210 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.50.

A History of the Christian Church. By Williston Walker. 8vo, 624 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Jewish Theology. Systematically and Historically Considered. By Dr. K. Kohler. 12mo, 505 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

If a Man Die. By J. D. Jones. 12mo, 180 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.

The Last Days of Jesus Christ. By Lyman Abbott. 16mo, 100 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

The Christian Church. What of Its Future? By John D. Rockefeller, Jr. 16mo, 24 pages. Reprinted from the Saturday Evening Post. Paper.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

Education and Social Direction

It is not surprising that many persons in the United States who are accustomed to think of themselves as belonging to the "upper" and therefore rightfully ruling class, and who are impressed by the endurance and resistance of Germany in the war, should look with envious admiration upon the Prussian system of authoritarian education. To suppose however that they desire a direct importation of the German system of autocratic power and willing submissiveness in order to secure the discipline and massive order of Germany, is to make a blunder. They see America retaining its familiar traditions; for the most part they would be sincerely shocked at a suggestion of surrender of democratic habits. What they see in their fancy is an America essentially devoted to democratic ideals and rising to the service of these ideals with a thoroughness, a unanimity, an efficiency and ordered discipline which they imagine would be secured by a judicious adoption of German methods. Since they do not perceive the interdependence of ends and means, or of purposes and methods, their error is intellectual rather than perversely immoral. They are stupid rather than deliberately disloyal.

It is one of the many merits of Veblen's most enlightening book on Imperial Germany that he makes clear the high human cost of the envied German habit. Under modern conditions social automatism is not automatically self-sustaining. It represents a delicate and complicated piece of machinery which can be kept in proper working order only by immense pains. The obedient mind is not a thing which can be achieved by the segregated means of school discipline alone. All the resources of all social institutions have to be centred upon it without let-up. "It can be maintained only by unremitting habituation, discipline sagaciously and relentlessly directed to this end." Successful warfare, the effects of warlike preparation, and indoctrination with warlike arrogance are more necessary than the technique of the class room. Only "bureaucratic surveillance and unremitting interference in the private life" of subjects can, in the face of the disintegrating tendencies of contemporary industry and trade, develop that "passionate aspiration for subservience" which is a marked feature of the Prussian diathesis. If we look these facts in the face, we shall quickly see the romanticism of any proposal to secure the German type of disciplined efficiency and of patient and persistent "industry" by borrowing a few features of the personal relation of teacher and pupil and installing them in the school. Only an occasional pedagogical Dogberry can rise to the level of a New York school administrator who would secure permanent good loyal citizenship by "teaching [sic] instinctive obedience" in the schools.

Taken in this crude form, the desire to Prussianize the disciplinary methods of American schools is too incoherent and spasmodic to constitute a serious danger. A serious danger there is, however, and it lies in the confused thinking which such efforts stimulate and strengthen. The danger lies not in any likelihood of success. Save here and there and for a brief period, the attempts run hopelessly counter to the trend of countless social forces. The danger is that the vague desire and confused thought embodied in them will cover up the real problems involved in securing an effectively loyal democratic citizenship, and distract attention from the constructive measures required to develop the kind of social unity and social control required in a democracy. For the whole tendency of current lamentations over the failure of American education to secure social integration and effective cohesion, is to put emphasis upon the futile and irritating relations of personal authority and per-

sonal subjection, or else upon the regulative power of blind engrained habits, whose currency presupposes an authoritative deus ex machina behind the scenes to supply the ends for which the habits are to work. And anybody who hasn't put his soul to sleep with the apologetics of soporific "idealism" knows that at the present time the power which would fix the ends to which the masses would be habituated is the economic class which has a selfish interest in the exercise of control. To cater to this class by much talk of the importance of discipline, obedience, habituation, and by depreciation of initiative and creative thought as socially dangerous, may be a quick path to favor. But it represents an ignobility of spirit which is peculiarly out of place in an educator, who above all others is called upon to keep his supreme interest sensitively human.

Unfortunately there is much in the tradition of what is regarded as scientific sociology which lends itself, unwittingly, to such base uses. Sociological science inherited a basic error from the older political science, and has too often devoted itself to a pompous dressing-out of solutions of a problem resting upon a "fact" which isn't a fact. It has taken as its chief problem how individuals who are (supposedly) non-social become socialized, how social control becomes effective among individuals who are naturally hostile to it. The basic supposition is, of course, mythological. Docility, desire for direction, love for protective control are stronger original traits of human nature than is insubordination or originality. The scales are always weighted in favor of habituation and against reflective thought. Routine is so easy as to be "natural," and initiative is so difficult as to require the severe discipline of art. But the sociological antithesis of the individual and the social has invaded educational thought and is employed by the pedagogue to defend unintelligent convention, unexamined tradition, and to feed the irritable vanity of that petty tyrant, the educational administrator, who learns by study of the new sociological pedagogy that the exercise of his personal authority is in reality an exemplar of the great problem of sociology—the "social control" of the unregenerate, unsocialized individual.

This thoughtless sociology does something, however, even more harmful than the rationalization of mere personal authority. It serves to justify the laziness, the intellectual inertia, of the educational routineer. The latter finds it easier, say, to rely upon books than to make himself a well informed man at first hand. He is solemnly told that textbooks socialize the pupil, for they embody the intellectual heritage of the race. He then puts to one side the onerous task of achieving any personal originality in the subjects he teaches, lest he might fire his students with "individualism" having socially disastrous consequences. An uneasy intellectual conscience tells a teacher that in his methods he is following the lines of least resistance furnished by school customs which he has unreflectively picked up. But he is consoled by being told that thinking merely develops individualism, that custom is the great social balance wheel. And far be it from him to undermine the sanctities of institutionalized habit by a little adventure in personal reflection. He has a sense that his ways of dealing with pupils are external and perfunctory. He feels that if he took pains to acquaint himself with the scientific methods of gaining insight into human nature and applied himself with sympathy to understanding it in its immense diversity, he might be able to work from the inside to release potentialities instead of from the outside to impose conventionalities. But then the solemn guardian of "social control" comes along and warns him of the "social" value of respect for authority as such, and the dangers of "catering" to individuality. A scientific excuse for natural laziness and ignorance can go a long way.

The worst of all this, I repeat, is that it leaves problems which are pressing untouched and ignores the urgent need for the particular kind of social direction fitted to a democratic society—the direction which comes from heightened emotional appreciation of common interests and from an understanding of social responsibilities, an understanding to be secured only by experimental and personal partici-

pation in the conduct of common affairs. At this point the antithesis between individual and social ceases to be merely silly. It becomes dangerous. For the unsolved problem of democracy is the construction of an education which will develop that kind of individuality which is intelligently alive to the common life and sensitively loyal to its common maintenance. It is not an antithesis of social control and individual development which our education requires. We want that type of education which will discover and form the kind of individual who is the intelligent carrier of a social democracy—social indeed, but still a democracy.

JOHN DEWEY.

The University and Democracy

Though personalities and institutional jealousies thrust themselves into the field of academic controversy, those who really care most about the future of the university in America must ignore them. They must keep for guidance one ideal—the orderly and progressive development of democracy in the United States. Whether this college professor is unworthy of his calling, or that college president is clearly lacking in courage and understanding, is of slight moment. Solemn before us is the future of our country—war against the German menace to civilization; the impending, nay existing, struggles between capital and labor; grave problems of efficient government; the abolition of undeserved poverty; the call for science and service, for the counsel and advice of the wisest and best, of the unafraid and the unbought. At bottom and forever, the question of academic freedom is the question of intellectual and spiritual leadership in American democracy. Those who lead and teach, are they free, fearless, and worthy of trust? If they fain would lead the people, do they lead under the eye of eternity or under the eye of the trustees' committee on salaries, pensions, and promotions? If they find through research and mature thought that a popular movement is full of peril can they say so and command, as known freemen, the respect of the masses? When they face the questioning multitude, whose whimsies and fallacies they would overbear, do they encounter distrust and contempt or high esteem and confidence?

Everywhere the tide of democracy comes in. Ancient China struggles for a republic. The crown of the Romanoffs is in the dust. Labor rises higher and higher in the scale of power. The agrarians are astir once more. Great hopes shine in at the Eastern door, but who knows what trials or what disasters await? The wrath of man may praise God, but it cannot manage an industry or conduct a government. It may pull down such pillars of order and justice as we have now erected, and leave—dust and ashes. Every student of democracy, every enlightened socialist familiar with history, knows that popular uprisings may lead to ruin as well as to higher things. The fate of republics, democracies, and empires teaches us this. The wise Aristotle learned it centuries ago.

When the fierce light of popular inquiry beats upon our institutions of government and property after the great war is over, where is to be found the trusted leadership that can guide and mould the forces that may upbuild—or destroy—civilization? What can wisdom accomplish if it is regarded with suspicion and distrust? How can the calm voice of reason prevail if it is known to be modulated to suit the whims of paymasters who come once a month to see that their servants have obeyed orders? And if our universities are to be distrusted by the people whose labor of hand and brain supports them, whether they be public or private, why should educational incomes and endowments be maintained? A democracy that suspects will disestablish and disendow. The smug security afforded by the Dartmouth College case will avail little against a people demanding services from those who have privileges. Loud professions of self-approved righteousness will become merely amusing. Those who behold as well as those who perform the auguries will laugh, and the day of undoing will come.

Intimately related to this greater question of spiritual leadership is the effect of trustee guardianship upon the class of men who will seek academic positions. President Lowell has called our attention sharply to this point. Men who love the smooth and easy will turn to teaching. As long as they keep silent on living issues, their salaries will be secure. It will not be important that they should arouse and inspire students in the class room. They need not be teachers. They are asked to be only purveyors of the safe and insignificant. Afraid of taking risks, they will shrink into timid pusillanimity. Risking nothing, they will make no mistakes; risking nothing, they will accomplish nothing. Perfunctory performance of statutory duties will bring the pay check. They may sit in the chimney corner and curse the trustees and president and even laugh at capitalists, providing they laugh softly. Men of will, initiative, and inventiveness, not afraid of falling into error in search for truth, will shun such a life of futile lubricity, as the free woman avoids the harem. Undoubtedly it will be possible to fill all vacant chairs and keep the number of "learned" publications up-to-date; but to what purpose? That the belly may be full, the mind slothful with paid and pensioned ease? Those who have the great passion to create, to mould, to lead, to find new paths will look upon the university professorship as an unclean thing, or at best no thing to challenge their hope and courage.

We have before us two ideals. According to one of them, a board of trustees, who meet for an hour or two once a month or once every three months, will assume full and undivided responsibility "as to whether the influence of a given teacher is injurious to private morals or dangerous to public order and security." They will guarantee the intellectual output of their factory to be 100 per cent pure. Any member of their institution who teaches or writes, either as a professor or as a citizen, will have their stamp as to the correctness of his views. The professors' commodities will bear the trade-mark of the firm. The teachers are to be relieved of moral responsibility. As long as they are retained, they are pure. The trustees get what they pay for, and the teacher delivers standardized goods.

To many a simple mind this seems sound enough. But let us examine the working of this doctrine. A great university has several hundred professors in all the known sciences and arts, from anthropologists, biologists, and chemists down through historians and political economists to zymotic disease experts. They speak a various language which only the adept understands. It is a matter of common knowledge that an expert can teach the most violent and subversive doctrines in technical terminology, which the students of the subject understand, but which would be as Greek to the average lawyer or business man. By spending a few hours a week or a month on censorship, however, the trustees are to guarantee that all the teachings of all the experts are pure, 100 per cent pure! Obviously, the advocates of the trade-marked academic article are amusing as well as Prussian. They can silence the coward and transform the frightened professor into a master of ingenious evasiveness. Having done this, they may be as smug as they like.

It is significant that this factory brand of learning, guaranteed pure, has been utterly rejected by the three leading journals that appeal to the intellectual classes of America—The Dial, "The Nation," and "The New Republic." The youth and the faith of America reject it. The American Association of University Professors rejects it, demanding that proceedings against any professor should be "in accord with the principle of faculty responsibility," and that the accused should have "a fair trial on those charges before either the judicial committee of the faculty or a joint committee composed of an equal number of professors and trustees."

One college president, among the first in the land, President Lowell of Harvard, has utterly rejected the childish philosophy of standardized learning. In fine and restrained language, revealing a clear vision and a firm grasp of the problem and its solution, President Lowell, in his report of December 12, 1917, enunciates the ideal which will command the hearty approval of the American people. It is to be re-

gretted that his classic statement cannot be reprinted here in full, but the two main points deserve repetition:

The teaching by the professor in his class room on the subjects within the scope of his chair ought to be absolutely free. He must teach the truth as he has found it and sees it. This is the primary condition of academic freedom, and any violation of it endangers intellectual progress.

On other questions and outside his class room the professor speaks as a citizen. Of the professor's rights as a citizen President Lowell says:

In spite, however, of the risk of injury to the institution, the objections to restraint upon what professors may say as citizens seem to me far greater than the harm done by leaving them free. In the first place, to impose upon the teacher in a university restrictions to which members of other professions . . . are not subjected, would produce a sense of irritation and humiliation. In accepting a chair under such conditions a man would surrender a part of his liberty; what he might say would be submitted to the censorship of a board of trustees, and he would cease to be a free citizen. . . Such a policy would tend seriously to discourage some of the best men from taking up the scholar's life. It is not a question of academic freedom, but of personal liberty from constraint, yet it touches the dignity of the academic career. . . If a university or college censors what its professors may say, if it restrains them from uttering something which it does not approve, it thereby assumes responsibility for that which it permits them to say. This is logical and inevitable, but it is a responsibility which an institution of learning would be unwise in assuming.

There is no more to be said. A scholar and a gentleman, commanding the confidence of the best men and women in America, secure in his own position as an intellectual leader, secure in his social position, secure in the splendid traditions of his university, has spoken in language that cannot be misunderstood. His report for 1917 will be the Magna Carta to which universities in all times and in all countries may turn for guidance in sound principles. No nobler word has been spoken in the present crisis; no greater promise of the future in America has been given.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

On Creating a Usable Past

There is a kind of anarchy that fosters growth and there is another anarchy that prevents growth, because it lays too great a strain upon the individual—and all our contemporary literature in America cries out of this latter kind of anarchy. Now, anarchy is never the sheer wantonness of mind that academic people so often think it; it results from the sudden unbottling of elements that have had no opportunity to develop freely in the open; it signifies, among other things, the lack of any sense of inherited resources. English and French writers, European writers in general, never quite separate themselves from the family tree that nourishes and sustains them and assures their growth. Would American writers have done so, plainly against their best interests, if they had had any choice in the matter? I doubt it, and that is why it seems to me significant that our professors continue to pour out a stream of historical works repeating the same points of view to such an astonishing degree that they have placed a sort of Talmudic seal upon the American tradition. I suspect that the past experience of our people is not so much without elements that might be made to contribute to some common understanding in the present, as that the interpreters of that past experience have put a gloss upon it which renders it sterile for the living mind.

I am aware, of course, that we have had no cumulative culture, and that consequently the professors who guard the past and the writers who voice the present inevitably have less in common in this country than anywhere in the Old World. The professors of American literature can, after all, offer very little to the creators of it. But there is a vendetta between the two generations, and the older generation seems to delight in cutting off the supplies of the younger. What actuates the old guard in our criticism and their energetic following in the university world is apparently no sort of desire to fertilize the present, but rather to shame the present with the example of the past. There is in their note an almost pathological vindictiveness when they compare the "poetasters of today" with certain august figures of the age of pioneering who have

long since fallen into oblivion in the minds of men and women of the world. Almost pathological, I say, their vindictiveness appears to be; but why not actually so? I think it is; and therefore it seems to me important, as a preliminary step to the reinterpretation of our literature, that we should have the reinterpretation of our professors that now goes merrily forward.

For the spiritual past has no objective reality; it yields only what we are able to look for in it. And what people find in literature corresponds precisely with what they find in life. Now it is obvious that professors who accommodate themselves without effort to an academic world based like ours upon the exigencies of the commercial mind cannot see anything in the past that conflicts with a commercial philosophy. Thanks to his training and environment and the typically non-creative habit of his mind, the American professor by instinct interprets his whole field of learning with reference to the ideal not of the creative, but of the practical life. He does this very often by default, but not less conclusively for that. The teaching of literature stimulates the creative faculty but it also and far more effectually thwarts it, so that the professor turns against himself. He passively plays into the hands that underfeed his own imaginative life and permits the whole weight of his meticulous knowledge of the past to tip the beam against the living present. He gradually comes to fulfill himself in the vicarious world of the dead and returns to the actual world of struggling and miseducated mortals in the majestic raiment of borrowed immortalities. And he pours out upon that world his own contempt for the starveling poet in himself. That is why the histories of our literature so often end with a deprecating gesture at about the year 1890, why they stumble and hesitate when they discuss Whitman, why they disparage almost everything that comes out of the contemporary mind.

Now it is this that differentiates the accepted canon of American literature from those of the literatures of Europe, and invalidates it. The European professor is relatively free from these inhibitions; he views the past through the spectacles of his own intellectual freedom; consequently the corpus of inherited experience which he lays before the practicing author is not only infinitely richer and more inspiring than ours, but also more usable. The European writer, whatever his personal education may be, has his racial past, in the first place, and then he has his racial past *made available* for him. The American writer, on the other hand, not only has the most meager of birthrights but is cheated out of that. For the professorial mind, as I have said, puts a gloss upon the past that renders it sterile for the living mind. Instead of reflecting the creative impulse in American history, it reaffirms the values established by the commercial tradition; it crowns everything that has passed the censorship of the commercial and moralistic mind. And it appears to be justified because, on the whole, only those American writers who have passed that censorship have undergone a reasonably complete development and in this way entered what is often considered the purview of literary criticism.

What kind of literature it is that has passed that censorship and "succeeded" in this bustling commercial democracy of ours, we all know very well. It has been chiefly a literature of exploitation, the counterpart of our American life. From Irving and Longfellow and Cooper and Bryant, who exploited the legendary and scenic environment of our grandfathers, through the local colorists, who dominated our fiction during the intermediate age and to whom the American people accounted for artistic righteousness their own provincial quaintnesses, down to such living authors, congenial to the academic mind, as Winston Churchill, who exploits one after another the "problems" of modern society, the literature that has been allowed to live in this country, that has been imaginatively nourished, has been not only a literature acceptable to the mind that is bent upon turning the tangible world to account but a literature produced by a cognate process. Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman—there you have the exceptions, the *successful* exceptions; but they have survived not because of what they still offer us, but because they were hybrids, with enough pioneer instinct to pay their way among their contemporaries.

There is nothing to resent in this; it has been a plain matter of historic destiny. And historically predestined also is the professorial mind of today. But so is the revolt of the younger generation against the professorial mind. Aside from any personal considerations, we have the clearest sort of evidence that exploitation is alien to the true method of literature, if only because it produces the most lamentable effect on the exploiter. Look at the local colorists! They have all come to a bad end, artistically speaking. Is it necessary to recall the later work of Bret Harte after he had squeezed the orange of California? Or the lachrymosity of Mr. James Lane Allen's ghost revisiting the Kentucky apple tree from which he shook down all the fruit a generation ago? That is the sort of spectacle you have to accept complacently if you take the word of the professors that the American tradition in literature is sound and true; and the public in general does accept it complacently, because it is not averse to lachrymosity and cares nothing about the ethics of personal growth. But the conscientious writer turns aside in disgust. Seeing nothing in the past but an oblivion of all things that have meaning to the creative mood, he decides to paddle his own course, even if it leads to shipwreck.

Unhappily, the spiritual welfare of this country depends altogether upon the fate of its creative minds. If they cannot grow and ripen, where are we going to get the new ideals, the finer attitudes, that we must get if we are ever to emerge from our existing travesty of a civilization? From this point of view our contemporary literature could hardly be in a graver state. We want bold ideas, and we have nuances. We want courage, and we have universal fear. We want individuality, and we have idiosyncrasy. We want vitality, and we have intellectualism. We want emblems of desire, and we have Niagaras of emotionality. We want expansion of soul, and we have an elephantiasis of the vocal organs. Why? Because we have no cultural economy, no abiding sense of spiritual values, no body of critical understanding? Of course; that is the burden of all our criticism. But these conditions result largely, I think, from another condition that is, in part at least, remediable. The present is a void, and the American writer floats in that void because the past that survives in the common mind of the present is a past without living value. But is this the only possible past? If we need another past so badly, is it inconceivable that we might discover one, that we might even invent one?

Discover, invent a usable past we certainly can, and that is what a vital criticism always does. The past that Carlyle put together for England would never have existed if Carlyle had been an American professor. And what about the past that Michelet, groping about in the depths of his own temperament, picked out for the France of his generation? We have had our historians, too, and they have held over the dark backward of time the divining-rods of their imagination and conjured out of it what they wanted and what their contemporaries wanted—Motley's great epic of the self-made man, for instance, which he called "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." The past is an inexhaustible storehouse of apt attitudes and adaptable ideals; it opens of itself at the touch of desire; it yields up, now this treasure, now that, to anyone who comes to it armed with a capacity for personal choices. If, then, we cannot use the past our professors offer us, is there any reason why we should not create others of our own? The grey conventional mind casts its shadow backward. But why should not the creative mind dispel that shadow with shafts of light?

So far as our literature is concerned, the slightest acquaintance with other national points of view than our own is enough to show how many conceptions of it are not only possible but already exist as commonplaces in the mind of the world. Every people selects from the experience of every other people whatever contributes most vitally to its own development. The history of France that survives in the mind of Italy is totally different from the history of France that survives in the mind of England, and from this point of view there are just as many histories of America as there are nations to possess them. Go to England and you will discover that in English eyes "American literature" has become, while quite as

complete an entity as it is with us, an altogether different one. You will find that an entire scheme of ideas and tendencies has survived there out of the American past to which the American academic point of view is wholly irrelevant. This, I say, is a commonplace to anyone whose mind has wandered even the shortest way from home, and to travel in one's imagination from country to country, from decade to decade, is to have this experience indefinitely multiplied. Englishmen will ask you why we Americans have so neglected Herman Melville that there is no biography of him. Russians will tell you that we never really understood the temperament of Jack London. And so on and so on, through all the ramifications of national psychology. By which I do not mean at all that we ought to cut our cloth to fit other people. I mean simply that we have every precedent for cutting it to fit ourselves. Presumably the orthodox interpreters of our literature imagine that they speak for the common reason of humankind. But evidently as regards modern literature that common reason is a very subtle and precarious thing, by no means in the possession of minds that consider it a moral duty to impose upon the world notions that have long since lost their sap. The world is far too rich to tolerate this. When Matthew Arnold once objected to Sainte-Beuve that he did not consider Lamartine an important writer, Sainte-Beuve replied, "Perhaps not, but he is important *for us.*" Only by the exercise of a little pragmatism of that kind, I think, can the past experience of our people be placed at the service of the future.

What is important for us? What, out of all the multifarious achievements and impulses and desires of the American literary mind, ought we to elect to remember? The more personally we answer this question, it seems to me, the more likely we are to get a vital order out of the anarchy of the present. For the impersonal way of answering it has been at least in part responsible for this anarchy, by severing the warm artery that ought to lead from the present back into the past. To approach our literature from the point of view not of the successful fact but of the creative impulse, is to throw it into an entirely new focus. What emerges then is the desire, the aspiration, the struggle, the tentative endeavor, and the appalling obstacles our life has placed before them. Which immediately casts over the spiritual history of America a significance that, for us, it has never had before.

Now it is impossible to make this approach without having some poignant experience of the shortcomings, the needs, and the difficulties of our literary life as it is now conditioned. Its anarchy is merely a compound of these, all of which are to be explained not so much by the absence of a cultural past as by the presence of a practical one. In particular, as I have said, this anarchy results from the sudden unbottling of elements that have had no opportunity to develop freely in the open. Why not trace those elements back, analyzing them on the way, and showing how they first manifested themselves, and why, and what repelled them? How many of Theodore Dreiser's defects, for example, are due to an environment that failed to produce the naturalistic mind until the rest of the world had outgrown it and given birth to a more advanced set of needs? And there is Vachel Lindsay. If he runs to sound and color in excess and for their sake voids himself within, how much is that because the life of a Middle Western town sets upon those things an altogether scandalous premium? Well, there you have two of the notorious difficulties of contemporary authorship; and for all that our successful tradition may say, difficulties like those have been the death of our creative life in the past. The point for us is that they have never prevented the creative impulse from being born. Look back and you will see, drifting in and out of the books of history, appearing and vanishing in the memoirs of more aggressive and more acceptable minds, all manner of queer geniuses, wraith-like personalities that have left behind them sometimes a fragment or so that has meaning for us now, more often a mere eccentric name. The creative past of this country is a limbo of the non-elect, the fathers and grandfathers of the talent of today. If they had had a little of the sun and rain that fell so abundantly upon the Goliaths of nineteenth-century philis-

tinism, how much better conditioned would their descendants be!

The real task for the American literary historian, then, is not to seek for masterpieces—the few masterpieces are all too obvious—but for tendencies. Why did Ambrose Bierce go wrong? Why did Stephen Crane fail to acclimatize the modern method in American fiction twenty years ago? What became of Herman Melville? How did it happen that a mind capable of writing "The Story of a Country Town" should have turned up thirty years later with a book like "Success Easier Than Failure"? If we were able to answer the hundred and one questions of this sort that present themselves to every curious mind, we might throw an entirely new face not only over the past but over the present and the future also. Knowing that others have desired the things we desire and have encountered the same obstacles, and that in some degree time has begun to face those obstacles down and make the way straight for us, would not the creative forces of this country lose a little of the hectic individualism that keeps them from uniting against their common enemies? And would this not bring about, for the first time, that sense of brotherhood in effort and in aspiration which is the best promise of a national culture?

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

The Creative and Efficiency Concepts of Education

Since Germany has evolved the best known methods of attaining industrial efficiency, and since the German schools have played a leading part in that attainment, our own business men often argue that—for patriotic reasons—the German system of industrial education should be given a trial in the United States. If the system were introduced here it is, of course, not certain that it would be effective; we can by no means be sure that it would produce wage earners readier for service, more single purposed in their industrial activity than they now are. In Germany it was a comparatively simple matter for the schools to prepare the children for effective and efficient service. For when the modern system of industry, with its own characteristic enslavement, was imposed ready-made upon the German people their psychology was still a feudal psychology. Unlike the Anglo-Saxon, the German has not experienced the liberating effects of the political philosophy which developed along with modern technology in both England and America.

First, then, it is not certain that the system of German industrial education, if introduced into this country, would succeed. Second, if it did succeed, is it the sort of education that America wants? Let us see.

As a requisite of efficiency, Germany classified its people; gave them a definite place in the scheme of things and rigidly held them there. By circumscribing the experiences of individuals and by producing specialists, the scheme both increased production and aided the dynastic purposes of the Empire. This classification and training of the people was naturally the work of the schools. The sorting begins in the elementary schools at the early age of ten. The child's social position is determined at that time. It is decided then whether the child shall enter the great army of wage earners or whether he shall be trained for one of the several vocations higher than that of the common laborer. This tolling off of children at the age of ten—the assigning of them to a place for life in the social scheme—is not American in spirit or purpose. To be sure, our habit of letting children escape into life with their places undetermined has made difficulties for our promoters of industry. These difficulties in Germany were avoided in exact proportion to the elimination of the workers' chances of escape from their predestined position. Avenues of escape from jobs because they are uncongenial are effectively denied, and apparently to the German they are acceptably denied. The German has no pressing sense of the need to experiment with life. Compulsory attendance at a continuation trade school is required of all German children between the ages of four-

teen and eighteen years. It is this final moulding of each young person to fit a specific trade, which protects the German manufacturer and the national industrial efficiency as a whole against such vagaries as individual preference for this or that job. It is true that in no country do modern conditions of industry offer generous opportunity for individual preference. Yet when people's desire to choose for themselves is inhibited by such a scheme of national organization as obtains in Germany, their enslavement is assured.

Before the war the movement in America for industrial education, based on the German idea, was faltering in its progress because the German idea was essentially at variance with our national concepts and political institutions. Moreover, our promoters of the scheme were suspended between conflicting interests: industry, as it is actually administered, stultifies individual development, while the development of children necessitates some linking-up of the school with the world of work. The result is that as the system has been introduced in America it neither prostitutes the schools in the interest of industry, nor does it give the children the power through experience to meet the real problems of industry. In our industrial schools there is an elaboration of technology; there is, as well, its application to the general principles of physical science, industrial and political history, even to the æsthetics of industry. But all of these attempts have emphasized the absence of the really significant factors.

These factors are those which give men the ability to control industry. After all, no work in the subject matter of industry is educational which does not in intention or in fact give the persons involved the ability to participate in the administration of industry. Even the best of schemes for industrial education have so far left the pupils helpless before their subject. As they furnish them with a certain dexterity and acquaintance with the processes and a supply of subject matter necessarily more or less isolated, the pupils gain more the sense of the power of the subject to control them, than an experience in their power to master the subject.

It is often suggested that civilization demands the elimination of machinery and the division of labor. In a spirit of weariness we are sometimes told that we must retrace our steps and go back to craftsmanship and guilds. But it is idle to talk about going back or eliminating institutionalized features of society. We cannot go back, we have not the ability to discard this or that part of our environment except as we make it over. This making over might be vitalized by methods which belonged to earlier periods. But neither the methods nor the periods, we can safely say, will live again. Neither our own nor future generations will escape the influence of modern technology. It will play its part. It may be a part which will lead away from some of the destructive influences which developed in the era of craftsmanship—and which dominate the present era.

In machine production and in the division of labor there are emotional and intellectual possibilities which were nonexistent in the earlier and simpler methods of production. As the power latent in inorganic matter has been freed and applied to common needs, an environment has been evolved, filled with situations incomparably more dramatic and significant than the provincial affairs of detached peoples and communities. But technological subject matter, rich in opportunities for associated adventure and discovery, is not a part of common experience. But isolated as it is, it exists, and if released for common experimentation, it is fit matter for making science a vital experience in everyday life. And since capital—and, up to the present time, labor—has failed to make industry an expansive experience, it becomes the business of educators, concerned with the growth of individuals, to cultivate the field.

If educators regard such opportunities for growth with sufficient jealousy, they will not wait for industry to emerge with a new programme, or with a new system of production. They will of themselves initiate productive enterprises wherein young people will be free to gain first-hand experience in the problems of industry, as

those problems stand in relation to their own time and generation. The alliance of educators should be made with engineers and architects and those managers of industry who, through experience and training, have made themselves the masters of applied science and of the economics of production. Engineers, not under the influence of business, are qualified to open up the creative aspects of production to the workers and convince them through their own experience that there are adventurous possibilities in industry outside the meagre offerings of pay-day. Mr. Robert Wolf is one of the engineers who is ready for the venture. He told the members of the Taylor Society that "scientific managers have not been scientific enough in dealing with this very important subject of stimulating the thinking and reasoning power of the workman, thereby making him self-reliant and creative." In describing the field in which practical engineers should operate he laid stress on their giving large space to the originating, choosing, adapting power in men and the direction of it into positive constructive channels—to men's self-consciousness of their place in the great scheme of things.

This conception of the field of operation for engineers also describes the field for educators. In the present industrial arrangement the latter have failed to seize the chance for the development of "the originating, choosing power" in the workingman because they have been obsessed by the business appreciation of the workingman's power of adaptation. It is because they labor under this obsession that they turn industrial education into industrial training whenever they include industry in their curricula. Educators know that there is adventure in industry, but they believe that the adventure is the rare property of a few. They believe this so finally that they surrender this great field of experience, with its priceless educational content, without reserving the right of such experience even for youth. They know, as we all do, that industrial problems carry those who participate in their solution into pure and applied science, into the study of the market for raw materials and finished products, into the search for unconquered wealth. They know that the marketing of goods is an extensive experience in the world of men and desires. They are not alone in their lack of courage in admitting that to limit this experience perverts normal desires and creates false ones. For the sake of education it is to be hoped that such engineers as Mr. Wolf may overcome the timidity of educators, and that in conjunction with men capable of productive enterprise they will undertake to give young people, not an experience which is tagged on to industry under the influence of profits, but an experience which is inspired by the desire to produce and the opportunity to develop the inspiration.

America is, of course, "different" from Germany. Yet so is our position in the world different from what it was. Our position is not now, nor could it be, precisely the German position. Our past is different, and that alone, if nothing else, will continuously have its effect on our future. But we are facing a great period of change, and the strongest forces in the country are the industrial forces, and the strongest leaders are the financial leaders. What the financiers and the industrial managers most want is efficient, docile labor. The German system of education, in spite of the fact that we are "different," might conceivably have that effect on the youth of the country. Under the pressure of industrial rivalry after the war, under the pressure of an imperial industrial policy, it might be that the people of the country would yield to the introduction of a scheme of education which had been proven elsewhere could better than any other known scheme fit children into a system of mass production.

It is clear that industry could set up models of behavior more successfully in the name of education than in its own, and to the extent American children come up to these models the more employable they would be from the standpoint of business. If the pressure is sufficiently strong, the people may yield to the introduction of a system of compulsory continuation schools similar to those of Germany. If they do, I believe they will eventually fail. But there is danger and loss of purpose in their introduction. The problem for American educators is the retention of our native

concept of experimental life and the attainment of standards of workmanship —the realization of the strength of associated effort, together with the advance of wealth production.

In conjunction with educators it is the business of engineers, architects, and others who know the releasing power of creative effort to make it clear to the people of the country that our industrial structure is built on a predatory concept instead of a creative one. They need to make clear that as capture is rewarded rather than work, as the possessive desire is stimulated and the productive impulse sacrificed, as employers of men and owners of machinery do not engage in production because of any interest in the process or the product, as wage earners hire out for the day's work and continue in their trade without interest in its development because, like their employers, they want the highest cash return—wealth exploitation has come to be synonymous in the minds of men with wealth creation. A creative concept which can survive and inhibit the predatory concept must rest upon a people's desire for productive experience, and their ability to associate together for that common end.

HELEN MAROT.

On the Breakwater

O breadth and beauty
And placid splendor of water,
How fierce
For all the smooth quiet,
Must be that secret sharpness of your waves' teeth
Eating the drowned earth.

What bar has man to your unresting purpose?
What are these pillars and high walls of wood
And heaped stone
Before the advancement of your soft delicate
Most subtle entrances?

These jagged rocks,
This chained solidity of beams,
And forged bands,
What is their strength against your patient
Ceaseless tireless
Pushing, pushing, pushing
Of multitudinous impact?

HELEN HOYT.

Our Paris Letter

"This book is an act of faith in and love for that Greek and Latin tradition, all wisdom and beauty, outside of which there is but error and confusion." This epitome of the creed of Anatole France is quoted from his few lines of preface to "Le Génie Latin," of which a "new edition revised by the author" (Calmann-Lévy, Paris) lies before me. The whole work of Anatole France—his whole outlook on life—is inspired by that tradition; no faith has been more operant than his. He is lineally descended from the great French classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, through them from Rabelais, and ultimately from the Greek and Latin founders of European civilization. "The France of Montesquieu and of Voltaire—that is the great, the true, France," I heard him say in a speech at London in 1913: to that France he himself belongs.

There is a reaction at present against a classical education; it has some justification. Most of us wasted our time at school on Latin and Greek, since we spent several years in their almost exclusive study and learned neither of them. Few men when they leave school, or even when they leave the university, can read with ease or pleasure Horace or Vergil, Homer or Sophocles in the originals, or have the least desire ever to open a Greek or Latin book again. The result of a classical education in most cases is a hearty dislike for the classics. But I cannot admit that a knowledge of Greek and Latin civilization and culture is useless; a knowledge of the sources of our civilization cannot but be useful. The fault of a classical education is that as a rule it does not give that knowledge. We cannot return to Greek or Latin civilization and we do not want to, but they are part of our heritage and, even if it may not be necessary to read Greek and Latin authors in their own tongues—although it is always an advantage to read an author in the original—they should remain an integral part of our instruction.

As Anatole France says in the remaining lines of the preface just quoted, "we owe everything—philosophy, art, science, jurisprudence—to Greece and to her conquerors whom she conquered. The ancients, yet living, teach us still." They have, indeed, still much to teach us. The modern world is the result of a return to the Greek tradition after its normal development had been arrested by a reaction which kept back human

progress for centuries. Unfortunately, thanks to Martin Luther, the Renaissance itself was arrested by another reaction and I doubt whether, in all respects, we have yet covered the lost ground or quite caught up with the Greeks. We need not, therefore, be too proud to learn from them. It is not my experience that a real knowledge of the classics makes men reactionary or even conservative. Is not Anatole France himself a Socialist and, at the age of seventy-three, in the vanguard of contemporary thought? One might, indeed, say that the two permanent currents in human thought are represented by the Greek tradition on the one hand and the Catholic or medieval on the other.

To review at length "Le Génie Latin" would be superfluous. Readers of Anatole France know it already and are aware that it is among the slighter of his works. I have not made a detailed comparison of the revised with the original edition, but I can see that the revision has been thorough; there are many changes, and the result is a perfected work. The short essay of ten pages on "Daphnis and Chloë," with which the book begins, is a fine piece of criticism which exposes the artistic skill of the unknown author of that ancient love story. The other essays of which the book is composed are for the most part biographical; the exceptions are the interesting discussion of La Fontaine's vocabulary and the appreciations of Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe" and of Sainte-Beuve's poetry, the latter particularly important. But the biographies contain incidental passages of searching criticism and characteristic flashes of inimitable irony. "Beware of those that are hard on themselves," says the author in the essay on Paul Scarron, "they will illtreat you by mistake." The essays on Scarron and on the Abbé Prévost are perhaps among the most interesting, partly because the subjects are eminently suited to Anatole France, partly because we know less about Scarron and Prévost than about Molière, Racine, Chateaubriand, and some of the others whom the author has chosen as subjects. Few men have had so extraordinary a career as the Benedictine author of "Manon Lescaut," a prolific writer with a dangerous facility, who produced his one masterpiece by accident, throwing it off in a few weeks as a supplement to his plethoric and rambling "Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité." To its author "Manon Lescaut" was a trifle, and it has made him immortal. Of all the essays in "Le Génie Latin," however, that on Bernardin de Saint-Pierre seems to me the most characteristic and the most entirely successful; it is an appreciation of remarkable justice and critical insight. One need not at this time of day praise the style of Anatole France, which makes what he writes a pleasure to read for the sheer beauty of the language. French prose at its best has no equal, and he writes French prose at its best.

The sumptuous limited edition of the story of Hassan Badreddine, illustrated by M. Kees van Dongen (Les Editions de la Sirène, 12 *bis* rue La Boétie, Paris), is beyond the reach of many purses, for the lowest price at which it can be obtained is $100. M. van Dongen's drawings are distinguished by a firm line and remarkable decorative design; they are, moreover, inspired by the spirit of the "Thousand and One Nights" and their Oriental flavor is natural and sincere. M. van Dongen has also designed the book itself, so that there is a harmony between the drawings and the printed page which produces an artistic whole. The artist has evidently found a means of expression peculiarly suited to his very personal talent and he should continue on this path. The text of the story is that of Dr. J. C. Mardrus's French translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," the best in the language. The book is beautifully printed in a fine font of type by Lahure, and the reproductions are unusually successful, especially those in color. The hundred pages of black and white drawings are printed from blocks by Demoulin Frères, and M. J. Saudé is responsible for the seven reproductions of water colors.

The new monthly publication called "Les Cahiers Britanniques et Américains" (Georges-Bazille, 16 rue Taitbout, Paris) is an attempt to familiarize the French public with English and American authors which deserves success. The third number, just published, is an excellent translation by M. Georges-Bazille of Mr. Stephen Leacock's essay on American humor. Each number costs 1 fr. 50 and it is not possible of course to present the translation of a long book for that price, especially in war time; but the object of the "Cahiers" is to introduce the public to short stories, essays, and so on that have not yet been translated into French.

Bolo has been convicted and condemned to death in order, as the public prosecutor said at the beginning of his speech at the trial, to "give satisfaction to public opinion"; but most lawyers are not satisfied with the evidence of treason. There can be no doubt that he obtained money

from the German Government, but he used about half of it to finance "jusqu'auboutiste" propaganda and put the rest in his own pocket. He gave money to the committee for annexing the left bank of the Rhine, but not a sou did he ever give to "pacifist" or "défaitiste" propaganda. All the witnesses for the prosecution, with one shady exception, said that they had never heard from Bolo any but the most patriotic sentiments, and there was not the smallest evidence of any connection on his part with any but ultra-patriotic movements. Unless it is treasonable to advocate the annexation of the left bank of the Rhine and war to the bitter end, it is difficult to see where the treason comes in. It is clear that Bolo, being in need of money, jumped at the chance of getting it which was afforded by M. Charles Humbert's desire to find $1,100,000 for the "Journal." He got more than double that sum from Germany on the pretext of influencing the press, and did not use quite half of the total in financing newspapers. The case is one of common swindling. M. Charles Humbert has been arrested, also perhaps in order to satisfy public opinion. Neither the Bolo trial nor that of certain wealthy capitalists accused of selling to Germany a chemical used in the manufacture of explosives increases one's confidence in trial by court-martial. The accused in the latter case were acquitted in the teeth of the evidence, and the public prosecutor almost asked for their acquittal.

The hunt for traitors continues and new "affairs" crop up every week. Last week we had a sensational story of the discovery of a "nest of spies" at St. Etienne, the great industrial centre which M. Briand represents in the Chamber. The chief conspirator was a German officer who, by some mysterious means, had obtained a *permis de séjour* and was running a café at St. Etienne; a cipher correspondence was seized and there seemed to be all the material of a first-rate spy novel. Alas! the German officer has turned out to be a French citizen of Alsatian descent and the cipher correspondence relates to the "White Slave" traffic and to the smuggling of absinthe, which are the chief occupations of the persons arrested. The press has hastily dropped the matter and the St. Etienne newspapers are making rude remarks about M. Clemenceau.

Much more serious is the organized campaign to discredit French public men and, with them, the Republic itself. After the Caillaux affair we have now the Painlevé and Viviani affairs and, if their authors succeed in their object, M. Ribot and M. Briand will be the next victims. M. Viviani is violently attacked by the Royalist paper, the "Action Française," because during the last week of July, 1914 he very properly kept the French troops at a distance of some six and a quarter miles from the frontier to prevent any risk of frontier incidents. The "Action Française" asserts that the measure was taken at the suggestion of a German Socialist, who arrived in Paris on August 1 to confer with the French Socialists; whereas I myself was informed of it at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on July 30, 1914 and on that day M. Viviani mentioned it in a despatch to the French Ambassador at London (See No. 106 in the French Yellow Book, 1914). The attack on M. Viviani is grotesque, but so deplorable a state of mind has been created by the treason hunt that people are ready to suspect anybody and to scent traitors everywhere.

There are two accusations against M. Painlevé. One of them—that he tried to hush up the Bolo affair—he easily disposed of in a short and dignified speech in the Chamber on February 2. He was loudly applauded by the whole of the Left, especially when he said that there was an organized conspiracy to discredit the Republic by discrediting every successive Prime Minister since the war, "except the last." He might have added that the very people who now attack him wanted to hush up the Bolo affair because Bolo was on their side in politics and discovered that it was a "vast plot" only when they discovered that Bolo knew M. Caillaux. The other and much more serious charge against M. Painlevé is that he stopped the French offensive last April just when it was going to be a success. This story, embellished with a wealth of fictitious details, has reached the American public through the medium of a popular weekly. It is quite untrue, and it is of course equally untrue that there was ever the slightest chance that "the war might have ended with an Allied military victory before Christmas Day"—why not before May 1, since it appears that "the end of the German invasion in France seemed at hand"? I am sure that the writer of the article in which these absurd statements occurred cannot have realized what harm such assertions might do to Franco-American relations by leading the American public to believe that the French Government had prevented an Allied victory. The internal evidence of the article itself should make

it quite clear by whom the writer was inspired, and the American public is certainly intelligent enough to understand that generals who have been removed for incompetence and for uselessly sacrificing French lives by their blunders naturally bear a grudge against the Minister who had the courage to do his duty by removing them. It is a great pity that France had not at the beginning of the war a Minister of War with the courage to act after the disasters of Charleroi and Morhange as M. Painlevé acted after the disastrous offensive of last April. Nothing is more convenient than to put the blame for one's own mistakes on to other people and generals find it convenient to put the blame on the "politicians" when things go wrong. It should be understood in America once and for all that the responsibility for the strategical and tactical blunders which have cost the Allies so dear lies entirely with the military authorities. If the politicians have erred it has been in giving the military too free a hand.

Paris has been deluged with copies of the American magazine containing this grossly unjust attack on M. Painlevé and French readers of the article in question have been painfully surprised at the callous way in which the writer of it speaks of French losses. It appears to be to him a light matter whether a few thousand Frenchmen more or less are sacrificed. Perhaps if he himself were at the front, or even if the United States had had about 1,700,000 men killed in the war, he would think differently. Over here we do not like people who are bellicose in arm-chairs and risk other people's lives with a light heart; there are still a good many such people in France and they are very unpopular, especially at the front. I am sure that the writer of the article in question does not represent American opinion, but such articles are nevertheless extremely mischievous. They unwittingly help to undo the good that is being done by President Wilson's policy.

Mr. Wilson is now extremely popular in France. His last speech to Congress was hailed as a welcome contrast to the Note of the Versailles Council, which was very badly received by the mass of the French people. The "Pays" described the Versailles Note as "a fresh declaration of war" and that was the prevailing opinion about it. It is not a fresh declaration of war that the French or any other people in Europe wants just now. It is not too much to say that the French people pins its hope of peace to a great extent on President Wilson and was immensely relieved to learn that he had no responsibility for the Versailles Note. In fact, the American Ambassador did not attend any of the Varsailles meetings; a secretary of the Embassy was present at them, or some of them, but only as an observer; he did not take part in the discussions or decisions. The decision of the Inter-Allied Socialist Conference held in London last week to send a delegation to Mr. Wilson shows what confidence is felt in him by the mass of the people in all the Allied countries. The delegation will also probably visit Mr. Gompers and enlighten him in regard to the European situation. [Since Mr. Dell's letter was received, this delegation has been appointed.—Ed.] Astonishment was caused by a report in the press that he had telegraphed to Mr. Henderson that the Inter-Allied Conference was inspired by German influences. Mr. Henderson has explained that the report was false and that the telegram received by him contained no such statement, but it has since been reported that Mr. Gompers has declared that peace cannot be made until France and Belgium have been evacuated by the Germans. Everybody here is, of course, agreed that complete evacuation is an essential condition of peace, but that is quite a different matter. Nobody now imagines that complete evacuation will precede peace negotiations. A few jingo papers may applaud such utterances as that attributed to Mr. Gompers, but they make a very bad impression on the general public in France.

May I, without giving offense, beg Americans to be careful what they say about such matters? They need not be more exacting than the French people. I am neither an American nor a Frenchman, but I have been deeply attached all my life both to France and to America and I believe that it is through France that America can most easily get into touch with Europe. That is why I venture to make this suggestion. The Washington correspondent of the London "Times" recently said that it was the growing opinion in America that it would not be to the "interest" of the United States that the war should end soon. The effect over here of such statements as that is deplorable. President Wilson knows how to appeal to the French people and, indeed, to all the belligerent peoples of Europe; questions of war aims and peace conditions had much better be left to him.

The unanimity of the Inter-Allied Socialist Conference at London is a great step in advance

if, as there is good reason to hope, it proves to be real and not merely verbal. The Socialist party in every belligerent country has hitherto been paralyzed by internal dissension, but now the Socialists of all the Allied countries in Europe have unanimously declared in favor of an international conference. The delegates from the British Labor party who came to Paris just before the London conference are in great measure responsible for this happy result, particularly Mr. Henderson and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as is also M. Camille Huysmans, the able secretary of the Socialist International Bureau, who accompanied them. [M. Huysmans is the head of the delegation to America.—Ed.] They appealed to the French Socialists to sink their differences in order to get an international conference, and the appeal was heard. The memorandum on peace conditions, like all compromises, is not always very clear. For instance, the paragraph relating to Alsace-Lorraine contains some superfluous verbiage introduced to satisfy those that had previously objected to a consultation of the inhabitants, but its practical conclusion is in favor of leaving the future of Alsace-Lorraine to be decided by the inhabitants, which is the only just and reasonable course. There was some difficulty in obtaining agreement on this point at the National Council of the French Socialist party, which preceded the London conference, but it was obtained at last.

On questions of internal policy the French Socialist party is still sharply divided; one of the burning questions is whether the Socialist deputies shall continue to vote the war credits. At the National Council the delegates were just about equally divided on this point; one vote gave 1476 mandates for refusing war credits at once and 1461 for continuing to vote them at present. Ultimately the Council decided by 1548 mandates against 1415 to vote them for the present, but to reconsider the matter if the Government refused passports for an international conference. At present M. Clemenceau is believed to be opposed to giving passports, but the British Government is prepared to give them and so, I understand, is the Italian. M. Clemenceau at first refused permission to the delegates of the Italian official Socialist party to cross France in order to attend the London conference, although they had been given passports by their own government; but in consequence of a vigorous and unanimous protest by the French Socialists, backed by the British and Belgian delegates, he gave way and the Italian delegates went to London.

Nobody here blinks the fact that the military situation is very grave and that we are at the most critical and the darkest moment of the war. [Written, of course, before the present German offensive.—Ed.] The German triumph in Russia is a melancholy confirmation of M. Marcel Sembat's warning about the policy of refusing to "recognize" the Maximalist government. Allied diplomacy in regard to Russia has, unfortunately, been deplorably inefficient and it has a large share of the responsibility for the present disastrous state of affairs in that country. It was the bourgeois parties of the Ukraine who by making a separate peace betrayed Russia and forced the Maximalists to yield to Germany; those parties were actually subsidized by the French government, which sent a military mission to the Ukraine just before the separate peace was made. M. Clemenceau and M. Pichon were warned by everybody that knew Russia that they were making a mistake; but although M. Pichon was ready to listen to advice, M. Clemenceau was not. In particular, M. Maklakoff, the Russian Ambassador at Paris appointed by M. Milyoukoff and confirmed by M. Kerensky, implored M. Clemenceau to recognize the Maximalist government and warned him against trusting to the Ukranians. M. Maklakoff is a "Cadet" of the Right wing, who has not the least sympathy with the opinions or policy of M. Lenine and M. Trotzky, but he believed that it was to the interest both of Russia and of the Allies to recognize facts and that nothing but harm could be done by refusing to get into touch with the men that had the power in Russia. [There is a movement now on foot in France to recognize the Soviets' government. Seemingly, even M. Clemenceau now supports it.—Ed.]

The policy of the Allied governments, of which the results are now before us, closely resembles that of Burke in regard to Robespierre, against which Charles James Fox so eloquently but vainly protested. The speeches of Fox read as if they were delivered yesterday, so exactly do they apply to the present war. The adoption by England of the policy of Burke produced Napoleon and led to twenty years of war. Let us hope that the similar blunder of the Allies will not have a similar result.

Paris, March 6, 1918. Robert Dell.

Shades from the Tory Tomb

POLITICAL PORTRAITS. By Charles Whibley. Macmillan; $2.50.

Mr. Whibley has an excellent style and his book is in every sense entertaining, but he belongs to a bygone time and it is perhaps in that aspect that he most deserves analysis. For he belongs in reality to those great dead days when the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews decided the reputation of statesmen. Like the first-rate journalist, he has read the right books and has all the fitting anecdotes at his fingers' ends. He can retell what every one knows, with a certain fine simplicity that almost conceals the fact of its threadbare antiquity. He has all the splendid prejudices of Macaulay, and a genius for invective that has not a little of the arch-Whig's charm. Only, and this is for him of vital importance, he is definitely on the other side.

He likes the past. He clings to the venerable *umbrae nominis* we call Church and King and Aristocracy. He sniffs doughtily in the presence of dissenters. He can hardly breathe when a manufacturer obtrudes his personality into politics. He does not doubt that not Thomas Aquinas (as Acton said) but, in sober truth, the devil was the first Whig. He dispenses the kind of patriotism which consists in a loud-mouthed assertion of the superiority of your own country in every quality that makes life a thing worthy to be lived. He seems to have no hesitation in pronouncing that a very special Providence was good enough, somewhere about the time of Agincourt, to take charge of the destinies of England. He is certain that the rural arts are superior to the industrial. He likes the kind of world in which the workingman knows his proper place. He has the right sort of fine, literary contempt for the low hucksters of political wares. What he likes is the stern bluff soldier like the Duke of Wellington, or the haughty gout-tortured rhetorician like the Earl of Chatham. Of course he is a stern Protectionist; and he still gnashes his political teeth in anger when he thinks how Peel betrayed the country gentlemen in 1846. The strong silent man is his beau idéal of a ruler; except when, under the name of Frederick the Great, his strength—here, admittedly, tempered by garrulousness—goes to the enrichment of Germany. He wants his statesmen to look upon humanity with their tongues in their cheeks like that prince of ignoble tricksters, Talleyrand, or from a lofty and self-erected pinnacle like the younger Pitt. He hates men like Fox who think there may have been some right on the French side in 1792, or Cobden, who preached the mean commercialism of free trade to benefit his own pocket. For him the true civilization is neatly ordered into ranks and classes, and the coachman knows that he is inferior to the man inside the coach. He wants our gratitude for the Duke of Devonshire because he engaged in politics when he might have been at agricultural shows; or for Lord George Bentinck because he sold his stud to oppose the abolition of the sugar duties. It all has the fine air of a Hannah More turned Archbishop of Canterbury. The gait is masculine but mincing. The air is pleasant so long as you are content to rest on Olympus; but the sad fact is that there are valleys beneath and those valleys are the facts that Mr. Whibley most blithely avoids.

Not that he cannot give you the air of scholarship. He can quote you the long out-of-print book of Mr. Brewer on Henry VIII; though he flanks it by an admiring reference to an essay of Mr. Law's which is only a worthless piece of war-time bookmaking. That makes you suspect that Mr. Whibley's scholarship is rather of the drawing-room variety. It goes pleasantly, doubtless, at a fashionable dinner, or barks with a certain air of fantastic charm when the ladies have gone out and the cigars are lit. But Mr. Whibley is about as competent to interpret his story as a dinosaur. A man who can think of Charles James Fox only as a somewhat dishonest gamester of pleasing manners; a man who has the historic insolence solemnly to urge that Cobden favored corn law repeal for purely selfish reasons; who can exalt with enthusiasm Disraeli's treatment of Peel and never mention that Disraeli was at one time his sycophantic suppliant; who praises Bentinck's attitude on the sugar duties of 1846 and does not know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852 admitted that the Tory policy in that regard was one long economic mistake; who tells us in seeming seriousness that Wolsey was the government of England, and Henry a mere puppet, in the face of so solid and final a document as Professor Pollard's history; who can write twenty eulogistic pages on Clarendon and yet forbear to mention the hideous iniquity of the Clarendon Code; whose study of Metternich sees nothing of his lies, his trickery, his coldness, his utter incapacity for generous aspiration—this surely is

no trustworthy chronicler. His hero, if he has one, seems to be William Lamb, Lord Melbourne. Lamb was, indeed, kindly enough; but one of those cheap gamesters who treat politics as a branch of the hunting-field and are considered learned because they have read the classics is hardly material for a Pantheon. "He abhorred high-sounding talk," says Mr. Whibley, by which, if he means that Melbourne cared nothing for what was great and generous in his age, I judge that Mr. Whibley likes politicians who shift a twopenny tax on malt or alter the constitution of that kind of government board which never meets. "Born out of my due time," Mr. Whibley might well cry with a far different critic of his age, "why should I try to set the crooked straight?" It needs no assurance to urge Mr. Whibley to absolve himself from further efforts.

In the good old-fashioned days the man of letters was the timid dependent of a great lord. He published his books by subscription, and boasted of the names displayed in the list. He wrote sonnets to my lady on the birth of her eldest son, and Latin elegiacs to his Majesty on a fortunate recovery from a serious illness. He was adept in the gentle art of album-verses, the sly insertion of an asterisked paragraph in a morning paper. He frequented the clubs and carried rumor abroad. He was indispensable at a dinner-party when a desired guest failed in his response. He had always a smiling face for rank and income. Poor enough himself, no one treated with greater contumely the shivering curs who pressed their faces to the railings in Berkeley Square to catch a cheering glimpse of the radiance within. After middle age the gout afflicted him, and he retired to Bath or the Wells to support himself on whist and faded memories. A century has passed since then; and the Tory man of letters is independent. He curses the poor and the peaceful and the radical. He likes the glitter of Ascot and the mahogany magnificence of Pall Mall. He reads the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood's" and the "Morning Post," and chuckles over the fine logic of Mr. W. H. Mallock. He discusses port and the latest bishopric and the deterioration of our times. He sees with disturbed distress radicals as prime ministers, heretics as bishops, scientists as heads of colleges. Yet, in a sense, he is the most fortunate of mortals; for he does not know that he is dead.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Oxford Spirit

OUR RENAISSANCE: ESSAYS ON THE REFORM AND REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES. By Henry Browne, S.J. Longmans, Green; $2.60.

VALUE OF THE CLASSICS. Edited by Dean Andrew F. West. Princeton University Press; $1.

THE OXFORD STAMP. By Frank Aydelotte. Oxford University Press; $1.20.

EDUCATION AFTER THE WAR. By J. H. Badley. Longmans, Green; $1.25.

LATIN AND THE A.B. DEGREE. By Charles W. Eliot. General Education Board.

THE WORTH OF ANCIENT LITERATURE TO THE MODERN WORLD. By Viscount Bryce. General Education Board.

With one or two exceptions, this group of books and pamphlets deals directly with the classics; it is therefore gratifying to find that they are comparatively free from the rage of controversy. Father Browne's essays are a thoughtful and at times eloquent argument on behalf of internal reform among teachers of the classics. The "Value of the Classics" is a record of the addresses delivered at the Conference on Classical Studies held at Princeton in 1917; and the great names contained in it, together with the long series of opinions derived from business men, scientists, and professional men, will undoubtedly encourage many a timid soul who looks forward with horror to the total disappearance of Greece and Rome from the school. J. H. Badley's small volume is a sensible but not inspiring plea for a national system of education in England; the best thing in it is his emphasis upon the necessity of making the system a highroad accessible to all who have the ability.

But on turning to Frank Aydelotte's "The Oxford Stamp," we find a genuine note of originality. Mr. Aydelotte is one of those rare men who have noticed that here in the United States a tremendous amount of time is devoted to the study of the English language and literature, without the attainment of any proportionate result. He gives several very interesting chapters to his diagnosis of the disease, and to the discussion of the remedy; and these chapters should be read by every one who has suffered under the old thoughtless régime of "composition" and skeletonized fragments of the living body of literature. The conclusion to which he comes is that the "point of view which is destined to be the salvation of our English studies has much in common with the Oxford study of the literatures of Greece and Rome; our study of the classics and of English literature as well has tended to confine itself to belles-lettres, while

the study of the classics at Oxford owes its distinction to the fact that it is a study of Greek and Roman civilization."

Now this statement is substantially true, and the only danger in making it is that Americans who have heard of Gilbert Murray and have only the vaguest ideas about Oxford will at once admit the truth of Mr. Aydelotte's statement and nevertheless deny that it carries any lesson for us. Men who ought to know better, including many so-called educational experts, are fond of saying that the undoubted success of the classical studies at Oxford is due really to the intellectual traditions and training of an aristocratic class of students. Some misconceptions will never die, but it may be worth while to point out that this perennial error has its root in intellectual laziness. The secret of the success of classical studies at Oxford is simply that the student has to study and to acquire for himself; he is compelled to sharpen his comprehension by an ever-renewed effort to understand the history, literature, and philosophy of the greatest periods of Greece and Rome. The real doctrine of Oxford is the doctrine of concentrated intellectual hard work; and since that doctrine is the very anthithesis of the educational dogmas current among us, since we are so busy devising machinery for the dissipation of intellectual energy, we are inclined to explain away the good results obtained in the Oxford school of *Literae Humaniores,* and to attribute them to any reason but the true one.

Mr. Aydelotte has called our attention to a way in which the methods of classical Oxford can be utilized for the study of English. And now we are in urgent need of some book which will disengage the doctrine of Oxford from its merely local and temporal associations and show us how it could be applied not only to the study of English, but to the regeneration of our whole secondary and college system. There are signs of healthy discontent among us; the future does not seem so secure as it did a few years ago; and the law of automatic progress has been discredited, except among the members of that earnest but old-fashioned school of thought to which President Eliot and Mr. Flexner belong. It is, for example, manifest from President Eliot's pamphlet on Latin that he still believes in Herbert Spencer; the world has only to abolish a few more "requirements for the A.B. degree," and to put "science" on a pedestal, in order to be quite happy and virtuous. If we desire the next generation to be even more sleepy and self-satisfied than this one is, then we can follow President Eliot's advice. But if we are tired of narcotics and if we are fond of liberty, then we shall insist that the next generation study science to be sure, and plenty of it, but above all that they apply themselves more and more vigorously to the study of the history and literature and thought of the past. Our freedom in the present is exactly proportionate to our understanding of the failures as well as of the successes of the past; and that understanding can be won only by hard personal work. There will of course be nothing easy in this process; it is always easier to relax "requirements" and to take the class on a jaunt to the City Hall to study "civics," or to show them how to make a fireless cooker. But (*pace* Mr. Flexner) it is never easy to be free.

R. K. Hack.

Poets as Reporters

A Book of Verse of the Great War. Edited by W. R. Wheeler. With a preface by Charlton M. Lewis. Yale University Press; $2.

A Treasury of War Poetry. Edited by George Herbert Clark. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.

The Wind in the Corn. By Edith Wyatt. Appleton; $1.

Beggar and King. By Richard Butler Glaenzer. Yale University Press; $1.

Songs for a Little House. By Christopher Morley. Doran; $1.25.

Poets, it may be said, quite as clearly as scientists or historians, are reporters for the Journal of Humanity. They are the scientists of the soul, or as others might prefer, of the heart, or of consciousness. We can imagine them sallying forth into the city of consciousness to report to us what is going on there—some of them perhaps to get no further than the main thoroughfare or the shopping centres, while others, bolder spirits, penetrate to obscure and dismal alleys or to suburbs so remote and unfrequented that we are at first inclined to question whether they exist at all. In any generation the great majority of the ephemeral poets are those who early in life have discovered the park in this city and are forever after to be found there, loitering. One conceives them as saying: "This is pleasant, so why go farther? No doubt there are mean streets, sinister purlieus, but let us not distress ourselves over them!" If we reproach them for thus misrepresenting our city, for exaggerating the relative importance and beauty of the park,

(calling them, as Freud does, wish-thinkers) they can retort that those who ferret out exclusively the mean and sinister are quite as precisely wish-thinkers—impelled, as Nietzsche said of Zola, by the "delight to stink." To this, of course, we reply that our ideal reporter—who only turns up at rare intervals, as a Shakespeare, a Dante, a Balzac, a Turgenev, a Dostoevsky—is the one who sees the city whole. We might also add that those who report extensively on the shabby purlieus are so much in the minority always that they are far more worthy of encouragement than the park loungers. Their influence is, in the aggregate, healthy.

Miss Wyatt, Mr. Glaenzer, and Mr. Morley are all three in this sense devotees of the park. But if they are at one in their representing the park as of supreme importance, their reports are delivered in manners quite distinct. Miss Wyatt is clearly more aware than the other two that there are other aspects to the city—she has glimpsed them; she alludes to them; she is a little uneasy about them. She has heard the factory whistles at morning and evening, and seen people going to work. Is it possible that there is a certain amount of suffering and fatigue and dulness entailed? Yes, it is; but at this point she closes her eyes, and goes into a dactylic trance with regard to wind, rain, flowers, wheat, waterfalls, sunset over a lake. Life is beautiful, disturbing; it moves one to exclamation or subdued wonder.

> The Vesper star that quivers there
> A wonder in the darkening air,
> Still holds me longing for the height
> And splendor of the fall of night.

In these four lines Miss Wyatt gives us her poetic attitude—hands clasped and lips parted. A great poet could endow this attitude with dignity and power; but Miss Wyatt is not a great poet. She lacks on the one hand the precision, on the other hand the magic, for the task, though in such a poem as "An Unknown Country" she comes close enough to the latter quality to make us regret that she could not come closer. She succeeds in making us see how beautiful this poem might have been, by comparison with which vision the actual accomplishment leaves us frustrate. Rhyme and rhythm—particularly the dactyl and the use of repetition—tyrannize over Miss Wyatt, frequently to her undoing; and this sort of tyranny is symptomatic. It relates to a certain emotional or intellectual incompleteness.

Of the other two poets Mr. Glaenzer is distinctly the more varied. He accepts the park gladly and without question, and he observes it carefully. His report is mildly rich, blandly sensuous, unoriginally tuneful. His observations are more precise than Miss Wyatt's, his technique more secure. On the other hand he lacks force or direction, he seems to be unable to transpose from one key to another so as to obtain climax, and the exigencies of rhyme lead him a helpless captive. It should also be remarked that his sense of humor occasionally fails him, as when he directs his plover to exclaim:

> Coodle . . . coodle . . . *Hist!*

Expletives of this sort—and one recalls Miss Lowell's tong-ti-bumps and Mr. Lindsay's boom-lay-booms—are dangerous, to say the least.

Mr. Morley, one is at first inclined to add, would not have made this error, for one of the dominants in his book, "Songs for a Little House," is humor. And yet, on second thought, that is not so certain, for Mr. Morley has a disheartening talent for spoiling an otherwise refreshingly light or fancifully humorous lyric by collapsing at the close in a treacle of hideous sentimentality. Sentimentality is Mr. Morley's dark angel, and it is curious to see how at the first whisper of its approach his sense of humor either abandons him incontinently or assumes a heavy-footedness and loutishness which suggests the Teutonic—as indeed his sentimentality does also. Thus, as an example of the latter quality:

> Pure as the moonlight, sweet as midnight air,
> Simple as the primrose, brave and just and fair,
> Such is my wife. The more unworthy I
> To kiss the little hand of her by whom I lie.

And of the former:

> More bright than light that money buys,
> More pleasing to discerners,
> The shining lamps of Helen's eyes,
> Those lovely double burners!

One must turn to some of Mr. Morley's sonnets for a maturer and more persuasively imaginative touch, or to his parodies for a surer delicacy of humor. The parodies of Hilaire Belloc and Edgar Lee Masters are excellent.

If these three poets are all determined, as reporters, to emphasize the pretty and sweet and to ignore the surlier and more tragic demons of consciousness, one finds in the anthologies of war verse edited respectively by Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Clark that the disposition to glorify, to escape the unpleasant, is equally prevalent. One would have supposed that by this time war would have become so terribly real as to paralyze any such attempt; yet here they are, hundreds of poets, frantically waving once more the dubious emblems of honor, glory, duty, revenge, self-

sacrifice. So unanimous is it that it has almost the air of a conspiracy. An amazing intoxication! Yet truth has many ways of revenging itself, and in this instance it does so by effectively frustrating the effort to beautify war or make pretty poetry of it. For the uniformity or failure in these two collections is nothing short of astonishing. One closes them with the feeling that few if any of these poets, even those who have made names for themselves, have come within a thousand miles of the reality. They shout, they exhort, they lament, they pæan, but always with a curious falseness of voice; it is painfully apparent that they have failed to imagine, or more exactly, to see. Their verses are histrionic. For a glimpse of the truth one must turn to Miss Lowell's "Bombardment," in a richly imagined and dramatic prose (which Mr. Charlton M. Lewis dismisses in his preface with patronizing fatuity), to Rupert Brooke's Sonnets, to Alan Seeger's "Champagne," or to some of the work of Mr. Gibson and Mr. de la Mare. For the rest, one alternates between Kiplingesque narratives of incident and sterile odes. What is perhaps the finest poem of the war, Mr. Masefield's "August: 1914," is in neither anthology, nor is Mr. Fletcher's "Poppies of the Red Year."

Are we to conclude from all this that poetry cannot be made of war? Not necessarily. What immediately suggests itself is that as war is hideously and predominantly real, an affair of overwhelmingly sinister and ugly forces, it can only be embodied successfully (with exceptions) in an art which is realistic, or psycho-realistic. To return to the simile with which this review was opened, we might say that those poets who are devotees of the park rather than of the slum will almost inevitably fail in any attempt to describe war in terms of the park. And to succeed at all is to falsify, to report the desire rather than the fact. It is of such failures—adroitly written and interesting, but ephemeral and with the air of hasty marginal notes—that these two anthologies largely consist. Meanwhile, we await with interest the return of the poets from the trenches. It is possibe that we shall then learn what war is: they will perhaps tell us directly and simply and subtly what a human being really thinks and feels in such a fantastic environment. And we shall probably be surprised.

Of the two collections Mr. Clark's is the more comprehensive and the better selected, Mr. Wheeler's the less militaristic and partisan.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Applied Psychology on Trial

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY. By H. L. Hollingworth and A. T. Poffenberger. Appleton; $2.25.
EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Kate Gordon. Holt; $1.35.

The appearance of two texts in applied psychology, both deserving a place as standard manuals, offers occasion for the discussion of the fundamental position of this candidate for scientific status. Within limitations, the value of such pursuit is secure; but the determination of these limitations is the issue upon which psychologists are likely to arrange themselves in opposed camps. The most unquestioned field is that of the psychology of the specialized educational processes. Reading, writing, drawing, the handling of numbers and quantities, and the more puzzling case of spelling, have a psychology of their own. The expression of these in the analysis of psychological relations, and the precise study of the basis of their acquisition, is a useful pursuit. They are indispensable mental disciplines directly amenable to exact research. Back of these lie the more general functions of memory and imagination, association and reasoning, motor skill and composite learning by experience; and still further back, the general laws of behavior, and the adjustment of instincts to the demands of the environment. The problems of heredity and sex, of work and rest, of play and stimulation, of fatigue and efficiency, stand in coördinate importance. The vocational applications form the comprehensive remainder of the field: the psychology of law and medicine, of workshop and market, of the executive and social control of men. The program suggests a pemican encyclopedia or a smattering — something that everyone should know, or with which everyone can dispense, because he should acquire what he needs of it otherwise.

An engineer studies his physics and his mathematics and then applies them; he does not substitute an applied for a basic pursuit. The psychological student is under temptation to study the application, and let the psychology go. He finds that his applied psychology has lifted selected chapters from the orthodox science and pointed them to a practical use. This works fairly well for the simpler principles and their simpler applications, as in a boy's book of entertaining tricks and experiments based on simple physical principles. But the project of applied psychology is inherently ambitious, and it extends to all the complications of human relations and

to all the employments of the hands and minds of men. The psychological engineer advises the advertiser how to advertise; the executive how to judge, organize, and manage men; the teacher of whatever subject how to teach (in so far as the professor of pedagogy has not forestalled him); and everyone how to work and play, learn and improve. How far does the fact that the practitioner of medicine, law, teaching, manufacturing, trade, industry, and the many unnamed and unspecialized businesses of life, from parenthood to "society" (in the reporter's sense), exercises his craft on the basis of mental powers and relations—how far does this fact give the psychological student the authority to lay down the law on all these occupations?

Psychology clearly stands in a relation apart, in so far as all things learned and done are, in one aspect, affairs of the mind, although, in another aspect, they are technical acquisitions. The responsible applied psychologist recognizes this vital distinction; he interprets his problem not as that of advice or replacement, but as one of seeking and intensive study of processes and principles which happen to have a special application in the world of affairs. He seeks the quickening of interest, both for psychology and for the vocations, which comes from recognizing the mental basis of the pursuits of daily life. If he goes beyond this toward a promise of aid to practical success by a knowledge of the psychological aspects of activities that can be learned by no other art than the art of their practice, he enters upon a dubious career.

In carrying out their tasks, Professor Hollingworth and Dr. Poffenberger have concentrated their aims upon supplying a systematic survey of the field of application. They base this upon the interpretation for the practical life, of the general laws of behavior and the specific study of the typical mental processes. The task is well done and supplies an easy approach to the content of the new discipline. Miss Gordon proceeds similarly for the educational field alone. The two volumes overlap in their treatment of the indispensable factors of heredity, sex, environment, behavior, and the basic mental procedures. Miss Gordon includes a more detailed treatment of the logical processes. Since education not only instructs but proposes to teach reasoning, both texts are written for the specific purpose of directing instruction in courses introducing students to the applied phases of psychology. As aids to study they will prove efficient. But, like all instructional work, their value depends directly upon the judgment and competence of the instructor. In this respect, these texts are well sponsored.

Doubtless there are students whose interests are primarily and legitimately practical. The open question is: how far does the satisfaction of that interest, in the detailed terms of application, aid or interfere with the acquisition of the maximum benefits from the study, and the maximum training of the student mind in psychological power? The temper of a study of psychology in which psychological interests are dominant, and application is subsidiary and largely for illustrative purposes, and the temper of an applied psychology in which application is central and the principles appear darkly in an unaccented background, must of necessity be decidedly different. A student becomes scientific-minded as readily by the study of physics as of chemistry, of geology as of biology, although the contents of his ideas are markedly different in the several pursuits. But his scientific-mindedness would have a very different cast if it were shaped by the workshop or the farm and not by the laboratory. Consequently applied psychology is careful to give the student the laboratory spirit; it points towards application, but it utilizes the technique that has come from the interest in principles and basic analyses.

Yet with all this conceded and well maintained, as it is in the perspective of these volumes, the query is not dismissed. There lurks in the discipline the danger of a false emphasis—the risk of a hasty plunge into application, unequipped by solid achievement of comprehension. The details of tests of proficiencies loom large; the interpretation of what they mean tends to be slighted. This is particularly unfortunate for the student of American temper, whose habits of thought need strengthening in the very direction which application is prone to neglect. This, for the pedagogical aspect. For the more serious one of appreciation of psychological values in evidence, in interpretation, and in those vital conceptions that determine at once the forward steps in a science and the range and grasp of the psychologist's personal hold, the criticism is yet more pointed. The issue emerges jointly in the handling of method and conclusion. Application emphasizes the definite numerical statement; in its confidence it proceeds to substitute what is measurable for what is important. There is an analogy in the æsthetic field. When machinery saves labor, it is an aid to the finer effort and thus to æsthetics;

when the machine dictates the design, and the designer begins to think in terms of the machine and not in terms of the principles of design, the machine is or may become an insidious power for evil. Applied psychology is so young that it still has this issue to face.

A fair illustration is that of the consideration of sex differences, which are rightly placed as matters of first importance by all the chief contributors to the movement here reviewed. On the basis of laboratory tests, which show—with fair equivalence of capacity and much overlapping in various fields—that in all respects the powers of men and women are equal, they conclude that any different treatment of boys and girls is due to tradition and prejudice, and that the different careers of men and women are largely the result of imposed license and disqualification. This conclusion is absolutely refuted by history, by biological and social science, and by discerning analysis in every field. The right conclusion, of course, is that the source of the significant sex differences lies outside the tests, and also that the tests fail to bring them out—all of which is an intelligible, though not a simple, tale. The assumption that a direct practical attack upon the problem will yield a solution is a rough-rider procedure, totally unadjusted to the obviously intricate and delicate features of the situation. This remains the general and deadly charge against the applied spirit. The sin is by no means inherent in it. Sin is not inevitable—only temptation. As soon as applied psychology accepts the responsibility of a more adequate analysis of the problems which it rightfully attacks, and as soon as it cultivates the discerning insight which recognizes how many problems cannot be sampled (under the crude assumption that the whole is but the sum of its fractional parts), its future will be more consistent with the authentic source of its procedures. If it insistently affirms that the psychology of advertising is important because its bills are large and do not yield to accounting, applied psychology will lose perspective and invite suspicion. If, similarly, it concludes that men and women are different only as the differences appear in such parallel columns as it has found reason to collect, it will arouse scientific protest. If it presumes to dictate to the practitioner on matters in which a practical sense has more value than acquaintance with the uncertain application of an uncertain theory, it will be accused of impertinence. The danger of falling between two stools is due to the circumstance that each is already occupied by a rightful claimant. It remains to be seen whether the new discipline can find a third stool and encamp amicably between the theorist and the practitioner.

All this is said as much in caution as in criticism, as much in appreciation of the important service which applied psychology has done—and which is attractively presented in these volumes—as in depreciation of certain tendencies which have already appeared. The irritating applied psychologist, like the yet more exasperating politician, is the one who assumes that anybody who disagrees with him does so in ignorance of facts and figures, whereas the disagreement may well be based upon certain considerations deeper than facts and more significant than figures. The immediate problem of the new discipline is to develop in its practitioners a broader appreciation of what lies within their field, and a more catholic comprehension of what by nature lies beyond it.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

A Long Wait in Vain

THE LIFE OF JOHN FISKE. By John Spencer Clark. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin; $7.50.

Something more is required to make a notable biography than a rich collection of documents and a large store of memories. Of this fact the recently published life of John Fiske is an irrefutable demonstration. The work is in two volumes from the pen of Fiske's intimate friend, John Spencer Clark. It is a record not only of a significant life but of a significant contest in the cultural history of America. Fiske's part in the struggle to wrest higher education from the control of theological tyranny, his early espousal of the theory of evolution, and his long battle for what he believed to be the true ethical and religious interpretation of Darwinism, connect him with episodes of historic importance. Should the suspicion which appears to be gaining ground prove to be correct, should it come to be recognized as true that somewhere near the turning of the present century a new philosophy came into existence, a philosophy which is essentially the voice of evolution, and that this thing happened in America, John Fiske would have to be regarded as the early pioneer of this extraordinary change. For this reason his life and work, his educational, social, and religious environment, the magnificent support he received and the pet-

tiness of the opposition he overcame, are of vital concern to Americans jealous for the higher intellectual life of their country. The more pity therefore that this long-awaited biography should prove to be a failure.

These are not pleasant words to write, but one must choose between writing them and the guilt of silently condoning the publication, by an old and distinguished house, of a performance so amateur and inept. The more eminent the subject of the memoir and the more distinguished the publisher, the greater the responsibility of the critic.

The reader who comes to this biography with the hope of finding a living portrayal of John Fiske and a well considered estimate of his place in the intellectual life of the latter half of the nineteenth century, may be promised a handsome disappointment. Mr. Clark appears to be dominated by a single ideal—to give in the original chronological order as many of the details of Fiske's life, big and little, as can be packed into two good-sized volumes. An illustration will be the best criticism. The author has been retailing various incidents in Fiske's life covering the years 1874-9: the death of his grandmother; his preparation, in the absence of the maids, of a luncheon for Mother Brooks, who was ill; the removal of the Fiskes to a new house, built for them by his mother and step-father; the visit of Professor and Mrs. Huxley (a rare bit of naturalness); and so on. Quite in the vein not only of this chapter but of the entire biography he says [Vol. II, page 95]:

> And now we come to an incident in the social life of Fiske which has left an interesting memorial behind it. Among his neighbors in Cambridge was Christopher Pearse Cranch—preacher, painter, and poet. Cranch was a man of fine culture, and was one of the small circle of Transcendentalists who made so much stir in the intellectual life of New England between 1830 and 1850. . .
>
> One day in February, 1879 Cranch called upon Fiske at his house, 22 Berkeley Street, Cambridge. Fiske was not at home; and, while waiting in the library for Mrs. Fiske to come down, Cranch's feelings were deeply stirred by the embodiments of human thought with which he was surrounded. Two days after, he brought to Fiske the thoughts which came to him while in Fiske's library, expressed in the following lines:

The reader is then treated to a poem of no special merit entitled "In a Library," and a double page insert reproduces the verses in facsimile! For the life of me I have been unable to hit upon any reason why the author should have felt it necessary to make anything of the incident, save that he had the manuscript poem and that he felt obliged to say something nice about Cranch. Let the reader be reminded that this is not an isolated example. It is strictly typical of the book. The work makes the impression of being an unusual approximation to what is known in psychology as "total recall." One can understand of course how admiration of a departed friend who was also a man of note might tend to interfere with the selection and rejection of biographical material. But one may not therefore excuse it, since without such discrimination first-rate biography is impossible. So too of another feature of the book. One can understand why an author who is by temper a sentimentalist should feel moved to record numerous little family intimacies which, while recalled with peculiar satisfaction by those immediately concerned, have little significance for those who fail to get the original imaginative setting. But one deplores the lack of taste which does not sense the absence of such setting and consequently does nothing to supply it. Then, too, how can a man write an effective biography who is as innocent of a sense of humor as Mary Baker G. Eddy herself?

A like mechanicalness is characteristic of the author's style. It is formalistic, wooden, stilted, monotonous to a degree rarely met with in literary attempts outside the writings of college sophomores. The description of Fiske's courtship—a theme calling for imagination and delicacy instead of literalness and pomposity—is a classic of its kind. No one should read it unless he knows the way of relief through mirth or profanity. And how wearisome the author's labors to establish explicit coherence through continuous prospective and retrospective reference, as a substitute for the vital coherence to be secured only through the organic relations of the inner movement of a story. Mr. Clark has adopted as good literary technique the method of presentation suggested to teachers by a disillusioned professor: First tell your pupils what it is you are going to tell them. Then tell it to them. Then tell them what it was you just told them. This for an example (and not the worst one either):

> And now, having established the subject of this memoir in the helplessness of his infancy in the Fiske family at Middletown, and having put in order his family antecedents which have revealed, on the paternal side, the sturdy, free-thinking, genial qualities of the Quaker, in contrast, on the maternal side, with the strict, religious character of the Puritan, embodied in the attractive personality of his mother, we will leave him to be brought through the critical period of his infancy, while we make ourselves acquainted with

some of the physical and social characteristics of Middletown, which served for his environment during the period of his boyhood and his youth.

One is tempted to clinch the argument by further analysis of the author's style, calling attention to monstrous hyphenates like "sociologico-political," "philosophico-religious," "metaphysico-theological," "atheistico-materialistic," and other irritating idiosyncrasies of diction. But perhaps enough has been said to indicate the author's literary inadequacy. I cannot refrain, however, from quoting just one of his novel sentences. This one occurs in the narration of Fiske's visit to the Pacific coast, a trip from which he returned rich in pleasant memories:

He took with him, as a particularly sweet remembrance, the home of the Reverend T. L. Eliot with his accomplished daughters, where in the intervals between lectures he had enjoyed several hours of rare intellectual converse, mingled with delightful music. [Vol. II, page 367.]

These defects of literary form are but the superficial and more immediate manifestations of something which goes deeper. In the only sense that counts when it comes to writing a biography, the author has not known Fiske. He describes from the outside. He only half understands. He has never lost himself in the subject. His delight in Fiske is unmistakable; his admiration unrestrained; his work clearly one long tribute. For all that, he remains a spectator—perhaps just because his attitude is one of worship rather than affection. This attitude is clearly seen in his description of Fiske's entrance upon his career as an American historian:

Feeling a deep interest in the occasion, I took a seat where I could observe critically both the speaker and the audience. After rising, Fiske paused a moment to survey his audience; and when he had attention at full focus he said, in clear tones, and in a simple, conversational way: "The voyage of Columbus was in many respects the most important event in human history since the birth of Christ." He then paused a bit. The momentary effect upon the audience—the attempt to grasp its significance—was clearly perceptible. Observe the immense connotative suggestiveness of this simple sentence. Brief, sententious as it was, it threw a momentary searchlight over the whole period of Christian history, and was a clear intimation that a master mind had come to give a philosophic interpretation to the events which had flowed from the memorable voyage of Columbus from the port of Palos on the 3d of August, 1492.

Fiske is not only great but sacred, and he must never be allowed to do or say anything out of character. So we are told about an angelic child, who was always dutiful; who was never guilty of a blot or an erasure in a letter, or a mark of any kind in a book; who always knew how many volumes he possessed, the color of each binding, and the exact order of their arrangement on his shelves; whose deportment at school was always perfect; and whose mental precociousness was the outstanding wonder of all who knew him. This is interesting, and so is the slight reference to the hero's schoolmates, who seem to have judged him by standards of their own, and whom the author calls jealous and cowardly. But of much greater interest would have been a critical study of the effect of Fiske's early environment upon his personality and his views. He was brought up by adoring grandparents. He was gifted with an extraordinarily keen, agile mind, a quite unusual intellectual curiosity, and a remarkably tenacious memory. What was the effect of such an environment upon such an equipment? Here was a biographical opportunity. It is made use of to give us a catalogue of childhood virtues viewed from the angle of age.

It is true that in the course of the long narrative there is an occasional, temporary lapse into something resembling real biography. But on the whole the model followed in the portrayal of Fiske's childhood is all too successfully adhered to. In place of a serious attempt to analyze Fiske's personality—to arrive at the sources of his power and of his weakness—in place of a sober estimate of the nature and value of his contribution to the life of the interesting period in which he lived, we have again a catalogue of virtues. We are told over and over of the orderly arrangement in Fiske's mind of the vast stores of knowledge at his command; we are assured again and again of his lucid style, of his simplicity of manner, of the "brilliant literary and oratorical success" of his lectures; we are referred to many an incident as "a further revelation of the considerate kindness, the deep poetic sensibility, and the profound reverential feeling which were constituent elements of Fiske's nature"—or words to that effect.

The failure of the author to grasp and reveal personality is mitigated by his publication of letters to and from Fiske and portions of the latter's lively and graphic diary. With these to draw upon the reader can find material to block out a rough portrait and even to fill in a few details with confidence. It is thus sufficiently evident that he was a man of tremendous intellectual energy and great personal charm, who counted among his friends a considerable number of the foremost thinkers of the English-speaking world of his day. It is clear too that he was able to move critical audiences, both here and in England, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and that

something about him enlisted men and women of means in his projects. Even more obvious is the fact that affection for Mrs. Fiske and the children was his dominant passion to the end of life. "Being away from *you,*" he writes to Mrs. Fiske from the midst of friends in London, "amounts in itself to a *serious illness.* The agonies I have suffered since I landed in England are such as no words can ever describe, and it goes far to offset the good effects of my seclusion. Nay, rather, let me come home and work as in the old days. I fear that this awful homesickness will break down my strength." And at last he was compelled to leave his task unfinished and go home. One recalls Leslie Stephen's remark about John Stuart Mill: "A man who could love so deeply must have been lovable himself."

The case is worse for the reader interested in arriving at an estimate of the value of Fiske's historical and philosophical work. Here the biography is of practically no help. Mr. Clark is more concerned for Fiske's personal glory than for the solid success of the movements in which he was engaged. There was a time when Fiske was believed to be delivering great messages. He was bringing new hope to people harassed by fears of the religious implications of the theory of evolution, and he was interpreting American political institutions to audiences uplifted by his vision and thrilled by his eloquence. What is the state of affairs today? How lasting was the marriage between religion and evolution for which Fiske was responsible? Of what permanent value was his historical work? One wishes that Mr. Clark had thrown some light on these problems. But he appears quite unconscious of the fatal logical weaknesses inherent in Fiske's religion of evolution. And while he is aware of unfavorable criticisms of the historical work, he undertakes no examination of their force. Perhaps it is just as well. For in the one instance where he attempts adjudication—in the debate between Fiske and William James—he quite misses the point, and condescendingly takes James to task for opposing evolution when he is in fact objecting to a specific speculative development of evolution.

And so in spite of our long wait (the book is announced by the publishers as the long-awaited biography) we shall be compelled to wait still longer for a definitive life of Fiske. It is not likely that he will ever be recognized as one of our leading philosophers, but in the field of history he seems to be assured a high place. His historical writings have always been widely read, and now even historical scholarship, which a few years ago was severe in its criticism, has changed to mildly qualified praise. And no one can tell how far this reaction may go. At any rate it still remains to be determined to what extent Henry Irving was speaking with knowledge and judgment when he wrote to Mrs. Fiske: "He was a great philosopher and a great historian. The world was and is richer for his work, and he has left a blank never to be filled in the hearts of his friends."

M. C. Otto.

Clipped Wings

The House of Conrad. By Elias Tobenkin. Stokes; $1.50.

Is it the mission of America to break down the revolutionary ardor of the immigrant, convert his sons to a sane and cautious view of working-class progress, and reward his grandchildren with an honest homestead in the West, wherewith they may become rich through their own unaided toil? This is the immigrant process Mr. Tobenkin suggests in his new novel of the three generations of the "House of Conrad" in the New World. The story traces the slow frustration of the dream of the fiery young workman disciple of Lassalle who comes to New York in the late sixties. The young German socialist is obsessed with the idea of founding a "house" of stalwart sons who shall liberate the workers of the land of the free. But the neighbors soon turn the heir apparent, Ferdinand Lassalle Conradi, into plain Fred Conrad, and to his father's chagrin the quiet boy grows up not into the flaming leader of the masses but into an intelligent conservative labor leader of his bakers' unions—tepid towards the socialist dogmas, slightly ashamed of his father's excitement and incorrigible foreign accent. He marries a maiden from Vermont, and his two children emerge indistinguishably "American." The jealousy of rival labor leaders brings the unfortunate Fred to prison; his wife dies; the children become waifs and are taken in charge by the authorities. Salvation is found only when the grandson, Robert, carrying out his dead father's dream of a homestead in California, rescues his sister and brings her and the mellowed old grandfather to his new ranch.

In this more ambitious plot, Mr. Tobenkin

leaves little doubt that the gaucheries of his earlier "Witte Arrives" were not so much mere symptoms of inexperience as of a very limited imagination about American life. He has a real sense for the intense idealism of the socialist workers, their self-sacrifice, and the heroic struggles of their little journals and groups. He has a real feeling for the boy Fred, with his quiet industry, his sober romance, the toil in the bakery, the little politics of his union. But the moment he attempts to bring the house of Conrad into contact with the American native world, unreality shows its face. Fred must be given a strong Americanizing influence. He must meet someone who, while sympathizing with the "under dog," teaches the boy how necessary it is for these immigrant idealists to adapt themselves to American ways. Yet is it plausible that this native American should be a shrewd New Englander, "of old Revolutionary stock," "graduate of a leading college," once a teacher but now imperturbably a small contractor in the painting and decorating business, and the uncle of the Vermont maiden who no sooner is in New York than she is walking in the park with the young German baker apprentice? A good novelist can make anything seem plausible: Mr. Tobenkin's natives make one shudder. What are we to do with the unhappy Edward Sumner Channing, of impeccable Abolitionist ancestry and of the even more impeccable Fifth Avenue present? Do Channings, when they are unfortunate in their domestic relations, talk that way about socialism and about love? Do they fall in love with girls like Fred's daughter, who has come out of a reformatory to be a companion to their aristocratic sister? And if they do, since Ruth is an admirable girl, do they suddenly jump out of windows only because they are asked if their proud sisters would want girls like Ruth for sisters-in-law? Perhaps they do. But it requires more artistry than Mr. Tobenkin possesses to make it plausible.

The entire incident of Ruth is preposterous melodrama. Are such resolute and rational girls so easily terrorized by cheap police bullies into fleeing the city, without a word to the neglected father, for whom they have just driven their lover to his death? And is a girl of sixteen, so beautiful and intelligent, so resolute and rational as this daughter of Fred's, immured in a House of Redemption because she has once been found with a neighbor's little boy asleep in her lap? Even though Mr. Tobenkin could prove that each of his incidents actually happened, his novel would still be riddled with untruth. I fear that his imagination, as soon as it strays out of the realm of what is pure and of good repute, is exceedingly limited. This ingenious novel gives the author a certificate of spotless moral character that any sinner might envy. Since the Sunday-school books that we used to read in childhood I know nothing quite equal to Mr. Tobenkin's notions of the seamy side of life. Fred's adventure with the "widow," from which dates all his woe, is quite characteristic. An insistent smugness, a note of the young and earnest immigrant's proving to the wholesome and earnest native American how very wholesome and earnest he can be, pervades this book. One turns with relief to such a masterpiece as "David Levinsky," where both the immigrant and the native world are seen veraciously, without moral bias. And Mr. Cahan's vigorous command of English is as superior to Mr. Tobenkin's feeble style as is his American vision to Mr. Tobenkin's conception of puritans.

But what concerns us most is the impression of clipped wings which this young novelist produces. Evidently he had the serious purpose of illuminating the immigrant process; and he is important therefore, if for only his intention. Now the main drama of the American immigrant's life lies in his reaction to our economic absolutism. "The House of Conrad" is almost a cunning evasion of that capitalistic issue. Gottfried, with his fiery socialist bitterness, is mellowed down, one might say, into the harmless manager of a small bookshop. The quiet Fred goes to prison, not so much a victim of the employers whom he is fighting as of his own comrades, punishing him for his sexual virtue. The grandson finds liberation in that most inadequate, obsolete social institution, the individually appropriated homestead in the West. Nowhere a grappling with the issue, though the hero springs straight from the Lassallean furnace! Everywhere the suggestion that while the heart of revolutionary idealism may do it credit, American sober sense sees that its head is weak! For this young novelist the class struggle has been blurred. In a time of moral adventure it is the pedestrian virtues that he delicately urges. Among the revolutionary appeals, his idealism has grown tepid. Whatever America may have done to the House of Conrad, it has done something unfortunate to Mr. Elias Tobenkin.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Briefs on New Books

History of India. By Captain L. J. Trotter. Revised and brought up to date by W. H. Hutton. Macmillan; $3.50.

Not since the soldier-scholar of the old East India Company days put the finishing touches to his history in 1899, has the text been revised or reissued. The service has now been fittingly performed by Archdeacon Hutton, the Oxford Reader in Indian History. It was in Oxford that the old soldier began and ended his career. Histories of India have frequently come from the hands of administrators like Hunter, but rarely, if we exclude Colonel James Tod's classic study of Rajputana, have they come from the hands of a soldier. This seems only natural when we consider the turmoil and anarchy, due to the decline of the famous Mughal empire, from which the British rescued India. However, those were the days when soldiers readily and efficiently assumed the rôle of administrators. It is now certain that we have seen the last of this interesting type in Cromer and Kitchener.

But the foundation for India's prosperity and order were not fully laid until the keeping of the new, inchoate, heterogeneous empire passed from the overtaxed machinery of the outworn Company of "merchant-adventurers" into that of the British Parliament. It required an Oriental imagination like that of Disraeli to seize and improve upon the opportunity. Thus Victoria became Empress of India and ruler of a new, vast empire in 1877, nineteen years after India passed into the hands of a central government in London. Captain Trotter's pages deal largely with the early struggles of the British in contesting the French and Indian adventurers that laid claims to the deliquescent dominions of the Mughal. Incidentally, Archdeacon Hutton's footnote on the struggle with the French in southeastern India reveals the fact that a "Sergeant Bernadotte, the future King of Sweden, was taken prisoner by the English." Trotter's survey of this military period makes swift and entertaining reading.

Nowadays, the emphasis is rightly placed on the economic and political phases in history. Turning over Captain Trotter's pages on early Hindu and Muhammadan institutions and history, we find them readable and enlightening, even though research and the discoveries of archæology have uncovered more data than were available at the time of his writing. For such early history information is now sought in scholarly work like that of Vincent Smith. But the American reader and student will find this volume sufficient to their needs, especially at this time when a swift survey is essential to our keeping pace with the recasting of our world, East and West. The Black Hole of Calcutta is familiar enough, but not so the events that preceded and followed that epochal incident. What we know of the administration of Warren Hastings is still obscured by Macaulay's inaccurate rhetoric. From our oldest preparatory school, Dummer Academy at South Byfield, Massachusetts, came the American general, Sir David Ochterlony, whose statue greets the American tourist in Calcutta. But little do we realize that he stopped that marauding race from Nepal, known today as the Gurkhas, who furnished the finest soldiers in the Indian army; or that he saved Delhi to England in 1804—the ancient capital, whose name we mispronounce but perpetuate in five states in this country, where an American Vicereine entered to a durbar on a state elephant. Inded, no more fascinating reading can be offered than this brief history of India. It is convenient to find the place-names and their spellings standardized and provided with diacritical marks: this was the least due our country, that has nurtured Sanskrit scholars like Whitney, Hopkins, and Lanman.

Diderot's Early Philosophical Works. Translated by Margaret Jourdain. Open Court; $1.25.

It is a commonplace that each advance in science, each change in economic and social conditions, has demanded not only revised conceptions of God but radically different methods for establishing the fact of his existence. Diderot lived in one of these transition periods. His reaction against the traditional religion and the dogmatism of French intellectual vested interests is manifested in the early writings which Margaret Jourdain's admirable translation now makes accessible to American readers.

The "Philosophic Thoughts" are primarily a justification of the skeptic's position. "What is a skeptic? A philosopher who has questioned all he believes, and who believes what a legitimate use of his reason and his senses has proved to him to be true." He pleads for a free use of reason as against a reliance upon superstition; for demonstration as against faith in miracles. "He who does not deliberately embrace the faith in which he has been bred can no more plume himself on being a Christian or a Mussulman than upon not being born blind or lame. It is his luck, not his merit." In common with Voltaire, Diderot was impressed with the argument from design for the existence of God. In "Thought XX" he presents this argument, but since within three years, in "The Letter on the Blind," he ostensibly quotes the words of the blind Saunderson in which the latter applies the

principle of relativity to God and suggests the theories of evolution and survival of the fittest as alternatives to special creation, it is probable that even in 1746 Diderot doubted the effectiveness of this argument.

"The Letter on the Blind" and "The Letter on the Deaf and Dumb" are valuable and interesting because of Diderot's thorough utilization of the principle of relativity. He indicates the dependence of morality, as well as intellectual conceptions, upon our sense organs. "How different," he asks, "is the morality of the blind from ours? How different would that of a deaf man likewise be from his? And to one with a sense more than we have, how deficient would our morality appear—to say nothing more?" If the psychologist tells us these essays contain much crude and unwarranted speculation, we should remember that Diderot expresses his keen disappointment with his inability to secure experimental verification for his theories. He clearly indicates that the test of valid speculation must be a scientifically controlled experiment, and he proffers suggestions for the education of the blind and the deaf which are now in operation.

Americans who do not read French have been excluded too long from direct contact with the intellectual life of eighteenth-century France. A reading of this book will stimulate a desire for direct acquaintance with the later writings of Diderot and his fellow Encyclopedists. The desire, however, is due in part to Margaret Jourdain's excellent translation, which makes it possible to read Diderot with no thought that the original was penned in a foreign language.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES, 1700-1763. By Frank Wesley Pitman. Yale University Press; $2.50.

In the earlier half of the eighteenth century the imperial interests of England extended chiefly to four important parts of the world: the Hudson Bay country, India, the North American colonies, and the West Indies. As the first two were, so far as England was concerned, the exclusive fields of great trading companies, they produced no difficult administrative complications. Between the West Indies and the Northern colonies there existed, however, a conflict of interests which in a large measure was responsible for the disruption of the British empire later in the century. The islands of the West Indies were sugar colonies; while the dominions on the mainland produced lumber, live stock, fish, meat, and provisions in other forms. It was the presumption at Westminster that these products could be disposed of in the sugar colonies; but the islanders were unable to consume all the Northern products, nor were they able, in the sale of sugar, to compete with their French neighbors, who sold their wares at a considerably cheaper price. To force the trade of the mainland to the English West Indies and at the some time to strike a blow at French commerce, Parliament passed the famous Molasses Act of 1733, which must be counted as one of the causes that led to the American revolt. The history of this act, the agitation that preceded it, and the futile efforts to enforce it are to American readers the more important subjects treated in Dr. Pitman's work on the British West Indies. The author also discusses in detail such matters as social life, the labor problem, slavery and the slave trade, foreign commerce, and economic arrangements. His work further includes a number of carefully prepared statistical appendices. It is elaborately indexed and is prefaced with a good map of the entire Caribbean region.

THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT IN OLD FRENCH LITERATURE. By Mary Morton Wood. Columbia University Press; $1.50.

Dr. Wood draws from early French and Provençal literature typical passages which show striving toward social justice and freedom of thought in the much abused "dark ages." She endeavors to make the work palatable to the general reader by translating all her citations and by using, to avoid repetition, less than one fiftieth of the matter originally collected. She comments on the character of the various authors and the conditions under which they wrote when such explanation is useful in fixing the exact bearing of their attack, but otherwise she refrains from interpretation of her text, for fear of injecting twentieth century ideas into the discussion. A cardinal defect in much of the social philosophy of the middle ages lies in the "substitution of charity for justice," or "the assumption that privileged individuals have the right to bestow happiness on others. So the moralists, with few exceptions, urged the king to be merciful to his subjects, instead of inciting the people to hold their kings accountable to them." But courage of expression is noted everywhere, and the right to personal conviction occasionally championed.

The first and strongest chapter deals with the revolt against political and economic injustice. All notes are sounded, from the famous personal laments of the wretched Rutebeuf to the tragic picture of peasant misery drawn by the high churchman Etienne de Fougères. "It is this which distresses me the most," sings Rutebeuf, "that I dare not, empty handed, knock at my own door." And again: "These are friends whom the wind blows away and the wind blew hard before my door." Etienne de Fougères writes: "If he [the peasant] has a fat goose or

a chicken or a cake of white flour, he intends it all for his lord. He never tastes a good morsel, bird or roast." The four following chapters deal with attacks on corruption among the clergy or on church discipline. The last chapter is entitled "Protest against Sex Discrimination." Dr. Wood admits that this protest took a "perverted form" in that it was occupied almost exclusively with "discussion of female depravity." Since this particular protest is obviously near her heart, she could have greatly strengthened her argument by extending her study to include the first French feminist, Christine de Pisa. Dr. Wood apparently admires the "Roman de la Rose," and refuses to accept the violent aspersions of Jean de Meung as reflecting his personal opinion of women. Her case is weak here. Indeed, when she observes that Jean's work is a "defense of marriage against celibacy," the reviewer is reminded of the mite once contributed to academic gaiety by an undergraduate who, on being asked what the Rose symbolized, replied gravely, "The Heart of the Maiden."

The Great Problems of British Statesmanship. By J. Ellis Barker. Dutton; $4.

The problems of British statesmanship which Mr. Barker considers fall into two general classes—foreign and domestic. On the foreign side he discusses questions relating to Constantinople, Asiatic Turkey, Autria-Hungary, Poland, and an "Anglo-American reunion"; on the domestic, the question of war finance as related to the economic future, the attainment of British industrial supremacy, and the reorganization of government on the lines shown by the present war to be advantageous. The book's title is misleading. Certain problems of British statesmanship are taken up at some length, but by no means all. The contents, in fact, display the heterogeneity characteristic of books made up, as the present one is, of random articles published in the magazines. All of Mr. Barker's chapters, however, make good reading, and a few command thoughtful attention. Among the latter are two in which he argues that the present war, far from impoverishing Great Britain, may greatly enrich that nation. In support of this contention he cites the experience of England after the Napoleonic wars, and of the United States after the Civil War. He finds in doubled or trebled taxation a powerful stimulus to industrial initiative and to the development of latent resources. He estimates British manufacturing, mining, transportaion, and agriculture as only one third as productive per capita prior to 1914 as American. And he believes that the war will force such an economic reorganization, largely on American lines, as will bring up the efficiency, and hence the wealth-producing power, of British industry, trade, and agriculture to an entirely new level. The argument is interesting and plausible, although the effectiveness of it is lessened by assertions that are palpably extravagant. The flat statement, for example, that Great Britain can "treble her yearly output, her yearly income, and her national wealth by Americanizing her industries" is absurd, especially when viewed in relation to the enormous depletion of the industrial population for which the war has already been responsible. All in all, however, the author has established his point; namely, that however great the economic losses suffered since 1914, they do not yet even approach the character of an irreparable disaster.

American Pictures and Their Painters. By Lorinda Munson Bryant. Lane; $3.

What first attracts one toward Mrs. Bryant's book is the discrimination manifested in the selection of the illustrations, which form a series displaying the characteristic phases of American painting from Colonial times to the present. These examples reveal the general trend and vigor of native painting in oil. Artists differing widely in methods and aims are ranged side by side in amicable historical review. Even the much despised anecdotist and the latest of the younger radicals are not denied admission. There is much biographical detail of an informing nature, and here and there expositions of studio theory. The book is written, however, from a popular non-critical point of view; consequently there is little or no discussion of the various technical methods used by the painters in obtaining their effects. Whether intentionally or not, the author constantly gives the impression of emphasizing the importance of subject matter in painting. She even adds a rebellious little corollary to one of Whistler's pronouncements, in which he glorifies the manner at the expense of the matter. One sincerely wishes that Mrs. Bryant in her enthusiasm for nature, both inanimate and human, had focused her numerous descriptions of the subject matter of the paintings. That the painter has chosen to paint a wintry landscape under certain interesting conditions is surely no excuse for a general panegyric on winter, or that the artist has selected a human being or several human beings as a means of expression is no excuse for a general eulogy of mankind. In the family circle a little girl, it is true, may be a "darling," but in a painting that may be the least interesting of her attributes. If the subject is a man, the author dilates on masculine character; if the subject is a woman, and a thin one at that, the author thinks the artist would have been wiser to select a plumper and

rosier model. The author even says in one place that each brush stroke of a certain artist was a "stroke of love." Most artists will confess that their own brush strokes are often accompanied by something more closely resembling profanity. Paint, as anyone knows who has worked with it, is a mulish substance. And, furthermore, our view is endorsed by famous testimony, for we all recall that historic outcry of Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Damn paint!" Aside from these minor defects the book is a handy and valuable compendium. It contains a goodly stock of information, and one is readily able, by means of it, to trace the leading tendencies in our native art.

THE NEW GREEK COMEDY. By Philippe E. Legrand. Translated by James Loeb. Putnam's; $4.50.

This book, which in the original French is entitled "Daos," has been familiar to scholars since 1910 as a most valuable comprehensive study of Greek New Comedy. Mr. Loeb has made it accessible to the general reader in somewhat abridged form, and there is a brief introduction by that brilliant Hellenist, the late John Williams White. Professor Legrand deals with the subject in the competent and thorough manner which we expect of the French critic; he divides his work into three main sections, which treat of the subject matter of New Comedy, the structure of the plays, and their purpose.

Probably the most interesting pages are furnished by the sketch of the dramatis personæ of New Comedy, of the strange types which made up the stage world of Menander and his less famous fellows, and which were so meekly borrowed by Plautus and Terence. Here they all are: foreigners, rustics, sycophants and parasites, old men virtuous or lecherous—rich or poor, young men in love, courtesans of every hue, the pander and the omnipresent slave, the boasting soldier and the misanthrope. The adventures of such characters were excellently adapted to amuse the Athenians, now that the Athenians could no longer indulge in political satire; and the career of New Comedy in Rome, and on the modern stage through Molière, Goldoni, Dryden, Shakespeare, and a host of other imitators, is ample proof of its viability. But there is in the original comedies, as Legrand points out, an undercurrent of piety for which nothing in the modern imitations would prepare us; we find throughout the New Comedy a tone of resignation in the midst of the fun, and a belief that salvation is an individual and not a social concern, which serve as a reminder that the days of Christianity were coming. Such documents are too often neglected by the political historian; they should serve as clues to the general conditions which underlie events. In this sense Legrand's book is a contribution to history as well as to criticism.

THE STORY OF THE SALONIKA ARMY. By G. Ward Price. Clode; $2.

Mr. Price deserved a better sponsor than Lord Northcliffe, for he has written a really admirable book, entertaining and genuinely informative. Liberal readers might easily be frightened away by such sweeping statements as Lord Northcliffe makes in his encomiastic introduction; for instance, that "he [Mr. Price] makes clear the chicanery which prevented the Greeks from following their natural bent. He sweeps aside, once and for all, the hollow pretense of Germany that her dastardly action in Belgium finds a parallel in the treatment of Greece by the Allies." This suggests a propaganda book. But this is precisely the kind of book Mr. Price has not written. He gives comparatively little of the confused diplomatic background which both preceded and followed the landing of the Allied armies at Salonika. What he does give is the human side of the difficulties confronted by the Allied commanders, the human side of the struggle on the Macedonian front, and the humor and tragedy and beauty of the fighting in Albania and around Monastir. For example, the chapter headed "Ourselves and the Greeks: Relations at Salonika" is not a summing up of the evidence of the blue, white, red, yellow, and black books. On the contrary, it is an account of picturesque Salonika, of the amusing profiteering at "Floca's" (the famous restaurant has since been burned down), of the adventures of the Allied military police when they had to arrest spies in the Turkish quarter, where every house had almost as many secret doors as it had windows. The congeries of races at Salonika and the contrasts of language, costume, and manners become vivid and intriguing under his descriptions. Yet Mr. Price does not wholly neglect the larger aspects of the whole Balkan situation. He gives as the final justification for the Macedonian adventure not so much the desire to help the hard-pressed Serbians—although that generous motive had much to do in shaping Allied public opinion to assent—as the necessity of not allowing German prestige to have it all its own way in the Balkans. He explains the natural difficulties of terrain which confronted the composite Allied armies. Yet even though Mr. Price is frank to admit that the expedition really came weeks too late to be as effective as it ought to have been, from his book one gets the final impression that the wonder is not that the Allies have done so little in Macedonia, but that they have done so much.

Casual Comment

Horace Walpole's epigram to the effect that life is a tragedy to the man who feels and a comedy to the man who thinks, contains a suggestion for educators. Bertrand Russell, who derives as much æsthetic satisfaction from the contemplation of a logical sequence in higher mathematics as a classicist from the niceties of Attic prose, defines the scientific outlook as the refusal to regard our own desires, tastes, and interests as affording any key to the understanding of the world. Yet what is the final objection brought against the modernist by the defenders of Greek and Latin in our schools, if it is not that the new education develops a cheap utilitarian outlook in the student? In brief, the quarrels in the field of education seem to the outsider to make use of subjects only as an occasion for condemning methods. It is not science in itself that the classicist really objects to, any more than it is pages of conjugations of verbs which really arouse the ire of the modernist. It is the fear that the opposing school of pedagogy has not the power to evoke in the student that certain impersonality of outlook, that objectivity, which all appear to agree is a man's most precious cultural possession. It is fear, in a word, that the other fellow does not know how to coax from youngsters the desire *to think*. For although we are long since too sophisticated to accept Horace Walpole's naïve distinction between thought and feeling, the direction and emphasis of his idea finds us receptive. There is no quarrel with the contention that the life of reason has a humor, charm, and passion beside which the satisfactions of a life dominated by desire are as evanescent as steam.

. . .

Mr. Durant's provocative letter to The Dial (printed on another page) brings sharply to attention a tragic, although neglected, truth: that while American newspapers and magazines and official spokesmen for public opinion are unanimous in their support of the United States's war policy, in his advocacy of a liberal international programme, of which this war policy is the deliberate and conscious expression, President Wilson stands practically alone. The irony of this is that already President Wilson has the support of the most powerful force in British politics, the British Labor Party; that he has the support of the common people of France and Italy; and that even in Russia the earlier suspicions are vanishing before his courageous insistence—emphasized again in his Baltimore speech—that as far as America is concerned an imperialistic peace which sacrifices the fruits of the Russian Revolution will not be tolerated. Yet with these clear evidences of a growing world leadership, President Wilson's liberal international policy, instead of being warmly supported in his own country where he might most hopefully look for support, is the object of covert hostility. The very journals which give voluble lip service to President Wilson and enthusiastically welcome any increase of our military strength, often slyly insinuate that the ideals for which all our sacrifices are freely given are really Utopian ideals. In brief, far too many of our newspapers seem glad of the chance to "stand behind the President" just as long as it gives them opportunity to pull their own militaristic chestnuts out of the fire. When it comes to a genuine world democracy they are skeptical. A year of war has revealed their motives all too clearly: they care nothing about a more decent international system; they care only about making America a strong military nation.

. . .

But why under these circumstances should American liberals have been so slow in coming to the enthusiastic support of President Wilson's international programme? Why, indeed, are they still unorganized and ineffective? Because a year ago the liberals suspected—not President Wilson or his intentions—but precisely those reactionary forces which today stand so shamelessly revealed. There was legitimate suspicion of those who urged the country to "stand behind the President" when the very people who urged this loudest had never lifted a finger to further democracy at home. What liberals objected to was not the employment of military force—for the words pacifist and liberal are not synonymous—but to the purpose for which that force was seemingly to be used. It appeared that, in spite of all President Wilson might be able to do, the war would result merely in a new imperialistic balance of power. Certainly those who were most ruthless in condemning the skeptical for their "lack of patriotism" did everything they could to increase that skepticism. But there is no longer any real justification for doubt. In the last year President Wilson has revealed, not once but again and again, that he really means what he says, that he purposes to fight for a new international system based on justice and fair dealing. He is gathering to his support all the democratic forces of the world. Liberals in America cannot afford to continue any longer in their present state of disorganization. They must present a united front. They must actively and whole-heartedly support the President in his war programme, if they expect to have the right to speak concerning his idealistic programme.

As Mr. Durant has truly said, "they have nothing to lose but their isolation." Certainly those who never objected to the use of military force for righteous ends have now, after Brest-Litovsk, less cause than ever before to question its employment. The German militarists understand no argument except force, and until they are defeated or until they are thrown from power by a revolution, there can be no clean peace. It is obvious that the very ideals of President Wilson, which look forward to making war impossible, cannot be realized without active support of his present war programme. THE DIAL, for its part, has never faltered from active and whole-hearted support of the President in his war programme. But it has also, as a liberal journal, gladly supported the President's attempts to create a more tolerable system of international relations than existed in July, 1914, even when such support has been maliciously or stupidly misconstrued. And as a liberal journal, it will continue that support in the future. There is no longer in America any question of active loyalty to the President's war programme, except among the handful of the embittered extremists or the really treacherous. There is serious question, however, of active loyalty to the President's international programme which he hopes to make effective as a result of this war. In this newer and more significant sense, in this unwavering support of the ideals and plans which alone, according to President Wilson himself, give the war meaning, THE DIAL proudly takes its place with those few journals which sincerely and honestly "stand behind the President."

. . .

DEATH DID NOT COME TO DEBUSSY UNEXpectedly. He had long known that he was incurably ill with cancer and that his tenure of life was short; calmly enough, he had even spoken about it to his friends. Nor can we say that death interrupted his work and deprived us of some development of his art that we might hopefully have anticipated. Doubtless the operas his publishers have been vaguely announcing season after season—"La Légende de Tristan" and the others —will now of necessity remain sketches. Yet had Debussy lived another quarter-century, it is probable they would have remained sketches still. Indeed, had he actually completed them, it is likely that they would have refined very little upon the quality of his art. For he had long since reached the climax of his powers. His more recent compositions—such as the piano preludes, the music to d'Annunzio's "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien," the "Images" for orchestra—diaphanous, exquisitely fashioned works though they are, add no cubit to his artistic stature. They reveal him as a little less persuasive than in his earlier works. For all their fluidity and iridescence they lack the warmth and passion and tenderness that inform so beautifully the "Quartet," the "Nocturnes," and "Pelléas." During the last few years, in fact, Debussy's style became comparatively rigid. The poet in him, the blind impassioned being moved by a dark inner need, had gradually given way to the critic, the man brilliantly conscious of all that he intends. And toward the close of his life he might have said, with Rameau his master, "My taste becomes purer from day to day, but my genius has vanished."

. . .

IN WHAT DEGREE IS OUR PRESS RESPONSIBLE for that dismal uniformity in American life which James Bryce discussed in a famous chapter? The other day an influential paper said editorially of a local non-conformist:

> It is not disclosed that he had anything to gain by expressing himself. His egotism seems to have suggested to him that he was alone in an arcanum of intelligence and that he ought to emerge from the mysteries of his intellect and set the poor boobs right who were being used by Capitalism with a capital C. When egotism suggests such isolation to the possessor of an intellect and starts him on such a mission he becomes an awful thing.

Taste aside, this is a curiously frank amendment of the theory underlying American freedom of conscience, of thought, and of speech. The theory is that if you will bring your ideas to the open court of public opinion, it will circulate their truths and let fall their errors. The amendment is: make certain that your ideas conform before you bring them in (unless you have "something to gain by expressing" yourself). Now a court differs from a mob chiefly in its willingness to entertain and discriminate conflicting ideas. The effect of the amendment is to turn the court of public opinion into a mob which will insist upon conformity or silence. That way lies something even more sinister than a stagnant uniformity—the spirit which seeks to compel agreement by enforcing the gestures of agreement. To this futile and embittering intolerance we are already subject enough. The average man has outgrown the notion that you can save people by herding them into churches; it is his own aphorism that you cannot make men good by law; but daily now we hear of his attempts to make men (and latterly women as well) "loyal" by forcing them to kiss the flag, on penalty of a ducking or worse. Loyalty, of course, is our national desire; but the mob spirit, encouraged by the emphasis our press puts upon superficial conformity, defeats the reality of loyalty by exacting its shadow.

Communication

American Liberals and the War

(To the Editor of The Dial)

This is a changing war. A year ago most of us saw it as a rather interesting contest between two imperialistic systems for the exclusive domination of the world; today we begin to see it as a vast and vital struggle between reactionary forces and progressive forces everywhere to determine whether any imperialistic system is to survive at all. What is it that has so changed the focus and meaning of the war?

Two factors chiefly: first, American participation, under the guidance of a President whose intelligence compels him to liberalism; second, the growth, in every European country, of liberal forces standing on the power of labor to control production and morale, and strengthened by the indispensable support of the American government.

When, a year ago, President Wilson professed himself more interested in the democratic pacification of the world than in the development of that baby imperialism which flaunts the flag in Wall Street, a considerable proportion of the liberals of this country immured themselves in skeptical isolation and suspense. But the last year has brought them comfort, and brought them, too, a problem; for by all the tokens of American diplomacy the President has meant that the splendid phrase which he coined about democracy should be taken at its face value, as the reliable issue of a government prepared to sustain that value with all the resources at its command. He has repeatedly thrown the weight of his prestige upon the side of the liberal parties in Europe, and has formulated the programmes which these parties have been glad to second and sustain; he has propounded terms of conciliation so obviously reasonable that no group in any country has dared to take open issue with them; he has announced himself as unequivocally opposed to the use of military force in the establishment of trade-routes or spheres of economic influence; he has supported radical forces everywhere so far as they did not impede the effective participation of America in the production of a warless world; he has taken labor into his counsels with a quite unprecedented fullness and candor, and has definitely aligned himself against that industrial autocracy which threatens to make American democracy a sham.

And with what result? This, that the word has gone forth from all the Vaticans of privilege in America to the purchasable press that the position of the President in international diplomacy must be undermined and his high reputation at home bit by bit destroyed.

Already the printed prostitutes of every city proclaim that the President has failed: that he has bungled the work of preparation; that he has not succeeded in stirring up revolution in Germany and Austria, or in guiding it in Russia; and that his outrageously open diplomacy has brought disunion into the aims of the Allies. It is forgotten now (the victims of American journalism are mostly those who are adepts in forgetting) that the transportation of men and munitions depends on the building of ships, this on the spirited cooperation of the workers, and this on the intelligent decency of employers (a decency that is decreasing under cover of a war that shunts publicity from domestic affairs); it is forgotten that revolution failed in the Central Empires, and sank into innocuous isolation in Russia, because of the refusal of certain imperialistic forces to coöperate in a plan which required more liberalism of aim, and threatened more progress towards industrial reconstruction, than these forces could digest; it is forgotten that unity never existed in the war aims of the Allies, and can be secured only through the transient disunion necessarily incident to the demand for a democratic revision. All this must be forgotten now; for if it is remembered and understood, not all the printer's ink in America can blacken the President or make the world safe for autocracy.

Surely this situation points a problem for American liberals, and offers them their chance. What are liberals to do? To wait for certainty is to court futility; to stand idly by is to lose the opportunity of coöperating with the liberals of Europe in their uphill effort towards a democratic peace and the gradual demilitarization of the western world. Now is the time to wrest a strategical point from the forces of reaction—to divert patriotism from unwitting subservience to clever conservatism into such support of the President as will not only strengthen him against imperialistic attack, but will at the same time considerably enhance the power and prestige of liberal ideas.

This may involve some mental reservation, to be sure; but participation in the compromising flux of events is the necessary price to be paid for participation in the direction and determination of events. The policy of a government is always in the end determined by the source from which it derives its strongest support; if liberal support is not forthcoming fully, the President will have to lean more upon the help, and towards the aims, of those forces that have ruled the past and have still a heavy hand upon the future. Clearly the strategy of liberalism in the present conjuncture of events is to throw whatever influence it commands upon the side of President Wilson, offering him full support both in the prosecution of the war against feudalism at home and imperialism abroad, and also in the pursuit of the resolute purpose to write gradual disarmament and compulsory international arbitration into the terms of peace.

Let the liberals of America unite. They have a political leadership to gain under which perhaps our total economic structure may be rebuilt. And they have nothing to lose but their seclusion.

Will Durant.

New York City.

Notes and News

The Dial announces with regret the resignation of William Aspenwall Bradley as Contributing Editor. Our regret is, however, tempered by the fact that Mr. Bradley's resignation is not the result of any decrease in interest. He has accepted a commission in the Sanitary Corps of the United States Army, and for some time to come other than literary or journalistic duties will fully engage him. The Dial wishes Mr. Bradley good fortune in his present task.

With this issue of The Dial, Robert Dell assumes the duties of Contributing Editor. Mr. Dell has long been a Paris correspondent for English newspapers, particularly for the "Manchester Guardian," and for many weeks past has been The Dial's special correspondent on literary and political affairs in France. He has always tried to foster and make more friendly and secure Anglo-French and Franco-American relations, for—as he explains in his letter in this issue—he believes that it is through France that America can best get in touch with Europe.

Helen Marot, who discusses industrial education in this issue, was a member of the Committee on Industrial Relations and was for seven years Secretary of the New York Woman's Trade Union League. She is the author of a book entitled "American Labor Unions" and of several magazine articles dealing with industry and education.

Helen Hoyt, a former resident of Chicago, now lives in Appleton, Wisconsin. Many of her poems have appeared in "The Century," "The Poetry Journal," "Poetry," "The Independent," and other magazines.

D. Appleton & Co. have announced the fifteenth edition of Dr. G. Stanley Hall's "Adolescence."

The John Lane Co. are publishing "Just Behind the Front in France," by Noble Foster Hoggson.

The Century Co. announces for early issue "Runaway Russia," by Florence Harper.

Ambassador Gerard's book "My Four Years in Germany" (George H. Doran Co.) has been filmed. It was shown in New York last month.

D. C. Heath & Co. are the publishers of an illustrated book of dialogues in everyday French, with vocabularies, "At West Point," by Maj. C. F. Martin and Maj. G. M. Russell.

Small, Maynard & Co. announce "Merry Andrew," by F. Roney Weir, a novel, and for April 20 "Shellproof Mack: An American's Fighting Story," by Arthur Mack.

The third volume in Professor Wilfred P. Mustard's studies in the Renaissance pastoral, the "Eclogues" of Faustus Andrelinus and Joannes Arnolletus, has been issued by the Johns Hopkins Press.

The "Columbia Alumni News" reports that during 1917 Columbia graduates published 326 works, representing 300 authors, the titles ranging from "Half Hours with the Idiot" to "New York as an Eighteenth Century Municipality."

The University of Chicago Press has lately put out an illustrated report of the Quarter-Centennial Celebration of the University, by David Allan Robertson. Photographs, speeches, academic records, and so on are included in this commemorative volume of the 1916 festival.

Dr. William Miller Collier, who succeeds Rear Admiral Charles H. Stockton as President of George Washington University, in Washington, D. C., is the author of "Bankruptcy" and "Civil Service Law" (Matthew Bender & Co.), as well as of several non-legal volumes.

March 29 Robert M. McBride & Co. published: "Nothing of Importance," by Bernard Adams, an account of life in a quiet sector; "Captain Gault," by William Hope Hodgson; "Everyday Law," by F. H. Bacon, a popular guide to law for the business man; and a "wartime" edition of G. I. Farrington's "Home Poultry Book."

As American agents for the Cambridge University Press the Putnams anounce: "Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation," compiled by G. G. Coulton; "Grace and Personality," by John Omar; "The Book of the Prophet Isaiah, Chapters XL-LXVI," in the Revised Version, with introduction and notes by Rev. J. Skinner; and "The Historical Register of the University of Cambridge," a supplement to the Calendar down to 1910, edited by J. R. Tanner.

Two series published by the Page Co. are designed for supplementary reading in schools: "The Little Cousin Series" and "The Little Cousins of Long Ago Series." The former now comprises fifty volumes, of which the latest is "Our Little Roumanian Cousin." "Our Little Frankish Cousin of Long Ago," by Evaleen Stein, has recently been added to the latter series, and "Our Little Pompeiian Cousin of Long Ago" is in preparation. Both series are illustrated.

Among the April Houghton Mifflin issues is a printing of John Pory's letter to Lord Southampton describing the Plymouth colony, which he visited in 1622. The letter is from a manuscript in the John Carter Brown Library in Providence. Unpublished contemporary accounts of English colonization in New England and the Bermudas have been added to it, and the whole has been edited by Champlin Burrage, former librarian of the John Carter Brown Library. The edition, which contains maps and facsimiles, is limited to 365 copies.

Among the recent Dutton books is "Shakespeare and Chapman," by T. M. Robertson, who discusses the latter's contributions to some of the composite Shakespearean plays; "The Language Student's Manual," by William R. Patterson, an exposition of fundamental similarities and differences between several languages; and "The Problem of the Soul: A Tract for Teachers," by Edmond Holmes, an attempt to determine what limits there are to the transforming influence of education. "The Book of Municipal House Cleaning," by William P. Capes, Director of the Bureau of Municipal Information at Albany, assisted by Mrs. Jean Carpenter, is announced as forthcoming.

Selective Spring Educational List

The following is a selected list of the more important spring issues and announcements of educational books, volumes dealing with woman and the home, and works of reference. With a few exceptions, new editions, reprints of standard literature, and juvenile books not primarily instructive have been omitted. Military treatises and other books of first interest to men in uniform are included under "Handbooks and Manuals"; medical works are included under "Reference." The list has been compiled from data submitted by the publishers.

EDUCATION

The Prussian Elementary Schools, by Thomas Alexander.—Supervised Study, by Mabel Simpson, edited by Alfred Hall-Quest.—Schools with a Perfect Score: A Method of Making Democracy Safe, by George W. Gerwig.—The Melodic Method in School Music, by David C. Taylor.—Modern European Civilization, by Roscoe Lewis Ashley.—The Development of Japan, by Kenneth Scott Latourette.—Introduction to the Study of Science, by Wayne P. Smith and Edmund Gale Jewett.—Principles of Chemistry, by Joel H. Hildebrand.—Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, by Leonard M. Passano.—Merchandising, by Archer Wall Douglas.—Yarn and Cloth-Making, by Mary L. Kissell.—Effective Farming, by H. O. Sampson.—Butter, by E. S. Guthrie.—The Book of Cheese, by Charles Thom.—Good English, by Henry S. Canby and John B. Opdycke.—A Foundation Course in Spanish, by Leon Sinagnan.—Personal Efficiency, by Robert Grimshaw, $1.50. (The Macmillan Co.)

The Problem of the Soul: A Tract for Teachers, by Edmond G. A. Holmes, $1.—Language Students' Manual, by William R. Patterson.—First Steps in Russian, by J. Solomonoff, illus., $1.—Russian Verbs Made Easy, by Stephen J. Lett, $1.—Russian Proverbs and Their English Equivalents, by Louis Segal, 50 cts.—A School Grammar of Modern French, by G. H. Clarke and J. Murray, $1.50.—A French Primer, by W. E. M. Llewellyn, edited by Walter Ripman, 35 cts.—La France: French Life and Ways, by G. Guibillon, edited by Walter Ripman, illus., $1.—A Rapid French Course, by Randall Williams and Walter Ripman, 90 cts.—Hints on Teaching German, by Walter Ripman, 50 cts.—New First German Book, by Walter Ripman, 80 cts.—Twenty-Two Goblins, translated from the Sanskrit, by Arthur W. Ryder, $3. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Undergraduate and His College, by Frederick P. Keppel, $1.60.—Higher Education and Business Standards, by Willard E. Hotchkiss, $1.—Principles of Secondary Education, by Alexander Inglis, $2.75.—Healthful Schools: How to Build, Equip and Maintain Them, by May Ayres, Jesse F. Williams, and Thomas D. Wood.—History in the Elementary Grades, by Calvin Noyes Kendall and Florence Stryker, 75 cts.—The Use of the Kindergarten Gifts, by Grace Fulmer, $1.30.—Modern and Contemporary European History, by J. Salwyn Schapiro.—Greek Leaders, by Leslie White Hopkinson, introduction by William Scott Ferguson.—Speech Defects in School Children and How to Treat Them, by Walter B. Swift, 75 cts. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Fifty Years of American Education, by Ernest Carroll Moore, 80 cts.—Our Schools in War Time—and After, by Arthur D. Dean, illus., $1.25.—School Efficiency: A Manual of Modern School Management, by Henry Eastman Bennett, illus., $1.25.—Beginnings of Modern Europe, by Ephraim Emerton, maps, $1.80.—Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism: Lyric, Epic, and Allied Forms of Poetry, by Charles Mills Gayley and Benjamin O. Kurtz.—A Concise English Grammar, by George Lyman Kittredge and Frank Edgar Farley.—España Pintoresca, by Carolina Marcial Dorado, illus., 96 cts. (Ginn & Co.)

The Cambridge History of American Literature, edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart Pratt Sherman, and Carl Van Doren, 3 vols., $3.50 per vol.—The Loeb Classical Library, edited by E. Capps, T. E. Page, and W. H. D. Rouse: Greek Anthology, Vol. III; Plautus, Vol. II.; Plutarch, Vol. V; Dio's Roman History, Vol. VI, $1.50 per vol.—A Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis, by Joshua R. Morton, $1.25. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Source Problems in American History, by Andrew C. McLaughlin, $1.50.—One Hundred Masterpieces of Music, by Romaine Collender, illustrated by references to music rolls, $1.30.—From Appomattox to Germany, by Percy Keese Fitzhugh, illus., $2.—Strange Stories of the Great River, by Johnston Grosvenor, illus., $1.—The Bubble Book, by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson, with phonograph records, illus., $1. (Harper & Brothers.)

A Manual of the Art of Fiction, by Clayton Hamilton, introduction by Brander Matthews, $1.50.—Education for Life: The Story of Hampton Institute, by Francis G. Peabody, illus., $1.50.—The Ransom of Red Chief, and Other O. Henry Stories for Boys, selected by F. K. Mathiews, illus., $1.35.—Children's Second Book of Patriotic Stories: Spirit of '61, by Asa Don Dickinson and Helen Winslow Dickinson, illus., $1.25. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Early English Customs System, by Norman Scott Brien Gras, $3.50.—The State Tax Commission, by Harley Leist Lutz, $2.75.—Trade and Navigation between Spain and the Indies in the Time of the Hapsburgs, by Clarence Henry Haring, $2.25.—The Position of Foreign Corporations in American Constitutional Law, by Gerard Carl Henderson.—English Pageantry: An Historical Outline, by Robert Withington, illus.—Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, Vol. XXIX: Joseph Scaliger's Estimate of Greek and Latin Authors, by George Washington Robinson; Imperial Coronation Ceremonies, by Arthur Edward Romilly Boak; Plato's View of Poetry, by William Chase Greene, boards, $1.50.—The Gospel Manuscripts of the General Theological Seminary, by Charles Carroll Edmunds and William Henry Paine Hatch. (Harvard University Press.)

The Quarter-Centennial Celebration of the University of Chicago, 1916, by David A. Robertson, illus., $1.50.—Scientific Method in the Reconstruction of Ninth Grade Mathematics, by Harold O. Rugg, paper, $1.—The Dramatization of Bible Stories, by Elizabeth E. Miller, $1.—The Greek Theater and Its Drama, by Roy C. Flickinger, $3.—The Third and Fourth Generation: An Introduction to Heredity, by Elliot R. Downing, illus., $1.50.—Photographic Investigations of Faint Nebulæ, by Edwin P. Hubble, $1. (University of Chicago Press.)

A Russian Grammar, by John Dyneley Prince, $2.25.—The Yemenite Manuscript of Pesahim in the Library of Columbia University, by Julius J. Price, $2.—French Terminologies in the Making, by Harvey J. Swann, $1.75.—The Dream in Homer and Greek

Tragedy, by William Stuart Messer, $1.25.—Metaphysics of the Supernatural as illustrated by Descartes, by Lina Kahn, $1.—Idea and Essence in the Philosophies of Hobbes and Spinoza, by Albert G. A. Balz, $1. (Columbia University Press.)

Egyptological Researches, by W. Max Müller, Vol. III, The National Uprising against the Ptolemaic Dynasty according to the Two Bilingual Inscriptions of Philæ.—History of the Theory of Numbers, by L. E. Dickson, Vol. I, Divisibility and Primality.—The Fall of Princes, by John Lydgate, edited by Henry Bergen. (Carnegie Institution.)

A Vedic Reader for Students, by A. A. Macdonell, $3.40.—Primer of Kanuri Grammar, by A. von Duisburg, translated and revised by P. A. Benton, $2.40.—Holinshed's Chronicles: Richard II, 1398-1400, and Henry V, edited by R. S. Wallace and Alma Hansen, $1. (Oxford University Press.)

The Tragedy of Tragedies, by Henry Fielding, edited by James T. Hillhouse, illus., $2.50.—The Yale Shakespeare: Macbeth, edited by Charlton M. Lewis; The Tempest, edited by Chauncey Brewster Tinker, 50 cts. each. (Yale University Press.)

The Yana Indians, by T. T. Waterman, illus., 75 cts.—Yahi Archery, by Saxton T. Pope, illus., 75 cts.—The Language of the Salinan Indians, by J. Alden Mason, 75 cts. (University of California Press.)

The Eclogues of Faustus Andrelinus and Joannes Arnolletus, edited by Wilfred P. Mustard, $1.50. (The Johns Hopkins Press.)

The Mental Survey, by Rudolph Pintner, $2.—The Science and Practice of Photography, by John R. Roebuck, illus., $2.—Sewing and Textiles, by Annabel Turner, illus., $1.75.—The Study of Fabrics, by Annabel Turner, illus., $1.75.—The Writing and Reading of Verse, by Charles E. Andrews.—A First Book in Spanish, by W. F. Giese, $1.50.—A First Book in French, by Charles A. Downer, $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Training and Rewards of the Physician, by Richard C. Cabot, $1.25.—Training for the Street Railway Business, by C. B. Fairchild, Jr., illus., $1.25. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Exceptional Child, by Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, illus.—Nineteenth Century Letters, edited by Byron Johnson Rees. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Famous Pictures of Real Animals, by Lorinda M. Bryant, illus., $1.50.—Robin Goodfellow and Other Fairy Plays, by Netta Syrett, $1. (John Lane Co.)

Physical Chemistry of the Proteins, by T. Brailsford Robertson, $5.—The Alexandrine Gospel, by Rev. A. Nairne, paper, 90 cts. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The American Revolution in Our School Text-Books, by Charles Altschul, introduction by James T. Shotwell, $1. (George H. Doran Co.)

Effective English, by James C. Fernald, $1.50.—Stories from the Insect World, by Floyd Bralliar, illus., $1.50. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Patriotic Plays for Young People, by Virginia Olcott, illus., $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Four Plays for Children, by Ethel Sidgwick, illus., $1.25. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

Literary Composition, by Sherwin Cody, $1.20. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Great Modern French Stories, edited by Willard Huntington Wright, $1.50. (Boni & Liveright.)

Professional Journalism, edited by Willard G. Bleyer, $1.—Atlantic Narratives, edited by Charles Swain Thomas, $1. (Atlantic Monthly Press.)

The Sources of the Hexateuch, by Edgar Sheffield Brightman.—The Psalms and Other Sacred Writings, by Frederick Carl Eiselen, $1.75.—The Book of Revelation Not a Mystery, by David Keppel, 50 cts. (Abingdon Press.)

Creative Criticism

Essays on the Unity of Genius and Taste

By J. E. SPINGARN

Major, 311th Infantry

AN attempt to define criticism anew, in the face of the new ideals and literature of our day. Attacked by all the critics of the conservative school; quoted with enthusiasm by the young hero of Eden Phillpotts's novel, *The Joy of Youth,* and by all modernists in England and America. Contents: "The New Criticism," "Dramatic Criticism and the Theatre," "Prose and Verse," "Creative Connoisseurship," "A Note on Genius and Taste."

ENGLISH COMMENT

¶ "In the face of new realities his enthusiasm is so keen and clear-sighted that we wish indeed he had written a larger book."—*London Times.*

¶ "Has kindled in me such a flame of indignation that I cannot bank it down; it is difficult to speak with patience of such sophistry."—WILLIAM ARCHER in *London Daily News.*

¶ "The 'new critic's' point of view is most interesting."—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

¶ "Eloquent championship of some vital ideas about art."—*Manchester Guardian.*

¶ "A critic of a very high order."—*London Academy.*

¶ "Has excited a good deal of attention in the literary world."—WM. POEL in *The New Weekly.*

¶ "Richly endowed reflection of a brighter phase of American culture."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

AMERICAN COMMENT

¶ "An extraordinarily brilliant example of dialectical writing and of irony and humor in the service of clear, sound thought; one of the ablest of our American critics."—*The Dial,* Chicago.

¶ "The most sweepingly iconoclastic utterance of its kind I have ever seen."—RICHARD BURTON in *The Bellman.*

¶ "Affirmations repugnant to the most elementary common sense; not much is left of the values of civilized life when he has finished enumerating the things that must be thrown overboard."—PROF. IRVING BABBITT in *The Nation.*

¶ "I quite agree with that brilliant disciple of Benedetto Croce, J. E. Spingarn."—AMY LOWELL'S *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.*

¶ "He delights to play havoc with the theories of the tedious old women who hold the chairs of literature in some of our American Universities."—*Reedy's Mirror,* St. Louis.

¶ "The most valuable contribution to this subject made in America in recent years."—JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE in *The Bookman.*

For sale at all bookshops, $1.20 net

Henry Holt & Co., New York

Outlines of European History

By JAMES H. ROBINSON, Columbia University, JAMES H. BREASTED, The University of Chicago, and CHARLES A. BEARD, Columbia University

An unequaled two-year course in general history for high schools. Emphasis upon changes in conditions and institutions, a study of great historical events taken in relation to the economic and social movements which they reveal, the elimination of unimportant details, the vivid narrative style, the many illustrations, some in color, with their detailed legends—these are a few of the outstanding features.

Part I. (Ancient and medieval history) 730 pages, illustrated, $1.50.

Part II. (Modern history—from about 1600 A. D.) 555 pages, illustrated, $1.50.

Our Schools in War Time and After

By ARTHUR D. DEAN, Teachers College, Columbia University

A book of practical suggestions by which the schools may make use of the patriotic enthusiasm now sweeping the country. 335 pages, $1.25.

Food Problems

By A. N. FARMER and JANET R. HUNTINGTON

Common-sense problems in arithmetic that teach important lessons in conservation. 90 pages, 27 cents, list price, or 20 cents, net, to boards of education, teachers, and schools, carriage extra.

Fifty Years of American Education

By ERNEST CARROLL MOORE, formerly of Harvard University

A sketch of the progress of education in the United States from 1867 to 1917. 96 pages, $0.80.

South America

(Geographical and Industrial Studies)

By NELLIE B. ALLEN, State Normal School, Fitchburg, Mass.

A readable portrayal for children of the national life of the various countries of South America. 413 pages, amply illustrated, $0.80.

GINN AND COMPANY

Boston New York Chicago London

The Essential Mysticism, by Stanwood Cobb, $1.25.—The Fairy Spinning Wheel, by Catulle Mendés, translated by Thomas J. Vivian, illus., $1.50. (Four Seas Co.)

New Essays Concerning Human Understanding, by Wilhelm Gottfried Leibnitz, translated by Alfred G. Langley, $3.—The Geometrical Lectures of Isaac Barrow, translated by J. M. Child, portrait, $1. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

Child Behavior, by Florence Mateer, $2.—The Philosophical Basis of Education, by Rolland Merritt Shreves, $1.50.—The Privilege of Education, by George L. Jackson, $1. (Richard G. Badger.)

School and Art: A Study in Practical Æsthetics, by G. E. Partridge, $1.50. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

Vocational Education, by Emily Robison, $1.25.—Russia: History, Description, and Politics, by Clara E. Fanning, $1.25. (H. W. Wilson Co.)

The Measurement of Teaching Efficiency, by Felix Arnold, $1.25.—Journalism for High Schools, by Charles Dillon, $1. (Lloyd Adams Noble.)

Advertising, by E. H. Kastor, $2.50. (LaSalle Extension University.)

HANDBOOKS AND MANUALS

Navigation, by Harold Jacoby, revised and enlarged, $2.25.—Hand-to-Hand Fighting: A System of Personal Defense for the Soldier, by A. E. Marriott, foreword by Benjamin S. Cross, illus., $1.—Don'ts for Soldiers, by Maj. Harlow Brooks.—The Aeroplane Service, by Henry Woodhouse.—A Handbook of School Nursing, by Helen W. Kelly.—The Book of Trees, by Samuel B. Detwiler, illus.—Manual of Tree Diseases, by W. H. Rankin, $1.75.—The Art of Photo-Play Making, by Victor Oscar Freeburg, illus., $1.60.—Notes for the Guidance of Authors, paper, 50 cts.—Manual de Correspondencia, by Ventura Fuentes and Alfred Eléas. (The Macmillan Co.)

An Official Guide to Eastern Asia, prepared by the Japanese Government Railways, 5 vols., illus.; Vol. I, Manchuria and Chōsen, $4.50; Vols. II and III, Japan, $7.50; Vol. IV, China, $5; Vol. V, East India, $5.—The Field Book of Insects, by Frank E. Lutz, illus., $2.50.—A Text Book of Precious Stones, by Frank B. Wade, illus., $2.—Tactics and Duties for Trench Fighting, by Capt. Georges Bertrand and Maj. Oscar N. Solbert, diagrams, $1.50.—The Making of a Modern Army and Its Operations in the Field, by Gen. René Radiguet, translated by Henry P. du Bellet. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Flyers' Guide, by Capt. N. J. Gill, new American edition, $2.—Field Artillery Officers' Notes.—Foster on Auction, by R. F. Foster.—Royal Auction Bridge: Laws and Principles under the English Code of 1914, by Ernest Bergholt, illus.—Royal Auction Bridge: Art and Practice, by Ernest Bergholt, illus.—New Book of Patience Games, by Ernest Bergholt, 75 cts.—Second New Book of Patience Games, by Ernest Bergholt, 75 cts. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

How to Swim, by Annette Kellerman, illus., $2.—Camping Out, by Warren H. Miller, illus., $1.50.—Naval Power in the War, by Lt.-Com. Charles Clifford Gill., illus., $1.25.—Manual for the Use of Troops in Aid of the Civil Authority, by Brig.-Gen. Louis L. Babcock, $1.—A Supplement to an Oral French Method, by Mlle. Alice Blum, 25 cts. (George H. Doran Co.)

Leadership and Military Training, by Lt.-Col. L. C. Andrews, $1.—Offensive Fighting, by Maj. Donald McRae, illus., $2.—Elementary Notes for the Field Artillery Driver and Cannoneer, by Lt.-Col. W. P. Ennis, illus., $1.—Field Artillery Training Manuals,

by Maj. William E. Dunn: The Principles of Scientific Management and Their Application to the Instruction and Training of Field Artillery, $1; Manual of Recruit Instruction for Field Artillery, $1; The Art of Command; Manual of Firing Data; Manual on the Organization and Administration of a New Battery. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

A Soldier's Guide, by Lt.-Col. James M. Hutchinson, illus., $1.25.—An Aviator's Field-Book, by Robert Reynolds Hirsch, illus., $1.25.—Field Entrenchments, edited by E. John Solano, illus., $1.—Physical Training and Organization of Bayonet Training, 75 cts.—Bayonet Training, illus., 75 cts.—Bayonet Fighting, by Capt. Leopold McLaglen, illus., 75 cts.—Infantry Drill Regulations, United States Army, with corrections to August 18, 1917 and French, Italian, and Russian vocabularies, 40 cts. (George Sully & Co.)

Practical Gardening, by Hugh Findlay, illus., $2.—Chess and Checkers, by Edward Lasker, illus., $1.50.—The Amateur Mechanic, by A. Frederick Collins, illus., $1.10.—Manual of Military Map Making and Reading, by Lt.-Col. J. M. Hutchinson and Capt. A. J. McElroy, illus., 75 cts.—The Aviation Pocket-Book for 1918, by R. Borlase Matthews. (D. Appleton & Co.)

A French-English Military Technical Dictionary, by Col. Cornélis de Witt Willcox, $4.—Infantry Officers' Handbook of Artillery Information, by Maj. William E. Dunn, $1.50.—Traveling Under Orders: A Guide-Book for Troops en Route to France, by Maj. William E. Dunn, 50 cts.—Keeping Fit, by Walter Camp, illus., $1.25. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Warfare of Today, by Lt.-Col. Paul Azan, translated by Maj. Julian Coolidge, illus., $2.—The Doctor in War, by Woods Hutchinson, illus., $2.—Raising and Training the New Armies, by Capt. Basil Williams, $1.50.—Trench Fighting, by Capt. F. H. Elliott, diagrams, $1.50. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The Soldier's Service Dictionary of English and French Words and Phrases, edited by Frank H. Vizetelly, $1.—Health for the Soldier and Sailor, by Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, 60 cts.—Rockeries: How to Make and Plant Them, by H. H. Thomas, illus., 75 cts. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Handbook of Travel, edited by Glover Morrill Allen.—Handbook of Northern France, by William Morris Davis, illus., $1.—French for Soldiers, by Arthur Fisher Whittem and Percy Waldron Long, 75 cts. (Harvard University Press.)

Army and Navy Uniforms and Insignia, by Col. Dion Williams, illus., $1.50.—The Boys' Military Manual, by Virgil D. Collins, illus., $1.—A Diary of Flowers, by Sarah Gildersleeve Fife, $1.50. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

A Year with the Birds, by Alice E. Ball, illus., $3.—My Poultry Day by Day, by Alfred Gibson, illus., $2.—Everyman's Garden in War Time, by Charles A. Selden, $1.35. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Manual of Splints and Appliances for the Medical Department of the United States Army, illus., 75 cts. (Oxford University Press.)

Army French, by Ernest H. Wilkins and Algernon Coleman, paper, 40 cts. (University of Chicago Press.)

The Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art, 1918, illus., $3. (John Lane Co.)

Everyday Law, by Frederick H. Bacon, $1. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

Simplest Spoken French, by W. F. Giese and Barry Cerf, 65 cts. (Henry Holt & Co.)

The Boys' Book of Engine-Building, by A. Frederick Collins, illus., $1.25. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

The Oxford Stamp
AND OTHER ESSAYS

Articles from the Educational Creed of an American Oxonian by FRANK AYDELOTTE, Professor of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. 225 pages.....Net, $1.25

Prospective Rhodes scholars, and all who are interested in the settlement of educational problems—especially such vexing ones as are met by teachers of English—will find much that is stimulating and suggestive in this volume.

"Rarely before has the complex English College system and the unique English College life been described so clearly and so briefly."—*Boston Transcript.*

Russian Grammar

By NEVILL FORBES. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. 276 .....$2.40

A practical rather than a scientific grammar with a specially lengthy treatment of the verb.

First Russian Book

By NEVILL FORBES. Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. 124.....$1.00

A practical means of acquainting the student of Russian with the first difficulties of the language—the case-endings.

Second Russian Book

By NEVILL FORBES. Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. x + 396.....$1.40

A practical guide to the study of the Russian verb.

Third Russian Book

By NEVILL FORBES. Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. xii + 192.....$1.00

Extracts from Aksákov, Grigoróvich, Herzen, Saltykóv, accented and edited with full notes and complete vocabulary.

A First Russian Reader

From L. N. TOLSTOY. With English notes and a vocabulary by PERCY DEARMER and VYACHESLAV A. TANANEVICH. Crown 8vo (7½x5¼), pp. 80 .....60c

Easy short stories from Tolstoy.

Descriptive circular of Russian books upon request.

A Practical Introduction to French

By L. H. ALEXANDER. Pp. xx + 355....$1.00

"Contains the best practical presentation of the facts of pronunciation for class-room purposes that I have ever seen."—*Prof. J. H. Bacon, Kalamazoo College.*

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMERICAN BRANCH
NEW YORK

FOR THINKING PEOPLE

FIFTY YEARS OF ASSOCIATION WORK AMONG YOUNG WOMEN. By Elizabeth Wilson
A history of the growth and development of the Y. W. C. A. movement in the United States with an illuminating presentation of the background which has made possible the Association's power to meet international demands in the present crisis. *Illus. 8vo. Cloth, Net, $1.35; Lib. Edn., Net, $1.60.*

THE YOUNG WOMAN CITIZEN. By Mary Austin
A comprehensive discussion of citizenship with special reference to its social and moral obligations. *12mo. Cloth, Net, $1.00*

MOBILIZING WOMAN-POWER
By Harriot Stanton Blatch
A survey of women's work as applied to the war and the period of reconstruction which will follow. *Illus. 12mo. Cloth, Net, $1.25*

HEALTH AND THE WOMAN MOVEMENT
By Clelia Duel Mosher, M.D.
A solution of the Health Problem as affecting women who are called upon to substitute man-power in industry. *16mo. Board, Net, 25 cents*

GIRLHOOD AND CHARACTER. By Mary E. Moxcey
A careful study of the principles of physical and mental growth which affect the moral and spiritual development of girls. *12mo. Cloth, Net, $1.50*

ICE-BREAKERS. By Edna Geister
A book of Games and Stunts for Large and Small Groups based upon the author's methods for introducing recreational activities in schools and war centers. *12mo. Cloth, Net, $1.00*

Order through your Bookseller or

THE WOMANS PRESS
Publication Department, National Board Young Womens Christian Associations
600 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK CITY

IF you want to understand the I. W. W. from the historical point of view read André Tridon's concise presentation,

THE NEW UNIONISM

"A CLEAR exposition of the philosophy and practice of syndicalism, its history and its present status all over the world. His account might be looked at as a valuable handbook, supplementing the works of Simkhovitch, Spargo, John Graham Brooks, and other writers, who do not apply so thoroughly the doctrine to the concrete experience of the agitation that is daily taking place." —*Boston Transcript.*

[$1.00]

IF you want to understand syndicalism as it is rooted in philosophy, examine Georges Sorel's classic,

REFLECTIONS ON VIOLENCE

"IT is doubtful if any book can be named that is better calculated to state the spirit and method of revolution than this special volume by Georges Sorel. The Introduction alone will convince any reader that this study is not to be skipped by one who would know the most penetrating observations upon the various anarchisms of the hour." —*American Economic Review.*

[$2.25]

IF you want the Socialist reaction to the revolutionary labor movements see John Spargo's statement,

SYNDICALISM, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM *and* SOCIALISM

"THE best exposition of syndicalism and its allied subjects is John Spargo's book. It is a careful piece of work, dealing, from the orthodox Socialist standpoint, with the origin, methods and philosophy of syndicalism and its relation to Socialism." [$1.25] —*The Independent*

Obtainable through good booksellers everywhere or of the publisher

THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS **B. W. HUEBSCH** 225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Birds of Field, Forest and Park, by Albert Field Gilmore, illus., $2. (The Page Co.)

The Conquest of the Air, by A. Lawrence Rotch, revised by Alexander Klemin, illus., $1.25. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Wooden Shipbuilding, by W. J. Thompson, $2.50.—How to Speak Convincingly, by Edwin G. Lawrence, $1.—Statistics, by W. B. Bailey and John Cummings, 60 cts. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

The Social Letter, by Elizabeth Myers, $1.—The Aviator's Pocket Dictionary: French-English and English-French, frontispiece, $1.—The Aviator's Elementary Handbook, by A. Gramont De Guiche, translated by Dwight M. Miner, illus., $1. (Brentano.)

A Manual of Histology, by Henry Erdmann Radasch, illus., $2.50.—How to Keep Fit in Camp and Trench, by Col. Charles Lynch and Maj. James G. Cumming, illus., paper, 30 cts. (P. Blakiston's Son & Co.)

Complete U. S. Infantry Guide, arranged by Maj. James K. Parsons, illus., $6.—Tactics and Technique of River Crossings, by Col. Mertens, translated by Maj. Walter Krueger, illus., $2.50.—Military and Naval Recognition Book, by Lieut. J. W. Bunkley, illus., $1. (D. Van Nostrand Co.)

The Orthopedic Treatment of Gunshot Injuries, by Leo Mayer, illus.—Industrial Medicine and Surgery, by Maj. Harry E. Mock, illus.—Principles of Surgical Nursing: A Guide to Modern Surgical Technic, by Frederick C. Warnshuis, illus.—Laboratory Outline of Neurology, by C. Judson Herrick and Elizabeth C. Crosby, $1. (W. B. Saunders Co.)

The Farm Tractor: Its Mechanism, Use, Care, and Repair, by Wallace B. Blood, $2.50.—Controlling Profits: Simplified Efficiency Methods in Store Record Keeping, by Eugene Herz, $1.—Starland Sketches, by P. A. Price, maps, $1.—A Compendium of Parliamentary Law, by Emma Guy Cromwell, chart, 75 cts. (Laird & Lee.)

How to Breathe Right, by Edward Lanlow. (Edward J. Clode.)

Ice-Breakers: Games and Stunts for Large and Small Groups, by Edna Geister, $1. (Woman's Press.)

United States Army, Facts and Insignia, by Valdemar Paulsen, illus., 50 cts. (Rand McNally & Co.)

City Manager Plan, by Edward C. Mabie, $1.25. (H. W. Wilson Co.)

How to Have Bird Neighbors, by S. Louise Patteson, illus., 90 cts. (George W. Jacobs Co.)

Aeroplane Construction and Operation, by John B. Rathbun, $1.50. (Stanton & Van Vliet.)

Secrets of Success in Poultry Culture, by Hugh M. Wallace, illus., $1.50. (Standard Publishing Co.)

How Shall I Take Exercise and Set-Up? by Samuel Delano, illus., $2. (Four Seas Co.)

Winter Butterflies in Bolinas, by Mary D. Barber, 50 cts. (Paul Elder & Co.)

REFERENCE

Encyclopedia Medica, new second edition, edited by J. W. Ballantyne, 15 vols., Vols. I-V, illus., $6, per vol. in sets by subscription.—Human physiology, by Luigi Luciani, translated by Frances A. Welby, edited by Gordon M. Holmes, preface by J. N. Langley, 5 vols., illus., $5.25 per vol.—Typhoid Fever: Considered as a Problem of Scientific Medicine, by Frederick P. Gay, $2.50.—An Atlas of the Dissection of the Cow, by Grant Sherman Hopkins, illus. (The Macmillan Co.)

Periodic Orbits, by F. R. Moulton and Collaborators.—An Atlas of the Milky Way, by E. E. Barnard.—The Cactaceæ: Descriptions and Illustrations of Plants of the Cactus Family, by N. L. Britton and J. N. Rose, Vol. I. (Carnegie Institution.)

Slavic Europe: A Selected Bibliography in the Western European Languages, Comprising History, Languages, and Literature, by Robert Joseph Kerner.—Treaties: A Bibliography of Collections of Treaties and Related Material, by Denys Peter Myers.—A Bibliography of Municipal Utility Regulation and Municipal Ownership, by Don Lorenzo Stevens.—Handbook of Red-Figured Vases, by Joseph Clark Hoppin, illus.—Attic Red-Figured Vases in American Museums, by J. D. Beazley, illus. (Harvard University Press.)

Catalogue of the Hemiptera of America North of Mexico, by Edward P. Van Duzee, $5.50.—A Synopsis of the Bats of California, by Hilda Wood Grinnell, illus., paper, $2.—Abscission of Flowers and Fruits in Solanaceæ, With Special Reference to Nicotiana, by John N. Kendall, illus., 85 cts. (University of California Press.)

Larger English-Irish Dictionary, by T. O'Neill Lane, $7.50.—Cassell's French-English and English-French Dictionary, edited by James Boielle, $1.50.—Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases, by Grenville Kleiser, $1.60. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

The Standard Index to Short Stories, 1900-1914, by Francis J. Hannigan, $10.00.—Sayings That Never Grow Old, by Marshall Brown, $1. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, 1623-1673, edited by Joseph Quincy Adams, Jr., illus., $2.50. (Yale University Press.)

A Sumero-Babylonian Sign List, by Samuel A. B. Mercer, $6. (Columbia University Press.)

A Lithuanian Etymological Index, by H. H. Bender. (Princeton University Press.)

The American Year Book, edited by Francis G. Wickware, $3. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Sign Talk, by Ernest Thompson Seton, illus., $3. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Tube Teeth and Porcelain Rods, by John Girdwood, illus., $5. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Masonic Bookplates, by Winward Prescott, illus., $1. (Four Seas Co.)

New English-Italian and Italian-English Dictionary, by F. Millhouse and F. Bracciforti, $4.50. (Peter Reilly.)

The Mythology of All Races: Egyptian, Indo-Chinese, by W. Max Müller and Sir James George Scott; Celtic, Slavic, by Canon John A. MacCulloch and Jan Máchal, illus., $6. each. (Marshall, Jones & Co.)

The Therapy of Surgical Diseases, by James Peter Warbasse, 3 vols., illus.—History of Phytopathology, by Herbert Hice Whetzel, illus.—Obstetrics, by Barton Cooke Hirst, illus., $5.—Diseases of the Male Urethra, by Irving S. Koll, illus. (W. B. Saunders Co.)

Bibliographies: Automobiles and Motorcycles, by Arthur R. Blessing; Birth Control, by Theodore Schroeder; Office Methods, by Blanche Baird Shelp, 25 cts. each. (H. W. Wilson Co.)

WOMAN AND THE HOME

The Woman Voter's Manual, by S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler, introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, $1.—The A. B. C. of Voting: A Handbook on Government and Politics for the Women of New York State, by Marion B. Cothren, introduction by Governor Charles S. Whitman, 60 cts. (The Century Co.)

Caroline King's Cook Book, illus., $1.50.—The Economy Cook Book, by Marion Harris Neil, illus., $1.50.—Economy in Food, by Mabel T. Wellman, 40 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Everyday Foods in War Time, by Mary Swartz Rose, 75 cts. (The Macmillan Co.)

BOOKS WITH PURPOSE

Published By AP *Association Press*

Publication Department
International Committee
YMCA

Two New Fosdick Books that Are Making a Tremendous Impression—

THE CHALLENGE OF THE PRESENT CRISIS

Boards, 50c

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

30 Thousand Copies Sold in a Few Months
Its 5th Edition Now on Press

IN THIS FEARLESS analysis of the value of force and its limitations, the place of militarism in a Christian civilization, and other fundamental elements in the present situation which constitute a challenge to Christian churches and individuals, the author proves afresh his power to interpret the current thoughts of men and to guide them to higher levels.

"FOSDICK'S 'The Challenge of the Present Crisis' seems to me the clearest, finest statement of our best Christian thought on the war that I know. He has done a great service in preparing it, and you, in publishing it."—OZORA S. DAVIS.

"THE MEANING OF FAITH"

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Author of "The Meaning of Prayer," Etc.

"An Everyday Life Book"

Thin Paper, Art Leather Cloth, Round Corners, Pocket Size, **$1.00**

THIS IS THE BOOK that Fosdick was working on for years, and turned aside long enough to write "The Challenge of the Present Crisis." The author's purpose in these twelve studies is to clear away the misapprehensions involved in the commonly accepted theories of faith, to indicate the relationship of faith to other aspects of life, to face frankly the serious question of suffering as an obstacle of faith, and to expound the vital significance of faith in Jesus Christ. It is a book for the times, strong, vital, significant.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG OF "BOOKS WITH PURPOSE"

Buy from your Book Store or from Us

ASSOCIATION PRESS

124 E. 28th St. New York City

"AT McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

Hundreds of Thousands

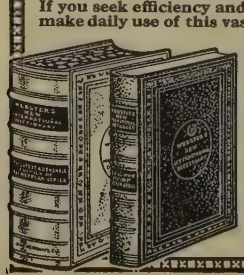
of WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

DICTIONARIES are in use by business men, engineers, bankers, judges, architects, physicians, farmers, teachers, librarians, clergymen, *by successful men and women the world over.*

ARE YOU EQUIPPED TO WIN?

The New International provides the means to success. It is an all-knowing teacher, a universal question answerer.

If you seek efficiency and advancement why not make daily use of this vast fund of information?



400,000 Vocabulary Terms. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Colored Plates. 30,000 Geographical Subjects. 12,000 Biographical Entries.

Regular and India-Paper Editions.

Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc. **Free**, a set of Pocket Maps if you name THE DIAL.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

A Complete System of Nursing, by A. Millicent Ashdown, illus., $5.—Diabetic Cookery, by Rebecca Oppenheimer, $2.—The Economy Cook Book, by Mrs. H. V. K. Gilmore.—Organizing Girls, by Helen J. Ferris. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Labour-Saving House, by Mrs. C. S. Peel, illus., $1.25.—The Eat-Less-Meat Book, by Mrs. C. S. Peel, $1.—Soups, Oysters, and Surprises, by Mrs. Lionel Guest, paper, 25 cts. (John Lane Co.)

The Blue Grass Cook Book, by Minerva C. Fox, introduction by John Fox, Jr.—Home Vegetables and Small Fruits: Their Culture and Preservation, by Frances Duncan, illus. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Food and Freedom, by Mabel Dulon Purdy, illus., $1.—Your Vote and How to Use It, by Mrs. Raymond Brown, foreword by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, 75 cts. (Harper & Brothers.)

How to Keep Well, by William A. Evans, illus., $5.—Wheatless and Meatless Days, by Pauline D. Partridge and Hester M. Conklin, $1.25. (D. Appleton & Co.)

A Little Sewing Book for a Little Girl, by Louise von Palm, illus., 75 cts.—A Little Candy Book for a Little Girl, by Amy L. Waterman, illus., 75 cts. (The Page Co.)

Colour in My Garden, by Louise Beebe Wilder, illus., $15.—Home Vegetable Gardening, by Adolph Kruhm, illus., $1.25. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Natural Care and Food for Child and Mother, by Mrs. William R. Rummler, $1.50. (Rand McNally & Co.)

War-Time Breads and Cakes, by Amy L. Handy, 75 cts. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Physical Beauty—How to Keep It, by Annette Kellerman, illus., $2. (George H. Doran Co.)

The Home Garden, by Eben E. Rexford, illus., $1.25. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Home Help in Music Study, by Harriette Brower, $1.25. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Mrs. Allen's Cook Book, by Ida C. Bailey Allen, illus., $2. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

The Home Poultry Book, by Edward I. Farrington, illus., $1. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

The Book of Corn Cookery, by Mary L. Wade, 75 cts. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Woman: Past, Present, and Future, by August Bebel, $1.50. (Boni & Liveright.)

Thrift in the Household, by Dora Morrell Hughes, $1.25. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

The Backyard Garden: A Handbook for the Amateur, by Edward I. Farrington, $1. (Laird & Lee.)

Low Cost Recipes—A War-Time Cook Book, by Edith G. Harbison, $1. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[*The following list, containing 109 titles, includes books received by* THE DIAL *since its last issue.*]

THE WAR.

Men in War. By Andreas Latzko. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

The Winning of the War. By Roland G. Usher. Illustrated, 12mo, 382 pages. Harper & Bros. $2.

Germany at Bay. By Major Haldane Macfall. With an introduction by Field Marshal Viscount French. Illustrated, 8vo, 304 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Out There. By Charles W. Whitehair. Illustrated, 12mo, 249 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Outwitting the Hun. By Lieut. Pat O'Brien. Illustrated, 12mo, 284 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

A "Temporary Gentleman" in France. Home letters from an officer at the front. With introductory chapters by Capt. A. J. Dawson. 12mo, 263 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

To Bagdad With the British. By Arthur Tillotson Clark. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. Illustrated, 8vo, 353 pages. The Century Co. $2.

Glorious Exploits of the Air. By Edgar Middleton. Illustrated, 12mo, 256 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

The Glory of the Trenches. By Coningsby Dawson. With frontispiece, 12mo, 141 pages. John Lane Co. $1.

The Father of a Soldier. By W. J. Dawson. 12mo, 164 pages. John Lane Co. $1.

Letters to the Mother of a Soldier. By Richardson Wright. 12mo, 135 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.

America After the War. By an American Jurist. 12mo, 208 pages. The Century Co. $1.

Lloyd George and the War. By "An Independent Liberal." 12mo, 159 pages. The Macmillan Co. Paper. 80 cts.

The Trial of Sir Roger Casement. Edited by George H. Knott. Illustrated, 8vo, 304 pages. The Cromarty Law Book Co., Philadelphia.

Full Text of the Secret Treaties. (As Revealed at Petrograd.) 4to, 15 pages. New York Evening Post. Paper. 10 cts.

Field Artillery Officer's Notes. Compiled by Capt. Wm. H. Caldwell. Under the direction of Lieut. Col. Robert M. Danford. 12mo, 77 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Manual of Military Map Making and Reading. By Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hutchinson and Capt. A. J. MacElroy. Illustrated, 16mo, 122 pages. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cts.

Manual of Physical Training. As issued by the War Department for use in the United States Army. Illustrated, 16mo, 207 pages. George Sully & Co. 75 cts.

How to Keep Fit in Camp and Trench. By Col. Charles Lynch and Major James G. Cumming. 16mo, 72 pages. P. Blakiston's Son & Co. 30 cts.

FICTION.

Old People and Things That Pass. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 12mo, 388 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Five Tales. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 380 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Nine Humorous Tales. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Isaac Goldberg and Henry T. Schnittkind. 12mo, 60 pages. The Stratford Co. 25 cts.

An Autumn Sowing. By E. F. Benson. 12mo, 336 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Pawns Count. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. With frontispiece. 12mo, 315 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The Best People. By Anne Warwick. 12mo, 345 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Miss Amerikanka. By Olive Gilbreath. Illustrated, 12mo, 297 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.40.

The Wings of Youth. By Elizabeth Jordan. With frontispiece, 12mo, 320 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.40.

The Flower of the Chapdelaines. By Goerge W. Cable. With frontispiece, 12mo, 339 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

The Happy Garret. The Recollections of Hebe Hill. Edited by V. Goldie. 12mo, 314 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Greater Than the Greatest. By Hamilton Drummond. 12mo, 304 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Firefly of France. By Marion Polk Angelloti. Illustrated, 12mo, 350 pages. The Century Co. $1.40.

Drifting (With Browne). By Byers Fletcher. Illustrated, 12mo, 275 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Coelebs. By F. E. Mills Young. 12mo, 311 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.

After. By Frederic P. Ladd. 12mo, 311 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Howard Chase, Red Hill, Kansas. Charles M. Sheldon. 12mo, 291 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

The Ne'er-Do-Much. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Illustrated, 16mo, 144 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.

The Apple Tree Girl. By George Weston. Illustrated, 12mo, 157 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.

The Book Sensation of the Year

OSCAR WILDE:

HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS

By FRANK HARRIS

with MEMORIES OF OSCAR WILDE by Bernard Shaw

An excellent biography, intimate, sympathetic, yet rigidly honest.

—H. L. Mencken, in Smart Set

A candid, revealing, and noble piece of literature. A book more important than anything Wilde ever did.

—Floyd Dell, in The Masses.

TWO VOLUMES FIVE DOLLARS

ORDER FROM

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

34 Union Square East, N. Y. City

THE UNDERGRADUATE AND HIS COLLEGE

By Frederick P. Keppel

Former Dean of the College
Columbia University

"The point of view is throughout that of the student; the wisdom that of the teacher; and the result is a description and an arraignment, that should arouse almost equally wide discussion."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"He approaches his subject with such catholicity of mind, with such entire freedom from insularity and complete acquaintance with educational progress, that his book is little less than an authoritative statement of the present stage of the evolution of our undergraduate institutions."—JAMES THAYER GEROULD in *The Bellman.*

$1.60 net at all bookstores.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Boston New York

The Century

Tells the Same Story in Schools That It Does in Homes

That story is the knowledge that comes from reading contributions of historians, statesmen, men who have circled the globe; men who are on the inside of international affairs, both at home and abroad; men who are giving their all in the fight for democracy and who as time permits, will contribute that human interest material that means so much to each reader and is of such inestimable value from the standpoint of facts and genuine information.

The May Century Has a Wealth of Articles

A Few of Them Are Listed Below

GOVERNMENT BY IMPRESSIONS..*David Lawrence*

An unusually important article by the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post on the subject of forming public opinion.

NEW IDEALS FOR PEACE.....*Frederic C. Howe*

VENIZEOLOS OF GREECE.....*Jules Bois*

This article on the international famous Premier of Greece gives a concise yet thorough account of his political and national activity.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE WAR.....
.....*Frederick Peterson, M.D.*

A most informative article on the work of the medical fraternity in the war.

Fiction

THE BOOMERANG.....*David Grey*
Illustrated by Norman Price

Is a new serial beginning in this issue.

SHORT STORIES by *Marjorie Morton, Charles D. Stewart and Others.*

ALSO

IMPORTANT ARTICLES AND SKETCHES by *Herbert Adams Gibbons, Nelson Collins, Wallace Irwin, and Others.*

The yearly subscription rate of the CENTURY is $4.00. We will send a copy of the May issue if you write for it. We want to introduce the CENTURY to you. We want you to use it in your work.

The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue New York City

POETRY AND DRAMA.

Representative Plays by American Dramatists. 1765-1819. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated, 8vo, 678 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

The Harlequinade. By Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. 12mo, 87 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Jeanne D'Arc. By Percy Mackaye. Eighth edition. Illustrated, 12mo, 163 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Artists' Families. By Eugene Brieux. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. 16mo, 98 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 75 cts.

Georgian Poetry: 1916-1917. 12mo, 181 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The Masque of Poets. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. 12mo, 133 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Poems: 1908-1914. By John Drinkwater. 12mo, 120 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Eidola. By Frederic Manning. 12mo, 86 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Twenty-Six Poems. By Cecil Roberts. 12mo, 92 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 12mo, 69 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.

Desire. By Charlotte Eaton. New and enlarged edition. 12mo, 199 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

City Pastorals, and Other Poems. By William Griffith. 12mo, 128 pages. James T. White & Co. $1.25.

Songs of the Shrapnel Shell, and Other Verse. By Captain Cyril Morton Horne. 12mo, 99 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

"Worms of the Earth." By "A. Martian." 16mo, 26 pages. "Interplanetary Association." Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse. With frontispiece, 8vo, 341 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.

The English Sonnet. By T. W. H. Crosland. 8vo, 276 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.

The Foundations and Nature of Verse. By Cary F. Jacob. 12mo, 231 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.50.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom: 1916-1917. Second Series, Volume XXXV. 8vo, 179+88 pages. Oxford University Press. $2.40.

The Mind of Arthur James Balfour. Selections from his non-political writings, speeches, and addresses: 1879-1917. Arranged by Wilfrid M. Short. With portrait, 8vo, 407 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

The Method of Henry James. By Joseph Warren Beach. 12mo, 279 pages. Yale University Press. $2.

From Shakespeare to O. Henry. Studies in Literature. By S. P. B. Mais. 12mo, 313 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

La Vida del Buscon. By Don Francisco de Queuedo Villegas. 12mo, 207 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Portuguese Portraits. By A. F. G. Bell. Illustrated, 12mo, 144 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Literary Chapters. By W. L. George. 12mo, 241 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

A Boswell of Baghdad. By E. V. Lucas. 12mo, 255 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

Tricks of the Trade. By J. C. Squire. 12mo, 81 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

When a Man Commutes. By Alan Dale. Illustrated, 201 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

L'Exotisme Américain dans L'Œuvre de Chateaubriand. By Gilbert Chinard. 12mo, 305 pages. Hachette & Cie., Paris. 3 fr. 50.

The Weather Calendar. Being a series of passages collected from letters and diaries and arranged by Mrs. Henry Head. 16mo, 159 pages. Oxford University Press. 80 cts.

The Joys of Librarianship. By Arthur E. Bostwick. 8vo, 17 pages. New York Public Library. Paper.

EDUCATION.

The Prussian Elementary Schools. By Thomas Alexander. 12mo, 571 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The Problem of the Soul. By Edmond Holmes. 16mo, 115 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Language Student's Manual. By William R. Patterson. 12mo, 200 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Higher Education and Business Standards. By Willard Eugene Hotchkiss. 12mo, 109 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

A History of Europe. By A. J. Grant. Revised edition. With maps. 12mo, 778 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.75.

English Poets of the Eighteenth Century. Selected and edited by Ernest Bernbaum. Modern Student's Library. 16mo, 364 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. With an introduction by William Dean Howells. Modern Student's Library. 16mo, 401 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. (The Modern Students Library.) With introduction and notes by Edwin Mims. 16mo, 363 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

Mail Course in Practical English. 6 vols. and 20 correspondence lessons. By Grenville Kleiser. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Commercial Letters. By John Opdycke and Celia A. Drew. Illustrated, 8vo, 395 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

At West Point. A course in speaking and writing French. By Major Charles F. Martin and Captain George M. Russell. Illustrated, 12mo, 242 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. $1.40.

A Supplement to Oral French Method. by Alice Blum. With an appendix of Paris slang translated into the American equivalent. 12mo, 32 pages. George H. Doran Co. Paper.

Selections from the Novelas Ejemplares: La Gitanilla and El Licenciado Vidriera. By Cervantes. Edited by Hugo A. Rennert. 16mo, 218 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Select Fables of I. A. Kryloff. Edited by J. H. Freese. 12mo, 76 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

The Laboratory Study of Chemistry. By Herbert R. Smith and Harry M. Mess. Illustrated, 8vo, 256 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Food Problems. By A. N. Farmer and Janet Rankin Huntington. Illustrated, 12mo, 90 pages. Ginn & Co. 27 cts.

The Fox Primer from Mother Goose. A phonetic reader by Florence C. Fox. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 170 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Fox First Reader. By Florence C. Fox. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 156 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Fox Second Reader. By Florence C. Fox. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 187 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Fox Manual for Teaching Reading with the Fox Readers. By Florence C. Fox. 12mo, 62 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SCIENCE.

Climate: Considered Especially in Relation to Man. By Robert DeCourcy Ward. Second edition revised. Illustrated, 12mo, 380 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The Language of Color. By M. Luckiesh. 12mo, 282 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The Physical Chemistry of Proteins. By T. Brailsford Robertson. 8vo, 483 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.

Artificial Dye-Stuffs. Their Nature, Manufacture and Uses. By Albert R. J. Ramsey and H. Claude Weston. Illustrated, 8vo, 212 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.60.

The Wild Foods of Great Britain. Where to Find Them and How to Cook Them. By L. C. R. Cameron. Illustrated, 16mo, 128 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cts.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

The Philosophy of Benedetto Croce. By H. Wildon Carr. 8vo, 213 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

The Real Business of Living. By James H. Tufts. 12mo, 476 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Evolution in Christian Doctrine. By Percy Gardner. 12mo, 241 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Can We Believe in Immortality? By James H. Snowden. 12mo, 227 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Christ's Challenge in This World Crisis. By George William Douglas. 12mo, 54 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cts.

Prayers for Today. Compiled by Samuel McComb. 16mo, 180 pages. Harper & Bros. Flexible leather. $1.

GREAT WAR, BALLADS

By Brookes More

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the war.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

$1.50 Net

For Sale by Brentano's; The Baker & Taylor Co., New York; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; St. Louis News Co., and All Book Stores

THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.
Fort Smith, Arkansas, U. S. A.

LIBRARY WORK AS A PROFESSION

Opportunities for advancement in library work are exceptional for normal school or college graduates who can take a year of training in a Library School. Openings, particularly for school librarians, are becoming more numerous and more remunerative.

The Library School of the New York Public Library

offers instruction by experienced teachers, lectures by leading librarians, access to a large variety of libraries for purposes of study, inspection and practice, and the advantages of a year's life in New York City. Apply for Circular to

E. J. REECE, Principal, 476 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.

Book Buyers

who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

"RED RUTH" By ANNA RATNER SHAPIRO

A story based upon the Universal Brotherhood of Man

Romance Mystery Philosophy

You want to read Red Ruth if you give any thought to present world conditions. A story of intense human interest, giving a new angle on the power of woman's love.

The Journal-Courier, New Haven, Conn., says:

"This story is a noble and praiseworthy contribution. A fine love story is sandwiched in this pleasing book."

Illustrated by Carl S. Jungle

For Sale at All Bookstores or Postpaid, $1.35

The Arc Publishing Co., 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Library Specialties SEND POSTAL FOR FREE CATALOG
IRVING G. BANGHART & CO. 431 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1905*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT
291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticise and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

IF you want first editions, limited editions, association books — books of any kind, in fact, address:
DOWNING, Box 1336, Boston, Mass.

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

DIPLOMAS DESIGNED AND ENGROSSED 15TH YEAR
By CLARENCE C. FRENCH
(Academy Julian, Paris)
Grand Rapids - - - Michigan

For Authors **ROMEIKE** operates a special literary department, as complete in every detail as an entire
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Having the use of our international facilities this department is known and patronized by as many authors and publishers as make up the entire clientele of an ordinary bureau.
With our exceedingly large patronage it is necessary for us to maintain a standard of efficiency and service which cannot be approached by bureaux that devote their efforts to the acquiring of new subscribers without thought for those they have. An inefficient press clipping service will prove irritating, so don't experiment. Use the reliable
ROMEIKE
108-110 Seventh Avenue, NEW YORK
Established 1881

THE ARTS.

A History of Architecture. By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell. Illustrated, 12mo, 621 pages. Harper & Bros. $3.50.

Catalogue: Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst Loan Collection. Edited by J. Nilsen Laurvik in collaboration with Arthur Upham Pope, R. Meyer-Riefstahl, and Phyliss Ackerman. Illustrated, 16mo, 253 pages. The San Francisco Arts Association.

Masonic Bookplates. By Winward Prescott. Illustrated, 12mo, 29 pages. The Four Seas Co. $1.

SOCIOLOGY AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Credit of the Nations. By J. Laurence Laughlin. 8vo, 406 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

The State Tax Commission. By Harley Leist Lutz. 8vo, 673 pages. Harvard University Press. $2.75.

A National System of Economics. By J. Taylor Peddie. 12mo, 299 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

The Passing of the Great Race. By Madison Grant. Revised edition. 8vo, 296 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Publications of the American Sociological Society. Vol. 12. Social Control. Edited by Scott E. W. Bedford. 8vo, 269 pages. University of Chicago Press. Paper. $1.50.

The Utopian Way. By John Veiby. 8vo, 213 pages. Published by the author. South Bend, Ind. $1.50.

Drink. A new and revised edition of "Drink and Be Sober." By Vance Thompson. 12mo, 231 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DIAL, published fortnightly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1918. State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martyn Johnson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of THE DIAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Martyn Johnson, Chicago; editor, George Bernard Donlin, South Pasadena, Calif.; managing editor, Martyn Johnson, Chicago; business manager, Martyn Johnson, Chicago.

2. That the owners are (give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock): The Dial Publishing Company. Martyn Johnson, Chicago; Willard C. Kitchel, Chicago; Laird Bell, Chicago; Bruce D. Smith, Chicago; Mary Aldis, Chicago; Susan F. Hibbard, Chicago, and Mary L. Snow, Dearborn, Mich.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state): None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (this information is required from daily publications only).

MARTYN JOHNSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1918.

WILLARD C. KITCHEL.

[SEAL.]

(My commission expires January 20, 1920.)

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

The Passing of National Frontiers

It is to be accepted as a major premise, underlying any argument or speculation that bears on current events or on the calculable future, that the peoples of Christendom are now coming to face a revolutionary situation. "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." This will hold true with equal cogency for international relations and for the domestic affairs of any one of the civilized countries. It means not necessarily that a radical change of base in the existing law and order is expedient or desired, but only that circumstances have been falling into such shape that a radical change of base can be avoided, if at all, only at the cost of a hard-handed and sustained reactionary policy. Indeed, it may be an open question whether any concerted scheme of reactionary measures will suffice to maintain or to re-establish the passing status quo. It takes the form of a question as to whether the Old Order can be rehabilitated, not whether it will stand over by its own inertia. And it is, perhaps, still more of an open question what would be the nature and dimensions of those departures from the holding ground of the Old Order which the new conditions of life insist on.

But the situation is of a revolutionary character, in the sense that those underlying principles of human intercourse on which the Old Order rests are no longer consonant with the circumstances which now condition this intercourse. The spiritual ground on which rights and duties have been resting has shifted, beyond recall. What has been accepted hitherto as fundamentally right and good is no longer securely right and good in human intercourse as it must necessarily run under the altered circumstances of today and tomorrow. The question, in substance, is not as to whether the scheme is to be revised, but only as to the scope and method of its revision, which may take the direction of a rehabilitation of the passing order, or a drift to new ground and a New Order.

The principles of right and honest living are of the nature of habit, and like other habits of thought these principles change in response to the circumstances which condition habituation. But they change tardily; they are tenacious and refractory; and anything like a deliberate shifting to new ground in such a matter will come to pass only after the old position has become patently untenable, and after the discipline exercised by the new conditions of life has had time to bend the spiritual attitude of the community into a new bias that will be consonant with the new conditions. At such a juncture a critical situation will arise. So today a critical situation has arisen, precipitated and emphasized by the experience of the war, which has served to demonstrate that the received scheme of use and wont, of law and order and equity, is not competent to meet the exigencies of the present.

In the last resort, these changes of circumstance that have so been going forward and have put the received scheme of law and order out of joint are changes of a technological kind, changes that affect the state of the industrial arts and take effect through the processes of industry. One thing and another in the institutional heritage has so been outworn, or out-lived; and among these is the received conception of the place and value of nationalities.

The modern industrial system is world-wide, and the modern technological knowledge is no respecter of national frontiers. The best efforts of legislators, police, and business men, bent on confining the knowledge and use of the modern industrial arts within national frontiers, has been able to accomplish nothing more to the point than a partial and transient restriction on minor details. Such success as these endeavors in restraint of technological knowledge have

met with has effected nothing better than a slight retardation of the advance and diffusion of such knowledge among the civilized nations. Quite patently, these measures in restraint of industrial knowledge and practice have been detrimental to all the peoples concerned, in that they have lowered the aggregate industrial efficiency of the peoples concerned, without increasing the efficiency, wealth, or well-being of any one of them. Also quite patently, these endeavors in restraint of industry have not successfully prevented the modern industrial system from reaching across the national frontiers in all directions, for materials and for information and experience. Indeed, so far as regards the industrial work of the modern peoples, as distinct from the commercial traffic of their business men, it is plain that the national frontiers are serving no better purpose than a moderately effectual obstruction. In this respect, the national frontiers, and all that system of discrimination and jealousy to which the frontiers give definition and emphasis, are worse than useless; although circumstances which the commercialized statesmen are unable to control have made the frontiers a less effectual bar to intercourse than would suit the designs of national statecraft.

The case stands somewhat different as regards that commercial traffic that makes use of the modern industrial system. Business enterprise is a pursuit of private gain. Not infrequently one business concern will gain at the cost of another. Enterprising business concerns habitually seek their own advantage at the cost of their rivals in the pursuit of gain; and a disadvantage imposed on a rival concern or on a competing line of business enterprise constitutes a competitive advantage. Hindrance of a competitor is an advantage gained. Business enterprise is competitive, even where given business men may work in collusion for the time being with a view to gains that are presently to be divided. And success in business is always finally a matter of private gain, frequently at the cost of some one else. Business enterprise is competitive.

But the like is not the case with industrial efficiency. And the material interest of the community centres on industrial efficiency, on the uninterrupted production of goods at the lowest practicable cost in terms of material and man power. The productive efficiency of any one industrial plant or industrial process is in no degree enhanced by the inefficiency of any other plant or process comprised in the industrial system; nor does any productive advantage come to the one from a disadvantage imposed on another. The industrial process at large is of a coöperative nature, in no degree competitive—and it is on the productive efficiency of the industrial process at large that the community's material interest centres. But while business enterprise gets its gains from industry, the gains which it gets are got in competition with rivals; and so it becomes the aim of competitive business concerns to hinder the productive efficiency of those industrial units that are controlled by their rivals. Hence what has been called "capitalistic sabotage." All this, of course, is the merest commonplace of economic science.

At this point the national frontiers come into the scheme of economic life, with the jealousies and discrimination which the frontiers mark and embody. The frontiers, and that obstruction to traffic and intercourse in which the frontiers take effect, may serve a gainful purpose for the business concerns within the frontiers by imposing disadvantages on those outside, the result being a lowered efficiency of industry on both sides of the frontier. In short, so far as concerns their place and value in modern economic life, the national frontiers are a means of capitalistic sabotage; and indeed that is all they are good for in this connection. All this, again, is also a commonplace of economic science.

In past time, before modern industry had taken on its modern character and taken to the use of a wide range of diversified materials and products drawn from all over the habitable world—in the past the obstruction to industry, and therefore to material well-being, involved in the use of the frontiers as a means of sabotage was of relatively slight consequence. In the state of the industrial arts as it prevailed in that past era, the industrial processes

ran on a smaller scale and made relatively little use of materials drawn from abroad. The mischief worked by sabotage at the frontiers was consequently also relatively slight; and it is commonly believed that other, incidental gains of a national character would accrue from so obstructing traffic at the frontiers, in the way of national self-sufficiency and warlike preparation. These presumed gains in point of "preparedness," it has been presumed, would outweigh the relatively slight economic mischief involved in the practice of national sabotage by the obstructive use of the frontiers, under the old system of small-scale and home-bred industry.

Latterly this state of things, which once served in its degree to minimize the economic mischief of the national frontiers, has become obsolete. As things stand now, no civilized country's industrial system will work in isolation. Not only will it not work at a high efficiency if it is effectually confined within the national frontiers, but it will not work at all. The modern state of the industrial arts will not tolerate that degree of isolation on the part of any country, even in case of so large and diversified a country as the United States. The great war has demonstrated all that. Of course, it may be conceived to be conceivable that a modern civilized community should take thought and deliberately forgo the use of this modern state of the industrial arts which demands a draft on all the outlying regions of the earth for resources necessary to its carrying-on; and so should return to the archaic scheme of economic life that prevailed in the days before the Industrial Revolution; and so would be able to carry on its industrial life in a passable state of isolation, such as still floats before the vision of the commercialized statesmen. But all that line of fantastic speculation can have only a speculative interest. In point of practical fact, the nations of Christendom are here together, and they live and move and have their being within this modern state of the industrial arts, which binds them all in an endless web of give and take across all national frontiers and in spite of all the well-devised obstructive measures of the commercialized statesmen.

As an industrial unit, the Nation is out of date. This will have to be the point of departure for the incoming New Order. And the New Order will take effect only so far and so soon as men are content to make up their account with this change of base that is enforced by the new complexion of the material circumstances which condition human intercourse. Life and material well-being are bound up with the effectual working of the industrial system; and the industrial system is of an international character—or it should perhaps rather be said that it is of a cosmopolitan character, under an order of things in which the nation has no place or value.

But it is otherwise with the business men and their vested interests. Such business concerns as come into competition with other business concerns domiciled beyond the national frontiers have an interest in the national frontiers as a means of obstructing competition from beyond. For the purpose of private gains, to accrue to certain business concerns within the country, the national frontiers, and the spirit of national jealousy, are valuable as a contrivance for the restraint of trade; or, as the modern phrasing would make it, these things are made use of as a means of sabotage, to limit competition and prevent an unprofitably large output of merchantable goods being put on the market—unprofitable, that is, to the vested interests already referred to, though advantageous to the community at large.

Conversely, vested interests engaged in the pursuit of private gain in foreign parts, in the way of foreign investments, foreign concessions, export trade, and the like, also find the national establishment serviceable in enforcing claims and in procuring a profitably benevolent consideration of their craving for gain on the part of those foreign nations into whose jurisdiction their quest of profits is driving them. At this point, again, the community at large, the common men of the nation, have no material interest in furthering the advantage of the vested interests by use of the national power; quite the contrary in fact, inasmuch as the whole matter resolves

itself into a use of the nation's powers and prestige for the pecuniary benefit of certain vested interests which happen to be domiciled within the national frontiers. All this, again, is a commonplace of economic science.

The conclusion is equally simple and obvious. As regards the modern industrial system, the production and distribution of goods for common use, the national establishment and its frontiers and jurisdiction serve substantially no other purpose than obstruction, retardation, and a lessened efficiency. As regards the commercial and financial considerations to be taken care of by the national establishment, they are a matter of special benefits designed to accrue to the vested interests at the cost of the common man. So that the question of retaining or discarding the national establishment and its frontiers, in all that touches the community's economic relations with foreign parts, becomes in effect a detail of that prospective contest between the vested interests and the common man out of which the New Order is to emerge, in case the outcome of the struggle turns in favor of the common man.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

Antiquated Youth

About five years ago a certain young dramatic critic was dreadfully shocked by being asked if, after all, "Sumurun" wasn't the sort of thing that the theatre really ought to do instead of tackling social problems. At that time the critic was superintending the reformation of the world and his wife through the agency of a few choice spirits and artist-philosophers like Augustus Thomas, William C. de Mille, George Broadhurst, and Charles Klein, with occasional assistance from the (printed) plays of Henrik Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw. And it only increased the critic's distress to realize that he was getting more spiritual sustenance out of the Reinhardt picture-play of passion and knockabout cruelty than he could draw from that defense of woman's integrity, "Bought and Paid For," that exposé of corrupt politics, "The Woman," and that arraignment of Wall Street finance, "The Gamblers," all rolled into one. In the end, however, the young critic put the doubt from him. Of course, Klein was just a bit crude as a manufacturer of dramas of discussion. Wait till a few of our really distinguished fiction-writers tried their hands at it, and the younger generation came along.

Since then a great many critics have estimated and reëstimated the number of gallons of water that have passed under their favorite metaphorical bridge, and since then we have had a rather disturbing series of events in middle Europe to make us think a little less or a little more about the theatre. Finally have come the distinguished writer of fiction to ask us "Why Marry?" and a specimen of the younger generation of England to tell us about "Youth"—all just in time to be compared with a revival of twenty-five-years-old "Mrs. Warren's Profession." And what a terrible bore it all is!—these plays of Messrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and Miles Malleson.

Of course this is all very inconsistent and unfair. It is critical suicide to applaud the polemic poppycock of "The Woman" and sneer at "Why Marry?"—to salute chastely the maidenly maunderings of "A Man's World" and yawn at "Youth." "Why Marry?" is clever. "Youth" is pitifully sincere. "Why Marry?" has style. There is impassioned writing in "Youth," and real humor. Yet both of them end by being deeply and thoroughly and boringly unsatisfying.

To put it as crudely as a thesis-play, a lot of us are tired of these modern dramas, just as we are tired of modern life. It is all a mess of grubbing and grabbing and blunder and compromise, with no passion and no blazing faith to light a path across. Sometimes it almost seems as if the world itself had become suddenly aware of the stink and boredom of this era and had conceived the perverse solution of committing terrestrial suicide. Perhaps we

are retreating into the theatre of beauty just to escape the confusion of today's terrible immolation. But I think we should gladly, however mistakenly, stick to our guns if there were anything worth shooting at. What is the use of pottering round with luke-warm heresies and half-baked iconoclasms that can't keep pace with the shifting society that they flatter themselves they are reforming? No, the old world is dead and no one knows the difference—which is as sober and as sensible an explanation as any for the sudden futility of plays like "Why Marry?" and "Youth," and for the solemnity with which some of us accept them as works of art and the absurd vigor which others bestow on their regurgitation.

Yet even without the war I think we should be tired of these things. We are tired of talk. We are tired of talk that everyone accepts and nobody acts on. We are tired of talk that nobody accepts and everyone acts on. We are even tired of talk that nobody accepts and nobody acts on—except, perhaps, the angels and a few Bolsheviki.

When you go to one of Mary Shaw's periodic revivals of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," such as she is now giving in New York with the aid of the Washington Square Players, you remember that Shaw wrote it just a quarter of a century ago, and you are ready to display at least a little antiquarian curiosity over passages like Sir George Croft's defense of his partnership with Mrs. Warren:

> Why the devil shouldn't I invest my money that way? I take the interest on my capital like other people: I hope you don't think I dirty my own hands with the work. Come: you wouldn't refuse the acquaintance of my mother's cousin, the Duke of Belgravia, because some of the rents he gets are earned in queer ways. You wouldn't cut the Archbishop of Canterbury, I suppose, because the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have a few publicans and sinners among their tenants? Do you remember your Crofts Scholarship at Newnham? Well, that was founded by my brother the M. P. He gets his twenty-two per cent out of a factory with 600 girls in it, and not one of them getting enough to live on. How d'ye suppose most of them manage? Ask your mother. And do you expect me to turn back on thirty-five per cent when all the rest are pocketing what they can, like sensible men?

It is no easier to be moved when Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams assures the twentieth century through "Why Marry?" that certain people are wrong in thinking that sex is evil, or that work is rewarded in inverse ratio to its usefulness to society. It is even a bit difficult to credit Mr. Williams with cleverness when he urges a defender of the wedding ring as "only a symbol," not to "insult the woman you love —even symbolically." And when, in the face of the conductorettes, he expects us to worry about a young lady who bemoans the fact that she is "following the only profession you've allowed me to learn—marriage," even the most stalwart pillar of playhouse progress must crack under the strain.

Likewise Mr. Miles Malleson, author of "Youth," which preceded "Mrs. Warren" at the Comedy. He is more in the good old artist-philosopher strain than Mr. Williams. He has hold of his problem. He isn't swinging it in circles round his head like a dead cat on a string. And he writes with enthusiasm, even beauty. Yet the interesting psychological fact remains that it is a bit hard to get excited over things like:

> A wife is terribly often a married-lady-in-a drawing-room, worn out doing nothing—or a married-woman-in-a-kitchen, worn out doing too much; according to the income of her owner. . . Why do you suppose men wink so pleasantly at one another over their own little love affairs, and can't find words bad enough for the woman who loves outside her wedding ring? . . . A wife is the last word in private property . . . and that is always a curse. . . When the sky is privately owned, some large firm will charge to view the sunset!

We might as well admit that as talk this is "old hat"—like everything else we hear in "plays with a purpose." If it were carried out in action—either in the theatre or in life—it would be a little better. Both plays might, indeed, have carried us back to some of the fascination of "A Doll's House," if the playwrights could have seen their themes through with half the resolute enthusiasm that they bestowed on digging up their talk. For if both plays are full of "old hat" sentiments, they are both written on a thoroughly "new hat" subject. They both wonder if marriage—in the legal sense—is good for young people. But "Why Marry?" never gets any nearer

a reason than the false supposition that it is impossible for a couple of young scientists to marry when one can earn $2000 a year and the other $900, and bewilderingly and amusingly chases its tail round that supposition; while "Youth" forgets some excellent doubts that it raises of a young man's ability to pick a permanent mate when flushed with youth's passional curiosity, and backs its two culprits off in a couple of corners to wait a few weeks while the young man makes up a mind which, according to the first two acts, he has been consistently and rightly unable to make up because of the very essence of the problem.

After all, can this talky-talky business be "good theatre" in any but three ways: if it is as thoroughgoing as "Getting Married"—absolutely artificial in its elimination of emotional violence; if it is so handled by an impossible master-dramatist—which Ibsen is every now and then—that the perfection of the product alone fascinates; or if somebody chucks all the talk overboard and tells us our modern "problem story" in the plain terms of inarticulate human beings and their actions? A man named McIntyre once did it in a week's-run failure called "Steve," and Mr. Cohan may do it one of these days.

I am naturally tempted to end with the announcement that only such an eventuality will save the theatre from "Sumurun" and Mr. Gordon Craig. But it happens that the theatre is rapidly getting old enough to be all things to all men. There was a day when a poem was an epic, and another when a book was only a book—when Homer cast lyrics under the striding feet of war, and Bunyan thought he was writing some sort of theological tome when he was making the first English novel. The theatre is still a little in that mood. But it is no great effort to imagine that when the Great Peace has shaken us up a dozen times as thoroughly as the Great War has yet done, our plays may be as full of the fine thrilling variety of life as our prose and poetry today. Then those of us who want Theda Bara and Charlie Chaplin wed in the guise of "Sumurun," and those of us who like to worry about Youth, will all be satisfied. But it is also safe to say that Youth will sing a rather different tune.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

*A Gossip on James Branch Cabell

One of the prerogatives of genius, as distinguished from eminent ability or even positive greatness, is the entire impunity with which it refuses to live "in character." Everything that living in character has demanded of Mr. Cabell as a man, he has done in his books as an author—and there only. There could be no more clinching objection to some widely trusted fashions of deducing an author's works from his life and then turning about to deduce his life from his works. At the same time there could be no more clinching demonstration that an author's works are the quintessence of his reality, reducing his life and all else to flat irrelevance. The reality of Mr. Cabell is jongleur, trickster—"Toy-Maker," as he has it in the title of a poem. The creator of Nicolas de Caen and of Horvendile, refusing to play his part out in life, has no license in æsthetics to live at all. He should write unhandicapped by existence, and make his name a legend, so that those who dispute whether his tales are true must also dispute whether their author ever lived. He should be an Ossian without any Macpherson to embarrass his æsthetic consistency, a jongleur without a genealogist tagging at his heels.

Time would fail me to set down in any detail the respects in which Mr. Cabell is the most resourceful jongleur of his trade. But at least I may signify how some of the most dexterous of his contrivances involve the name of Nicolas de Caen. Collecting in 1905 the seven tales of "The Line of

*NOVELS AND TALES: The Eagle's Shadow, 1904; The Line of Love, 1905; Gallantry, 1907; The Cords of Vanity, 1908; Chivalry, 1909; The Soul of Melicent, 1913; The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck, 1915; The Certain Hour, 1916; The Cream of the Jest, 1917.

VERSE: From the Hidden Way, 1916.

GENEALOGY: Branchiana, 1907; Branch of Abingdon, 1911; The Majors and Their Marriages, 1916.

For access to much interesting material by and about Mr. Cabell, including two books now out of print, I make grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Guy Holt of Robert M. McBride & Co., Mr. Cabell's publishers.

Love," Mr. Cabell invented Nicolas outright as the probable author of the first tale, "Adhelmar at Puysange." The original manuscript, "Les Aventures d'Adhelmar de Nointel," exists "in an out-of-the-way corner of the library at Allonby Shaw"—the library, presumably, of the family of that Stephen Allonby, later Marquis of Falmouth, who may be met as hero of the seventh tale. Nicolas de Caen, to whom this manuscript is attributed, "though on no very conclusive evidence," is "better known as a lyric poet and satirist (circa 1450)." In the epilogue to "The Line of Love" it is noted that "Nicolas de Caen as yet lacks an English editor for his 'Roman de Lusignan' and his curious 'Dizain des Reines'—those not unhandsome pieces, latterly included and annotated in the 'Bibliotheca Abscondita.'" Finding Nicolas accepted at his face value, Mr. Cabell subsequently evolved the books to fit this hinted promise: the "Dizain des Reines" is Mr. Cabell's "Chivalry"; and the "Roman de Lusignan," for which "our sole authority . . . must continue to be the fragmentary MS. No. 503 in the Allonbian Collection," is "The Soul of Melicent." It is interesting to note that the poem "À son Livret," which ends Nicolas's epilogue to "Chivalry," is also the first piece in Mr. Cabell's volume of verses, "From the Hidden Way"; which detail is one among a thousand hints of the elvish magic whereby this author makes all his books conspire together to evoke in you a dreamlike and excited wonder how it happens that you have read them before. "From the Hidden Way" contains also many another "adaptation" from Nicolas, as well as from his compeers Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, Antoine Riczi, Théodore Passerat, and several more, all of whose existences are established in a preface which contains some of Mr. Cabell's most admirable fine fooling.

Few there have been to question the historicity of these singers so little "likely ever to cut a dash in popular romance." Mr. Cabell is rumored on impressive authority to prize a letter from Caen, where a committee organizing to honor their "distinguished ex-townsman" with a memorial of some sort could find nothing about him in the Bibliothèque Nationale. And many a reviewer—including the one most redoubtable arbiter elegantiarum among poetic cults, an industrious anthologist who presides, a sort of professional omniscience, over the chaos of the newer modes—intimated his own casual familiarity with the "originals" of the verses in "From the Hidden Way," heedless quite of the prefatory admonition: "Vous entendez bien joncherie?" Mr. Cabell must have done, first and last, a deal of chuckling over such evidences of his ambidexterity.

But I think his greatest debt to Nicolas de Caen is that worthy's suggestion of the "dizain." For it seems to me that we must seek Mr. Cabell's richest deposits in the four volumes which work out that suggestion: in "Gallantry" his "Dizain des Fêtes Galantes," in "Chivalry" his "Dizain des Reines," in "The Certain Hour" his "Dizain des Poëtes," and in "The Line of Love," which would be his "Dizain des Mariages" if he had only thought then of "the decimal system of composition." These four, together with "The Soul of Melicent," are purest distillate of Cabell. In the title of the one dizain of tales casually ascribed to Nicolas lies the germ of Mr. Cabell's quintessential product—the sequence of stories unified, not by repeating the personæ, nor yet by enclosing the episodes in one frame of place or period, but by making them illustrational of a common motif, a common acceptance of life. "The Line of Love" is a genealogy of pairs of lovers tricked by fate into each others' arms without the romantic prerequisite of a passion shared; "Chivalry" is a sequence of studies of the code whose root is "the assumption . . . that a gentleman will serve his God, his honor, and his lady without any reservation"; "Gallantry" presents in ten "comedies" that Chesterfieldian attitude whose secret was "to accept the pleasures of life leisurely and its inconveniences with a shrug"; and "The Certain Hour" is a tenfold embodiment of the imaginative artist's temperament in its characteristic dilemma of art against human love. These tales have individually, I like to repeat from an earlier comment, the vibrancy and the quick vision of the best dramatic monologues of Browning; and for that we make

acknowledgment to the author alone. But for the shapely continuity of the volumes that contain them I think Mr. Cabell owes something to that creature of his own devising, Messire Nicolas de Caen.

This extension of jonglerie from the materials into the whole shape and superstructure of Mr. Cabell's art is proof enough that the starting-point for appreciation is at his inestimable gift for hocus-pocus. But this extension is not the end. He no sooner perpetrates the jest than he makes a philosophy of it. His little world in which the artist is a jester at the expense of the gullible is only one convolution of the greater cosmos in which life is an inscrutable jester at the expense of us all, including the artist himself. "Heine was right; there is an Aristophanes in heaven," Robert Etheridge Townsend is overheard to murmur on more than one ironic contretemps in "The Cords of Vanity"; and it is but a minor point in the consistency of a universe framed on the jesting principle that there should also be an Aristophanes in Virginia. Mr. Cabell moves, and is our guide, in a world of "supernal double-dealing." "All available analogues," reflected Felix Kennaston in "The Cream of the Jest," "went to show that nothing in nature dealt with its inferiors candidly"; and "everywhere . . . . men had labored blindly, at flat odds with rationality, and had achieved everything of note by accident."

It is this same Kennaston, lately redivivus in "The Cream of the Jest," more than a decade after his first appearance in "The Eagle's Shadow," who makes this philosophy explicit. We meet Kennaston in the midst of a medieval tale which he has himself written, playing in a dream the part of one of his own characters, yet remembering his twentieth-century identity and vainly trying to persuade the others that they are but puppets of his making and that he alone is real. To them he is only the half-insane clerk Horvendile, and in despair at their incredulity he is driven to reflect: "It may be that I, too, am only a figment of some greater dream, in just such case as yours, and that I, too, cannot understand. It may be the very cream of the jest that my country is no more real than Storisende. How could I judge if I, too, were a puppet?" All that happens to him happens "haphazardly . . . in some three pounds of fibrous matter tucked inside his skull"; what, then, is to certify his touch with any objective reality at all?

Kennaston, awake and sane in the twentieth century, publishes his tale, achieves some eminence, a fortune, social position, a wife whom he is fond of. But life continues to mock him. He finds half of a broken metal disc covered with strange hieroglyphics, a talisman with which "the Wardens of Earth unbar strange windows." Hypnotized by its glitter, he escapes more and more gladly out of his hum-drum existence of a prospering and respectable citizen into a world of queerly inconsecutive dream-episodes—incidentally, they bear a distorted resemblance to certain of Mr. Cabell's earlier tales—in which he rejoins for fleeting moments the ageless woman Ettarre. These parentheses rapidly become the real context of his life, and all the rest mere interlude; and in the gaps he wonders "how this dull fellow seated here in this luxurious room" can actually be Felix Kennaston. Yet even in his dreams life mocked him; for if he touched Ettarre "the dream ended, and the universe seemed to fold about him, just as a hand closes." And, crowning mockery, it transpires that his "talisman" is but a meaningless fragment of the cover of a cold cream jar. "Many thousand husbands may find at will among their wives' possessions just such a talisman as Kennaston had discovered." Also, they may find in their wives, the story hints, just such glimpses of Ettarre the ageless woman as Kennaston saw in Kathleen on the occasion of his discovering the other half of the disc on her dressing-table. For the upshot of the whole matter is that Kennaston is every man, and Ettarre the ageless woman of every man's worship, wholly seen of no man save in dreams, yet obscurely prisoned in the flesh of every woman born.

Succinctly, then, Cabell is the comedist of those two beings who wear the flesh of every body—of the idealist lover and the earth-bound respectable citizen who tenant the same clay. All his tales are in some sort "the song of the double-soul, distortedly two in one."

> Thus two by two we wrangle and blunder about the earth,
> And that body we share we may not spare; but the gods have need of mirth.

It is the secret idealist in each of us that mainly interests Mr. Cabell; for, he seems everywhere to be saying, it is only the one best part of us which is real at all. The gods have their jest by yoking us unequally with ourselves; but there is for every man one way to cheat the jest of half its point, if only he can find the way.

And what, ultimately, is Mr. Cabell's sense of this way to high individual adventure? It is wholly characteristic of him that whatever guidance he offers is the guidance of an artist, never of a moralist. His one inclusive and continuous interest is in the artistic or poetizing temper—a narrow enough interest in seeming, when so phrased, but expanded by his tacit definition until it is not only the centre, but also the circumference, of everything. The duality of his world is essentially that of the artistic against the mediocre; for the essential part of every being, the one part that can turn the single life from a sorry jest into a brave spectacle, is the poetic. The artist in each man requires that he give up every cherished thing for the sake of one thing cherished most. Under this tyranny the lover, the fighter, the chivalrous gentleman, the quixotic fool, the artist in words, all sacrifice everything to their own kinds of self-completion; for self-completion is the law, and attainment of it the only success. Mr. Cabell's ideal of success is to reach the consummation of this something central in one's self, and incidentally to miss everything else that one might have had. His ideal of heroism is to sacrifice all for one's own kind of perfection and then fail to gain even that, for this is the one kind of failure that has moral dignity enough to be tragic.

He is at heart, then, a prophet of that austere æsthetic doctrine, the single-mindedness of the artist. He has made up his mind, it seems, to the tragic disparity which condemns the perfect writer to be a wretched bungler at the art of living, the perfect lover a fool in relation to all affairs save those of the heart, and the man of executive might always "more or less mentally deficient." To be perfectly oneself means to miss being everybody else. Whence Mr. Cabell's two recurrent characters: the artist lover who is an inferior citizen, and the writing artist who is an inferior lover. His tales are populated with lovers who must say with Antoine Riczi:

> "Love leads us, and through the sunlight of the world he leads us, and through the filth of it Love leads us, but always in the end, if we but follow without swerving, he leads upward. Yet, O God upon the Cross! Thou that in the article of death didst pardon Dysmas! as what maimed warriors of life, as what bemired travellers in muddied byways, must we presently come to Thee!"

And the tales are filled too with those of whom "life claims nothing very insistently save that they write perfectly of beautiful happenings." These, and the ageless woman by whichever name known, make up his trinity. His lovers are great enough artists to find the ageless woman in the human mistress; his writers are great enough artists to break faith with the human mistress because they can find the ageless woman only in dreams. His greatest lovers are various sorts of fools, outlaws, and failures generally; and his writing men, from Shakespeare and Villon to Robert Etheridge Townsend and John Charteris and Kennaston, are irresponsible hedonists in love.

It is said of Mr. Cabell in a high quarter that "he has done quite the most distinguished romance-writing — except Miss Johnston's very best — published in this country during the last twenty-five years." To my mind this is a little like saying that Mrs. Wharton has written quite the most distinguished realistic novels—except Mr. Winston Churchill's very best. Mr. Cabell has doubtless made up his mind to be praised often by the faint damnation of critics who think him almost as great as his inferiors, such as Miss Johnston and Mr. Hewlett; but one wonders with what equanimity he hears himself dismissed as an innocent romancer who, tired of his trade, has made a few excursions into realism, as in "The Cords of Vanity" and "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." Under whatever trappings of period, circumstance, or code, his work is one in purpose and in meaning—and the meaning is as realistic in "The Soul of Melicent" as in "The Rivet." All his work alike is expression of a duality which is in essence realistic—the duality, not of the world and

the individual, but of the individual within himself. Always, even in his one vapidly frivolous book, "The Eagle's Shadow," he has written of "the thing one cannot do for the reason that one is constituted as one is," which is "the real rivet in grandfather's neck and everybody else's." Mr. Cabell is a romancer only by the most superficial of all the distinctions that can be drawn. Basically, he is a realist without the astigmatism of the localist and the modernist, and without their expert and industrious provision for a quick oblivion. He is the realist of the realities which have nothing to say to fashion and change, and his momentary function among us is to reconstitute that higher realism which is the only true romance. That he should have got himself accepted to right and left as "only the idle singer of an empty day" is perhaps the cream of his own prolonged and elaborate personal jest. So at least we may agree to call it—unless it should presently transpire that his three goodly volumes of genealogy are his sole essays in fiction, and his tales true pages of authentic history. This impish inversion, cunningly planned for the subtler fun of watching the clever folk go wrong because of their cleverness and the stupid folk go right because of their stupidity, would be less Mr. Cabell's self-contradiction than his Aristophanic crown.

WILSON FOLLETT.

For the Young Men Dead

Give them the Spring again some other place!
Though they are dead, now let them have a birth
In Spring—the languor of the earth,
The sharp delight of apple-trees, or a face.
Let them on moorlands by a blue sea race
The tumbling little breezes, yapping mirth.
Give them the light, the breathing, and the girth
Of a Spring day that is enough of space.

They are so young, I don't think they decay
Quickly, as those perhaps more worn with life,
Nor do they take quiescence as their lot.
They wake, they stir, they are leaping, they're at play
At young men's games, wrestling, putting the shot,
And the fields of heaven are noisy with clean strife.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Our London Letter

It was not of course to be supposed that Mr. Edmund Gosse's charming and vivacious, if sometimes over reticent, portrait of Swinburne would remain forever unchallenged. The counterblast has come, whence it might have been expected, from two members of the Watts-Dunton circle, in a volume entitled "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Some Personal Recollections," by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett (John Murray, London, 10/6). It may be said at once that the counterblast takes a singularly gentle and courteous form and that there is no trace of any desire on the part of the authors to begin one of those gigantic literary quarrels which Swinburne himself found so pleasant. They only remark in their introduction that Mr. Gosse is not altogether fair in his account of Swinburne's later life, and they protest against his estimate of Watts-Dunton's influence. In the body of their book they certainly endeavor to present Swinburne's years of retirement at the Pines in as cheerful a light as possible; but they are far from being quarrelsome and, except in one very slight instance, they do not contradict Mr. Gosse in matters of fact. From this point of view the book is a model of restraint and literary good manners. It is even—I am bound to confess, remembering the leanings of its subject—a little disappointing.

But taken as a whole it cannot be compared with Mr. Gosse's study; nor is it very good regarded by itself, without any comparison. The title is somewhat misleading. Only a comparatively small number of letters are quoted and the book does not cover the whole of Swinburne's life or even, with any sort of completeness, any one period of his life. It looks very much, in fact, as though the authors had at their disposal a quite fortuitously selected heap of letters, out of which they made as good a book as they could. They do not seem to have made any use of Mr. T. J. Wise's privately printed collection, and it is obvious that before we can fully judge Swinburne as a letter-writer we must wait for the volume which Mr. Gosse has announced.

But such letters as are given here are extremely interesting and whet one's appetite for a larger and fuller book. Swinburne is not likely to be placed in the very first rank of letter-writers—for just the same reason that keeps him out of the

first rank of poets. He was far too much interested in literature and far too little interested in life. It may be objected that nearly all the most entertaining letter-writers write a good deal about literature and that some of the best letters in the world are bookish letters. But Swinburne's curse was that he completely confused literature and life. He looked at life through literature, and when he was confronted with a new fact or a new personality he promptly made up some more literature through which to regard it. All his passions, his republicanism, his enthusiasm for Italy—a country he hardly knew—were self-hypnotisms based on poetical conventions. This unfortunate characteristic makes many of his letters as unreal as much of his poetry; but they are still readable and good, and they are always extremely like their author. Some of the best are those in which Swinburne, in a mixture of ecstasy, humility, and critical precision, advises Dante Gabriel Rossetti on the changes to be made in the proof-sheets of his forthcoming volume of poems. The opinions are sometimes characteristically extravagant, as when he says:

> Of the sonnets gathered up together in the book, I can only say I am always in an equal wonder at their overrunning wealth of thought and phrase, clothed and set in such absolutely impeccable and inevitable perfection of expressive form.

Swinburne's likes and dislikes were generally pretty irrational; and when he liked a thing he had as a rule only a rich, but never a very precise or enlightening, vocabulary of praise. When he disliked, or liked only faintly or reluctantly, he was often much closer in his expression. Thus, in the same letter, he defines the faults of Morris's "Earthly Paradise" very clearly:

> I have just received Topsy's book: the Oudrun story is excellently told, I can see, and of keen interest, but I find generally no change in the *trailing* style of work. His Muse is like Homer's Trojan women; she drags her robes as she walks. I really think any Muse (when she is neither resting or flying) ought to tighten her girdle, tuck up her skirts, and step out. It is better than Tennyson's short-winded and artificial concision—but there is such a thing as swift and spontaneous strife. Top's is spontaneous and slow; and, especially, my ear hungers for more force and variety of sound in the verse. It looks as if he purposely avoided all strenuous emotion or strength of music in thought and word; and so, when set by other work as good, his work seems hardly done in thorough earnest.

This is sound and illuminating; and perhaps the best that can be said of these letters is that they give the ardency and occasional good sense of Swinburne's literary criticism without, as a rule, the luxuriant verbiage and high-pitched superlatives of his set essays. If they are to be taken as pieces of self-revelation there is nothing in them so pathetic or so enlightening as this, in a letter to Watts-Dunton:

> Chatto has not sent a single weekly newspaper to order; they should all have been here by nine this morning. On second thoughts, to prevent any confusion of my own with my mother's account, I shall not order the "Pall Mall" of the people who supply her with journals, but order it straight from the office, subscribing for three or six months. Will you kindly draw up and forward me a proper business-like order to that effect, and let me know if, and how much, I ought to pay in advance, a task which you, perhaps, would undertake for me, and I could send you a cheque for the amount as soon as you can get and send me a cheque book?

This heart-rending paragraph raises at once, in a most uncompromising form, the question whether Swinburne was right in submitting himself to the protection and guardianship of Watts-Dunton.

And, personally, I have no hestitation whatever in replying that the authors of this book are right and that Mr. Gosse, with all his sympathy and brilliance, is wrong. The question was whether the amazing and magnificent youthful Swinburne, whose incredibly dissolute habits we are all so afraid of mentioning, should dissolve altogether or should consent to an ordering of his life that would prolong it but would certainly rob it of all its magnificence. There seems to have been no alternative between a somewhat tamed and faded poet and a dead, or at the very best an insane, poet. I do not think the faded poet who lived at the Pines was really of very much interest to the world; but then neither would a poet dead or mad have been. Mr. Gosse, I fancy, is led astray by his feeling for composition. That long and terrible anti-climax offends his artistic instincts, and a Swinburne either dying horribly or shut up in a madhouse would have made a much more effective close to the story. I do not mean that Mr. Gosse has thought all this out so brutally, or even consciously at all; but I think these must be the sub-conscious considerations which have affected his judgment. Of course some other person might have been found for the job of guardian. Watts-Dunton was an excessively dull novelist and poet, and a critic more magisterial than sympathetic; but, after all, Swinburne probably wanted to live and retain his reason. Watts-Dunton managed that for him in a very

effective way and may be forgiven for his poems and novels.

Swinburne is still by way of being a mystery and I may be excused for taking up so much space with anything that throws a little new light on him. But I wish I had left myself a little more for dealing with Mr. Bertrand Russell's new book, "Mysticism and Logic" (Longmans, Green; $2.50). The other day, when I was reading the literary column of a weekly paper, I was a little astonished to see that the writer, in opposing the view that we have today no first-class prose writers, mentioned Mr. Russell as an instance to the contrary. But the more I thought of it the more I began to believe he was right; and "Mysticism and Logic" has been quite enough to settle my doubts. My hesitation was caused by the fact that one thinks first of Mr. Russell as a mathematical philosopher of extraordinary profundity, part-author of the great "Principia Mathematica," of which it has been said that only eighty-seven persons in the world can understand it and that this number does not include both the authors. But he is more besides. He is a writer who can popularize philosophy, even mathematical philosophy, without making it vulgar or becoming himself condescending; and he can write nobly and greatly in a manner intelligible to the laity without ever seeming to stoop to their level.

"Mysticism and Logic" contains so much wit and handles difficult matters so lightly and adroitly that at first the temptation to use an easy cliché and call Mr. Russell a "Laughing Philosopher" is almost overwhelming. But then one turns over the pages and comes on this passage:

> That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

This is not comfortable doctrine, but it is nobly expressed; and the essay from which it is taken, "A Free Man's Worship," is one of the finest pieces of philosophical writing of modern times. In general recent philosophy has either been of a highly technical order (like Croce's) or has leaned towards the popularity of the salon and the lecture-room, more anxious to be striking and up-to-date than to be elevating and profound (like Bergson's). Philosophy was tending to disappear in two directions from the survey of the ordinary, unspecialized, but cultured man, who was left to nourish his soul on poetry alone. Now again, perhaps, if he has courage to face Mr. Russell's frightful universe and to extract from it the lessons of courage and exaltation which Mr. Russell extracts, he can say:

> How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbèd as dull fools suppose
> But musical as is Apollo's lute.

In conclusion I must mention not a book but an incident or an affair. One ought to begin: "All London has been talking . . . " But precisely what bothers me is that London has been doing nothing of the kind. A certain gentleman, a Mr. Austin Fryers, has produced on the stage of the Court Theatre a play called "Realities," which, he says, was written by Ibsen as a sequel to "Ghosts." Now Mr. Heinemann, Ibsen's English publisher, to whom apparently Mr. Fryers offered the copyright of this piece, produces a letter from Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the dramatist, to the effect that his father never wrote any such play. Moreover the Norwegian original of the piece, it seems, is not forthcoming—only the English translation. However, it has been performed. I do not know whether it is of Ibsen or not. Oswald is recovered, Mrs. Alving is paralyzed, Oswald is still in love with Regina and uses drugs to back up the effects of his blandishments—but no! I do not think it is by Ibsen. The odd thing is that no one seems to care, and this perplexes me. Of two things, one: either an impudent fraud has been attempted on the English public, or an unknown play of Ibsen's maturity has been discovered. But, I say again in my bewilderment, no one seems to care; and the critics rather lackadaisically discuss three possible solutions: (a) that it is all Ibsen; (b) that it is all Fryers; (c) that it is some of each. The truth is, I suppose, that Ibsen is a little out of fashion at the moment; and this must be very disappointing to Mr. Fryers, whoever wrote the play. However it is too late for him now to fasten the thing on to Shakespeare.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, April 6, 1918.

The Voice of Reason

THE AIMS OF LABOUR. By Arthur Henderson, M. P., Secretary of the Labour Party. Huebsch; 50 cts.

Here is a pamphlet of some eighty-two pages by Mr. Henderson, to which is appended the "Memorandum on War Aims" of the British Labor Party, together with that remarkable document on reconstruction, "Labour and the New Social Order"—only a hundred odd printed pages in all. Yet in this small compass are contained the most explicit and illuminating answers to those questions which the war has compelled every one of us, hopefully or despairingly, to ask. If we would know the purpose and meaning of the democratic forces which the conflict has summoned even while, for the time being, it has ruthlessly crushed their outward manifestation, that knowledge is here; if we are eager to discover on what terms and until what point the war ought to continue, the answer is here; if we sometimes wonder about what kind of programme must be followed in the coming strange days of peace, if we are to avoid disaster in an impoverished and exhausted world, that programme, in specific as well as general terms, is presented to us here. All the complexities and cross-purposes that Entente diplomacy has fumblingly and palteringly bickered over, being either afraid or unwilling to bring them into the open light of common discussion, are here frankly envisaged. The Labor Party does not flinch from the most "delicate" questions of the hushed-voice diplomacy, which cannot even yet wholly free itself from the nineteenth-century tradition of back-stairs pourparlers. The break is complete and final with that kind of conventional foreign-office method which regards the representative chamber as a mere audience hall where the triumphs of secret negotiations can be eloquently exposed or the not-to-be-hidden failures gracefully explained away. Every card is laid on the table, and although the discussion is tactful, the claims of the feelings of diplomats are not regarded as more urgent than the demand for a more decent world from the millions who have suffered all things to bring it into existence. For example, the legitimate aspirations of Italy are unhesitatingly supported, but the flavor of imperialistic ambition in other Italian claims is as unhesitatingly condemned. Similarly, Alsace-Lorraine is treated, as it ought all along to have been treated, as an international question, not as a private property problem of either Germany or France. The vexed problems of the Balkans and of the African colonies are, with a consistency that never loses touch with the facts, freely recommended to the decision of an international commission acting under the authority of that league of nations which it is the business of this war to make practicable. The Labor Party's hostile attitude toward an economic "war after the war" and its placing of complete reparation of Belgium as the sine qua non of even discussion of peace do not need elaboration. The point is, nothing has been left to a mere general declaration of good intentions. The outline is full and detailed.

No one can read this document and fail to see that it is the most uncompromising programme for an acceptable peace yet proposed. The corner stone of the entire scheme, of course, is the proposed league of nations. But it is precisely the surrender of complete national sovereignty implicit in any league of nations which runs counter to the whole purpose and philosophy of Germany's world politics. Only a defeated or a revolutionized Germany can be a trustworthy partner in any such league as the British Labor Party proposes. Even what is conventionally called "victory" will not satisfy it. "Any victory," writes Mr. Henderson, "however spectacular and dramatic in a military sense it may be, which falls short of the realization of the ideals with which we entered the war, will not be a victory but a defeat. We strive for victory because we want to end war altogether, not merely to prove the superiority of British arms over those of Germany. We continue the struggle, dreadful though the cost of it has become, because we have to enforce reparation for a great wrong perpetrated upon a small unoffending nation, to liberate subject peoples and enable them to live under a form of government of their own choosing, and to destroy, not a great nation, but a militarist autocracy which had deliberately planned war without considering the interests either of their own people or of the European Commonwealth of which they are a part."

Yet in the face of such assertions it is the solemn truth that Arthur Henderson has been described as a person of "pacifist" tendencies by people who really ought to have known better. Perhaps the myth arose from his resignation from the Lloyd George cabinet when he disagreed with the Premier over the advisability of sending delegates to the international conference of labor and socialists, called by the

Russians. Mr. Henderson is content to leave the judgment upon the merits of that controversy to history, but his growing leadership in international affairs indicates that perhaps a large part of the contemporary world of labor has already judged. He stands today as the most consistent, the most fearless, and the most powerful advocate of a moral victory over German—and every other—imperialism. It is no accident that his hopes, and the hopes of those for whom he speaks, receive their greatest encouragement from the policies and aims enunciated by President Wilson.

Now what does it mean—this clarity and conciseness from an unofficial body? Since Mr. Henderson's book was written the programme he advocates has been adopted by inter-Allied labor, and the visiting delegates of American labor, according to recent dispatches from London, announce themselves as sympathetic. In brief, the whole drift of events shows that if governments will not of themselves officially present a common diplomatic front to the enemy, the peoples will do it unofficially and without invitation. Already they are making the abolishment of secret diplomacy more than an unctuous phrase—here is a clear instance of open pragmatic diplomacy in action. Bit by bit the whole rotten structure of international intrigue, as we knew it before the war, is being destroyed. Conventional diplomacy has shown itself bankrupt, and the peoples are appointing their own receivers—"the people will not choose to entrust their destinies at the Peace Conference to statesmen who have not perceived the moral significance of the struggle, and who are not prepared to make a people's peace."

In this pamphlet Mr. Henderson makes his eloquent plea for preparation for a people's peace even in war time. It is a plea written with admirable good temper and good sense. The war has raised so many problems that it is a kind of psychological self-protection to fall back on the mechanical theory of progress—that preparation for a new world goes on while we sleep, and that a finer social order somehow inheres in the mere end of hostilities. Our own political thinking, for instance, is so dominated by the legalistic tradition, which cannot even imaginatively envisage any other political entities than the sovereign national state, that our press is quite content with what one might call the automatic slot machine theory of war and peace. The theory is: you put in the penny of a military victory and automatically pull out the gum of a perfect peace and a happy world. Mr. Henderson puts the criminal folly of this attitude in a few words: "The outstanding facts of world politics at the present time—and when peace comes this fact will be made still more clear—is that a great tide of revolutionary feeling is rising in every country." The reactionaries are tragically deceiving themselves if they imagine that the present unchallenging submission of the peoples to all sorts of restriction upon freedom is an earnest of the temper with which they will face the problems of reconstruction. Of course Mr. Henderson does not believe in violent revolution; the whole bent of the English mind is towards constitutional and orderly change. Organized revolution in the continental sense is not part of England's historic background; her people do not plan dramatic and sudden coups d'état. But, as Mr. Henderson points out, they "are capable of vigorous action, of persistent and steady agitation year in and year out, of stubborn and resolute pressure against which nothing can stand." Our own gusty and sporadic methods of political agitation might learn with considerable profit from this even, stubborn temper of the British. In any modern highly organized industrial democracy the people stand to lose almost as much as they gain by resorting to the barricade and the red flag. It is just the prosaic problem of production; a decent social order is not the flower of that impoverishment which inevitably arises when the whole machinery of production is thrown askew.

Yet the decision as to whether reconstruction is to be a violent or peaceful affair does not, after all, rest with the democracies. It rests with the small powerful cliques that control the machinery of the modern state. A mere restoration of the capitalistic régime which the war has discredited and in large part destroyed will not be tolerated, not even in Germany; for as Mr. Henderson says with such fine dispassion, "conscience and reason do not end upon the frontiers of Central Europe." In a word, when the war is over and democracy has defeated its foreign enemies, it will know how to defeat its domestic enemies. That domestic victory will come either through peaceable means or direct assault, but the decision as to which method shall be followed depends upon the reasonableness of those in control. They cannot too early begin to cultivate the mood whereby they can gracefully relinquish power. For only in an atmosphere of rational accommodation can peace, when finally it does come, be in very truth a jewel without price.

HAROLD STEARNS.

Literary Claptrap

LITERARY CHAPTERS. By W. L. George. Little, Brown; $1.50.

Mr. George is best known to us as the author of "The Second Blooming." The little essays of this little book are his own second blooming, presumably. They are a little forced, and will fade early.

He seems, himself, to think them rather daring. "I will affront the condemnatory vagueness of wool and fleecy cloud." I knew a lady once, intelligent and of uncertain age, who confessed that to use the word "harlot" always gave her a certain thrill. I should say Mr. George's essays affected him in the same fashion. As a matter of fact they are most agreeably genteel. Novelists, Mr. George declares, are not as highly thought of as they ought to be. The fame of the novel must inevitably become a little complicated in our increasingly complicated age. Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, Thomas Hardy, and H. G. Wells "hold without challenge the premier position today" (boy, page George Moore). J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Oliver Onions, Frank Swinnerton are particularly promising. (Later one discovers that "Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells have taken the plunge which leads to popularity, but the younger ones have produced one man, Mr. D. H. Lawrence.") Miss Amber Reeves and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith are very clever young women. Genius does not apparently flourish in the soil of a comfortable democracy. And finally (this is Mr. George's way of uttering the word which thrilled my friend) the English public still refuses to allow any presentation of sex-interests which gives their actual proportion in the scheme of life. A criticism or two, of the sort which many hundreds of people drop from their sleeves on the desks of scores of editors of literary magazines, fill out Mr. George's 240 pages. I confess I did not find myself gasping anywhere at Mr. George's audacity.

He writes well, at times. "It may be that the sunset of genius and the sunrise of democracy happened all within one day." "Humanity grows fat, and the grease of its comfort collects round its heart." But in his style, as in his ideas, he pushes to the verge of triteness. "It is good to know the young giant who will some day make the sacred footsteps on the sands of time." That the "literary chapters" were composed chiefly for American consumption is steadily evident, not only in the use of the pronoun "you" whenever America or Americans are signified, but in the employment of such phrases as "a dark horse" and "a combine of publishers." Mr. George is very gentle with America; on the whole she seems to him, like Miss Kaye-Smith, ultimately promising.

I cannot forbear quoting one stanza from D. H. Lawrence's verse, and Mr. George's comment:

> Helen, you let my kisses steam
> Wasteful into the night's black nostrils; drink
> Me up, I pray; oh, you who are Night's Bacchante,
> How can you from my bowl of kisses shrink!

"I cannot," says our author, "having no faith in my power to judge poetry, proclaim Mr. Lawrence to Parnassus, but I doubt whether such cries as these, where an urgent wistfulness mingles in tender neighborhood with joy and pain together coupled, can remain unheard."

Any unfortunate parent whose child has suffered from croup will recognize at once the force and accuracy of both Mr. Lawrence's figure and Mr. George's conviction.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

A Swiss View of William James

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES. By Thomas Flournoy. Authorized translation by Edwin B. Holt and William James, Jr. Holt; $1.30.

In the spring of 1910 William James went abroad to seek relief from the growing heart-trouble which, in the summer of the same year, killed him. The president of the Association Chrétienne Suisse d'Etudiants, learning of the philosopher's presence in Europe, invited him to address the association at its meeting in St. Croix. He agreed to do so, his health permitting. His health, however, did not permit, and M. Flournoy, an old friend of William James's, was invited to take his place. By that time William James was dead. The lectures Flournoy gave, the substance of this book, are a distinguished act of piety and grace, in memory of a great thinker who was also a near friend.

M. Flournoy has accomplished admirably the task he set himself. He has found, in James's own spirit, the right beginnings for James's theory of life in James's temperament, in that balance of sensibility and reasonableness which makes an artist and which leads him to regard the individuality and autonomy in things without missing their connections and interplay.

From this regard sprang his rejection of monism, his "radical empiricism," his conception of the character and function of thought and knowing which he called pragmatism, his pluralism, his tychism, and his defence of the plausibility of theism. M. Flournoy's exposition of these themes and of their interrelation is admirable, and yet—

And yet—although the opinions are the opinions of James, the spirit is the spirit of Flournoy. That this should be so is more or less inevitable. No mind that is truly a mind can merely reproduce what it apprehends. Even so passive a thing as a mirror turns around what it reflects, and the relations it presents are converse to those presented it. How much more transforming the reflection of an active spirit! And when the theme is the outlook of a man so myriad-minded and sympathetic as William James! It then becomes almost inevitable that the pattern into which his thought is rewoven, the places on which the high lights are thrown and the shadows spread, shall be those that utter, not a little, the temperament and hope of the interpreter at least as much as the character of his subject-matter. M. Flournoy is of Swiss citizenship, of French nationality, of the Christian religion, and to be counted among idealists in the schools of philosophy. And James had once been a student in Geneva! The assimilation of his teaching to the national tradition and personal bias of his interpreter has this empirical ground, then; and it is made unconsciously and imperceptibly. Pragmatism is thus turned into a defence of spiritualism, which it is not; into a doctrine of the limitations of the intellect, which it is not; into a teleological subjectivism, which it is not. It is adduced to Kant, who would have been horrified, as James used to be amused, at such adduction, and to a whole series of Swiss writers, among them Secrétan and Fremmel, who were preoccupied with radically different things, special pleadings, in fact, for religion against the scientific method of which pragmatism is the philosophical statement. Radical empiricism is made to mean that reality is experience, and declared to agree with a "phenomenalism" such as Renouvier's. James's personality and philosophy are declared "purely Christian in spirit," and Christ is designated as "the first pragmatist when he declared that 'by their fruits shall ye know them' and that the truth of his doctrine was to be judged by putting it in practice." Also, Christ treated the problem of evil pluralistically, and was also in this respect at one with James. Finally both were—shall I say sustained?—by a Swiss: "it would be elaborating the obvious to dwell longer on this justification of views which, heterodox as they are, have been ably supported among us a few years ago by so notable a Christian as Wilfred Monod."

However, all this is supererogatory. M. Flournoy has written an admirable book, the best on William James that has yet appeared. This English version has been made by Edwin Holt, an old friend and the most brilliant pupil of James, and William James, Jr., a son. They have given it a distinction which always equals and at points exceeds that of the original.

H. M. Kallen.

A Scholarly Vagabond

Alone in the Caribbean. By Frederic A. Fenger. Doran; $2.

Little as Milton was thinking of tales of travel when he said the mind can make a heaven of hell, this is exactly what the sensible traveler seems to think when he reports his journey. Satan's wistful idealism is not always needed; what is needed however is that the writer proceed on the principle that what he thinks about it all is quite as useful and entertaining as where he has been and what he has seen. The two things, of course, need not be mutually exclusive.

Such another Satanic sightseer is Mr. Fenger, whose "Alone in the Caribbean" is an absorbing review of his ride along the Lesser Antilles in his sailing canoe "Yakaboo." Yet it took more than a jaunty stylist to sail a canoe over the cross currents and chops of these island channels, to the universal wonder of the natives. Although Mr. Fenger pauses to illustrate by diagrams the construction of his craft and to describe subtle tacks at critical times, he is chiefly interested in the country and its inhabitants. This interest the reader inherits, and adds to it a hearty liking for the whimsical, independent navigator.

Much of the interest, to be sure, lies in the nature of the subject: forgotten little islands in the South Atlantic which have not changed greatly since the sway of the ancien régime, when the Empress Josephine and Alexander Hamilton were born here—a romantic setting, free for the taking. But lively as is kept the reader's curiosity about the region, and unusual as this vehicle of romance may be (a deep sea canoe with no rud-

der), it is Mr. Fenger's style of thought and expression that count most.

In the first place, it is no sentimental journey, no travels with a donkey; which is to say that it is refreshingly unliterary. Stevenson, Conrad, W. H. Hudson, the author probably has read, but laudably forgotten—quite as they forget one another. Somewhere toward the end of his chronicle the writer happens to remark, "The world is merely one huge farce of comparison."

Making these comparisons is his entertainment —and the reader's as well. Some are not especially illustrative; many of them are brilliant bits of verisimilitude; but the busy skipper fishes them up and honestly turns all over to you just as they come to him. Unlike many a traveloguist, and shopman, he never strives to please. The result is that he fascinates from the time "the new clean sails hung from their spars like the unprinted leaves of a book" until he "was back in civilization again and as far from the 'Yakaboo' and the Lesser Antilles as you, sitting on the back of your neck in a Morris chair." There is a good Yankee slant to most of these figures which is irresistible. In the Bay of Fort de France, for example, he had difficulty with the customs officials but succeeded in calling out to the crowd gathered on the quay for one M. Richaud, to whom he had a letter of introduction. "There was a movement in the crowd and a little man was pushed to the outer edge, like the stone out of a prune"—the more realistic since the crowd was made up of negroes. Quite as unprecedented is the following, from an account of a pursuit of humpback whales in a native outfit: "We had eaten no food since the night before, and all day long the brown-black almost hairless calves of the men had been reminding me in an agonizing way of the breast of roasted duck."

After passages like that describing the author's moonlight visit to St. Pierre, the Pompeii of the Antilles, and how he "loafed in the high noon of the moon" through the lava covered streets, taking refuge at last in the cemetery among the legitimately dead and buried, it is not so easy to show that Mr. Fenger is no stylist. At last one realizes the beguilingly simple art of this navigator who once recalled Southern France and once Venice, wore a Swedish leather dog-skin coat over his rags when he climbed Mt. Pelee, and read himself to sleep with the "Æneid" in the cockpit of his canoe. There's no vagabond like a gentleman and a scholar.

MYRON R. WILLIAMS.

The Deterioration of Poets

THE LAST BLACKBIRD. By Ralph Hodgson. Macmillan; $1.35.
HILL TRACKS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan; $1.75.
A FATHER OF WOMEN, and Other Poems. By Alice Meynell. Burns & Oates, London; 2/.
POEMS. By Edward Thomas. Holt; $1.
THE LILY OF MALUD, and Other Poems. By J. C. Squire. Martin Secker, London.
THE OLD HUNTSMAN. By Siegfried Sassoon. Dutton; $2.
A LAP FULL OF SEED. By Max Plowman. Blackwell, London; 3/6.

For the psychologist there could be few more fascinating problems than the rise and decline of a poet's power. It is a truism to say that for every artist, of whatever art, there comes inevitably a time of deterioration; but this is particularly true among poets, it is certainly more conspicuous among them, and it may well be asked whether by the rate and time of it one cannot accurately appraise a poet's importance. Not always, perhaps; if we adhered too strictly to this theory we should be compelled to rank the lyric poets almost invariably below the narrative or contemplative poets, a ranking which could hardly be acceptable to all. For it is a curious fact that just as the novelist usually exhibits greater staying power than the poet, contriving for a longer time to produce works on a relatively higher plane and in greater quantity, so the objective poet, quite as clearly, tends to outstrip the subjective poet. The Freudians might say that this is because the subjective poet, speaking always in his own person, out of his own heart, more rapidly therefore gives release and full expression to his emotional hungers; whereas the objective poet, finding only semioccasionally in the course of his work an opportunity for surrender to these cherished and secret compulsions, compulsions of which to be sure he is only partially aware, leaves them, always, in that state of restlessness and frustration which incites him to a renewal of labor. It might be a mistake then, if there are any such things as purely subjective or purely objective poets, to judge the two sorts more than speculatively by this standard. It would be obviously fairer to measure only subjective against subjective, objective against objective. One has no right to demand of a Rossetti as prolonged and fecund a brilliance as of a Browning. The affair is further complicated by the fact that purity of type is so rare, particularly as regards the poet whom we must call, for lack of a more accurate term,

objective. Many objective poets begin their careers in a lyric vein, and some of them show a disposition to return once more to it at the end. This last is perhaps the class to which belong our greatest poets, those whose careers present a cyclic evolution. In these rare cases it is not so much deterioration one looks for as change.

In the main however, if we keep in mind these provisos, we may consider the temporal span of a poet's evolution to be a fairly good empirical index to his importance, it being understood of course that his work shows sufficient brilliance to warrant the question at all. "This is good," we remark, "but can he keep it up?" And on the answer depends very largely our judgment. There is also to be considered the merely practical aspect of this: in a sphere so overcrowded it is those who endure longest, producing most, who will be longest remembered. The lyric poet who early exhausts himself, the narrative poet who begins to repeat his theme and manner, become as it were known quantities; and unfortunately the world is disposed to lose interest in known quantities all too quickly. Only the type of poetic genius who possesses a capacity for new experience, perpetually generating new complexes, evolving therefore from one manner or emotional attitude to another, can continue to delight by continuing to surprise. And of this type too there are infinite gradations, some completing their orbits much more rapidly than others.

Mr. Gibson, Mr. Hodgson, and Mrs. Meynell are the immediate occasion for these reflections, for all three of them, in their latest books, exhibit a marked deterioration in quality. Whether or not this deterioration is permanent we have, to be sure, no way of knowing. In the case of Mr. Gibson the deterioration is least striking, as is natural, since Mr. Gibson is predominantly an objective poet. The deterioration of a lyric poet is apt to be abrupt. That of a narrative poet is usually slow, sometimes only clearly perceptible in retrospect. We can see now that since the publication of "Fires" Mr. Gibson has tended to repeat himself, to allow his sensibilities to harden; his manner has become, to borrow a psychological term, autistic. Petrifaction of style, the failure to invent new medium and new theme, the comfortable habit of relying a little too easily on the well-known and often-used gesture, began perhaps in "Fires" itself and has now, in "Hill-Tracks," reached a point where, barring an unexpected development, we may say that Mr. Gibson has nothing of importance to add to what he has already said. He belongs to that type of poet which, while objective, can be objective in only one style, which even when least personal in theme is none the less idiosyncratic in manner; he employs the type of objectivity which does not develop under the guidance of a free-roving and universally healthy intellectual attitude, but at the dictate of a strong personal bias, or what the Freudians would call a complex. Shakespeare and Chaucer in this respect lie at the extreme in one direction, Verlaine and Leopardi in the other. Poets like Masefield and Gibson lie midway between. This is not to imply that the present volume is utterly devoid of power and charm: a poet of Mr. Gibson's ability cannot lose his technique or personality overnight, and even in deterioration his work remains interesting. At the same time, one is driven to conclude that if Mr. Gibson is to keep his hold on us he must evolve a new manner, sink a new shaft; his vein seems to be exhausted. "Hill-Tracks" is a monotonous book, composed almost wholly of poems which lie midway in manner between his earlier narrative style and the ballad. The structural method is discouragingly uniform. Mr. Gibson has surrendered himself to a predilection for place-names which amounts almost to mania, and poem after poem follows the same scheme—beginning and ending with a recital of place-names, sometimes even iterating them throughout. The narrative element is thin; the emotional element is frequently altogether absent.

Mrs. Meynell's book is slight, and demands little comment. Mrs. Meynell's technique and manner are nearly always precise to the point of preciosity, and in the present instance, as indeed for some time past, they approximate the frigid. It is not that she has nothing to say, or nothing to feel; but the emotivity of the lyric poet is not inexhaustible, and Mrs. Meynell's lyric gift was always a slender one. It is enough to say that her verse, while adroit, no longer has gusto.

The case of Mr. Hodgson is more interesting and more uncertain. One would like nothing better than to be told that his new book, "The Last Blackbird," is not really a successor but a predecessor of the earlier published "Poems." If that is not the case, then all one can say is that Mr. Hodgson's collapse is nothing short of appalling. Of the delicious charm and magic which infused "Eve," "Stupidity Street," "The Bull," and other things in the earlier book,

there remains in the present volume hardly a trace. Mr. Hodgson appears to have outwept his rain, and rather suddenly. Instead of the earlier warmth, color, and whim, one finds here little but chill abstractions, smooth modulation, and a curious tendency towards the cool formalism of certain eighteenth century poets, notably Thomas Gray. It begins to look as if our expectations of Mr. Hodgson had been too sanguine. Must we class him among the three-poem poets? . . .

The remaining four volumes—those of Edward Thomas, J. C. Squire, Siegfried Sassoon, and Max Plowman—do not relate to our theme of deterioration. Edward Thomas was killed in action, and "Poems" was his first and last book of verse. To many it will probably prove disappointing. Most of it is the work of a sensitive prose craftsman, a lover of poetry, with a mind rich in observation; but it is not, perhaps, the work of a born poet. It is a verse of restless approximations rather than of achievement. The sense of rhythm is so imperfect that one is continually obliged to reread a line several times. This is no doubt due in part to the verse-theory of Mr. Robert Frost (to whom the book is dedicated) that the rhythm of poetry should be that of colloquial speech; but it is also due to defective ear and a consequent poverty in the sense of prosodic arrangement. In general the style is cerebral, cumulative rather than selective, and somewhat fatiguing; the most we can say is that from the book as a whole emerges an engaging personality, a personality of many and complex moods, most at home however in the pastoral.

In some respects Mr. J. C. Squire's work is not unlike that of Thomas: it is apt to be crabbed and uneven, and it is almost always cerebral rather than emotional. One sometimes admires, but seldom is one moved. In the title poem, "The Lily of Malud," Mr. Squire has considerably overworked a goodish idea, though even to begin with the idea was perhaps a trifle precious. The effect aimed at was one of eeriness, but Mr. Squire's details are too commonplacely real, and the rather frequent references to the mud from which the mysterious lily ascends precipitate the vapor of illusion somewhat abruptly. . . . It is a kind of intellectual falseness, also, which undoes Mr. Sassoon and Mr. Plowman. Mr. Sassoon is at his best in the shorter war-poems, though even in these he is a trifle too self-conscious and academic. Mr. Plowman, a disciple of Blake, eliminates too persistently the sensuous element without which poetry is barren. He is also a little too studiously archaic. Occasionally however, as in the symbolic poem "The Bowman," he gives us a formal lyric which is very effective.

On the whole, if these seven volumes are a fair test, it appears that the renaissance of poetry in England is not so vigorous or interesting today as it was between 1912 and 1915. Have the maturer poets of England, those of established reputation, completed their orbits, and has the interregnum now arrived during which the apprentice poets, in greater numbers, and profiting by the adventures of their predecessors, are preparing for the next flight? That, at any rate, appears to be the state of things in both England and America—the chief difference being that the American poets will inherit a greater freedom, the English a finer sensitiveness to language.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Brevity School in Fiction

ON THE STAIRS. By Henry B. Fuller. Houghton Mifflin; $1.50.

Last year, you will remember, Mr. Fuller, in THE DIAL, made his plea for shorter novels. He had unkind words for the loose-tongued, self-indulgent Englishman who chats, sprawls, goes quite ungirt, and for the diffuseness and formlessness that are the capital defects of the English novel. He approves the critic who says that the task of the novelist is to discover the nature of his interest in life, and to express that interest in the form of a story. But, he adds, it must be an interest disciplined, which shall result in a unified impression. He believes that in 50,000 words, properly packed, the novelist can cover long periods of time and can handle adequately a large number of individuals and of family groups. To this end he would rule out long descriptions of persons, set descriptions of places, conversation which fills the page without illuminating it, conventional scenes and situations. The novel should be spare-ribbed and athletic. The irrelevant should be pared off, so as to leave a clear outline for movement and idea. Mr. Fuller's plea for shorter novels was a plea for more artistic novels. These interminable stories that Americans are so fond of, with their would-be realism, but without

form or development, lack even the rudiments of art. We are becoming fatty with too much reading. The quickened tempo of our modern intelligence demands a change.

Mr. Fuller did not tell us that, all the time, he had up his sleeve a most brilliant example of the very kind of novel he asked for. In "Lines Long and Short" he had made a series of sketches for the "short novel." Free verse, he saw, offered a tempting vehicle for the modern story seeking to escape the "stale and inflated conventions." This new form could "lay tribute upon some of the best effects and advantages of poetry, the packed thought, the winged epithet, the concentrated expression." And these little sketches of his—dry, sardonic, etched in brisk, sharp strokes—made story-telling seem like almost a new art. They were spacious enough to improve upon that "trebly compressed, quintessentialized pungency of Spoon River" with its "escape of strongest ammonia." Yet they avoided all the confectionery of description and the patter of conversation. After such a book and Mr. Fuller's articles the "short novel" was inevitable.

In "On the Stairs" he has filled out the design, and has produced a book which has all the brisk, sardonic interest of these free-verse narratives and yet gives the spacious sense of a full-sized novel. True to his "conviction that story-telling, whatever form it may take, can be done within limits narrower than those now generally employed," he has put into less than 50,000 words a story that covers the developing Chicago of the last forty years, the history of a wealthy family, the rise of a self-made man, the interlocking of his fortunes with the wealthy scion, who, while the other mounts the stair of fortune, sinks into an ineffective citizen, "unable to command and unwilling to obey." There is the younger generation as affected by the war. There is the whole ironic comedy of the feeble struggle of the æsthetic spirit against the hearty and masterful Chicago growth and self-confidence. Into this story Mr. Fuller has packed the essentials of that sweep of American life that interests him. And he has done it triumphantly, with just that terse suggestiveness and classic sense of form that he has admired and urged in others. The physician, anxious about the health of American fiction, has quite beautifully healed himself.

Raymond Prince is a masterly portrait—the rich young man utterly indifferent to business or a professional career, who is drawn to Europe, where he is too good and self-controlled to do anything but become a pallid servitor of the arts. Chicago proves an infertile field for the æsthete. Raymond's personal contacts are scarcely more successful than his contacts with business affairs. His protagonist, John W. McComas, who began life as the Prince coachman's son, and has found the world his oyster, manages to swing Raymond's wife and even his son into his influence; and Raymond is left, resentfully contented in the obscure, irresponsible bachelor existence that should have been his walk of life from the beginning. Raymond's divorced wife is long since married to the widowed McComas; the son, home from the war, with a financial career ahead of him, is marrying McComas's daughter. Everyone goes up the stairs but Raymond, who goes out by that same door wherein he went.

The satiric vision of these two men is contributed by a narrator, who purports to be an old schoolmate of both, tasting in his own life neither the public splendor of McComas nor the pale European flavor of Raymond. He is not envious, this narrator, but his tone, acid but not unpleasant, biting but not quite cynical, sets exactly in the most just and vivid light this so indigenously American social study. To the consumer of the average American novel "On the Stairs" will seem quite dreadfully to lack sympathy. But it will delight every person who is looking for that rarest of all qualities in the contemporary American novel—wisdom. It is the wisdom of a mind that has nothing to preach, no social problem to solve, no moral to bequeath. Mr. Fuller looks at this human comedy that he has studied for many years, and puts down in a clear and composed form the truth as it appears to him. The result is an extremely bracing attitude, the effect of an uncompromisingly artistic effort instead of an ethical one. The reader is balked of any moral preferences. The self-made man is no more attractive than the tepid connoisseur. You may despise Raymond for his choked patriotism, but you can scarcely admire the young hero, his son, who returns from the war to his capitalistic ambitions. What you remember is not any moral, but the fine, clear outlines of a piece of literary art that is a criticism of American life as well as a dramatic story.

It is not only the contour that is classic. Mr. Fuller has been able to make his characters types as well as individuals. They criticize American society in that they symbolize whole classes, express certain current attitudes. Raymond and Gertrude and Albert satirize themselves and all

who are like them, and they do it just by being what they are in the essential attributes that Mr. Fuller gives them. This, I take it, is the note of the good old classic tales, and Mr. Fuller in his rigor for form has achieved the same effect of significant generality expressed through the individual. Similarly a typical incident or a fragment of talk tells more than pages of description or orthodox vraisemblable conversation. "The world, in these days of easy travel and abundant depiction, has come to know itself pretty well," says Mr. Fuller. All we need is a hint to call up the image or the sociological setting we should have before us. The novelist who uses more is either letting his poetic nature run away with him, or is writing a sociological document, of value doubtless in future centuries, but inadequate as a contemporary work of art. Mr. Fuller achieves a further criticism of the ordinary novel by maliciously calling the reader's attention, at various points in the story, to his tempting romantic opportunities—only to turn away to the inexorable truth before him and continue his prosaic but tonic way.

"On the Stairs" is thus a variety of good and important things, summing up into a delightful piece of literary art. But its chief significance ought to be the liberation of those embryo American novelists who have been writing their stories in free verse. Here is a brilliant and sound working model of the "novel within narrower limits." Will the younger American writers follow Mr. Fuller's evolution from lines long and short into the brevity novel? Of course it would be unfair to expect them to achieve the artistic finish of a writer who twenty years ago was writing some of the best novels of his day. Perhaps Mr. Fuller at sixty will have to go on writing the younger generation's novels for them. But here is a new and stirring lead that must be followed if we are to get down in black and white and in brisk pertinent form the myriad stories of the American life we know. You cannot read "On the Stairs" without hoping that here is a new fashion in literary art. "If a new day," Mr. Fuller said in one of those memorable DIAL articles, "is going to express itself to advantage, it must make its new moulds as well as find its new material. The latter vintage, crude and homely as it may be, deserves its own bottles." A bottle with the fine contour, brilliance, and availability of Mr. Fuller's brevity is a good bottle for any vintage. Let the vineyards bring forth.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

JAPANESE ART MOTIVES. By Maude Rex Allen. McClurg; $3.

The survival and persistent revival of the arts of the Orient, particularly of the decorative possibilities which have become an integral part of every recently and properly "done" house, make a fitting occasion for the analysis of "Japanese Art Motives." In her book Maude Rex Allen has accomplished her task thoroughly. The large selected bibliography with which she concludes her volume confirms the fact that one may find, in several languages, many treatises on the perpetually fascinating topic of Oriental art—its origin, significance, and adaptation. But this author, foreseeing the limitations of time and knowledge necessarily imposed on the most interested of auditors, has gathered from these sources, and has presented clearly and specifically, the essential factors which from the Japanese angle underlie the objects of beauty and utility from which our civilization is deriving benefit.

Brought up as we are on the Greek and Roman mythologies, we approach Miss Allen's subject matter with an unfamiliarity based on ignorance. With our proverbially superficial knowledge of even those arts we enjoy, we have accepted the beauty of the Orient with no attempt to comprehend the meaning that the creators thereof have put into it. Even the casual reader of this book will be instantaneously impressed by its wealth of material—the abundance of mythology, of symbolism, of creative imagination. It astounds us as much by its similarity to, as by its preponderance over, the conventional classical lore. Here, indeed, is an ancient and fecund field wherein the dramatist-artist will find suggestive themes, although the recently dramatized legend of "The Willow Tree" supplies a none too favorable example.

Never forgetting her aim or her audience, Miss Allen has arranged this undoubtedly chaotic mixture of religion, superstition, and fact with skilful care. Under the headings "Plants," "Animals," "Deities," and miscellaneous "Symbolic Objects" she has grouped the better known emblems, giving them their foreign and English names, and briefly explaining their generic significances and their application. We see the reasons for the numerous Japanese festivals, and the "five o'clock" becomes a doubly cherished moment when, with a charm of detail, we visualize the augustly auspicious function in which we are participating. And we regret that one cannot always limit, in the orthodox Japanese fashion, the guests to the "celestial number" of five, nor employ thirty-two blessed implements in the brewing. Even the artificial landscape arrangements are so interestingly described that we will give attention hereafter

to the least attractive of our bowled miniatures —an appreciation mingled with an intellectual enjoyment hitherto lacking.

That is the main contribution of Miss Allen's compendium. Its illustrations, occasionally colored, are helpful; its index and references valuable; its tales interesting. But its distinctive feature is that it contains and transmits a true educational impulse; it teaches us by making us learn. Perhaps a few hours after our reading we shall have forgotten exactly what the "Yo and In" motive meant to the Chinese Emperor from whom it originated. The "Raincoat of Invisibility" may justifiably become a delightful name, instead of a memory of the conventionalized natural form it represents. But there is no question that the information to be derived from this book will prevent our handling a Japanese objet d'art without some recognition of the symbolism with which it is pregnant.

A History of the Pacific Northwest. By Joseph Schafer. Revised edition. Macmillan; $2.25.

This is a new edition of an excellent book. It gives, as did the earlier edition, a brief and authoritative account of the discovery, settlement, and acquisition by the United States of the region formerly known as the Oregon Territory, now Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. There is a good map of the country, with the emphasis on the Pacific Northwest. And the interest of the story is enhanced by the inclusion of portraits and illustrations. The new chapters treat of the boundary dispute with England, of the social changes, and of the recent experiments in governmental procedure which the country calls radical. The author is not entirely convinced that the initiative, referendum, and recall are the most successful method of reaching social ends; but he makes very clear the reason why these new communities became the experiment stations in reform for the country. It is worth noting today that as Oregon is abandoning the famous three R's, Massachusetts is making an effort to adopt them. Professor Schafer does not point out that it has always been the new community, at least in the United States, which responded most quickly to demands for democratic reforms and the remedy of abuses. Kentucky tried to abandon slavery in her early days; Illinois was democratic before she grew rich. But he does describe the social revolution from ranchmen to small farmers, and then the next revolution from small farmers to great-scale wheat producers. Any who may need a handy manual of the principal facts in the upbuilding of the far Northwest might go far and search long before finding a better work.

The Quest of El Dorado. By J. A. Zahm. Appleton; $1.50.

Under the pen-name "H. J. Mozans," Father Zahm is known as the author of several attractive books of South American travels. "The Quest of El Dorado" is devoted to a series of essays ("chapters," they are termed) describing the expeditions of his sixteenth-century predecessors in the same regions—that succession of amazing explorers, from Belalcazar to Raleigh, who achieved the impossible in their quest of the incredible, and thereby made of South America a mine of romance richer and more lasting than the gold of all her empires. Nowhere are the pages of human history more writ with the grandiose and the bizarre—preposterous courage, preposterous cruelty, preposterous imagination. What the Spaniard brought to America outglittered what he found there—an orgulous magnificence of mind which distorted the world of sensation into the splendors of a mirage.

El Dorado, the "Gilded Man," priest-king of a mythic golden city, was first heard of, according to the tradition, from a poor Indian, whose description of what appears to have been a native rite at one time practiced by the tribes about Lake Guatavita so excited at once the love of gold and the imagining of marvels in his hearers that the tale became the noise of the whole world, and, growing in enchantment with its own telling, it mingled with and colored all the fables of Amazon queens, lost empires of the Incas, charmed Cities of the Cæsars, and resplendent Houses of the Sun, in which the Old and New Worlds had wedded their combining fancies. "The Most Romantic Episode in the History of South American Conquest" is Father Zahm's rather tame sub-title for his introduction to what is certainly the most abundant fountain of adventure—thrilling and bloody and fuming with glory—that is as yet untouched by the literary. The introduction itself is admirable, if only for its clear sketch of events and its careful references to Spanish originals, many of them little known in the United States, and, especially in the case of the South American imprints, not readily accessible.

The chance of the times is throwing into Spanish courses many of our young college folk; this chance will not altogether have failed of fortune if it turn but one or two, fresh with the gift of fancy, to this field of romance at once rich and ripe for a gorgeous harvesting. Father Zahm's book is liberally illustrated with reproductions of sixteenth-century prints and maps, which add the glamor of their own quaint distortions of fact.

Poems of War and Peace.

Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems of Italy. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the author, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York; $1.50 and $1.

Of his "Poems of War and Peace" Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who has become his own publisher, has now issued a second edition, which includes "The Panama Ode" and "The Corridors of Congress," together with several pieces inspired by the war. Although odes, sonnets, and blank verse by no means fill the volume, and in spite of a careful definitive arrangement, the heroic mood dominates the book and gives it a somewhat archaic flavor; for the grand manner—with all its panoply of alliteration, repetition, inversion, elision, obtrusive rhyme, classical gear, capitalized abstractions, and sententiousness—can no longer report reality, if indeed it ever did. In a day of such grim business as today's, poetry can move us with unique transcripts of that business or with complete escapes from it. Mr. Johnson offers neither: he seems unable to report this war as no other war has been reported; in his pages war is War, peace is Peace, man is Man, the enemy is the Enemy—and they are nothing more; yet he cannot escape from the war:

> What were Nature, Love, and Song
> In the presence of such wrong?

He is like a laureate whose business it is to produce occasional poems about events of which he has no intimate knowledge; and, as becomes an Academician, he does this much rather well—if one will overlook the infrequent halt line and hunted rhymes like "poor . . . Kohinoor." But such poems are not criticisms of life: they are studied reflections of the glamors with which other laureates have gilded life.

This somewhat stale, somewhat frigid unreality characterizes Mr. Johnson's lyrics also. It taints the humor of the two or three vernacular pieces, permitting him to make a puppy say:

> "For cleanliness," my father said,
> "Is next, my dears, to dogliness."

His humor, like his beauty and his learning, is bestowed on his subjects from without, instead of suffusing them from within; his emotions, like his epithets, are bookish. The Italy of the verses in "Italian Rhapsody, and Other Poems" is the Italy of the literary visitor, of the poetic tradition—the Italy of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Keats, but not the Italy of Browning. This unreality does not preclude feeling, for some of the lyrics—and notably the "Farewell to Italy"—achieve beauty through a gentle dew of emotion, continently expressed; but it does preclude the passion that evokes the genius loci. In Mr. Johnson's Italy no sunburned girls write naughty words with fingers dipped in wine. And whenever feeling deserts him, his ear goes too; his verses turn pedestrian or jig-jog; his rhymes become obvious ("June . . . dune . . . tune"; "love . . . dove . . . above") or wrenched ("torso . . . more so . . . Corso"). Passionate poets hold their audience in spite of faults of taste, but when taste fails the literary poet he is undone. Mr. Johnson is a literary poet whose taste is not always loyal to him.

Pawns of War. A Play by Bosworth Crocker. With a foreword by John Galsworthy. Little, Brown; $1.25.

This is a compact and moving little play, written in a fine, sustained style. Perhaps it is still too early for any play woven around the invasion of Belgium to have the even impersonality of tone which is characteristic of great tragedy. Yet Mr. Crocker almost completely avoids the polemical emphasis, and the high praise which Mr. Galsworthy bestows in his foreword is well merited. The dramatist does not flinch from portraying the full horror of the whole brutal business, as that nation-wide horror is reflected in the lives of one small household. But the Germans too are human, caught like the Belgians in the meshes of the net of fate. At the final scene—an eloquently restrained and pathetic climax—when the household is to pay with their lives for the death of the head of the General Staff, the German commandant cannot bring himself to punish the wife and the daughter. There is tragedy for him as well as the others when he says, "If my life were mine to give—you should go—unharmed—you and yours; but my life is *not* my own; it is pledged to the honor of the Fatherland; I am General of the Sixteenth Division; the order has been given; the proclamation is posted on your walls; my Chief of Staff has been shot down in this house; there is no way out." Anger at the revolting cynicism which could dictate the invasion of a peaceful country as a mere military measure, is strengthened rather than weakened by the playwright's assessment of the invaders' character without moralistic bias. And in an atmosphere of bitterness and vindictiveness it is a considerable achievement to write a play around the invasion of Belgium that shall have some of the inevitability of movement and structure which the mere propaganda play can never attain, to stir pity more than weak hatred. The play's temper is admirably reflected in the title, "Pawns of War."

Casual Comment

The æsthetic function of music, like that of poetry, is most misunderstood by those who are most adept in the practice of the arts. Skill in the exercise of technical methods speedily becomes a pleasure in itself, comparable only to the delight of solving a problem in higher mathematics. The advocates of "pure" or absolute music, much as the defenders of imagist poetry, derive their real thrills from their quick recognition of the hidden order in a complicated science of relations. They urge an art washed clean of any mere animal feeling, stripped of any factitious penumbra of representational memory or confused, instinctive suggestion. In a word, they make the fine arts a new and more subtle form of metaphysics. These, perhaps, are legitimate pleasures for the virtuosi who can retain the sanity of realizing their own weakness. But too many of our musicians and poets are in danger of forgetting the homely maxim that for a work of art, as for a quarrel, two are required—the artist and the audience. They resent, when they do not ignore, the human, all too human claims of their auditors.

* * *

Like every other belligerent we have discovered that an atmosphere of war is not necessarily an atmosphere conducive to great literature. Especially has it been painfully impressed upon us that the war itself is a somewhat thankless muse. John Masefield, although himself the author of two notable books about the war, "Gallipoli" and "The Old Front Line" (once more, in many places, the line of today), has frankly stated his belief that art cannot flourish during the actual progress of war. It must wait for that quieter temper which will follow the end of hostilities. Although somewhat embarrassing, it is not really impossible to remember when we were chuckling at the foolish German "hymns of hate" and wondering why on August 4, 1914 all the English writers whom we loved and admired—with a strikingly few exceptions—seemed all at once to be stricken with literary palsy. Well, we have lived for over a year in the glass house of war itself, and certainly are no longer in a position to cast stones at our neighbors. What great piece of American fiction has our first year of war brought forth? Or of poetry? Or of really fine writing? If we are honest, we have to admit—practically none. Courageous and first-rate bits of journalism we have had more than our due share of. Some of Will Irwin's descriptions, though "popular" in every sense, would have been creditable performances for any writer. Occasionally there flickers something of the Mark Twain spirit in the dispatches describing our own "doughboys" in France. Ernest Poole's exposition of Russia and the Russians in his new book, "The Dark People," is a fine bit of work. Perhaps a dozen times during the year our poetry has risen to really noble heights, surely an average not greater than that of ordinary peace times. But taken altogether these few stars have not constituted a wonderful literary firmament. We can now appreciate how the propaganda spirit infects even the calmer of our writers. Everybody seems anxious to prove something or to disprove something else. The recriminating and bickering spirit has insinuated itself into the most objective of our prose stylists. It is the mood not of creation, but of argument. And when the puritan tradition, as strongly entrenched as it is with us, marries a new and rather unwieldly militaristic experiment, the result may come perilously close to moral megalomania. Our writers have yet to learn, for example, that the most powerful propaganda is the quietest propaganda —that under-emphasis is considerably more effective than shrillness, that truth of artistic vision and courage of artistic conviction have inalienable claims. When we wish to catch a glimpse of the human side of that mighty conflict reddening and rending the earth of Flanders and Picardy we still have to turn to those fine dispatches of Philip Gibbs. Nowhere do the courage and steadiness of those who are battling for us gleam more clearly; yet the account is written without rancor and without bitterness, and with great pity at the horror and awfulness of that wasted young flesh.

* * *

The history of our so-called poetic renaissance will contain no sprightlier chapter than the tale of the Spectrist school. The Spectrists came among us in a moment that favored their design. The Muse was on the make hereabouts: patronesses had been discovering her; prizes were multiplying; newspapers were giving critics their head; poetry magazines, mushrooms or hardier plants, were springing up overnight; it was raining anthologies—boom times! In concert hall and museum the public had been acquiring sophistication and a safe air of noncommittal amusement before artistic queerness. If Cubists, Futurists, Imagists, Vorticists, and Others—why not Spectrists? So when Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish got out their odd little black and white volume of "Spectra: New Poems," which Mr. Kennerley slipped unobtrusively into the 1916 tide of anthologies, the public smiled, winked, and swallowed. The characteristic verse inscription dedicated the Spectra to Remy de Gourmont. The inevitable preface

expounded, with the right mingling of erudition and mysticism, the Spectric theory that "the theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of infinite existence falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful, and intelligible hues"; that a poem is, as it were, an after-image of "the poet's initial vision"; that the "overtones, adumbrations, or spectres which for the poet haunt all objects both of the seen and the unseen world . . . should touch with a tremulous vibrancy of ultimate fact the reader's sense of the immediate theme"—the last clause fairly crying for an Imagist rebuttal. Mr. Morgan employed metre and rhyme; Miss Knish wrote free verse: the partisans of each form were gratified. By way of madness, the poets headed their Spectra not with titles but with opus numbers; and by way of reason in their madness, their table of contents supplied the lowbrow a key of titles. In due time it was divulged that Mr. Morgan was a painter who in Paris had fallen under the influence of Remy de Gourmont, gone in for poetry, and abandoned painting—but not his sensitiveness to color; that Miss Knish was a Hungarian who had published a volume of poems in Russian under a Latin title. Take it altogether, Hoyle was satisfied and the Spectrists were gathered to the bosom of the renaissance. . .

* * *

Some of the Spectra, to be sure, were pretty staggeringly "queer"; but queerer things had been—and were to be. Some of them, too, were undeniably effective. The authors began to be deluged with adulatory letters from the most advanced poets of our very advanced day, of whom the men naturally inclined to address Miss Knish, and the women Mr. Morgan. Here at last, it appeared, was the real thing—pretense stripped away, technique reduced to lowest terms, passionate beauty impaled for a marveling posterity—that ultimate method for which the poets from Homer to themselves had been so many voices crying in the wilderness. Certain poetry magazines were impressed and sought the privilege of giving the world more Spectra, not all of which have yet been printed. "Others" devoted an entire issue to the Spectrists; they were successfully parodied in a college magazine; they acquired disciples—a Harvard undergraduate, for instance, forswore Imagism for Spectrism, and had his apostasy roundly rebuked by the high priestess of his earlier faith. Meanwhile poets had been proving their discernment by calling the attention of fellow poets to these bright new stars in the firmament of verse, sometimes inadvertently introducing the Spectrists to themselves—entertaining angels unawares. The angels must have had an enviable control of their facial muscles, acquired perhaps through reading the innumerable serious reviews of their so successful volume. For the reviewers ran signally true to form: the more conservative reviewed with alarm; the more radical poured out superlatives; the professionally cautious maintained their fence-rail dignity. The supremely canny avoided the question altogether, or evaded responsibility. And thereby hangs quite the funniest tale of the whole affair. One of the editors of a distinguished journal of opinion delegated his duty to Mr. Witter Bynner, and the journal paid Mr. Bynner a neat honorarium for his solmenly judicial appraisal of himself in the rôle of "Emanuel Morgan," originator of the Spectrist theory. . . One wonders whether the genesis and course of Spectrism is not the most illuminating criticism of much that is most pretentious in the new arts. It seems that Mr. Bynner, while watching a performance by the Russian Ballet, announced a sudden determination to found a new school in poetry. What to call it? His programme lay open at "La Spectre de la Rose." Followed two weeks of indefatigable composition in collaboration with "Miss Knish," then publication and fame. Probably neither of the authors was prepared for so gratifying a success. Indeed, there is no telling how far the "movement" might have gone but for the interruption of the war, which gave "Miss Knish" a commission as Captain Arthur Davison Ficke.

* * *

The publishers of "The Atlantic Monthly" have assumed control of "The Living Age" and announce that the venerable weekly, than which no American periodical except "The North American Review" has had a longer uninterrupted history, will shortly broaden its scope to include again reprints of contributions to British periodicals, to which selections from Continental magazines will now be added. In 1844, when Littell founded "The Living Age," American periodicals were almost wholly dependent upon English journals for their contents—and upon a very unreliable trans-Atlantic service. The editor was wont to complain that he had to go to press hearing "the noise of the steamer's arrival," knowing that his contributions were on board, but unable to make use of them before another issue. The war, which has greatly increased our intellectual demands upon Europe, has also restored something of that uncertainty of communication, as subscribers to foreign publications can bear witness. One trusts that history will not repeat itself too annoyingly in the new office of "The Living Age."

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Spring Books

Wasp Studies Afield, by Phil and Nellie Rau. Do you know how the wasps build and burrow? How they work and play? Have you ever seen their sun-dance? The authors have watched it all, and report their observations with scientific accuracy and in most entertaining style. Many excellent photographs and drawings illustrate the text. Ready in May. Price, about $2 net. Order now.

Above the French Lines: letters of Stuart Walcott, member of the Princeton Class of 1917, killed in combat last December. They inspire confidence and courage. Illustrated, $1 net; by mail, $1.06.

Crime Prevention: Some aspects of the police problem of diverting potential lawbreakers from criminal courses. By Arthur Woods, formerly police commissioner of Greater New York. A crisp, practical, well-filled book. $1 net; by mail, $1.06.

Early Christian Iconography and a School of Ivory Carvers in Provence, by E. Baldwin Smith (No. 6, Princeton Monographs in Art and Archaeology), $6 net; by mail, $6.24.

Platonism, by Paul Elmer More, $1.75 net; by mail, $1.83.

Tales of an Old Sea Port (Bristol, R. I.), by Wilfred H. Munro, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.58.

National Strength and International Duty, by Theodore Roosevelt, $1 net; by mail, $1.06.

The World Peril, by members of the faculty of Princeton University, $1 net; by mail, $1.06.

England and Germany, 1740-1914, by Bernadotte Everly Schmitt, $2 net; by mail, $2.10.

Protestantism in Germany, by Kerr D. Macmillan, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.58.

Coöperative Marketing, by W. W. Cumberland, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.58.

The President's Control of Foreign Relations, by Edward S. Corwin, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.58.

The New Purchase, a record of pioneer days in Indiana, $2 net; by mail, $2.10.

Write for Complete Catalogue

Princeton University Press

Princeton, N. J.

Briefer Mention

Rather tardily, but perhaps as soon as we could expect, are appearing manuals of information about military organization and insignia, first aids for the inquiring civilian. One of the most complete is Lieut. J. W. Bunkley's "Military and Naval Recognition Handbook" (Van Nostrand; $1.), a clearly illustrated guide which should prove not without value in the services as well. The chapters on the organization of our army and navy, and on the etiquette and customs peculiar to them, are naturally of first interest; but the descriptions of insignia of rank in the other important armies and navies are already helpful in some American cities and should prove increasingly useful as strange uniforms multiply upon our streets.

"A Yankee in the Trenches," by R. Derby Holmes (Little, Brown; $1.35), is a straightforward, objective report, not without humor, by an American who enlisted in the British army early in the war. His regiment was stationed in the Somme district and took part in the battle of High Wood, where the tanks made their dramatic first appearance, to the demoralization of the Germans. But Corporal Holmes is most readable when he is telling about the life of Tommy Atkins between his periods of trench service, that less spectacular life —full of quiet incident and homely detail—which the author has had to subordinate in his lectures. He understands and admires his cockney comrades, most loyal when "grousing" most bitterly. He describes and commends the Y. M. C. A. recreation work. His book will help satisfy the curiosity of our stay-at-home public about the everyday routine of life at the front; and a chapter of suggestions about what to send, and what not to send, to the Sammies should prove even more useful than the appended glossary of army slang.

"The Animal Mind," by Margaret Floy Washburn (Macmillan; $1.90) has in its second edition been subjected to a thorough and comprehensive revision. So much has been added to our knowledge of animal behavior in the last decade that the data, and in part the interpretation, must be presented in altered perspective. Along with this increased activity, which has brought about a special technique for animal study—the product of the joint interest of the biologist and the psychologist—the position of comparative psychology has become more central to the interpretation of human behavior. All these interests are admirably presented in Professor Washburn's work. The volume is well suited to the needs of college students; and its availability should act as an encouragement to the introduction of such courses in institutions that set value upon adequate surveys of the essential fields in the broad domain of the mind.

Though a wan humor plays over the characters in "Children of Passage," by Frederick Watson (Dutton; $1.50), there is a pervading gloom as of Highland mists and mildewed Scottish castles. The poor but proud and noble heroine and the ancestorless millionaire lover are familiar figures which the author has not endowed with any particular dis-

tinction. Their fortunes fluctuate a bit tediously through the three hundred odd pages, and in the end the hero enlists and the fragile heroine is denied any real earthly happiness. Both are allowed the rather doubtful satisfaction of looking forward to some future state where impecunious nobility is supposed to have much in common with plebeian prosperity.

"Kitty Canary," by Kate Langley Bosher (Harpers; $1.) is a "glad" book with a typically loving and cheerful heroine who finds a congenial background for her romantic optimism in a typically Southern village. Kitty Canary—more sedately Katherine Bird—is a precociously philosophical young person, deeply concerned with life and given to high-handed management of her own and other people's affairs. When Father or Miss Susanna shows signs of insubordination, Kitty Canary just whirls the objector giddily about the room and after this joyful exercise her wishes are pursued with astonishing docility. Lovers are reunited; a sick wife is nursed back to health; a selfish husband is punished; dowdy spinsters are transformed; and other desirable changes are speedily effected. At the end, the heroine's own love affairs are satisfactorily arranged. The village life and characters are pleasantly suggested; and doubtless the story will contain many charms for girl readers of boarding school age.

"The Neapolitan Lovers" (Brentano; $1.40) is an historical novel by the famous author of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers." Frankly, unless one be of that happy brotherhood of readers who "thoroughly enjoy" historical romance, this story is to be read when one is sixteen and cares little if a book be neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. The older reader, used to and demanding credible psychology, is likely to find the story of the story more interesting than the novel itself. For, according to the introduction by R. S. Garnett, the book's translator, "Dumas had long awaited an opportunity of dealing with the Neapolitan Claudius and the Venetian Messalina (King Ferdinand and Queen Maria Carolina). He might have said in the words of Hernani: 'La meurtre est entre nous affaire de famille.' In 1851 Dumas wrote: 'Perhaps some day my filial vengeance will evoke these two blood-stained spectres and force them to pose in naked hideousness before posterity.'" For it seems that King Ferdinand was Dumas's father's murderer, and Dumas's lifelong desire was for revenge. It was through Garibaldi, who had installed Dumas in the Chiatamone Palace with permission to examine the secret archives of the city, that the author found the unique set of public documents, manuscripts, and letters which the hangman had reserved for the King. And anyone who has read even one of Dumas's many historical romances may easily imagine that writer's delight at the opportunity. This interesting explanation of the writing of the novel, then, may excusably be given in lieu of a review; there isn't a hint in the romance itself that it is done to revenge the murder of the author's father.

What the critics say about that most amazing story of the war—

Gunner Depew

An American sailor in the service of France

"It is impossible to laud too highly the optimism and laughing good nature, even amid battle scenes, wounds and death, unfolded in this remarkable story of his part in the big war, as played by an American sailor boy. It is the frankest, most natural story of its kind. The word-pictures of battle scenes are splendidly written. But the most graphic writing in the book is where Depew describes his experience as a prisoner of war in Germany."—*Portland Oregonian.*

"Depew's story needs no embroidering, no exaggerations. It is a tale that would loom in graphic quality if told in words of one syllable. That part of it which relates to the voyage of terror on the *Yarrowdale* has been told in its completeness by no other writer."—*New York World.*

"It is a capital book which gives us another of those intimate touches with regard to this war which are entertaining and inspiring."—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

"I think this one of the best war books I have seen."—*John R. Rathom, Editor, Providence Journal.*

"It is a rare find in the literary world."—*Rochester Democrat.*

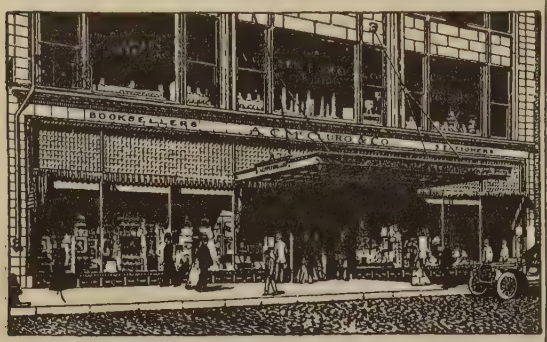
"Here, evidently, is a soldier of the legion with a story worth hearing. . . The sense of realism, of verisimilitude, is so strong that all the reader has to do, all he can think of, is to plunge ahead with the writer in his headlong race to episodical finishes, all more or less startling and amazing."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"It appeals to me as one of the most gripping war narratives I have ever read."—*Managing Editor, Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Told in a more unsophisticated, self-revealing and war-revealing fashion than most of its predecessors. Every page is worth reading."—*Chicago Post.*

At All Bookstores. $1.50 net

Chicago — REILLY & BRITTON — Publishers



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other book-dealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

Special Library Service

We conduct a department devoted entirely to the interests of Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities. Our Library Department has made a careful study of library requirements, and is equipped to handle all library orders with accuracy, efficiency and despatch. This department's long experience in this special branch of the book business, combined with our unsurpassed book stock, enable us to offer a library service not excelled elsewhere. We solicit correspondence from Librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

Retail Store, 218 to 224 South Wabash Avenue

Library Department and Wholesale Offices: 330 to 352 East Ohio Street

Chicago

Notes and News

Thorstein Veblen, author of the famous "Nature of Peace," has previously contributed to The Dial, and needs little introduction to our readers. "The Passing of National Frontiers," which is the leading article for the current issue, is the first of a series of papers on internationalism that Professor Veblen will contribute from time to time. For the present, Professor Veblen has given up academic duties for work connected with the United States Food Administration.

James Weber Linn, who contributes a brief discussion of W. L. George's "Literary Chapters" to this issue, is in the English Department of the University of Chicago. He is a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers, and is the author of "The Second Generation" and "The Chameleon."

Florence Kiper Frank (Mrs. Jerome N.) is the author of "The Jew to Jesus, and Other Poems" (Kennerley, 1915); of a one-act poetic drama, "Jael," published by the Chicago Little Theatre; of some plays for amateurs; and of many magazine contributions in prose and verse. She lives in Hubbard Woods, Illinois.

The Century Co. will shortly issue Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's "Russia in Upheaval."

Doubleday, Page & Co. have added "Artists' Families," by Eugene Brieux, to the "Drama League Series" of plays.

The library of the late Mark P. Robinson and a collection of books in fine bindings will be on sale at the Anderson Galleries from April 29 to May 1.

Harper & Brothers announce "How to Sell More Goods," by H. J. Barrett; "Gaslight Sonatas," by Fannie Hurst; and "The Panama Plot," by Arthur B. Reeve.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that after May 1 the price of the Loeb Library will be increased to $1.80 per volume in cloth and $2.25 per volume in leather.

The New York "Evening Post" has reprinted from its columns the texts of the secret treaties as made public by Trotzky. The reprint is in pamphlet form and sells at 10 cts.

The Revell Co. have recently published "The Soul of the Soldier," by Chaplain Thomas Tiplady, and "Armenia: A Martyr Nation," by Dr. M. C. Gabrielian.

Next month the Frederick A. Stokes Co. will issue "Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting," by M. C. Grow, and "Save It for Winter," by F. F. Rockwell.

Francis J. Hannigan, head of the Periodical Department of the Boston Public Library, has compiled "The Standard Index to Short Stories: 1900-1914," which is published by Small, Maynard & Co.

The following war books have been published this month by D. Appleton & Co.: "The A. E. F.: With Pershing's Army in France," by Heywood Broun; "A Surgeon in Arms," by Capt. R. J. Manion; "Glorious Exploits of the Air," by Edgar C. Middleton; "From the Front," by Lieut. C. E.

Andrews; and "The Call to the Colors," by Charles T. Jackson.

April publications of Little, Brown & Co. include: "Mrs. Marden's Ordeal," by James Hay, Jr.; "A Soldier Unafraid," translated from the French by Theodore Stanton; "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," by Laurence LaTourette Driggs; and "Caroline King's Cook Book."

Among the more important war books offered by Grosset & Dunlap in their reprints at 75 cts. are: "Fighting in Flanders," by E. Alexander Powell; "The First Hundred Thousand," by Capt. Ian Hay; "Germany—The Next Republic?" by Carl W. Ackerman; "The Great Push" and "The Red Horizon," by Patrick MacGill; and "The Battle of the Somme," by John Buchan.

The Scribners are preparing "The War Letters of Edmond Genet," the great grandson of the first ambassador from the French Republic to the United States and the first American to fall in battle after our declaration of war. Under the title "*You* No Longer Count" they are about to publish a translation of Rene Boylesve's novel "Tu n'es plus Rien."

Four books of verse were published by the John Lane Co. on April 12: "Mid-American Chants," by Sherwood Anderson; "The Evening Hours," by Emile Verhaeren, translated by Charles R. Murphy; "The Day, and Other Poems," by Henry Chappell, with an introduction by Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford; and "Hay Harvest, and Other Poems," by Lucy Buxton.

April issues of the George H. Doran Co. have included: "Crescent and Iron Cross," by E. F. Benson; "Face to Face with Kaiserism," by James W. Gerard; "Germany at Bay," by Major Haldane Macfall; "The Western Front," being the first volume of official war drawings by Muirhead Bone; and three novels—Gilbert Cannan's "The Stucco House," E. F. Benson's "An Autumn Sowing," and John Buchan's "Prester John."

Among the books announced for this month by the J. B. Lippincott company are: "Over Here," Lieut. Hector MacQuarrie's account of his experiences as British Inspector and lecturer in America; "Over the Threshold of War," the early-war diary of Nevil Monroe Hopkins, of the American Embassy in Paris; "Offensive Fighting," Maj. Donald McRae; and "Training for the Street Railway Business," by C. B. Fairchild, prepared under the supervision of T. E. Mitten, President of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit.

The April Macmillan announcements include: "History of Labor in the United States," by John R. Commons, President of the American Economic Association; "What is National Honor?" by Leo Perla; "Coöperation, The Hope of the Consumer," by Emerson P. Harris, with an introductory note by John Graham Brooks; "The New Horizon of State and Church," by William Herbert Perry Faunce, President of Brown University; "Historic Mackinac," by Edwin O. Wood, in two illustrated volumes; and two books of verse, James Stephens's "Reincarnations" and Rabindranath Tagore's "Lover's Gift and Crossing."

"There is the saving of a life—an American life—to every line of

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

PAUL AZAN'S

The Warfare of Today

"It is a wonderfully clear guide for fathers on how their boys fight their way through the perils of modern warfare... Lieutenant-Colonel Azan's writings acquire from new developments, even from affairs so momentous as the Easter drive of the Germans, only an additional wealth of material, illustrating ever more clearly the principles which they proclaim, and showing forth ever more plainly the place of those principles in the winning of victory... **There is the saving of a life—an American life—to every line of 'The Warfare of Today.' And there is in the end the establishment of Allied Victory."—*Boston Transcript.***

The most completely illustrated book of the war

$2.50 net at all bookstores

Houghton Mifflin Company

Boston **New York**

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (*Established 1905*)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

LIBRARY WORK AS A PROFESSION

Opportunities for advancement in library work are exceptional for normal school or college graduates who can take a year of training in a Library School. Openings, particularly for school librarians, are becoming more numerous and more remunerative.

The Library School of the New York Public Library

offers instruction by experienced teachers, lectures by leading librarians, access to a large variety of libraries for purposes of study, inspection and practice, and the advantages of a year's life in New York City. Apply for Circular to

E. J. REECE, Principal, 476 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.

Book Buyers

who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

Anthology of Swedish Lyrics
1750 - 1915

COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

"It is seldom that so fortunate a combination as a fine poet like Mr. Stork and a quite unexploited literature so fine as Swedish lyric poetry occurs in the history of letters."—*N. Y. Times.*

Published by
The American-Scandinavian Foundation
25 West 45th Street, NEW YORK
PRICE, $1.50

List of New Books

[*The following list, containing 99 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

THE WAR.

The Warfare of Today. By Lieut.-Colonel Paul Azan. Translated by Major Julian L. Coolidge. Illustrated, 12mo, 352 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

The Business of War. By Isaac F. Marcosson. Illustrated, 12mo, 319 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

The Russian Revolution. By Alexander Petrunkevitch, Samuel Harper, and Frank A. Golder. **The Jugo-Slav Movement.** By Robert J. Kerner. 12mo, 109 pages. Harvard University Press. $1.

"The Dark People": Russia's Crisis. By Ernest Poole. Illustrated, 12mo, 226 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Russia's Agony. By Robert Wilton. Illustrated, 8vo, 356 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.80.

Runaway Russia. By Florence MacLeod Harper. Illustrated, 8vo, 321 pages. The Century Co. $2.

America's Message to the Russian People: Addresses by the members of the Russian Mission. 8vo, 154 pages. Marshall Jones Co. $1.50.

Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting. Illustrated, 12mo, 304 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

"Over There" with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. Illustrated, 12mo, 339 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

"Ladies from Hell." By R. Douglas Pinkerton. Illustrated, 12mo, 254 pages. The Century Co. $1.50.

The Real Front. By Arthur Hunt Chute. 12mo, 309 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Nothing of Importance. By Bernard Adams. 12mo, 334 pages. Robert M. McBride Co. $1.50.

The Big Fight. By Capt. David Fallon. Illustrated, 12mo, 301 pages. W. J. Watt & Co. $1.50.

Gunner Depew. By Himself. Illustrated, 12mo, 312 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. $1.50.

The Escape of a Princess Pat. By George Pearson. Illustrated, 12mo, 227 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.40.

Crescent and Iron Cross. By E. F. Benson. 12mo, 240 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

The Soul of the Soldier. By Thomas Tiplady. With frontispiece, 12mo, 208 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

Battering the Boche. By Preston Gibson. Illustrated, 12mo, 120 pages. The Century Co. $1.

Germanism and the American Crusade. By George D. Herron. 12mo, 44 pages. Mitchell Kennerley.

War Addresses: 1917. Edited by Barr Ferree. 8vo, 55 pages. The Pennsylvania Society, New York.

Right Above Race. By Otto H. Kahn. With frontispiece, 12mo, 182 pages. The Century Co. 75 cts.

Where Do You Stand? By Hermann Hagedorn. 16mo, 126 pages. The Macmillan Co. 50 cts.

Raemaekers's Cartoon History of the War. Vol. I. Compiled by J. Murray Allison. 8vo, 206 pages. The Century Co. $1.50.

The Book of Artemas. 12mo, 85 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts.

Service Record: For "The Boy," the Home Folks, and the Coming Generations. 12mo. The Pilgrim Press. 50 cts.

Three Brothers Who Plotted to Own the World. By M. E. Starr. 16mo, 16 pages. Paper, 10 cts.

FICTION.

The Holy City. (Jerusalem II.) By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. 12mo, 348 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Mashi, and Other Stories. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. 12mo, 222 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Flying Teuton. By Alice Brown. 12mo, 321 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Boardman Family. By Mary S. Watts. 12mo, 352 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Unwilling Vestal. By Edward Lucas White. 12mo, 317 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Miss Pim's Camouflage. By Lady Stanley. 12mo, 322 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me. By William Allen White. Illustrated, 12mo, 338 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Front Lines. By Boyd Cable. 12mo, 358 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
The House of Intrigue. By Arthur Stringer. Illustrated, 12mo, 363 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.
Over Here. By Ethel M. Kelley. With frontispiece, 12mo, 259 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.
Pieces of Eight. By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated, 12mo, 333 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.
Gaslight Sonatas. By Fannie Hurst. With frontispiece, 12mo, 271 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.40.
The Making of George Groton. By Bruce Barton. Illustrated, 12mo, 331 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.
The Man Who Lost Himself. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 12mo, 300 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.
Stealthy Terror. By John Ferguson. With frontispiece, 12mo, 312 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.
The Foolishness of Lilian. By Jessie Champion. 12mo, 340 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.
"Mr. Manley." By G. I. Whitham. 12mo, 304 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.
When Bearcat Went Dry. By Charles Neville Buck. Illustrated, 12mo, 311 pages. W. J. Watt & Co. $1.40.
Prester John. By John Buchan. With frontispiece, 12mo, 309 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.
Branded. By Francis Lynde. With frontispiece, 12mo, 370 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.
The Little Red House in the Hollow. By Amanda B. Hall. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. George W. Jacobs Co. $1.35.
Captain Gault. By William Hope Hodgson. 12mo, 295 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.35.
The Rider in Khaki. By Nat Gould. 12mo, 279 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.
Film Folk. By Rob Wagner. Illustrated. 12mo, 356 pages. The Century Co. $2.00.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

American Poetry. Edited by Percy H. Boynton. 12mo, 721 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.
The Melody of Earth: An Anthology of Garden and Nature Poems from Present-Day Poets. Selected by Mrs. Waldo Richards. 12mo, 301 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.
The Poems of François Villon. Translated by John Payne. 12mo, 204 pages. John W. Luce & Co. $1.75.
Evening Hours. By Emile Verhaeren. 12mo, 73 pages. John Lane Co. $1.
My Ireland. By Francis Carlin. 12mo, 195 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Mid-American Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. 12mo, 82 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.
A Cabinet of Jade. By David O'Neil. 16mo, 106 pages. The Four Seas Co. $1.25.
Songs and Sea Voices. By James Stewart Doubleday. 12mo, 106 pages. Washington Square Book Shop, New York.
The Day, and Other Poems. By Henry Chappell. 16mo, 78 pages. John Lane Co. $1.
Hay Harvest, and Other Poems. By Lucy Buxton. 12mo, 47 pages. John Lane Co. $1.
The Shadow-Eater. By Benjamin De Casseres. 12mo, 59 pages. Wilmarth Publishing Co.
The World and the Waters. By Edward F. Garesche. 12mo, 110 pages. The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis. $1.
The Bugle Call. By Walter Smith Griffith. Illustrated, 12mo, 72 pages. Published by the author. $1.
Flashlights and Depths. By Werther Friedman. 12mo, 88 pages. The Summit Publishing Co.
Problems of the Actor. By Louis Calvert. With an introduction by Clayton Hamilton. 12mo, 274 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.60.
The Art of Photoplay Making. By Victor O. Freeburg. Illustrated, 12mo, 283 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.

HISTORY.

Nationalism and the War in the Near East. By "A Diplomatist." Edited by Lord Courtney of Penwith. 8vo, 428 pages. Oxford University Press. $4.15.
The Five Republics of Central America. By Dana G. Munro. Edited by David Kinley. With map, 8vo, 332 pages. Oxford University Press. $3.50.
The Colonial Tariff Policy of France. By Arthur Girault. Edited by Charles Gide. 8vo, 305 pages. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Over Here

War Time Rhymes

★ Edgar A ★ Guest

Over Here reflects the love and loyalty of the folks at home. In its warmly human pages are to be found a message of courage and hope and good cheer for the gray days ahead—a ringing declaration of faith in the high ideals for which our country is fighting.

Loyal-hearted folk will enjoy Mr. Guest's wartime verse, with its note of human kindliness and sympathy.

At All Bookstores. *$1.25 net*

Chicago — REILLY & BRITTON — Publishers

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A Prophecy of the War
By Lewis Einstein. With introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. 12mo, cloth, pp. 94. $1.00 net. Two essays originally published in the National Review of London containing a striking forecast of the World War.

Aram and Israel, or the Aramaeans in Syria and Mesopotamia
By Emil G. H. Kraeling, Ph.D. 8vo, cloth, pp. xvi+155. $1.50 net.
A book on the Aramaeans has long been a desideratum for students of Hebrew and Oriental History and this volume supplies the need.

The Foundations and Nature of Verse
By Cary F. Jacob, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, pp. xi+231. $1.50 net.
An attempt to answer these interesting questions: What common physical and psychological basis have prose, verse and music; What differentiates prose from verse and music from both; From the point of view of structure, what is verse?

The Rhythm of Prose
By William Morrison Patterson, Ph.D. Second edition. 12mo, cloth, pp. xxiii+193. $1.50 net.
An experimental investigation of individual differences in the sense of rhythm, with a chapter on vers libre.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Lemcke & Buechner, Agents
30-32 West Twenty-Seventh Street, New York City

Your Responsibility

in supporting the President in this war for democracy is in direct proportion to

Your Intelligence

High ideals cannot be realized without action. Are you backing the ideals of democracy by your actions?

If you have NOT already bought your

LIBERTY BONDS

You have NOT fulfilled your responsibility.

No matter how small your salary, you can save enough to meet the installment payments on a Liberty Bond. Go to any bank and find out how easy it is to do your share in

Backing the President 100%

The Controversy over Neutral Rights between the United States and France, 1797-1800. Edited by James Brown Scott. 8vo, 510 pages. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The Industrial Development and Commercial Policies of the Three Scandinavian Countries. By Povl Drachmann. Edited by Harald Westergaard. 8vo, 124 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

The Hague Court Reports. Edited, with an introduction, by James Brown Scott. 8vo, 664 pages. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Instructions to the American Delegates to the Hague Peace Conferences, and Their Official Reports. Edited, with an introduction, by James Brown Scott. 8vo, 138 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

Trade and Navigation Between Spain and the Indies in the Time of the Hapsburgs. By Clarence Henry Haring. 8vo, 371 pages. Harvard University Press. $2.25.

Illustrations of Chaucer's England. Edited by Dorothy Hughes. 12mo, 302 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Finances of Edward VI and Mary. By Frederick Charles Dietz. Smith College Studies in History. January, 1918. 8vo, 135 pages. Department of History, Smith College. 50 cts.

Reconstruction in Louisiana After 1868. By Ella Lonn. 8vo, 538 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

The Mayflower Pilgrims. By Edmund Janes Carpenter. Illustrated, 8vo, 255 pages. The Abingdon Press. $1.50.

A Chronicle of One Hundred and Fifty Years: The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, 1768-1918. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Illustrated, 8vo, 311 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

The Romance of Commerce. By H. Gordon Selfridge. Illustrated, 8vo, 422 pages. John Lane Co. $3.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, ETC.

A League of Nations. By Henry Noel Brailsford. 12mo, 332 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The Aims of Labor. By Arthur Henderson. 16mo, 108 pages. B. W. Huebsch. Paper. 50 cts.

Epidemics Resulting from Wars. By Friedrich Prinzing. Edited by Harald Westergaard. 8vo, 340 pages. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Losses of Life in Modern Wars: Austria-Hungary; France. By Gaston Bodart. **Military Selection and Race Deterioration.** By Vernon Lyman Kellogg. Edited by Harald Westergaard. 8vo, 207 pages. Oxford University Press. $2.

War Time Control of Industry. By Howard L. Gray. 12mo, 307 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The Early Effects of the European War upon the Finance, Commerce, and Industry of Chile. By L. S. Rowe. 8vo, 63 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.

Recommendations on International Law: and Official Commentary Thereon of the Second Pan American Scientific Congress. Edited by James Brown Scott. 8vo, 53 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.

Die Internationalisierung der Meerengen und Kanäle. By Dr. Rudolph Laun. 8vo, 172 pages. Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague. Gld. 3.

The Economic Basis of an Enduring Peace. By C. W. MacFarlane. 8vo, 80 pages. George W. Jacobs Co.

The Way Out of War: A Biological Study. By Robert T. Morris. 12mo, 166 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.

Blocking New Wars. By Herbert S. Houston. 12mo, 209 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.

The World War and the Road to Peace. By T. B. McLeod. 16mo, 126 pages. The Macmillan Co. 60 cts.

The World Significance of a Jewish State. By A. A. Berle. 12mo, 47 pages. Mitchell Kennerley.

Organized Banking. By Eugene E. Agger. 12mo, 385 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $3.

Economic Protectionism. By Josef Grunzel. Edited by Eugen von Philippovich. 8vo, 357 pages. Oxford University Press. $2.90.

The Employment Department and Employee Relations. By F. C. Hendershott and F. E. Weakly. 8vo, 60 pages. LaSalle Extension University, paper.

The Employer, the Wage Earner, and the Law of Love. By Charles H. Watson. Hattie Elizabeth Lewis Memorial Essays in Applied Christianity. 8vo, 31 pages. University of Kansas. Paper.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

Internationalism as the Condition of Allied Success

We have pretty general agreement that the aim of the war, as far as America is concerned, is a completer internationalism than we have known in the past—a better international order by virtue of which the world will be made safe. But the general attitude to that aim is that it is something to be established after victory is won, when we have time—and power—to carry out political ideals and to try experiments. Meantime we are likely to feel that it is better to "get on with the war" and to leave Utopias alone, especially Utopias that have any relation to pacifist feeling, which it is well to bury as deep as possible. On the whole, perhaps, we feel that the less the public concerns itself in war time with policy at all, the better.

It is here suggested that this attitude may be disastrous, even in its military consequences; that, indeed, it has already been so; that the progressive development during the war of internationalist policy and feeling is an indispensable condition of the military success of our alliance; that the failure sufficiently to recognize this is one of the main factors of the greatest reverses so far suffered by the alliance.

It is of course obvious that in the case of a war fought by a large alliance, made up of a number of nations different in character and outlook, success depends not only upon the individual strength of each member, but also upon the capacity of those members to act together for a common purpose. And it will readily be admitted that such capacity of many states to act together is in theory "internationalism." But, it will be retorted, these things are truisms, so obvious as to be in no danger of oversight, and certainly needing no reinforcement from internationalist theory.

Well, it is just three years and eight months after the beginning of the war that we find Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, pointing to one factor alone as explaining the success of the German drive. The enemy was "slightly inferior in infantry, slightly inferior in artillery, considerably inferior in cavalry, undoubtedly inferior in aircraft." But there was one thing in which he was superior—unity. "In so far as he has triumphed, he has triumphed mainly because of superior unity, and the concentration of his strategic plans." And the Prime Minister reinforced the point by the story which had come to him from a reliable source, that the Kaiser had said to King Constantine, "I shall beat them, for they have no united command."

But that, it will be replied, can no longer be said. We have now a united command, even if it has taken nearly four years of war to get it. Unity of military command however will simply be a trap unless it is based upon unity of political purpose: unless forged in certain conditions of public temper and purpose, it will be an instrument that will break in the hand. Of what use would unity of command have been two years ago, if at work behind the lines were all the forces that brought about the misunderstanding of the real nature of the revolutionary forces of Russia and so the defection of Russia; the divergence of purpose between Italy and Servia and Greece, the alienation of the Southern Slavs? And if in the near future, or for that matter at the peace conference after the defeat of the Central Empires, Allied policy is of such a nature as to drive, or to allow, Russia to drift into the German orbit and become a Prussian asset; as to alienate Japan, to develop the elements of revolution in Ireland and a divergence of purpose as between the American and the British or French democracies—if elements of disunity of such a character develop in our alliance, the assertion of permanently preponderant

power over the Prussian may well become impossible. And such a failure would be a failure of policy due to a certain condition of public temper and feeling, a failure to evolve a really common aim and to emphasize the internationalist element of our purposes.

The conclusion so far might be summarized thus:

The military success of the Allies depends upon certain political factors—as, for instance, upon the unity of the alliance, the absence of such misunderstanding as might well grow up with Japan, or internal disintegration such as that which has put Russia out of the war —as well as upon the more material elements, both men and munitions, to which attention is more readily given.

These non-military factors, which are indispensable to military success, depend upon good management by the civilian rulers—the politicians.

Effective civilian rule depends upon civilian public opinion; it is civilian opinion alone which, for instance, in Europe deposes one government, like that of Mr. Asquith, in favor of another, like that of Mr. Lloyd George. If that change was wise, it must greatly have facilitated the task of the soldier; if unwise, greatly have hindered it.

Now stated in that form, these propositions are almost truisms. Yet they run directly counter to the position so easily assumed that the public can have nothing to do with policy, or that policy has nothing to do with military success.

The grave fact in the history of the war is that public opinion in some of the Allied countries has at some junctures, with the best intentions in the world, been largely responsible for errors of policy which have added enormously to the military difficulties. Internal upheavals, changes of policies and cabinets, sudden losses of confidence, errors in relations with allies have occurred, sometimes, because sincerely patriotic people have overlooked the fact that intensity of feeling and emotion—however good of themselves—cannot stand for sound political judgment. There are situations in life in which sheer emotional fervor is the one thing necessary to carry one through to safety; but there are others—as when someone cries "fire" in a crowded theatre—when our instinct not only will not furnish any sure guide as to the right thing to do but will beyond doubt destroy us if we obey it. The great need in such circumstances is to "keep our heads"; there must be a certain moral discipline. Unless we maintain a certain atmosphere of public opinion, a capacity for sane and sound judgment sufficient to enable us to differentiate between good and bad policy, we make it impossible for the soldier to bring us victory, whatever his efficiency and sacrifice.

No one will pretend that this relation between a certain condition of public temper—the need for a wider realization of the indispensability of internationalism—and our ultimate military success, is generally recognized. It is all but universally ignored. It has taken British and French radicalism three years to realize the need for clarifying and emphasizing the internationalist aims of policy as the means whereby disruption of the alliance by further defections like that of Russia may be avoided. American public opinion so little realizes the explanation of that development of policy in European democracies, that it shows itself on the whole hostile thereto. American public opinion today seems as little disposed to give due weight to certain forces at work in Britain and in France as were the European Allies a year ago to give due weight to certain forces in Russia. The impatient refusal to consider the nature of these present forces may be as disastrous to our cause in the future as was the failure of Europe properly to estimate the nature of the Russian revolution.

I have attempted to summarize the outstanding considerations in the thesis here broadly indicated by the following extended proposition: The survival of the Western Democracies, in so far as that is a matter of the effective use of their force, depends upon their capacity to use it as a unit, during the war and after. That unity we have not attained, even for the purposes of the war, because we have refused to recognize its necessary conditions —a kind and degree of internationalism

to which current political ideas and feelings are hostile, an internationalism which is not necessary to the enemy, but is to us.

For the Grand Alliance of the democracies is a heterogeneous collection of nations, not geographically contiguous but scattered over the world, and not dominated by one preponderant state able to give unity of direction to the group. The enemy alliance, on the other hand, is composed of a group of states, geographically contiguous, dominated politically and militarily by the material power and geographical position of one member, able by that fact to impose unity of purpose and direction on the whole. If we are to use our power successfully against him in such circumstances—during the war, at the settlement, and afterwards (which may well be necessary)—we must achieve a consolidation equally effective. But in our case that consolidation, not being possible by the material predominance of one member, must be achieved by a moral factor, the voluntary coöperation of equals—a democratic internationalism, necessarily based on a unity of moral aim. Because this has not been attained, even during the war, disintegration of our alliance has already set in—involving enormous military cost—and threatens to become still more acute at the peace. The enemy group shows no equivalent disintegration.

No military decision against the unified enemy group can be permanent if at the peace table it becomes evident that the Western Democracies are to revert to the old lack of consolidation, instability of alliance, covert competition for isolated power and territory, a national particularism which makes common action and coordination of power cumbrous, difficult, or impossible. If there is to be a return to the old disunity of Europe the parties which among the enemy favor aggression will realize that however much their purpose may temporarily be defeated, the greater material unity of their alliance will enable it sooner or later to overcome states which, though superior in the sum of their power, have shown themselves inferior in their capacity to combine that power for a common purpose. And that inferiority might arise as much from passive hostility to abandoning the old national organization of Europe, from sheer lack of habit and practice in international coöperation, political, military, or economic, as from the presence of any active agents of disruption.

The factors of disintegration in the Grand Alliance are of two kinds: conflicting territorial claims by the component states (illustrated by the demands of Czarist Russia; of Italy, Servia, and other Slav groups; of Roumania, Greece, and, more obscurely, of Japan) and conflict of economic interest and social aspiration within the nations (illustrated by the struggles of the bourgeois and Socialist parties in Russia, less dramatically by the revolutionary unrest in Italy, and even in France and England). These latter factors are more dangerous with us than with the enemy, because our historical circumstances have rendered us less disciplined or less docile, less apt in mechanical and dehumanized obedience.

The general truth we are here dealing with is of far greater importance to us than to the enemy. He can in some measure ignore it. We cannot. His unity, in so far as it rests upon moral factors, can be based upon the old nationalist conceptions; our unity depends upon a revision of them, an enlargement into an internationalism.

The kind and degree of internationalism indispensable for the consolidation of the Western peoples if they are to use their force effectively — an internationalism which must take into account the newer social and economic forces of Western society—is impossible on the basis of the older statecraft and its political motives. For they assume as inevitable a condition of the world in which each nation must look for its security to its own isolated strength (which must derive from population, territory, and strategic position), thus making the ultimate interests of the nations necessarily rival. The capacity of each to feed its population and assure its economic welfare is assumed to depend upon the extent of its territory. A whole philosophy of "biological necessity," "struggle for life among nations," "inherent pugnacity of mankind," "survival of

the fit," is invoked on behalf of this old and popular conception of international life and politics. Such an outlook inevitably implies an overt or latent rivalry which must bring even members of the same alliance sooner or later into conflict.

The only possible unifying alternative to this disruptive policy is the form of internationalism outlined by President Wilson, based on the assumption that the vital interests of all Western nations are interdependent and call for some permanent association of nations by which the security of each shall be made to rest upon the strength of the whole, held together by the reciprocal obligation to defend one another.

The greatest obstacles to such a system are disbelief in its feasibility and our subjection to the traditions of national sovereignty and independence. Were it generally believed in and desired, it would be not only feasible but inevitable. Our governments could aid in the modification of old ideas through bold and definite projects of change and a new machinery of international representation, compelling public imagination to take stock of its current conceptions.

Such references as have been made by Allied statesmanship to these projects have carried the implication that they do not concern the actual waging of the war, or are put forward as an alternative to its continuance. And that of itself has sufficed to prevent any real consideration of them. Yet the internationalism of which President Wilson has shown himself to be the most consistent advocate is not a substitute for military power, or an alternative to the active prosecution of the war; it is an essential part of the political means by which the military power of democracies, and the actual prosecution of this war, may be made effective. It is not some remote aim of the future, but the policy which must be made the basis of our own alliance, for the purposes of the war itself, and for the continued resistance of our group, to the end that we may use our victory effectively by coming to the peace table a united and cohesive league. If this is not already an accomplished fact when we do come to the settlement, the disruptive tendencies within the alliance may well be intensified and our problems of justice and security become insoluble.

NORMAN ANGELL.

Letters to Unknown Women

SAPPHO

To Sappho of Mitylene:

Like so many notorious characters of history you have become an enigma, as ambiguous as an oracle. So little can be proved, so much surmised about you—tradition is so incoherent and conflicting—that each person makes you a projection of what he desires you to be. And if it be true that our thoughts of the dead alone preserve them in the fields of Hades, then yours must indeed be a soul of many conflicting personalities. The Sappho of Pierre Louys would not be recognized by the Sappho of Miss Jane Harrison, and the Sappho of Ovid would be uneasy with either.

It has been suggested that you were not one but two. You have been recklessly given a husband and a daughter and as recklessly deprived of them. You have been described as a debauched creature and as a school mistress; you have been drowned for the sake of a man's love in the Ægean and buried in an Aeolic grave by your girl lovers. Swinburne has shown you as a nerve-tortured fierce thing, crying upon death; and Lyly has made you an allegory of the Virgin Queen. Your character, O sweet-smiling weaver of wiles, is varied and dubious. You have been described as everything except a woman.

Yet your reputation, O Sappho, is enviable; you are, perhaps, the most famous of all women. Those who have never read a word you wrote and those who

have studied you to the last syllable are agreed in their estimate of your genius; while those who have glanced carelessly at your poetry wonder upon what your reputation rests. Well, it rests upon the mystery that surrounds you.

That mystery is due to a Hebrew tent-maker who, some five hundred years after your death, preached with extraordinary vigor a dogma of more than Lacedæmonian austerity, with the result that later generations in a frenzy of perverted destructiveness wrecked and burned much that the genius of Hellas had created—your poems among them. All that we have of you are a few tattered, almost unreadable papyri and such fragments as were quoted by grammarians and critics still extant. But the fate that destroyed your work created your reputation. We are thrilled by those fragments as by no other poetry in the world, and your fame as the greatest woman-poet of all time remains unchallenged because it cannot be disputed. Therefore, sweet nightingale, herald of the spring, you prove indeed that unheard melodies are the sweeter.

To some you are more marvelous as lover than as poet. Some are terrified by the fierceness, the madness of your passions and will "mistranslate and misconstrue" to prove you respectable. I have already mentioned the fable which has invented two Sapphos, one a matron of eminence and purity who produced your poetry, and one a courtesan who lived your loves! If the shades beyond Acheron can smile I am sure your smile is not untinged with irony. But even this has been bettered and you are represented as an even more commonplace person, a cultured, Ruskin-like school mistress presiding in all chastity and severity over virtuous girls who came to your school to learn poetry. Laugh, Sappho, laugh among the shadowy asphodels where you lie with Anaktoria and Erinna that such things should be said of you, you who from love were paler than sun-dried grass, who sang to please your girl lovers, whose limbs were mastered and shaken by bitter-sweet love, whose soul trembled with desire—a wind on the mountain falling on the oaks—who knew like Nossis what flowers were the roses of Aphrodite and who mourned when Atthis left you for Andromeda!

No, Sappho, there are some of us so unrepentant that we cannot bear to think of you confined in the straight garb of a blameless life. "To the pure all things are pure" is of all your fragments that most frequently quoted by your moral apologists. They are innocent of irony. We, perhaps, are too delighted by that quality. In any case we prefer the Sappho of Nossis and Renée Vivien to the school mistress.

It has been your fortune, O Sappho, to be loved not only in your lifetime but after your death. When we read those honey-sweet words of Nossis—she upon whose tablets melted the wax—we feel the slow thrill of a mortal passion stir within us; and though many have loved you since Nossis, none with so complete an abandonment as that wistful girl from the great waste beyond the pillars of Hercules who died in Hellas because, it seems, our world was not fair enough for one who had surprised your secret and looked at beauty through your eyes.

The world claims you, Sappho, the world which has lent too ready an ear to the Hebrew tent-maker whose works destroyed yours; the world of school masters and rich common folk claims you, explains you away, lest in their own time loveliness should be justified through you. But sometimes, in great loneliness, your voice falls upon us as it fell once upon the poet of Anaktoria who loved you so, and you become ours, ours only. We—such is our self-esteem—seem for a moment really to understand you, really to be one of those whom you call to the golden cups of the Cyprian. You become a moment in our lives, a visible embodiment of that abstract beauty of Plato. The pride and pathos of your life are ours also and we know why you loved evening that brings back all good things the dawn has stolen and why you sang of the hyacinth trodden underfoot by the careless shepherd.

Richard Aldington.

The True Authority of Science

When we envisage the problems of higher education in our country nothing seems more desirable than to gain a sane view of the relations of cultural and utilitarian studies. It is not yet sufficiently realized that the failure of the classical curriculum was even greater on the cultural than on the practical side: the pedagogues of the old school were, indeed, successful in imparting a stock of largely useless information, but they were by the very nature of their training unfitted to convey that self-knowledge which constitutes the essence of true culture. On the specious plea that our modern civilization rested on a foundation supplied by classical antiquity, they argued that we could only understand ourselves by imbibing the spirit of Greece and Rome. Quite apart from the wholly incongruous machinery they employed to compass this end, they failed to realize that the basis of our culture, both economic and industrial, lay far back of the Hellenic period; and that precisely what is most characteristic of our own age—technology and experimental science—is hardly derived at all from classical sources. At the very best, then, they could have interpreted merely some shreds and patches of that mottled fabric we now prize as Caucasian civilization.

But if our classical schoolmasters failed of achieving their avowed purpose, our modern institutions of learning, with their stress on technical and vocational training, likewise fall short of the mark. The student, take him by and large, learns much of scientific detail; but of the essence of science, of its place in modern life and the conditions fostering or impeding its growth, he remains densely ignorant. These, it might be contended on Gradgrind principles, are all very well but have no place in an avowedly utilitarian course. Yet the implied antinomy is false. There is no inherent conflict between professional and cultural work. Pomology itself, to take the bull by the horns, is not without cultural potentialities. On the other hand, it is precisely the lack of this cultural element in our modern American universities and professional schools that thwarts the highest professional accomplishment. Here, then, are the double claims of the History of Science to a large, nay a dominant, position in our college curricula. To the general student it renders intelligible the most distinctive element of latter-day culture, while also it teaches the student of science *how* to be a student of science. These purposes, naturally enough, cannot be attained by an uncoördinated accumulation of names and dates; their fulfilment depends on the accentuation of the *sociological* view of science.

Precisely because science has come to occupy so large a part in modern civilization, its pursuit has been invested with a mystifying halo which Huxley trenchantly dispelled by defining science as merely a sort of etherealized common sense. The scientist, too often yielding to the siren voice of his unsophisticated admirer among the laity, postulates an impossible "scientific man"—as useless an abstraction as that notorious figment the "economic man," which now graces the refuse-heaps of the political philosopher's laboratory. The truth is that science can be understood solely as a sociological phenomenon, as the product of coöperative group activity within a larger social group. It may not be flattering to the scientist's pride to be classed with the members of a guild, a coöperative dairy organization, or a consumers' league; but scientific work in its nobler and its lesser aspects becomes comprehensible as soon as it is regarded from this angle.

With mutual benefit societies of the type described, the informally organized but none the less real brotherhood of scientists shares the merging of individual profit in a higher purpose. If the effects of scientific coöperation sometimes extend far beyond the immediate circle of the workers' guild, this must be accounted a by-product rather than an altruistically devised result. But membership in an ostensibly altruistic society neither suppresses the instinct of selfishness nor does it reduce all participants to a dead level of

equality. In the rural organizations founded by Raiffeisen the benignant spirit of their founder proved to be very unequally distributed among the members; and so in scientific coöperation the quest of individual glory, as attested by many a nauseating priority squabble, tends to thwart or compromise the common purpose.

Since scientists form a definite group (or more strictly a number of groups) within the state, it is possible for a clash of social interests to retard their progress. Church and state may interfere to erect obstacles in their path. The friction between research and theology forms the burden of an oft repeated tale. Legal enactments against vivisection and the utilization of corpses are a grim reminder that the scientist's course is not yet strewn with roses. Yet as soon as we assume the sociological point of view the whole matter appears in a new light. It is not *a priori* obvious that the scientist must under all circumstances have the right of way. Sociologically his ideals represent only one of an indefinitely numerous set of values. As the caste of scientists cannot endure the over-assertiveness of individual members, so society at large may legitimately wax jealous of the dominance of a caste within its midst. May not science appear to the laity as a harmless pastime like chess, or stamp collecting? No one would interfere with such pursuits under normal conditions, yet who would yield to them purposes of his own? It is here that history must step in to vindicate the ways of science and show why the standards of science merit absolute primacy over other values.

But still more fascinating than the interaction of selfish and altruistic motives within the guild of learning, or than the conflict of that caste with other castes, is the influence of the group on the intellectual work of its single members. The individual scientist finds himself in a paradoxical position. Without the guild heritage from the past or the aid of his contemporaries he is powerless. Yet that same society which raises him high above the level of earliest beginnings arrests his flight when he takes wing to soar aloft. Chafe and fume as he may, he is caught in the vise-like grip of a dread machine. For social groups have laws more inexorable than those of nature, and no victim escapes without paying toll.

A relatively harmless sociological characteristic of the scientists' group is the importance of imitation. Ethnologists have long been familiar with this factor in various domains of culture. A set form of artistic product or ritualistic performance springs up and is somehow adopted as a norm, which is reproduced a hundredfold. Science, too, has its fashions and patterns, and like other fashions they change periodically. Thirty years ago biologists were outlining genealogical trees; today they are absorbed in the laws of heredity. In the seventies and eighties ethnologists were mapping the resemblances that obtained between the cultures of remote tribes; at present their gaze is riveted to historical connections and routes of diffusion. Such fashions are not dictated by pure reason; nor are they purely innocuous. The scientist caught in the maelstrom of a current movement is likely to lose his sense of values: he neglects what a later period regards as no less significant than the topic on which he lavishes his attention. It is the history of his science that alone may bring him to his senses, that may enable him to get his bearings and see his own work in proper perspective; and it is thus the history of his own subject—and that alone—which can supply his individual need of culture.

Scientific fashions of the kind mentioned represent only one phase of the subtle workings of that social menace which constitutes the arch-foe of science and of progress—respect for authority. The authority may be vested in the person of a master; and here history notes the paradox that the very personality that rises to ascendancy by setting at naught the power of precedent, itself becomes a new centre of traditionalism, blighting the development of the disciples' individualities. Yet baneful as is the influence of hero-worship, there are still more insidious agencies lurking in the social environment—so different from the fictitious atmosphere of pure reason—in which the scientist actu-

ally works. By a law of compensation one personality will sooner or later be pitted against another and gain a following. But against impersonal authority there is little hope of redress. It is not merely the opinions of the scholars' caste as such that weight down the individual seeker of truth. From the very beginning he has borne the yoke of a divided allegiance; nor does he only individually bear the badge of membership in other guilds.

The whole caste of truth-seekers is ever, by a dire osmosis, tinged by the current conceptions of their age; nay, it is historically accurate to say that from the start they have been tainted with that larger human society's original sin of myth-mongering. As Professor Mach points out in one of the most illuminating chapters of his "Mechanics," a Newton himself will lapse into the folklore bequeathed by the past, "though even on the pages immediately preceding his clear intellect shines in undiminished splendor." And a modern physicist who purports to give experimental proof for the atomic theory already casts wistful glances into the future for some subtler hypothetical cause of the now verified atomic phenomena.

The vicious circle is thus complete. Science has demonstrably, as in the case of chemistry and alchemy, grown out of mythology, and the whole of its progress may be represented as the gradual sloughing of the folkloristic shell. But that shell has infinite powers of regeneration and is constantly nurtured from without and within. Indeed, the more we contemplate the conditions of research, the more we marvel at the fact that the scientist's quest has not been an utter failure. He must guard against the promptings of self-interest; he must shun the tutorship of his masters; he must constantly search his heart to cast out the demons of prepossessions sucked in with the mother's milk and the surrounding medium in which he lives. This duty of eternal vigilance is the lesson he derives from the history of science.

But for the laymen, too, the history of science has a message hardly less significant. The pursuit of knowledge by an international band of trained workers constitutes a sociological experiment on a grand scale with results of a crushing *a fortiori* force. No conditions exist, none can be conceived, more favorable to the dominance of reason in any social body than those which actually obtain in the coöperative labor of scientists. If even these conditions are so remote from the ideal, if the forces of precedent and myth constantly nullify or minimize progress towards the projected goal, degrading it to one of those ritualistic processions in which every three groping steps in advance are followed by two backward, then the mystic's view of the danger of excessive rationalization of modern culture is grotesquely false. As Professor Robinson in one of the highest flights of historical-mindedness points out, there is not the slightest warrant for putting on the brakes when going uphill. Mankind will never be sufficiently radical or sufficiently reasonable; and as we can never introduce too little reason into our psychologizing, so we can never be too rationalistic in our philosophy or too radical in our programmes. Herein lies the supreme lesson of the History of Science.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

The Return

Lilies white and roses
  Will load the fragrant breeze,
But when the mute throng closes
  We'll take no note of these.

Soft music will be swelling
  In each attentive ear,
Of pride and homage telling—
  We shall not heed nor hear.

There will be talk of slaughter,
  Of rage and carnage hot
Beyond the pathless water—
  But we shall heed them not.

Around us long-loved faces
  With tearful eyelids bright
Shall take their wonted places
  Unseen, though full in sight.

Through tributes fond and loving
  We'll go as if at rest,
With fast-closed eyes unmoving,
  Hands crossed upon the breast.

GUY NEARING.

Our Paris Letter

Life in Paris has been anything but peaceful during the last month. Treason "affairs," air raids, long range bombardments—everything has been put in the shade by the great battle on which attention is now concentrated, for on its issue may depend the fate of Paris and of France. Paris is waiting, as it waited during that fortnight of September, 1914 when its destiny hung in the balance. When, after those days of acute tension, the welcome news came that Paris was saved, none of us thought that we should ever have to undergo the same experience again. And now after nearly four years of war Paris is once more threatened. The danger, it is true, is not so imminent, but it is there nevertheless. I lived with the people of Paris during that terrible fortnight and acquired a profound affection and admiration for them. When I say the people, I mean what we name in French the *peuple* as distinct from the *bourgeoisie,* for the bourgeoisie for the most part was at Bordeaux or anywhere but in Paris. Only the real Parisians were left, and in spite of the anxieties of the moment Paris was never so charming. Now as then Paris is left to the Parisians—and the Americans. Not those Americans, I may add, who inhabit the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, but the Americans whom the war has brought here to teach the Parisians that they must not judge the United States by its idle rich. Whatever else may come out of this war, at least it will have enabled the French to have made the acquaintance of real Americans. Some Americans, I gather, are a little disillusioned. They had idealized the French to such an extent that when they came into contact with them and discovered that they were not all heroes of romance, but just human beings with the ordinary failings of humanity, they were disappointed. Especially as the particular failings of the French—their lack of business habits, for instance—are not those common, as a rule, in America. An American is disconcerted in a country where time does not count, where everybody is late for his appointments, and where a man that calls on you on business will talk for half an hour on everything except the object of his visit and be seriously offended if you show signs of impatience. But all that is bound to wear off, and when Americans really get to know the French they will put up with their weaknesses —for every one of us has his own—and appreciate their great qualities. Meanwhile, I hasten to add, if Americans are sometimes irritated a trifle by certain unaccustomed conditions, they never show it. The tact of the men in control of the American "bureaux," and their care to avoid the slightest ruffling of the French susceptibilities, are beyond all praise.

At a time like this one sees the people of Paris at their best, for only the best elements remain. There has been a tremendous exodus during the last fortnight, and the population of Paris must be temporarily reduced by about one fourth. The railway stations have been an extraordinary sight, only to be compared with that which they presented during the exodus of 1914. No seats can now be reserved and no luggage is registered. Tickets have to be taken in advance for a specified train, and there have been long queues of people waiting for hours to get them; a few days ago an acquaintance of mine had to wait at the Gare d'Orsay from six to eleven in the morning, and many people have had to wait longer. The pressure is now reduced, but it is still bad enough. I have always refused to wait in a queue for anything, for it is my firm conviction that nothing in life is worth it, and neither air raids, nor bombardments, nor even the remote danger of a German invasion of Paris will induce me to change the habits of a lifetime. Besides, when one has Paris "dans le sang," to desert her in the hour of danger would seem like deserting one's mistress. But the wealthy and fashionable quarters of Paris are deserted, and one would imagine, as one walks down the avenues that stretch from the Palace de l'Etoile, the Boulevard Malesherbes or the Avenue des Champs-Elysées and its abutting thoroughfares, that it was the end of August instead of the beginning of April. Only the tender green of the spring foliage corrects the impression given by the long rows of shuttered windows. The well-to-do have been joined in their exodus by the casual inhabitants of Paris, those that have come here from the country to earn a living, especially domestic servants, employees of dressmakers and milliners, and so on. As the press is forbidden to publish any details about the air raids or the bombardment, grotesquely exaggerated reports about their effects have been circulated in the provinces, and panic-stricken families in country towns and villages have implored their relatives in Paris to return home at once. But the real Parisian *peuple* remains, as in 1914.

The popular attitude is also the same as in 1914, rather pessimistic and quite philosophical;

pessimistic, that is to say, in the general and somewhat inaccurate sense of the term. The newspapers preach the duty of blind confidence, but the naturally skeptical Parisian, who has heard this duty preached for nearly four years and has observed that blind confidence has not been justified by events, turns a deaf ear. With his innate good sense he recognizes too that his feelings about events can have no influence on them. He is inclined to fear the worst, but at the same time he is firmly resolved to make the best of it. He knows that the French people and the French soldiers have done their utmost to secure success and that, if success be not achieved, "tant pis." This war has made me doubtful about the advantages of education, for all through it the "uneducated classes" have shown that they possess much more good sense than their "betters," and have kept their heads much more successfully. The palm for unreason must certainly be given to the "intellectuals," who have talked more nonsense than any other class. One rarely hears among the people, for instance, the hysterical cant that so many newspapers have published about the air raids and the bombardment. Some journalists, whom one would never have suspected of religious fervor, have denounced the "sacrilege" involved in bombarding a church, thereby attributing to the Germans the amazing feat of taking an exact aim from a distance of seventy miles. The Parisian public, on the contrary, is not disposed to make too much of incidents which, deplorable as they are, are trifles in comparison with what is going on at the front. The Parisians do not like being bombed and bombarded, but they take their risks coolly as inevitable consequences of war and feel that there is something indecent in shrieking at the death of a few score civilians in plain clothes at a moment when thousands of civilians in uniform are falling at the front. I sympathize with their attitude, for I have never been able to understand why the life of a man becomes of no value the moment he is dressed in blue or khaki.

On one point popular opinion in Paris is very definite: this must be the last offensive of the war. The traditional good sense of the Parisian people tells them that if the German attack is repulsed it will be more than ever plain that no military solution is possible. An article by M. Jean Longuet in the "Populaire" of March 30 exactly expressed the opinion of the vast majority of the people of Paris and of France. There is, he said, only one immediate duty, to resist the attack; but when it has been repulsed, the time will have come to negotiate. That the censor should have allowed such an article to appear without a word suppressed is in itself significant. It is the general opinion that the enemy is making his last desperate effort, an effort due to internal conditions in the Central Empires quite as much as to military considerations; if that effort fails, negotiations will perforce be much more easy. Of course there are still people, especially in newspaper offices, who talk about continuing the war for any number of years that may be necessary to obtain a military victory, but few of them are to be found among the proletariat or the peasants—still fewer, I should suppose, among the men at the front. The old argument that if peace were made now there would be another war ten years hence, no longer has any effect. The reply is that it would be a less evil to have another war in ten years than to continue this war for ten years longer. Nobody here expects a peace which will establish the millennium or even an ideal peace from the democratic point of view, but again the good sense of the French man or woman of the people says that one cannot always have what one would like, and besides there is no guarantee that if the war goes on for several years longer the millennium will be any nearer. Peace at any price has very few advocates, in fact none; there is an irreducible minimum—Lord Lansdowne defined it in his first letter—but all beyond that is considered legitimate matter for negotiation.

So thoroughly is this recognized by the *peuple* that certain *jusqu'auboutiste* pronouncements cabled to the French press from America have caused a certain uneasiness, although they have not destroyed confidence in the policy of President Wilson, with which they hardly accord. Their authors evidently do not yet realize what this war means and, in particular, what it means to France. Peace with defeat will, of course, never be accepted, but President Wilson's formula of "peace without victory" is not regarded wholly with disfavor. If all this sounds somewhat discouraged to Americans, they must remember what the French people have sacrificed in this war.

The ordeal through which we are passing here makes it almost impossible to give one's mind to anything but the war. But the other night, having been awakened by the alarm of an air raid at three in the morning, I began to read a book that had just come from the publishers, "Le Socialisme contre l'Etat" (Berger-Levrault,

Paris), by M. Emile Vandervelde, the distinguished Belgian Socialist and President of the International Socialist Bureau. The title will astonish many people, for it is a common fallacy that Socialism is identical with "Etatisme"—why is there no English equivalent for that useful word? M. Vandervelde's purpose is to combat that fallacy, which, as he admits, is shared by many Socialists or persons claiming that title. He has no difficulty in showing that the Socialism of Marx and Engels, for instance, far from being *étatiste,* was exactly the contrary, for it aimed at the abolition of the state as we know it. If they admitted the conversion of certain services or industries, such as the railways, into state monopolies, it was only as a measure of transition, not as a final aim. And they never supposed that a state monopoly was Socialism. Many of their followers have even opposed all state monopolies as dangerous to the proletariat, on the ground that they paralyze the action of the working class and strengthen the bourgeoisie. M. Vandervelde admits the danger if, for instance, the employees of the state are prevented from organizing themselves and are deprived of the right to strike. The notion that Socialism can be brought about by the gradual absorption of production by the state or the municipalities—that, for instance, the municipalization of the gas or water is a step toward State Socialism—is a delusion. A bureaucratic State Socialism such as is conceived by some of the leading members of the English Fabian Society would produce a servile community, in which the worker would be the "wage-slave" of a state official instead of a capitalist. To this conception, that of the organization of labor by the state, Socialism properly so-called opposes that of the organization of labor by the workers themselves, grouped in vast associations independent of government.

State control of industry has been so enormously extended by the war that this book is very opportune. That extension has been hailed by many Socialists as a triumph for their ideas and is feared by many opponents of Socialism for the same reason. It was necessary to demonstrate that these hopes and fears are alike mistaken, and M. Vandervelde's demonstration is convincing. In fact state control of industry has greatly diminished the liberty of the workmen and hampered their collective action and it might easily be used to reduce them to complete subserviency and to make efforts at economic emancipation more difficult than ever. It is a maxim of Social Democracy that the workers should aim at the conquest of political power, so as to obtain control of the state in order to get rid of it. For the "government of men" Socialism would substitute the "administration of things." But M. Vandervelde shows that the conquest of political power alone will not be sufficient. One of the most interesting parts of his book is that in which he exposes the failure of political democracy and of the parliamentary system. It is a wholesome corrective to the notion that if Germany would only adopt the system of a government responsible to a parliament, all would be well. In fact, as M. Vandervelde shows, the people has very little more effective influence on the government in the countries called democratic than in the others. Perhaps, as M. Vandervelde says, no country in the world is so completely dominated by the financial interests as France, which has, in form, the institutions most nearly democratic of all the great nations, not excepting the United States. It is much to be hoped that this book will be translated into English, for it is quite the most valuable work of the kind that has appeared for a long time. It would be impossible to give in so small a compass, for the book is quite short, a clearer exposition of what Socialism means and does not mean. M. Vandervelde has an admirable style and makes his subject interesting to the least specialist of readers; the book is essentially a popular one. Incidentally it should do much to reconcile with the Socialists those revolutionaries, or "radicals" as I believe you call them in America, who rightly dread the restriction of individual liberty that would result from a system of state monopoly. The difference between Socialists and Syndicalists in France is chiefly one of method, and there is every sign of a rapprochement between them due to the disgust of the younger Socialists with Parliamentarism and with the *étatiste* tendencies of some of their leaders, who are much nearer to the Italian "Reformists" and the English Fabians than to the International Socialist party. A scission between these bourgeois Socialists and the adherents of revolutionary Socialism seems sooner or later inevitable. In any case, revolutionary Socialism is likely to be stronger than ever after the war and, whether one agrees or not with its principles and aims, it is desirable to know what they are. That knowledge can be obtained without difficulty from M. Vandervelde's book.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, April 9, 1918.

The Determinants of Culture

CULTURE AND ETHNOLOGY. By Robert H. Lowie. Douglas C. McMurtrie, New York; $1.25.

There was a time within the memory of men still living when the barely discovered presence of "primitive man" was made the occasion for the most elaborate theories of racial differences, of social evolution and social reform. The slenderest factual basis was made to carry the most imposing superstructures of speculation, in which patriotism of skin, hair, and language, tribal bias, and the desire to gain or maintain certain economic advantages were blended in the most fantastic manner with half-baked and half-digested data of cephalic indices, of skull sutures, of brain weights, and of cultural stages. These were the days when Gobineau flourished, when Chamberlain, Woltmann, and Wirth burned incense before an idol of their own making called the Aryan, and when a sanctimonious hypocrisy insisted on taking upon itself "the white man's burden"—at so much per cent.

By its own weight and impetus the thing became, in the course of time, a frightful nuisance. Honest and reputable ethnologists were as afraid of a generalization as of leprosy. Prof. Franz Boas, for example, than whom there is none greater in the field of ethnology, after a lifetime of research has ventured to put forth generalizations covering less than three hundred scanty pages. Yet while scientific ethnologists were chary of generalizations, others with the meagerest ethnological information came forth and presented to an expectant world the awful spectacle of the passing of the great race, or put to us the terrible query: race or mongrel? Unbiased thinkers will therefore be more than grateful to Dr. Lowie for having come out bravely and stated in popular language the exact limits within which any generalizations in ethnology can safely be made, given the present state of our knowledge concerning primitive man.

Dr. Lowie briefly discusses three of the unilateral interpretations of culture—the psychological, the racial, and the environmental—and comes to the sound conclusion that culture or civilization cannot be interpreted in terms other than itself. Neither the geographical environment, nor the biological structure of the race, nor the fundamental and general characteristics of the mental processes can account for the rise and continuation of civilization. If geographical environment is to account for it, how is it that the same geographical environment gives rise to two different civilizations? If race is to account for it, how is it that a race as different from the white as is the Japanese has shown itself capable of taking over all the civilization of the white man and improving on much of it? Or how account for the fact that the white race itself, although biologically the same for the last two thousand years, has shown such wide and enormous changes in civilization? To speak of development or evolution in this connection is verbiage.

What, then, does determine culture? Dr. Lowie realizes the difficulties in the way of any attempt at an analysis of the determinants of civilization, and his conclusions are given cautiously. He brings forth in explanation what might be called the principle of cumulative increments. A very slight advantage of speed or originality or alertness or elasticity, given the complicated set of factors on which it has to work, will result in a very imposing structure. Given a certain group which possesses an individual who, by accident or by design, happens to have produced a better tool than was ever produced before, that tool used by other individuals, with whatever additions they may have to make, will in the course of time result in a tool of greater versatility and effectiveness. It follows that the more people there are using such a tool the greater will be the additions made to it, the more it will be perfected, the more it will accomplish, the greater the control it will give to its owner, and the greater are his possibilities of producing more and better tools. And civilization is chiefly a question of tools. It is easy to see now how all the other factors, which up till now were made singly to carry the responsibility of causing civilization, can find their place in such an explanation. If race has anything to do with civilization, it probably works in the manner suggested by McDougal in the investigation carried on by the Cambridge Expedition on the Torres Straits natives; namely, that "primitive" communities produced fewer great men than civilized communities. The main body of the people remains the same in both, except that at the upper end of the civilized scale there are more "geniuses" to get things started and furnish those small increments which, when piled up over a large period and by many people, give us civilization. A closer look into the matter however will show us that it is not necessary to assume racial differences to bring forth such a proposition. "Primitive" communities are much smaller in numbers than civilized communities; hence they will necessarily furnish, on the one hand, a smaller per-

centage of unusual variations—of great men—and on the other, the work of whatever great man there be has a smaller area on which to work and the results will necessarily be more meager.

So also with the physical environment. A very small difference in rainfall and water supply, in sunshine, in accessibility, in soil productivity, in mineral deposits may make or mar a civilization at a time when the tribe is absolutely dependent on any of these factors. All it needs is a push, and the logic of events will do the rest. And finally, if mental processes should get the slightest kink in them, due to one accident or another, and prevent the meeting of an important situation, or the utilization of certain resources, the group is doomed; while another group with no such kink will go on and establish a civilization. It is perfectly evident, then, how overwhelming a rôle is played by accident in the origin of civilizations. The single factors which determine them are too vast, the combinations too numerous, not to give hostages to chance.

The trouble with the unilateral explanations of culture is that they are too naïve, too elementary. They do not see far enough; they get lost in the contemplation of the foundations. Hence they never explain civilization; they never get that far. They are like the scientist who would explain a Greek temple as so many nomadic ions and electrons, or a man engaged in the beef-packing industry as so much protoplasm and so many chromosomes. Neither explanation tells us what a Greek temple is, or why the man is engaged in the business of beef-packing rather than that of drying prunes. And it is not electrons and chromosomes which make one civilization different from another, but temples and dried prunes.

As a sort of an "aside" for those too much wedded to the notion of racial superiorities and inferiorities, Dr. Lowie gives a lengthy chapter on primitive family nomenclature. This is an ironical comment on those who maintain the simplicity of the mental processes of primitive man. Latin syntax or modern "classical" political economy cannot compete with the complicated machinery of savage relationships. I do not know whether Dr. Lowie intended this chapter to be viewed in this light, but it could not help but occur to me while I was reading his book.

People who live under the influence of racial antipathies do not read books on ethnology, no matter how good they are. And so, unfortunately, Dr. Lowie is writing for a packed audience, which will not fail to give him hearty applause.

MAX SYLVIUS HANDMAN.

Sense and Nonsense

THE REBUILDING OF EUROPE. By David Jayne Hill. Century; $1.50.
AMERICA AFTER THE WAR. By "An American Jurist." Century; $1.

Although the war has started an avalanche of historical apologia and special pleading of one sort or another, discussion about the functions and purpose of the state has been amazingly infertile. Practically all that has been written on political theory in the United States, for example, has been a fairly dispassionate analysis of the German theory of the state, which has trailed off, usually, into a splutter of invectives that successfully becloud thought. The attempt at any really honest intellectual examination of first principles has been mere lip service; it has been much easier to reflect the emotional warmth of partisan anger. That excuse was tempting, for no discipline is more formidable than that involved in thinking out conceptions of the state. What is called political science is largely mythology. Nearly every other science has to a great extent emancipated itself from its primitive vagueness by sharply limiting its field of application and by devising its own method and its own set of terms, each of which has a constant and clearly defined meaning. But political science is still in the nebulous stage where sociology, legal history, and quaint bits of metaphysical jargon jostle in splendid confusion. The reason why the Prussian theory of the state is so clearly articulated is that it is not, in reality, a theory of the state at all. It is nothing but an appendage to philosophical and historical, and even religious, theories which often are mere ingenious and intricate systems devised to justify an already existing exploitation.

It is gratifying, then, to find Mr. Hill writing about first principles with such admirable clarity and good temper. "The Rebuilding of Europe" is an honest attempt to paint two conflicting conceptions of the state against a genuine, rather than a partisanly selected, historical background. And the gist of his argument is simplicity itself: his book is a long and detailed attack on the theory of absolute sovereignty. He shows how the early Roman Empire was in one aspect an attempt to form a society of nations wherein the members had certain obligations to the union as a whole. This conception ran directly counter to dynastic ambition, and when medieval Europe emerged, it emerged as a congeries of independent nations free to attack each other at their own pleasure. The Holy Alliance was the attempt—

in many ways successful—to preserve the unlimited right of princes to subdue and control their own people, and to hurl their nation as a whole against any other nation whenever they might think the pastime worth while. This childish conception of absolute sovereignty is far from being a mere relic of medievalism, nor would it be fair to say that only Germany clung to it. What, as Mr. Hill points out, was Rousseau's "la volonté generale" but the old medieval theory, with the people instead of the prince playing the rôle of hero? In 1914 even democracies accepted the absolute sovereignty theory, although they were never so blatant in their profession of it as Germany. It was considered painfully archaic to say that the king could do no wrong, but it was not even questioned that the state could do no wrong. National interests had inalienable rights; they were limited only by opposing rights—which might or might not be stronger. Only war could determine. This anarchy Mr. Hill calls Europe's heritage of evil, although he might as truly have called it the world's heritage of evil. But the bitter experiences of four years of coöperative warfare have made the theory of limited sovereignty extremely popular with democracies. The necessity for common action has revived the ancient concept of public right, so cheerfully flung overboard by the *Realpolitiker*. Under the pressure of events it is coming to have some of its ancient validity. In fact, one of the deepest meanings in this conflict is, shall the idea of absolute sovereignty survive? The whole possibility of any future league of nations goes to ruin unless this idea of absolute sovereignty be destroyed. When Germany, either by military defeat, by revolution, or by a real change of heart due to the disillusion of this war, agrees to limit her sovereignty in those respects where it clashes with public international policy, the war will have been won. And Mr. Hill is fair enough to admit that the Germans do not cling as pertinaciously to the theory of absolute sovereignty as they did four years ago. The voice of reason is not silent even in Central Europe. But it seems to be pretty effectively muffled. Even at this late date the Imperial Chancellor can calmly announce to the world that the relations between Russia and Germany are a purely private affair between those two. The accredited spokesmen of Germany can still talk as if everybody's business is nobody's business—but their own. It must be admitted that this cheerful defense of international anarchy comes today chiefly from Germany. We hear none of it in Russia, little of it in England or America or even in France, where the nationalistic spirit is probably stronger than in any other country in the world. It is principally in Germany that public men still talk as if they were living in the dark ages. Yet the irony of events is mocking their words. For all their braggadocio, even the Germans have come to see that a first-class power can no longer be self-sufficing. At the very moment when they announce that their unlimited right to act as a sovereign state cannot even be discussed, they dream of an alliance with other states which they call "Middle Europe." And at the very moment their Junkers are loudly proclaiming that international law no longer exists, they are berating Prince Lichnowsky because he had the indiscretion to point out that Germany had not been overscrupulous in observing it. It is an impossible game. Some day Germany will realize that she cannot have it both ways, just as the nations opposed to her have already begun to realize that there is no security for any nation except common international security. Future historians will say that Germany was the worst sufferer from her own doctrines. Mr. Hill's sensible argument is well summed up in this quotation:

> In its dynastic sense the word must be eliminated from the vocabulary of international politics. For democracies the word sovereignty in its absolute sense has no meaning. What remains of it and all to which constitutional states can lay claim is merely the right of a free and independent nation to exist, to legislate for itself, to defend itself, and to enter into relations with other similar states on the basis of juristic equality, under principles of international law which respect its inherent rights as free constitutions respect the rights of the individual persons who live under them.

Now to turn from Mr. Hill's sound argument, which has vision but which avoids being just visionary, to the little volume by "An American Jurist" is to experience a shock. It is so pathetically and ridiculously reactionary and stupid that at first one is inclined to believe it a burlesque. For example: "The alliance, or, if preferred, the present coördination, of America with the Entente powers, is entirely fortuitous; it is pursuant to no treaty, or even international conversation. . . All such alliances are at best but temporary." Again: "To enforce Belgian neutrality is not the primary reason why America engaged in the war against Germany, nor is the violation of the spirit of American democracy the real reason." And later, so that the point won't be missed: "It is to be feared that the American proclamation of democracy as a universal prin-

ciple of government is disquieting to those of our own allies whose régime is aristocratical, if not absolutely monarchical. It takes no note of the real strength of European aristocracies at the present time. Lord Northcliffe has evidently detected this danger, for he has announced that America is not now fighting for democracy. . . In order to abolish monarchy in Europe it will be necessary to uproot the whole social order of all European states except Switzerland. An American propaganda for democracy outside of America is therefore inexpedient, as it tends to shock and alienate the aristocratic classes in the various countries of the European allies of America. . . Americans should bear in mind that it is not absolutely impossible that in some circumstances France may yet become a monarchy and join some future league of the kings." Incredible, you say. But there is more to come. "Whether the future Government of Russia, as it shall be ultimately reorganized, may not take exception and umbrage to the speedy recognition by America of the Revolution remains to be seen." And after the war? Well, "the real test" will come "when politicians begin their mischievous appeals for total disarmament and for the neglect of our war defensive with the hope of capturing a discontented and impoverished people. If democracy passes through the ordeal safely, proves conservative, and continues to exhibit an intelligent and elevated political outlook, discarding the coming socialistic program of extreme political demagogues, the republic will be safe for a long, a conservative, and an interesting future." There is really no need of quoting further; unless one saw it in black and white, it would seem utterly impossible that such senile stupidity could be published and read seriously today. Yet it is probably true that the author—who ought some day to be glad that he remained anonymous—considered that he was writing a shrewd and well balanced argument against the tender-minded shibboleths of our time: democracy, the league of nations, socialism, the elimination of war, progressive disarmament, free trade, and so on. That is the pity of it. It is a joke, of course, but a rather sorry joke for the millions of young men who are going through the ordeal by fire so that a somewhat different and somewhat more rational international system may emerge. They are hardly fighting to make the world safe for this kind of international anarchy, which seems so agreeable to the prejudices and unyielding perversity of unteachable old men.

HAROLD STEARNS.

A Statesman Sacrificed

THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES DILKE. By Stephen Gwynn and Gertrude M. Tuckwell. Macmillan; $10.

"The Life of Sir Charles Dilke" comes as a reminiscence of one of the keenest personal tragedies of the nineteenth century. The case of that unfortunate statesman belongs among those Falls of Princes by which the medieval imagination was taken captive, or the human documents on which Meredith based his novels. The clearest intellect, the widest intelligence, the greatest political imagination among the ministers of Gladstone's government of 1880-5, sharing with Chamberlain the hope of the party and recognized as almost certainly the successor of Gladstone in its leadership, on the eve of supplementing his great personal force by marriage to the most brilliant woman in England, Sir Charles Dilke stumbled into one of the pitfalls which society maintains as evidence of its good intentions. He was named as corespondent in a divorce case, sued for damages by the husband, and though the suit was dismissed in his favor, found no remedy in English judicial procedure. The only verdict that he could obtain from the courts was a "not proved," and meanwhile public opinion had found him guilty. The forces which united against him are perfectly comprehensible in Victorian England—royal domesticity, official clericalism, bourgeois puritanism, journalistic sensationalism; the Queen, the government, the church, the press made a phalanx which no man could withstand. Against them he had only the loyalty of a few friends, of a constituency of workingmen, and of the woman who married him in the face of popular clamor—Mrs. Mark Pattison, whose youthful portrait George Eliot drew in Dorothea Brooke. Thenceforth he was relegated to the outer circles of public life, a phenomenon in Parliament like Charles Bradlaugh, the man who came back, or who like Bacon refused "to go out in a snuff." "The Life of Sir Charles Dilke" is a monument to the strength of character which carried him through a quarter century of failure without diminution of personal dignity, or active will to service, or generous interest in life, or sweetness of mind. It is also a record of public waste of precious resources that makes the true tragedy of Sir Charles Dilke a national one.

For Dilke was one of the few men in the governing aristocracy of Britain who took their function seriously. He was able and willing to

give himself the arduous training necessary for such as are to bear authority in a modern commonwealth. To the ordinary political education of an English university, with its forum for discussion of public affairs, he added a personal inspection of the British Empire which bore fruit in the book which first made him known, "Greater Britain." He supplemented this grand tour with journeys to other countries, and made it a prime object to meet and study the men who held the reins of government in them. He even overcame the Englishman's prejudice against knowing a language other than his own. Besides this he studied ceaselessly every subject of importance that came before Parliament in his many years of service: foreign affairs were his specialty, but in addition he was an expert in imperial defence both by land and sea; in local government and parliamentary procedure; in trades-unionism, housing, industrial insurance, and land tenure; and no mean critic of the government of the difficult dependencies—Ireland, India, and South Africa. He got up every one of these subjects with an immense accumulation of facts and yet contrived to keep his general grasp firm and his view lucid. His speeches in Parliament and to his constituents were compact of information, authoritative statements. His pleasures were true recreations and subordinate to the great end of keeping himself fit for his work. The usual avocations of the aristocratic governing class, the barbarians, he put by without a regret. There is a scarcely tolerant smile behind the passage in his diary in which he records the efforts to make his chief, Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary in the cabinet of 1880-5, attend to business:

> Late on Tuesday afternoon, May 23rd, Lord Granville was in such a hurry to adjourn the House of Lords, and bolt out of town for Whitsuntide, that he let the French send off our Identic Note to the Powers in a form in which it would do much harm, although this was afterwards slightly altered. On the next day, Wednesday, the 24th, Mr. Gladstone brought Lord Granville up to town again, and stopped his going to the Derby, and at 1:30 p. m. they decided to call for immediate Turkish intervention in Egypt.

Sir Charles Dilke began public life in 1867, offering himself as candidate for Parliament from Chelsea. He wrote to his father on this occasion: "Though I should immensely like to be in Parliament, still I should feel terribly hampered there if I went in as anything except a Radical." In this speech he foreshadowed his future attitude, favoring reform in electoral machinery and distribution of representation, payment of Members of Parliament, universal suffrage, legal recognition of trades unions, and direct taxation. On his election to Parliament, a year later, he broadened this platform to include practically the whole programme of political radicalism for the next half century. It gives one a sense of his extraordinary prescience merely to enumerate the causes of which he was an early, sometimes the earliest, champion. In 1870 he insisted on complete freedom of national education from religious influence, and resigned the chairmanship of the London Branch of the Education League because he would not accept the government's compromise on this point. In the same year he replied to the stock objection to equal suffrage—that most women are against it—"You will always find that in the case of any class which has been despotically governed . . . the great majority of that class are content with the system under which they live." At the first meeting of the Land Tenure Association in 1870 he declared in favor of taxing the unearned increment. In the same year he presided at the meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society. He was in favor of a large measure of local self-government, and so was ready to vote for Irish Home Rule as early as 1874. As to coercion of that unhappy country, he could not understand "how those who shuddered at arbitrary arrests in Poland, and who ridiculed the gagging of the press in France, could permit the passing of a law for Ireland which gave absolute powers of arrest and of suppression of newspapers to the Lord-Lieutenant." In 1867 he proposed to extend the factory acts to all employment, and year after year discussed this subject so that Mr. Sidney Webb declared, "We can trust no one but Sir Charles Dilke in Parliament to understand the principles of factory legislation." He saw with satisfaction the birth of the Labor Party after the Taff Vale decision against the trades unions, and rejoiced that "the difficulty of upsetting the judgment . . . will nurture, develop, and fortify it [the party] in the future." Although he became a master of parliamentary procedure, he confessed: "I was never favorable to the Parliamentary, and I was even hostile to the Party system," preferring the direct intervention of the people through the referendum.

In foreign affairs, as in domestic, Sir Charles Dilke maintained consistently the attitude which was characteristic of his radicalism. He was a sincere friend to small nationalities, the street named for him in Athens bearing witness to the gratitude of at least one of them. He was a

member of Mr. Gladstone's government which in 1882 intervened in Egypt to suppress the nationalistic movement headed by Arabi Pasha, but he wrote: "I thought and still think that anarchy could have been put down and a fairly stable state of things set up without any necessity for a British occupation." He was opposed to the Boer War, though holding that "when the country was seized by the war fever interposition was useless." In the war of 1870 between France and Germany, he would have had England take the first step in the war against war:

> If Gladstone had been a great man, this war would never have broken out, for he would have nobly taken upon himself the responsibility of declaring that the English Navy should actively aid whichever of the two Powers was attacked by the other. This would have been the beginning of the international justice we are calling for. I do not blame Gladstone for not daring to do it, for it requires a morally braver man than any of our statesmen to run this kind of risk.

To him, in common with most Englishmen, it appeared that France and not Germany was the attacking power, and the sentence in "Greater Britain"—"If the English race has a mission in the world, it is surely this, to prevent peace on earth from depending on the verdict of a single man"—was written against Louis Napoleon. But later he would have changed its application. "Poor German Liberals," he wrote, "who abandoned all their principles when they consented to tear Alsace and Lorraine from France, and who now find themselves powerless against the war party, who say 'What the sword has won the sword shall keep.'" And he quoted the words of an Alsatian deputy in the Reichstag in 1874:

> "Had you spared us you would have won the admiration of the world, and war had become impossible between us and you. As it is, you go on arming, and you force all Europe to arm also. Instead of opening an age of peace, you have inaugurated an era of war; and now you await fresh campaigns, fresh lists of killed and wounded, containing the names of your brothers and your sons."

He added: "The view of this Alsatian deputy is my view. I do not believe that might makes right." In 1887 he wrote a brilliant survey of the relations of the six great powers which appeared first anonymously in "The Fortnightly Review" and later in book form as "The Present Position of European Politics." He traced the beginning of the "reign of force" in Europe to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, but he showed how that system was developed with England's connivance by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. He believed that the cup which the rulers of the nations were even then holding to the lips of their crucified peoples might still pass from them. Yet his words, those of a statesman whom his countrymen elected in their puritan pride to dishonor, have the pathetic ring of Cassandra prophecy. In 1876 he had noted in Parliament one great difficulty in the way of fair dealing among nations—secret diplomacy. "This Europe is probably mined beneath our feet with secret treaties." In 1908 he noted another—the press:

> We are so confident in our own profound knowledge of our wish for European peace that we hardly realize the extreme danger for the future which is caused by all suggestion that we have succeeded in isolating Germany, or are striving to bring about that result. The London articles written in violent support of a supposed alliance did the harm; and to anyone who keeps touch for himself of Continental opinion the harm was undoubted, and tended to produce several undesirable results.

One scarcely wonders at finding Sir Charles Dilke devoting much of his time in his last years to problems of imperial defence.

The quotations given above serve to identify Sir Charles Dilke as a radical in the full force which the term could bear in the years of his active life. Indeed some of his utterances ring like those of Mr. Sidney Webb or Mr. Arthur Henderson in 1918. It is difficult therefore to recognize Sir Charles Dilke as an aristocrat of the aristocrats. In his athletic tastes, his fencing, his rowing, his riding; in his artistic preferences for fine prints, paintings, porcelains; above all in his fastidious selection of books and society his essential quality appears. Personally he had little in common with the Victorian Liberalism with which he was associated in politics. His diaries have been edited with much discretion, but one divines a certain scorn for all its leaders, including Gladstone, with the exception of Chamberlain. Of the literary-social quality of his age, of that tolerant gregariousness which Viscount Morley details so delightfully in his "Recollections," Dilke had nothing.

In truth, Sir Charles Dilke was little of a Victorian Liberal. The opposition between him and his age went deeper than the circumstances which set him under its ban. He had standards in matters other than sexual morals—in art, in living, in government. It is said that the finest portrait of him was that of his ancestor, Sir Thomas Wentworth, who died in 1551. This reversion to type was not merely physical: in mind and taste Sir Charles Dilke was a man of the Renaissance. He was a belated product, fashioned after the model drawn by Sir Thomas Elyot in his "The Book named the Governour," written in 1531 for the education of such as should bear authority in a "weale publike."

Especially does this Renaissance quality appear in Dilke's mastery of the field which interested him intensely, that of foreign affairs. The European situation at the close of the nineteenth century was a reproduction of the Italian at the close of the fifteenth, in both a delicate balance of power depending on an infinite number of details social, political, personal. Sir Charles Dilke was the only Englishman of his time who learned this situation, as Lorenzo dei Medici learned his—who took pains to know all the facts, and who refused to guess at the answer. One can imagine what he suffered from the spectacle of the intricate European machine mishandled by such men as England appointed to this service—from the indolence of Lord Granville, the frothy ineptitude of Gladstone, the cynical stupidity of Lord Salisbury. He saw England renounce her ideals at the Congress of Berlin, drift through sheer blundering into the greatest and least excusable predatory act of modern political history in Egypt, and then fling away her only means of safety in such a mode of life by the cession of Heligoland to Germany. Not only did Dilke know the facts of his world; he took pains to learn the personal factors of the problem. Like a chess player he studied his opponents' faces and minds, and saw their characters reflected in their play. He was the intimate friend of Gambetta; Herbert Bismarck was often his guest; he visited the old Chancellor. His account of a visit to Russia in 1870 reads like the notebook of a Florentine ambassador of the Medici in its swift appraisal of the men in the game.

In this control of the personal element of diplomacy Sir Charles Dilke had the enormous advantage of his birth and training. Professor Veblen in his recent book on "The Nature of Peace" takes not a little delight in pointing out how the affairs of the world in the present crisis have fallen into the hands of the "underbred common run" who have efficiency and force. He points out that this is "not a gentleman's war." True. The "underbred common run" fight the war with a technical thoroughness beyond anything the aristocrat has conceived. Apparently they cannot make peace. With an undoubted will to peace the democracies of the world can only assert their efficiency by making war. They have no means of sure communication with each other, no system of guarantees by which the first steps toward peace can be taken in mutual confidence. Proletarians and Labor Parties make tentative approaches toward each other through proclamations from Nottingham, conferences at Stockholm, and negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. Capitalists, in whose supernational selfishness we had so much relied, hold secret parleys at Zurich; but to distrust of the foreigner is added the mutual distrust of classes at home, and such abortive efforts toward peace end in misunderstanding, repudiation, and prohibition. The tragic fact of the world today is that the nations have lost contact with each other and are fighting like blind men in the dark. No wonder that Lord Lansdowne remembers that diplomacy was a gentleman's game, and urges plausibly that gentlemen be called back, to retrieve at the council table the errors which they made there.

It was against such errors that Sir Charles Dilke warned his countrymen. As we have tried to show, he was preëminently a statesman of the transition,

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.

The old world of aristocratic privilege he tried his best to bury, beginning with the civil list of the royal family. The new world of democracy he tried to assist into being by every means which the radical midwifery of the time afforded. He realized that the internal democratic upheaval in every country constituted one strong temptation to dying autocracy to save itself by throwing the world backward a century or two. His peculiar value lay in the fact that by the use of all the resources of the old diplomacy, the transition might have been accomplished without the terrific catastrophe of universal war. The freedom of communication with the governing classes of the world which he possessed as an aristocrat, the trust in the people which he held as a democrat, supremely fitted him for this task—a democrat with training and discipline and standards, an aristocrat whose only defence of privilege was noblesse oblige. To a discerning spectator in the House of Commons during the years from 1890 to 1909 the destiny of the nation and indeed of the world was represented, not by the front benches of government and opposition, not by Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith and Lloyd George, nor by Balfour and Chamberlain and the Cecils, nor yet by Redmond and Dillon, Keir Hardy and John Burns, but by the quiet white-haired figure, in his seat below the gangway, always present, always ready, always powerless. There is the tragedy of Sir Charles Dilke's career, the tragedy of his country and of the democratic world—the triumph of the unfit.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Ireland's New Writer of Fiction

A Munster Twilight.
The Threshold of Quiet. By Daniel Corkery. Stokes; $1. and $1.50.

It seems as if the circumstances of Irish life were not favorable to the development of the novel. Ireland has failed so far to produce a novelist worthy to rank with the best of her poets and dramatists, and we know that the great novels of the world's literature have been written out of conditions very different from those which prevail here. To explain the process of literary evolution which has resulted in success in the most difficult and exacting forms of literature, and relative failure in the easiest and most amorphous —there is a task for our critics and historians. The short story, open or disguised, is the invariably successful medium of Irish fiction, and it is noteworthy that Mr. James Stephens, our greatest living writer of fiction, has not yet essayed the novel proper. "The Crock of Gold" and "The Demi-Gods" are masterly elaborations of the method of connecting a series of unrelated incidents with a group of central figures. The episodes are in themselves independent of the narrative as a whole, although the genius of the author raises them high above the level of the commonplace stories of conventional humor and sentiment, which are the stock in trade of so many popular Irish story-tellers.

Mr. Daniel Corkery was known only by his occasional contributions to Irish periodicals until 1917, when he published his first book, "A Munster Twilight." This interesting collection of short stories at once showed that the author was entitled to more serious attention than is accorded to the average Irish story-teller. Writing on the subject of "The Peasant in Literature," Mr. Corkery has defined the bulk of our popular Irish peasant literature as "real in the non-essentials and very untrue in the essentials." In his "Munster Twilight" he fulfills the conditions implied by that judgment upon his predecessors. The book must be classed with Padraic Colum's "Wild Earth" and Synge's "Riders to the Sea," two works excepted by Mr. Corkery from the criticism quoted. Mr. Corkery is as close to the spirit of "The Shadow of the Glen" and of "The Playboy of the Western World" as an identical feeling and intuition can bring him. He knows his Cork and Kerry as Synge knew the hills of Wicklow and West Kerry and the Aran Islands, and he reveals the people with the same harsh humor that gives its savor to the writing of the dramatist. "The Lady of the Glassy Palace" and "Vanity," for example, treat of death in a manner which was described as "brutality" in Synge, but is in reality a manifestation of revolt in both authors against the conventionally lachrymose pathos of the "pleasant" playwrights and story-tellers. "The Wake" also may be commended to those who desire something more true than the jocosities of Lover, or the Dickensian variations upon deathbed themes which are accepted by so many people as the only possible alternative. Mr. Corkery can evoke the grim humor, as well as the pathos, of this hackneyed situation by the simple but difficult process of being perfectly honest. This story of the indiscretion produced by whiskey in a mourner who refers to the composure of a non-existent corpse, the wake being for a son who has died in America—well, one thinks with a shudder of the pleasantries which the older novelists would have perpetrated. It is hard to say what is the more admirable, the restraint of Mr. Corkery, or his skill in pathetic observation.

The most conventional (though admittedly in the new Irish convention) of Mr. Corkery's stories is the first, "The Ploughing of Leaca-na-Naomh," which has been most favorably mentioned by the reviewers, captured, as usual, by what they deem "awfully Celtic." It is just such a story as Dermot O'Byrne might have told, in his enthusiasm for the quality of mysticism and highly colored imagination which fascinated and impressed him in Gaelic Ireland. But Mr. Corkery has opportunities and powers denied to the outside observer, and in every other chapter of this book he shows that he can use them. "The Return" is as grotesque and weird as anything in Lord Dunsany's "A Dreamer's Tales," but is at the same time informed by an element of Irish humanity which has consistently escaped the latter writer. So long as he preserves this faculty Mr. Corkery will not be in danger of risking his talent in such sterilities as mar the later work of Lord Dunsany.

"The Child Saint" and "The Breath of Life" are well written, but do not come up to the high level of the volume as a whole, the level which marks it off from its companions, where we expect to find such things. Not since "The Land" was published has the relation of the peasant to the soil been so finely expressed in prose as in that almost inarticulately emotional story, "Joy," which recounts the return to a rich farm of an old man who had been forced off the poor land

he loved into the city. "The Spanceled" is another notable chapter, which inevitably suggests Synge in its challenging tragedy, developed with the directness and economy of means shared by both writers. On the other hand "The Cry" could have been conceived only by Mr. Corkery, who shows himself capable, indeed, of interpreting "the peasant in literature." In the end we come, as the author himself designed, to the half-dozen episodes related in "The Cobbler's Den." In a sense these brief comedies and tragedies of the people are the most striking pages in "A Munster Twilight." Since we learned to know the Old Philosopher in "The Crock of Gold," and Patsy McCann in "The Demi-Gods," no more delightful group of human beings has lived in Irish fiction than Maggie Maw, the Blind Man, and John Ahern, in whose cobbler's shop they congregate for argument and gossip. The effect of that incredible instrument the "connopium" on Maggie Maw's hearers and upon the reader alike will suffice to prepare for the equal pleasure of the succeeding stories. The "connopium" lingers in the mind like the lumps in the porridge of the Old Philosopher. Fortunately it occurs in the first of a series of charming incidents, thereby gaining by priority where the advent of successive pleasures might have obscured it in the memory of the hasty reader.

Now Mr. Corkery has given us a novel which critics and public agree in accepting as the most noteworthy work of fiction produced in Ireland for many years. "The Threshold of Quiet" was written before "A Munster Twilight," but the author was wise to offer the slighter work to the public first, even at the risk of being expected to repeat himself in what will be regarded by the majority of readers as his second book. To count upon any resemblance between the two is to prepare for a disappointment, but few intelligent readers will refuse the author the careful attention which his previous volume entitled him to expect. Having gained the ear of the public by the direct charm and appeal of that work, he now proceeds to unfold a leisured narrative, in the confident belief that we are sympathetically inclined to allow ourselves to be immersed in the quiet stream of provincial life so near and so dear to him. Connoisseurs of the picturesque phrase, the cultivators of literary plots—not plot-holders, but held by plots—will be rebuffed by Mr. Corkery's disconcerting indifference to the demand for the dialectics of dialect, and for "a good story." The substance of his novel is as tenuous as anything in the later works of Henry James; his manner is as garrulous and expansive as that of Dostoevsky. But his sentences have not the corresponding subtlety which makes or mars Henry James, according to one's fancy. "Swathed in relative clauses as an invalid in shawls," is not the description that can be aptly applied to them. Mr. Corkery writes a clear and forceful prose as devoid of mannerism as it is free from cliché; his style is as fresh and personal as his conception of character.

Reference has been made to the tendency of Irish fiction to resolve itself into a connected or unrelated series of episodes or incidents. The purveyors of humorous and sentimental novels for the libraries alone profess to tell a homogeneous story, and they are rewarded by a popularity denied either to the nouvelle, as such, or to the prose work of James Stephens. Although Mr. Corkery has shown in "A Munster Twilight" his ability to visualize the dramatic or humorous episode, his novel is innocent of all such effects. So completely has he emancipated himself from the common practice that one can easily imagine the impatient admirer of Katharine Tynan, Jane Barlow, George Birmingham, or Seumas MacManus turning aside from "The Threshold of Quiet," with a complaint that it lacks incident, as it lacks a plot. It tells no story like "Spanish Gold"; it relates no scenes of country life, in the comic or sentimental manner of Jane Barlow and Seumas MacManus; it eschews the amiable idealizations of Katharine Tynan. If a recent parallel be sought it will be found, strange to say, in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Not that the morbid retrospection and analysis of Mr. James Joyce have their counterpart in the work of Mr. Corkery; but both writers have given their books the inchoate form to which the Russian novelists have reconciled us. The former has written a savage and, to some minds, a shocking indictment of Dublin; the latter has gently drawn aside the curtain, and softly illuminated the quiet and obscure corners of Cork.

One thinks of Chekhov and Dostoevsky while reading "The Threshold of Quiet," for only in Russian literature does one find the portrayal of such secluded and uneventful lives as drift through these pages, as they drift through "The Cherry Orchard" or "Uncle Vanya." The mysterious death of Frank Bresnan broods over the whole book; but it occurs at the beginning,

and is the occasion of no greater suspense in the reader than was Raskolnikov's crime in Dostoevsky's masterpiece, for all Mr. Corkery's skill in allowing the truth of suicide to crystallize slowly and shyly in the minds of the circle whose existence is described. As in the case of "Crime and Punishment," there is no attempt to exploit outward circumstance, and the story is almost purely cerebral, so carefully does the author restrict its movement to what is passing in the minds of his characters. When the book is closed all one has seen happening is the departure of Finnbarr Bresnan for America, after a hesitation as to whether he had not a vocation for the priesthood; the tragic ending to the story of Stevie Galvin and his brother; the crossing of the "threshold of quiet" by Lily Bresnan when she finally feels free to enter Kilvirra Convent, renouncing life and the love of Martin Cloyne. Even these few dramatic moments are not developed, but just cause a slight stir of the deep waters of consciousness in which these lives are submerged.

Yet only the most hasty reader will fail to succumb to the appeal of the book, which captures the mind by its simplicity and sincerity, its absence of factitious interest. Mr. Corkery plunges us at once into the slow current of these lonely lives, whose struggle for peace and happiness is no less intense and moving because it takes place on a plane only discernible to the intimate comprehension of a writer whose eyes are fixed on the truth nearest to his own heart. The high lights of grand tragedy and the crude glare of melodrama do not light up these pages, steeped in tender and alluring half tones. As a genre picture of provincial society in Ireland, "The Threshold of Quiet" is unique in its serious realism, from which the ugliness of naturalism has been eliminated without detriment to its fidelity. With a skill that amounts to genius Mr. Corkery avoids the falsity and mawkishness of the popular idealizations, while preserving the purity at which they aim. A great deal of careful pruning has gone to the creation of the mood in which it is possible by the merest hints and suggestions to obtain effects which his contemporaries have labored and spoiled. The religious note is particularly delicate and beautiful, spontaneous and reserved, eloquent but never didactic. It is a remarkable first novel, and gives promise for the future work of Mr. Corkery, when he finds a theme worthy of his great powers of characterization and analysis.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

The Two Magics

TOWARDS THE GULF. By Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan; $1.50.

Mr. Masters is a welcome, though perplexing, figure in contemporary American poetry. Welcome, because along with Mr. Frost, and perhaps Mr. Robinson and Mr. Sandburg, he is a realist, and because a vigorous strain of realism is so profoundly needed in our literature today—as indeed it has always been needed. Perplexing, because his relative importance, as posterity will see it, is so extraordinarily difficult to gage. Of his welcome there can be no question. There has been a disposition among poets and critics of poetry during the last three years to assume that the most important changes, or revolutions, taking place in American poetry at present are those that regard form. The Imagists and other free verse writers have found their encomiasts, and to them the renewed vitality of American poetry has in consequence been a little too freely ascribed. No one will deny that the current changes in poetic form—the earlier blind revolt, the later effort to mint new forms which shall be organic—have their value. But we should not forget that of equal and possibly greater importance has been the attempt of our realists to alter not merely the form of poetry but also its content. What Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson did in England, it remained for Mr. Masters and Mr. Frost to do in America. The influence of the "Spoon River Anthology" and "North of Boston" can hardly yet be estimated. That the Imagists did not share in this influence was perhaps merely an accident. There was nothing in the Imagist platform to prevent it. It simply happened that the Imagists were without exception lyric poets, or more specifically, poets in the decorative or coloristic tradition. While they were still experimenting with new rhythms as the vehicle of expression for a gamut of perceptions and sensations which differed from the traditional perceptions and sensations of poetry only by being a trifle subtler and more objective, Mr. Masters and Mr. Frost, without so much as a preliminary blast of the trumpet, suddenly incorporated into their poetry a new world—the world of the individual consciousness in its complex entirety. At the moment, this was a new conception of the nature of poetry. A poem was not to be a single jewel of colorful phrases, but the jewel in its matrix. Of such poetry, it is readily seen, the appeal would be not merely æsthetic, but

intellectual and emotional also—in the richest sense, human. The distinction between the poetic and the non-poetic vocabulary was broken down, a condition which has obtained conspicuously only in two preceding poetic eras, the Chaucerian and Elizabethan. The opportunity for a transfusion of vitality from our tremendously increased prose vocabulary to the comparatively small and static poetic vocabulary was unparalleled. New developments of form were involved perhaps, but while the immediate effects of these were more obvious, it is to be questioned whether they were as far-reaching. It is safe to say that no poet now writing in this country has escaped the influence. In its healthily acrid presence it has been increasingly difficult for the prettifiers, the airy treaders of preciosity, the disciples of sweetness and sentiment, to go their mincing ways. Most of them have felt a compulsion either to change tone or to be silent.

In view of the importance of this influence, therefore, it is interesting to speculate on the nature and function of realistic poetry; and the work of Mr. Masters furnishes an excellent opportunity. To say that such work as this delights us, at its best, because it is human, is after all somewhat superficial. In a broad sense, even the most treble of dawn-twitters is human. But clearly the pleasure it affords us is a different sort of pleasure from that afforded, say, by a lyric of Becquer or Shelley. It has, when it is good, a clearly recognizable magic; but this magic is not quite of the same character as that we associate with "Kubla Khan" or "The Ode to a Grecian Urn." Matthew Arnold in his essay on poetry was apparently insensible to this distinction, for at least one of his famous touchstone lines belongs rather to the realistic than to the lyric category of magic. The line of Wordsworth, "And never lifted up a single stone," certainly does not appeal, in any clear way, to the sense of beauty; its felicity is of a different sort. What precisely constitutes this second sort of verbal magic is in the present state of psychology perhaps impossible to analyze. At most we can perceive certain relations and distinctions. On one plane, the mechanism of the two is identical: both depend for their effect on the choice of so sharply characteristic a single detail that a powerful motor reaction will ensue and complete the sensory pattern in its entirety. This is known as Pavlov's law. But here begins the divergence, for while this might explain the quality of *vividness* which is common to both, it appears to have no bearing on the fact that each sort of vividness affects the reader in a specifically different manner. The first, or Shelley-Becquer type of magic, appeals to what is indefinitely called the sense of beauty; the second, or Masters-Frost type, appeals perhaps to the sense of reality. These terms are deplorably vague. Our enjoyment of art is consequent upon the satisfaction of two kinds of hunger: hunger for beauty and hunger for knowledge. Let what the Freudians call an emotional complex be formed early in life upon the frustrated first of these hungers, and we get a lyric or colorist type of artist; upon the other, and we get a realist.

Mr. Masters is of the latter type, though there are traces in him of the former as well. The curious thing is that while he frequently manifests a vivid desire to employ the lyric kind of magic, he nearly always fails at it; his average of success with the realistic magic is consistently very much higher. He is essentially a digger-out of facts, particularly of those facts which regard the mechanism of human character. In the presence of richly human material—the sufferings, the despairs, the foolish illusions, the amazing overweenings of the individual man or woman—he has the cold hunger of the microscope. Curiosity is his compelling motive, not the desire for beauty. He is insatiable for facts and events, for the secrets of human behavior. Consequently it is as a narrator that he does his best work. He is essentially a psychological story-teller, one who has chosen for his medium not prose but verse, a tumbling and jostling and overcrowded sort of verse, which, to be sure, frequently becomes prose. Was Mr. Masters wise in making this choice? He is by nature extremely loquacious and discursive—it appears to be painful for him to cut down to mere essentials—and prose would seem to be a more natural medium for such a mind. But while he almost always fails to compress his material to the point where it becomes singly powerful, it is only the fact that he uses a verse form which compels him to compress at all; and it is also clear that at his moments of keenest pleasure in dissective narration he can only experience satisfaction in a verse of sharply accentuated ictus. It is at these moments that his work takes on the quality of realistic magic, the magic of vivid action, dra-

matic truthfulness, muscular reality. We are made to feel powerfully the thrust and fecundity of human life, particularly its animalism; we are also made to feel its struggle to be, or to believe itself, something more. It is in the perception and expression of this something more that Mr. Masters chiefly fails, not because he is not aware of it (he repeatedly makes it clear that he is, though not of course in the guise of sentimentality) but because at this point his power and felicity of expression abandon him. What emotional compulsion he has towards self-expression lies in the other direction. His temperament might be compared not inexactly to that of Hogarth, the Hogarth of "Marriage à la Mode" and "The Rake's Progress" rather than of the caricatures. It is in the Hogarthian type of magic that he is most proficient.

Is it certain however that this proficiency is sufficient to make his work enduring? There is no other poet in America today whose work is so amazingly uneven, whose sense of values is so disconcertingly uncertain. While in some respects Mr. Masters's intellectual equipment is richer than that of any of his rivals, it has about it also something of the nouveau riche. Much of his erudition seems only half digested, much of it is inaccurate, much of it smells of quackery or the woman's page of the morning paper. Much of it too is dragged in by the heels and is very dull reading. Moreover, this uncertainty—one might almost say unripeness—besets Mr. Masters on the æsthetic plane quite as clearly as on the intellectual. To put it synæsthetically, he appears not to know a yellow word from a purple one. He goes from a passage of great power to a passage of bathos, from the vividly true to the blatantly false, from the incisive to the dull, without the least awareness. In "Songs and Satires" one passed, in bewilderment, from "Arabel," remarkably sustained in atmosphere, vivid in its portraiture, skilful in its use of suspense, to the ludicrous ineffectuality of the Launcelot poem, in which many solemn events were unintentionally comic. In the new book, "Towards the Gulf," one passes, with the same astonishment, from the utter falseness and preposterous anticlimax of the "Dialogue at Perko's" to the intensity and magic of "The Widow LaRue." This means of course that Mr. Masters is not in the thorough sense an artist. He does not know the effect of what he is doing. He is indeed, as an artist, careless to the point of recklessness. It is as if a steam dredge should become pearl diver: he occasionally finds an oyster, sometimes a pearl; but he drags up also an amazing amount of mud. His felicities and monstrosities are alike the accidents of temperament, not the designs of art. Hasty composition is repeatedly manifest. Six months more of reflection would perhaps have eliminated such poems as "The Canticle of the Race" (Mr. Masters is often in the hands of demons when he uses rhyme), "The Awakening," "In the Garden at the Dawn Hour," "Dear Old Dick," "Towards the Gulf," and two or three others; would have indicated the need for cutting and compression in most of the remainder; and would have disclosed such verbal errors as "disregardless" and "forgerer"—trifles, indeed, but symptomatic.

And yet on the whole one is more optimistic as to the future of Mr. Masters after reading his book than at any time since the appearance of "Spoon River Anthology." Bad and good are still confounded, but in more encouraging proportions. From "Widow LaRue," "Front the Ages with a Smile," "Tomorrow is my Birthday," "Saint Deseret" one gets an almost unmixed pleasure. In these one feels the magic of reality. These poems, like "Arabel" and "In the Cage," are synthesized; and it is in this vein that one would like to see Mr. Masters continue, avoiding the pitfalls of the historical, the philosophical, the pseudo-scientific. Will he yet learn to employ, as an artist, the selection and compression which in the "Spoon River Anthology" were forced upon him by the exigencies of the case? Will he continue at the same time to develop in psychological richness and in his sense of the music of sound and the balance of form? . . Whether he does or not, we already have reason to be profoundly grateful to him. His influence has been widespread and wholesome. We are badly in need of poets who are unafraid to call a spade a damned shovel. And a good many of us are too ready to forget that realistic magic is quite as legitimate in poetry as lyric magic, and quite as clearly in the English tradition. If art is the effort of man to understand himself by means of self-expression, then surely it should not be all ghosts and cobwebs and soul-stuff. . . Mr. Masters reminds us that we are both complex and mortal.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Reënter Literary Burlesque

THE HARLEQUINADE: An Excursion. By Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. Little, Brown; $1.25.

The five "episodes" in Messrs. Calthrop and Barker's engaging fantasy are five glimpses into an alleged history of the Harlequin tradition. First we see Mercury, Momus, and Charon crossing the Styx ("the most interesting place in spiritual geography") and setting out to find runaway Psyche—beginning on an Olympian Saturday "the longest week-end on record." For the second scene proves to be a fifteenth-century Italian pantomime, in which the gods, having had some two thousand years to acquire histrionic proficiency, reappear respectively as Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, with Psyche long since found and now turned into Columbine. Skipping Pierrot and Mr. Rich his Harlequins, the gods are next playing valet, rustic squire, and lawyer in an eighteenth-century English comedy of manners, which Psyche, as a chambermaid fresh from the country, deflects into reality—or romance, according to your view. Finally (westward the stars of drama!) the down-at-heels divinities, reduced to begging for stray rôles, come to the "old" Ninety-Ninth Street Theatre, New York—more exactly, "Number 2613 of the five thousand Attraction Houses controlled by the Hustle Trust Circuit of Automatic Drama"—only to watch a rehearsal from which gramophones labeled "Arthur" and "Grace" have quite banished the buskins. It is too much for Clown, who sets his troupe atumbling in the good old way and with that magic dissolves the automatic theatre in red fire. Then we are back at the Styx: it is Monday morning on Olympus.

All of which, of course, makes no very scholarly contribution to the literature about the Harlequin tradition. Had it been meant to, for that matter, it would doubtless have been elaborated as a pageant like "Caliban."

But there is another, and if more slender a finer, tradition of the English stage to which consciously or unconsciously "The Harlequinade" makes a very genuine contribution—the burlesque of literary fashions and technical means. From Bottom the Weaver and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" to the Deputy Sub-Inspector of the New York and New Jersey Division of the Hustle Trust Circuit may seem a far cry. And the landmarks between are rare enough, a few more than "The Rehearsal" and "The Critic" before Victorian taste mistook parody for burlesque and encouraged countless punning travesties, now justly forgotten. Within our day, however, the stage has seen more frequent revivals of the real burlesque spirit, as when Mr. Shaw tilted at the Shakespeare halo in "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" and pilloried the critics in "Fanny's First Play," or when Mr. Barrie reduced the problem formula to absurdity in "A Slice of Life." Our revues mostly incline to the easier course of parody; yet they have helped laugh away the worst excesses of the dance craze, the "Follies" once burlesqued themselves and the movies together, and one will not soon forget Bert Williams's version of "Androcles and the Lion." There is health in an art that can laugh at itself. And there must be some justification for Drama League enthusiasm in a period whose commercial theatre indulges literary burlesque.

The best stage burlesque satisfies two demands, which easily become contradictory: it must establish intimate relations with the audience, and it must never betray any consciousness of its own humor. "The Harlequinade" achieves intimacy with a running commentary on its action by an announcer, the ingenuous fifteen-year-old Alice, who is very much in earnest about the whole matter and who is continually interrupted, checked, or corrected from the other side of the proscenium by her fond Uncle Edward. Between them they score some shrewd hits on the fashionable audience that arrives late ("Some of 'em always late," Uncle Edward tells Alice. "It's their dinner."), that improves the intermission (during which Uncle Edward himself sends out for a pint), and that has certain pronounced tastes ("Uncle, the rest of it isn't a very nice story. Will they mind?" "*They?* They'll like it all the better." Or again: "And don't gabble. This ain't the metaphysics, which they can't abear. This is facts. They respect facts.") But at no time does either of these slip out of character or appear as other than an anxious, businesslike manager.

And the players themselves keep properly within the frame thus set up. The skeptical philosopher who refuses to credit his senses when he comes to the Styx, the archaic mummery of the pantomime, the preposterous point of honor in the high comedy, even the extravaganza of the automatic rehearsal—all are veriest reality to the actors. When the Sub-Inspector says to Clown,

> "Young man, if this were a performance, you would be dealt with by our æsthetic policewoman. Vulgar comments made in public upon works of art are now an indictable offence,"

Clown's interruptions have not been vulgar; they have been tragic. And it is not horseplay but tragic necessity for Harlequin to leap upon the

pink, croaking gramophones on their green stands. This rehearsal scene, which is really a play within a play within a play, is quite in the Villiers-Sheridan tradition.

It is also entirely in tradition that the rehearsed piece itself should be less funny than the dialogue of the onlookers. "Love: a Disease" (author—"Number Two Factory of Automatic Dramaturgy; Plunkville, Tennessee") is much thinner stuff than "A Slice of Life" and might in fact have come from the racing pen of Mr. Stephen Leacock. There is more sting in the gossip about Theodor B. Kedger, who had "made good" manipulating "wood-pulp potatoes, synthetic bread, and real estate" before he purchased all the theatres ("both of the Variety and of the Monotonous kind"), bought up all the dramatists "with their copyrights present and future," paid all the actors to stop acting ("which was in some cases a needless expenditure of money"), annexed all the Cinema and talking-machine interests, and began to experiment "in the scientific manufacture and blending of drama." Finally—

no less than twenty-three factories dot the grassy meads of America. The work is done by clerks employed at moderate salaries for eight hours a dav. For the cerebration of whatever new ideas may be needed, several French literary men are kept in chains in the backyard, being fed exclusively on absinthe and caviare sandwiches during their periods of creative activity. No less than forty different brands of drama are turned out, each with its description stamped clearly on the can.

"Do the public like the stuff?" asks Clown.

"They've got to like it," replies the Deputy Sub-Inspector. "They get nothing else."

CLARENCE BRITTEN.

An Imagist Novel

HONEYCOMB. "Pilgrimage," III. By Dorothy M. Richardson. Knopf; $1.50.

What happy intuition told the author of "Pilgrimage" to issue the book in these short installments? The process, you find as you read this volume, the third of the series, has been almost exactly timed to your capacity of assimilation. The sweetish-sour style and the strange, sensitive representations of a young English girl's impressions of her life are an acquired taste. "Pointed Roofs," with its flickering scenes of the German school where the girl goes as governess, was too insubstantial to stir the mind. "Backwater" might even have repelled you with its close sultry prison of the home to which she returns. But "Honeycomb" suddenly clarifies what the author is trying to do. Her idiom suddenly seems familiar, and the novel slant at which she looks on life captures your imagination as a genuine artistic creation, and not as that trick which it might have seemed.

The particular idiom and vision of this writer are the same as those of the makers of imagist verse. Miriam, the girl, sees the world as a stream of sensed pictures, in hard clear outlines, where the form is more significant than the content. In "Honeycomb" she is the governess in the English country house of a commonplace middle-class family. Nothing happens, outside of the children's lessons and a trip or two to town, except the arrival of quasi-smart people for a week-end. This is not, however, what happens to Miriam's vivid feeling. People, house, and furnishings dissolve together and then flow back to her in intense forms and colors, exciting or depressing the reflections of her brain. The story is of her quick impressions and the racing stream of her inner thoughts, her puzzles and desires. Her contact with people, with social forms, with everything around her are contacts with something alive, hurting her, doing something to her. It is not the objective facts that make up her life, but these intensely felt pictures of what goes on around her, and her own wondering mind, jumping from idea to idea as, restless and rebellious, it tries to burrow its way out of its squirrel-cage into reality. Nothing could be more uncannily real than these quick chains of thought which run through Miriam's mind. Once you have acclimated yourself, you find in this flow between sensed outer picture and inner reflection the very quality of experience, caught with a precision that makes you marvel. At least, it is the very fibre of sensitive youth, with its despair of happiness and its scorn of the grubbing world.

She toiled along feeling dreadfully tired; the sounds of her boot soles on the firm, sand-powdered road mocked her, telling her she must go on. . . If a victoria came along and in it a delicate old gentleman who had a large empty house with deep quiet rooms and a large sunny garden with high walls, and wanted some one to be singing and happy till he died, she would go. . . They would share the great secret, dying of happiness. People ought to be able to die of happiness if they were able to admit how happy they were. If they admitted it aloud they would pass straight out of their bodies, alive; unhappiness was the same as death, not suffering; but letting suffering make you unhappy—curse God and die, curse life, that was letting life beat you: letting God beat you. God did not want that. No one admitted it. No one seemed to know anything about it. People just went on fussing.

And a "sensed picture" or two:

Her eyes caught the clear brow and smooth innocently sleeked dark hair of a man at the other end of

the table—under the fine level brows was a loudly talking, busily eating face—all the noise of the world, and the brooding grieving unconscious brow above it.

All the other forms were standing or moving in the gloom; standing watchful and silent, the gleaming stems of their cues held in rest, shifting and moving and strolling with uncolliding ordered movements and little murmurs of commentary after the little drama—the sudden snap of the stroke breaking the stillness, the faint, thundering roll of the single ball, the click of the concussion, the gentle angular explosion of pieces into a new relation and the breaking of the varying triangle as a ball rolled to its hidden destination held by all the eyes in the room until its rumbling pilgrimage ended out of sight in a soft thud.

It must have been passages like this that caused Wells to refer to Dorothy Richardson's novel as futuristic. Certain passages, like Miriam's walk on Regent Street, are pure imagism, exactly as the poets write it:

Flags of pavement flowing along—smooth clean gray squares and oblongs, faintly polished, shaping and drawing away—sliding into each other. . . I am part of the dense smooth clean paving stone . . . sunlit; gleaming under dark winter rain; shining under warm sunlit rain, sending up a fresh stony smell . . . always there . . . dark and light . . . dawn, stealing. . .

But "Honeycomb" is not verse masquerading as a novel. It is an honest narrative, searching, living—fantastic only to those who cannot feel these very modern ways of looking at the world. The author has simply had the audacity to tell her story of this sensitive girl, neither child nor woman, from the attitude and with the values that those gifted young poets feel who have made us recognize in their naïve, cool vision of beauty, and in their sense of flowing life, new vistas of our own. And she has had the genius to make out of her few materials a book of beauty and truth. It is not only the very essence of quivering youth, but of youthful femininity. "Sex" there is none. To Miriam men are scarcely more than a distant earthquake registered on the seismograph of her wonder and perfect uncomprehendingness. It is women who are real to her and intrigue her—the shimmering loveliness of the fair German girls, the marrying sisters at home, Mrs. Corrie and her gay friends from London. Yet Miriam is saturated with the vague, hidden sense of unawakened virginity. There is the tense shrinking from life and yet the ardor for life, the air of standing, half-contemptuously but stirred, before a closed door, on the other side of which is an obscure, not even imagined happiness. This writer knows the cruelty of life as well as the high, clear, clean, fresh, fair things, for which her Miriam has so intense a love. I wonder if so completely feminine a novel as "Pilgrimage" has ever been written.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. 5 vols., Vol. III. With an English translation by W. R. Paton. The Loeb Classical Library. Putnam; $1.50.

This third volume of the Greek anthology contains "the declamatory and descriptive epigrams" of Book IX, and seems to be richer in the former. But if anything were needed to prove that even at their most rhetorical moments the Greeks had the poetic evocative word, this collection declares it. Even the epigrams from the "Stephanus" of Philippus, which were written in the rhetorical period, are rich in forceful clarity. And the inscriptions for cups, paintings, bas-reliefs, and baths, with which the volume concludes, are especially pregnant. Such is the nameless lyric line: "The Graces bathed here, and to reward the bath they gave to the water the brightness of their limbs." Mr. Paton's translation is a happy one; and while it might be desirable to have such a volume as this show more evidences of scholarly interest, this simple and lovely presentment of the epigrams is a valuable addition to the classical library.

THERE IS NO DEATH. By Richard Dennys. Lane; $1.25.

The ancient superstition which forbids speaking ill of the dead is a most ungenerous handicap for critics who face the vast output of posthumous verse. Moreover, the friends who fondly publish these pale lyrics are wont to confuse a man's character with his literary attainments. The present volume is no exception. It is preceded by a preface that reads like a funeral eulogy. The man there presented seems to have been an interesting person, if only because he was privileged to work with Gordon Craig in Florence. But the verse itself shows neither the sensitive artist nor the keen philosopher. It has a kind of stereotyped sweetness, but little music, and it is quite barren of the startling phrase that is the true poet's lightning. "It was . . . the world with its duties and conventions that mainly vexed his spiritual nature," writes the author of the prefatory note. "People offended; people requiring answers to their letters . . ." The verse does not betray a spiritual nature so lightly scratched, but that may be because it seems to be quite lacking in any spiritual quality. It is such verse as might easily be written by any young man whose education and comfortable living permitted him to appreciate his pleasant hours. It is markedly the production of youth, for it echoes youth's sweet melancholy, plays smilingly with despair. The dignity of death cannot of itself be expected to enhance the simple artifice of the amateur.

A Short History of Discovery: From the Earliest Times to the Founding of Colonies on the American Continent. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. McKay; $1.50.

Dr. van Loon has written and drawn that rare thing—a real book about real events for real children. Both in the prose, which is at once simple and rich, and in the posterish drawings, done in colored inks with a match, there is style, spirit, charm, and a genuine and unobtrusive humor. The book is nowhere tainted with the self-conscious sophisticating patronage which has infected so much of contemporary juvenile literature, and only once or twice does it stray into the palpably "improving." Yet it contains much accurate and interesting information which the child will not find in his school histories, presented with a running commentary of wise observation and seasoned reflection. The author meets his reader easily, as man to man, and tells his story so naturally that he communicates his own enthusiasm for the muse of history, whom his colleagues of the textbooks are smothering in documents. He concludes with a gentle satirical dig at the Puritans and their college, where "by attending lectures, with great patience and industry I gradually learned to draw pictures with a fair amount of success." One closes the book wishing he had continued his narrative into recent times and shown us the romance of polar exploration; one desires his picture of Andree's balloon, his comment on Dr. Cook.

In a foreword "to all grown-ups" (in which all children will take delight) Dr. van Loon offers his book as "an historical appetizer." Happy that adult who refreshes a jaded palate with this cocktail: he may be tempted to let the subsequent repast include the author's more ambitious efforts in Dutch history and navigation.

Le Morte Darthur of Sir Thomas Malory and Its Sources. By Vida D. Scudder. Dutton; $3.50.

The title might well indicate a typical erudite product of research, heavily weighted with footnotes and intended for a few special students. But from the nature of the author's previous work we are not surprised to find that the book "makes no claim to explore new territory, but it hopes to fill the modest function of guide to a lovely country which is too rarely visited except by pioneers." After the years of minute research by many scholars "it would seem," says Miss Scudder, "that the time is ripe for interpretive study." To the general reader who knows King Arthur and his Table Round only through Tennyson and perhaps through occasional ventures into Malory himself, this study will prove a gateway to the vast and fascinating territory that lies beyond. A mere summary of the research of the last half century in this field is badly needed. But Miss Scudder has given us far more than a mere summary. She has given us insight into the meaning of Malory's redaction, both as a social document and as a work of art. And in tracing Malory's complex sources she presents a fresh and significant revelation of the whole life of the Middle Ages. Miss Scudder possesses a method and point of view which have been all too little represented in the past generation of American scholarship. But there are signs of a speedy return, at least in aim if not at once in accomplishment, to this method, which is so characteristic of French criticism. Miss Scudder's book is, then, not only a fascinating guide for the general reader; it is a model for a more enlightened and humane scholarship.

The President's Control of Foreign Relations. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton University Press; $1.50.

The prominence assumed by questions of foreign policy since Woodrow Wilson went to Washington has prompted one of the professors of politics at Princeton to bring together in a small volume the main historical incidents illustrating the powers of the President in the diplomatic field, together with the most instructive discussions which these incidents have aroused. Of the three parts into which the book is divided, one reproduces the historic debate of "Pacificus" (Hamilton) and "Helvidius" (Madison) in 1793, and another an almost equally important discussion by Senators Spooner and Bacon in 1906; in the third the author considers at some length the agencies of diplomatic intercourse, the making of treaties and executive agreements, and the President's powers in relation to war-making. The problems discussed are mainly such as have arisen from (a) the insufficiency of the provisions of the Constitution, without construction, to afford the national government its putative complete sovereignty in the handling of foreign affairs, and (b) the frequent overlapping of the powers bestowed by the Constitution upon Congress, the Senate, and the President. "The gaps . . . in the constitutional delegation of powers to the national government, affecting foreign relations, have been filled in by the theory that the control of foreign relations is in its nature an executive function and one, therefore, which belongs to the President in the absence of specific constitutional provision to the contrary." The difficulty arising from overlapping of powers has been met by attributing to the respective holders of such powers full constitutional discretion in their discharge—in other words, by converting a legal

complication into a question of practical statesmanship, to be solved by negotiation and compromise. The author's analysis of the constitutional restrictions upon the President's control of our foreign policy, notwithstanding the enormous growth of that control since 1789, is especially worthy of mention. The treatise is so heavily documented as to become practically a commentary on a series of texts—presidential messages, congressional debates, judicial decisions, and diplomatic correspondence. Its form is therefore hardly such as to appeal to the general reader. Yet one may venture the hope that our awakened interest in foreign affairs and foreign policy will bring books of this character into hands that in other days would hardly have been open to receive them.

A History of Architecture. By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell. Harpers; $3.50.

This is the first of a series of handbooks on the fine arts prepared, in the words of the publishers' announcement, "with reference to class use in the higher institutions of learning, and they also provide authoritative, comprehensive, and interesting histories for the general reader." Their raison d'être dwells largely in the fact that by reason of archæological researches during the past twenty years, and the changed temper of criticism toward the fine arts in their relation to the evolution of civilization, most existing textbooks on these subjects are now relatively obsolete. An examinaation of this history of architecture would appear to justify the claims made for it by the publishers. It is a work of scholarship free from tediousness, pedantry, or special pleading, full of detailed information, yet with perspective values kept well in hand. The index, glossary, and bibliographical notes are full and specific; the periods are well summarized and their chronology tabulated; the text illustrations are numerous and well selected, including a gratifyingly large number of clearly rendered cross sections and plans.

Because the book deals with architecture in all its important manifestations from prehistoric times to the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and eighteen, the necessity for compression, and even for repression, was imposed; but the authors have performed their task so well that the sense of this is seldom apparent, and never painfully so. Like all skilled performers they do their difficult feats smiling. The book must have been a hard one to write, but it is easy to read.

The portion of the book which deals with the Middle Ages (Chapters VI-IX) is the work of Mr. Edgell. It embraces a survey of Christian architecture from early Byzantine to the dawn of the Renaissance. The author succeeds in making clear the various phases of that evolution which culminated in the most superb temples to a Living God the world has ever seen. The fact that the theatre of this evolution—what Mr. Cram calls "Heart of Europe"—is today the place of Armageddon, and that the finest of these masterpieces, Rheims and Amiens, are under fire by German cannon, gives a particular poignancy to the reading of this part of the book.

One looks with especial interest to the résumé and appraisement of American architecture; here the critical faculty is fatally apt to betray its limitations of vision, for a mist of familiarity renders the present far more obscure than any past which has left recoverable images. This chapter, the work of Mr. Kimball, begins very properly with the Maya architecture of Yucatan. The author discusses the Toltec and Aztec remains in Mexico and devotes a paragraph to Peru, with its magnificent and mysterious terraced strongholds of a vanished and voiceless civilization. The widely different phases of Colonial architecture are well described, traced each to its source, and their characteristics intelligently differentiated. The Classic Revival receives in turn some attention, while the remainder of the essay is given over to the discussion of our later and latest architectural phases from Richardson to Frank Lloyd Wright. One rejoices in a view of the Woolworth Building from an unusual angle, though that beautiful obelisk would be represented as a matter of course. But it warms the critical heart to find justice done to Sullivan, in a very true and penetrating analysis of his unique contribution to an architecture of democracy; and it was both just and gracious to include in even this brief history of American architecture the name of Harvey Ellis, who although he wrote his name scarcely at all in stone and iron, aroused to thought and to endeavor so many young men in the Middle West. It may be said that the author acquits himself with credit in this essay, and brief as it is there is no better résumé of American architecture extant.

Child Welfare in Oklahoma. An Inquiry by the National Child Labor Committee for the University of Oklahoma. Direction of Edward N. Clopper. Published by the Committee, New York; 75 cts.

This inquiry proves to apply not only to local conditions in the state of Oklahoma, but to problems of current national importance. In this country the great mass of laws governing the welfare and protection of children is practically uncorrelated, is full of discrepancies and loopholes, is about as unstandardized, in fact, as any group of laws that you will find. There

is a growing feeling among those concerned with progressive legislation that specialization must cease and coöperation begin, and that to be effective the laws of each state should be brought together in a children's code. Four states have already done this, but without sufficient previous study of existing conditions and administration. In Oklahoma, however, a state-wide survey has been made of all the conditions governing child welfare, and the reports of the investigators are now published in one volume. They cover the fields of public health, recreation, education, child labor, agriculture, juvenile courts and probation, institutional care of children, home finding, poor relief, parentage and property rights; and a chapter is added on the administration of the existing laws. Among the most interesting recent findings are those dealing with the problem of farm tenancy. But the really interesting feature of the book is that it constitutes the first state-wide survey of the kind that has been made in this country, and thereby sets a notable precedent for action in other states.

Peaceful Penetration. By A. D. McLaren. Dutton; $1.50.

Long before 1914 the world was aware of a well planned and cleverly directed campaign for the extension of German influence in both European and non-European countries. Merchants, commercial travelers, bank employees, journalists, missionaries, travelers, teachers, clerks, waiters—these were but some of the agents employed in the grand propaganda of Deutschtum. An immediate object was the expansion of industry and trade, especially through the stimulation of a taste and a demand for German-made goods. But there were other and deeper purposes. German "Kultur" was to be planted throughout the world; minor states and peoples were to be drawn into the orbit of Germany; the national life of great countries like England and the United States was to be honeycombed with alien influences; commercial and cultural penetration was to be made to prepare the way for political influence. The scheme was largely the work of the Pan-Germans. But the Kaiser himself was behind it. "Thousands of your fellow countrymen," he declared to his people on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Empire, "are living in all parts of the world; German wares, German knowledge, German business energy traverse the ocean. The earnest duty, then, devolves upon you to form a strong link with this Greater Empire, binding it to the Empire at home." Since the outbreak of the present war the insidiousness of the work of the advance agents of the Wilhelmstrasse has been revealed from many quarters, and the extent and character of the German efforts to prepare the world for German dominance have been a continual source of astonishment. In his "Peaceful Penetration" Mr. McLaren, an Australian who lived for many years in Berlin, gives a very good, although admittedly but partial, account of these efforts. He tells us that his book would have been written had there been no war, because he had long been studying, in Australia and elsewhere, the workings of the German propagandist machine; the war, he says, revealed to him and other observers a good many things, but confirmed more. After a crisp discussion of what peaceful penetration is and means, he writes in an interesting way of the "sleuth-hounds" employed in the Imperial espionage, and especially of the founder of the modern German secret service, Stieber. He describes the actual workings of the German agents in the British dominions and elsewhere, and gives an extended, and unfavorable, estimate of the German as a colonist. In a brief chapter he tells what Germany's "pressing to the East" means for Australia.. The book cannot be characterized as profound; in some aspects it is decidedly superficial. Yet it is commendably temperate and it states in an interesting way many facts of great moment which, if not new, are at least unfamiliar to a large part of the reading public.

The Significance of the Protestant Reformation. By Lynn H. Hough. The Abingdon Press; 50 cts.

Protestantism in Germany. By Kerr D. MacMillan. Princeton University Press; $1.50.

Both books contain series of lectures delivered during 1917, a four-hundredth anniversary year in Lutheran annals. The first, a sketchy, brochure-like book of four chapters, is an easy-flowing narrative of overdrawn generalities about the Reformation, spending its space to show that the sixteenth century opened with the individual submerged because of the prevailing ecclesiastical attitude and closed with the individual having emerged to assert his "place in the sun"—Luther's achievement. The second, the L. P. Stone Foundation lectures at Princeton, in its introduction makes the modest claim to be the only work in English covering the development of the territorial system of Lutheran Church government. This development from the Reformation ideal of the universal priesthood of believers to the conviction that it was the duty of the layman to receive religion, like sanitation, from above, is intelligently and interestingly traced, first in Luther's own thought, then more fully in the thought of the leaders of the following centuries.

The entering wedge for this development was Luther's belief that individual Christians did not have equal rights in the conduct of church affairs, but differing rights according to the estate in which God placed them. Of course God had placed the prince at the top!

The author of this book however fails in appreciation of the social factors that interplay in all religious movements—as, for instance, his undervaluation of the social significance of the Peasants' War, in which Luther directed concerning the Peasants, "Stab, beat, and strangle them, whoever can." Likewise, his conclusion that had the German states taken the superior Calvinistic system of church government, absolute monarchy could not have developed, reveals a strange lack of consideration for the social milieu that led to the divergent characteristics of Lutheranism and Calvinism. His derogatory statement that "most modern German theology is not theology but psychology," bespeaks his dearth of interest in the psychosociological as a force in religious and historical development.

DISASTERS: and the American Red Cross in Disaster Relief. By J. Byron Deacon.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT. By Florence Nesbitt. Russell Sage Foundation; 75 cts. each.

These two titles in the "Social Work Series" published by the Russell Sage Foundation will be of hardly less interest to the socially-minded public than to professional workers. Mr. Deacon's account of Red Cross methods in disaster relief was fortunately just ready for printing when news came of the Halifax accident, and its proof sheets, which were sent to the Canadian Commission in charge of the rehabilitation of that city, had immediate occasion to prove their usefulness. Having followed one of the policies advocated in the book—that of a permanent committee of emergency relief, with preparations made in advance—the Boston Chapter was able to have supplies and experts on the way to Halifax within a few hours after the catastrophe occurred. That the Red Cross organization has fairly won its recognized position of leadership in relief work is largely due to its further policy of never assuming more authority than is freely granted by the local agencies, and to its success in consolidating and coördinating the various relief forces which spring up spontaneously in any emergency. A frequent situation which requires tactful handling is caused by independent committees of well-intentioned people "characterized by their simple, abiding faith in the efficacy of cash and food and clothes to meet all human needs whatsoever." Extended experience has shown this natural impulse toward indiscriminate giving to be "always futile and usually demoralizing," and a few general principles as to methods of procedure have been adopted: the unit of relief is the family; relief should be proportioned to need, not to loss; close coöperation with the family and the community is necessary for the restoration of normal living conditions as soon as possible. The repetition in successive chapters of the principles which apply to all situations demanding relief, although for the general reader it detracts somewhat from the interest of the book, probably justifies itself to the professional, who may thus refer quickly to a specific chapter in a given emergency.

Under cover of a rather misleading title Miss Nesbitt in "Household Management" offers us a glimpse into the housekeeping difficulties of the poorer families, largely foreign born, in our bigger cities. To give any acceptable help to the struggling homeworker in her effort to make inadequate funds yield the maximum of health and happiness to her family, the visiting social worker must be equipped with resourcefulness based on wide experience, with unlimited tact, and with a friendly willingness to distinguish between essential standards in home-making and comparatively unimportant details. The chapters devoted to dietary standards and choice of foods will be especially useful to workers who find their dietetic training unequal to the present-day demands for conservation.

THE WAR AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Lippincott; $1.50.

This is much more than just an admirable economic and historical study, for it gives a genuine orientation in the present political welter of cross purposes. Most economic and historical studies, even when as carefully documented and as engagingly written as this book of Professor Jastrow's, are mere studies *in vacuo*. Too often the sincere student's timidity before generalization, out of fear of losing his objective and authoritative tone, prevents him from drawing the wider conclusions. Professor Jastrow, although he marshals his bibliographies with care and gives the full historical background that clusters around the story of the great highway from the East to the West, does not hesitate to draw the moral. Historically, the Bagdad Railway represents "the last act in the process of reopening the direct way to the East which became closed to the West by the fall of Constantinople in 1453." And the instinctive reaction of all the Western powers against its control's passing into the hands of any one power—as Germany, who never seems to

learn the significant lessons of history, planned that it should—was a legitimate reaction. It was based on sound historical tradition. For the whole lesson from the past of Asia Minor is simply that the highway must be kept open—to all nations. And that history "voices a warning to the West that the reopening of the highway must not be used for domination over the East but for *coöperation* with it; not for exploiting the East, but for a union with it." In a word, one more irrefutable argument is presented for that kind of internationalization which only an effective league of nations can make possible. And, incidentally, one more irrefutable argument for the defeat of Germany's medieval ambitions. "The War and the Bagdad Railway" is an illuminating, invaluable book, a product of the best type of humanistic scholarship.

A History of the United States since the Civil War. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. Vol. I. Macmillan; $3.50.

The remarkable revolutions, social and economic, through which the people of this country have passed since Lee surrendered at Appomattox justify such a work as this proposes to be—a history of our country in recent times. Not only the importance of the subject attracts both writer and reader, but the absence of critical work in this field of history calls for research and constructive study. Five volumes will prove rather a small canvas for such a subject.

In this first installment Dr. Oberholtzer undertakes to describe the circumstances and conditions of American life at the beginning of the period. Here he has competitors in Rhodes's two thick volumes on the Reconstruction period and in Emerson Fite's "Industrial Conditions during the Civil War"; but neither of these competitors has presented the facts in quite so impressive and satisfactory a manner as the present author. The portrayal of the prostrate South at the end of the war is certainly unequaled in the literature of the subject.

At the same time the story of the complex, extravagant, and wildly competitive economic life of the North is adequately treated. Railroad building across the Western prairies, prospecting for oil in the Pennsylvania coal region, emigration to the mining states and territories, the effects of constantly falling prices on agriculture, and the hustle and hurry of life in the cities of the East all receive due attention. The far West of 1866, the Oregon and California problems, the Chinese question, and the ruthless conduct of a new class of frontiersmen are brought under critical observation if not under critical analysis.

Of Andrew Johnson and his policy of healing the nation's wounds there is also much that challenges interest. We are made to see what a difference of temper in men placed high in authority may do for a people. Johnson endeavored to do exactly what Lincoln was beginning to do when the assassin removed him from his task. Everybody, both then and since, praises Lincoln; while few in 1866 and not many in later years had any but words of bitter condemnation for Johnson. The difference lay largely in their manner of doing things, though one must not forget that the people themselves changed their position after Lincoln's death and before Johnson had time to develop his policies.

Perhaps the author has failed somewhat in his treatment of Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, or it may be that he has reserved these interesting figures for the succeeding volume. At any rate it would have been well in this first installment to show what the real purposes of those bitterest of enemies of the "accidental president" were. It was the conflict of political and social purposes which led to the disastrous experiences of the spring of 1868—which permeated economic life and party organizations. The distressing corruption of public life, of business organizations, and even of the courts of justice is sadly described. But all this does not stand out in ugly proportions as in Rhodes's work. It is rather the inventive genius, the rich commercial life, and the buoyant optimism of a people who have just spent nearly a million lives and a third of their total wealth in a fight over the idea of national unity, that interests Mr. Oberholtzer. Nor may the reviewer quarrel with the author about this. Undoubtedly it is the constructive, the imaginative, and the forward-looking men that require attention from the historian.

The method of this work is that of description. Analysis and close scrutiny of men and movements are not conspicuous. The reader is brought into touch with American life through quotations from newspapers, addresses of public men, speeches in Congress, and resolutions of labor organizations; or, where quotations fail, indirect discourse is resorted to. The idea of the author is to write the history of the time as nearly as possible in the language and thought of the men of the time. The reader might well imagine himself listening to the contemporaries of Johnson and Sumner as they discussed public measures or quarreled about the Southern problem. Deliberate judgments of the merits of questions, of the right or wrong in the conduct of men, seldom appear in these pages. It is not the purpose of the author to explain things, but simply to narrate events.

Casual Comment

The democratizing of knowledge demands first of all that the sources of knowledge be made as accessible as possible. Important sources continue to elude the public collectors of books and manuscripts, and to owe their belated discovery to the initiative of private collectors. It is therefore encouraging that private collectors appear more and more to feel themselves under an obligation in this matter—that they increasingly recognize themselves rather as trustees than as irresponsible owners. A recent instance was that of a private collection of rare first editions, chiefly in the field of English literature, whose inheritor is reported to have sacrificed something like a hundred thousand dollars rather than dispose of it through the commercial channels, accepting instead an offer made on behalf of the University of Texas. Although there are more accessible shelves than those of a university library in Austin, at least the collection is not to be scattered, absorbed by other private collectors, and for another generation withheld from students. In the same direction lies the decision lately made by the St. Louis Academy of Science, which has now deposited its valuable collection of some 25,000 volumes in the St. Louis Public Library. Private societies, it is true, have usually been less selfish than individuals with their accumulations, as well as more competent to make profitable use of them; yet too frequently the value of such libraries is more potential than real—the value of an "uncut" book. Learned societies early recognized that the results of scholarship are public property; the next step is to recognize that the sources of scholarship should be available to all.

* * *

A vigorous opposition has often been called the soul of an efficient government. But a vigorous opposition does not mean a merely noisy opposition, and still less a merely petulant one. Senator Sherman, who has recently been making himself ridiculous by his speeches attacking the Administration, has apparently reached that point in intellectual development where he believes that a combination of Billy Sunday slang, cheap vulgarity, and the employment of a few catch-words like "Socialism," "the reds," and "anarchy" will impress the public as great statesmanship. "It is a bunch of economic fakers, howling dervishes, firebrands and pestilent fiends of sedition that he [the President] has around him." And then he goes on to particularize: Secretary Baker is "a half pacifist"; Postmaster General Burleson is "a State Socialist," as is also Secretary Wilson (of Labor); John H. Walker, a member of the President's Mediation Commission "does not preach direct action in Washington, but he practices it at home"; Mr. Creel "has abused the Constitution, and the fathers who wrote it"; A. C. Townley, who is described as having been "taken up" by the Administration, "in reality represents pro-German influence"; Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor, is a single-taxer, and "it would serve his purpose if all the millionaires were destroyed and nothing but the vagrant and the proletariat remained." One can only hope that the Republican Party leaders are embarrassed by this kind of incredibly petty "spell-binding." Senator Lodge can still attack with dignity and adroitness the policies he does not admire. In fact is it not true to say that the Administration is strengthened rather than hindered by the kind of opposition represented by Senator Sherman?

* * *

Ordinarily public opinion would ignore this partisan childishness as just a depressing survival of bad taste and that small-minded oratorical demagoguery which since the war has somehow lost its ancient appeal. But the reason it cannot be ignored is that, for all its absurd flamboyance, it is symptomatic. Fissures have already begun to appear in our "sacred union" of political parties—and there is a fall campaign coming. Consequently it is the duty of all those who sincerely support the liberal international policies of President Wilson to do all in their power to clarify the opposition and make it definite. That opposition has two legitimate sides, both of which have little to do with ordinary partisan politics of Democrat versus Republican, as we understand partisan politics in America. Unfortunately there is danger that these two aspects of legitimate opposition will be hopelessly confused. In so far as the opposition concerns itself with criticism of the conduct of the war—shipping, aeroplane production, munitions, and so on—it is, when it is honest and gives no aid to the enemy, to be encouraged. A wise government welcomes all sincere criticism which aids it towards ever greater efficiency. But this kind of criticism should not be confused with the attack on President Wilson's distinctive international purposes—a league of nations, progressive disarmament if possible, removal of the economic barriers and jealousies between nations, a genuine democratic peace, issues that cut right across all conventional party lines. Here, again, the opposition has a perfect right to express its views —however distressing such expression may be for the more liberal element among our cobelligerents—and to try to win public opinion to what it believes should be the national policy. Only thus can it be fought in the open, and (we trust) defeated in fair battle. What will be intolerable however will be a confusion in which we shall have to listen to speeches of this sort: "The

Administration has fallen down on its job of conducting the war, and *therefore* after the war we must have a high tariff to protect our workingmen," which, of course, is precisely like saying, "The sum of the squares of two sides of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square of the hypotenuse, and *therefore* red is preferable to green as a color." Yet it is just this vicious kind of confusion which seems already to be foreshadowed. Right now the duty of the liberal supporters of President Wilson is to help clarify the opposition so that the contest between those who believe in a new international order and those who cynically cling to the old may be a contest which has some vital relation to our everyday politics. This is not a question of mere party lines at all. It is a contest between those who believe that President Wilson's high democratic purposes are possible of attainment, and those who think that this war is like all other wars and that after it is over the old international anarchy of jealous and competitive states will be restored.

• • •

A DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF THAT FLEXIBILity of mind which is one of the principal charms of our contemporary press was recently given by the New York "Globe" in its comments on Mr. Randolph Bourne's article "Traps for the Unwary," published in these pages on March 28. Now to change one's mind is of course no longer considered a mark of intellectual instability. We have successfully learned Emerson's lesson about that "hobgoblin of little minds," and in a changing world changing opinions are an indication of vigor. But we must confess that the intellectual world in which the "Globe" appears to have its being changes with a bewildering rapidity which is somewhat difficult to follow. Clinging to literary standards with a dogmatic stubbornness is not exactly an amiable trait, yet what are we to believe when a newspaper throws over all its standards between twelve o'clock and three o'clock of the same day? Mere provocative caprice? Perhaps, but surely the demands upon the intellectual agility of that newspaper's readers are somewhat severe. In its early "news extra" edition of April 5 the "Globe" said editorially, "Mr. Bourne contrasts much of the work here [in America], literary and dramatic, with the craftsmanship displayed in M. Copeau's season of French dramatic art in the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. It is a legitimate contrast, and one that cannot be too forcibly drawn for our writers. We must get over defending and attacking the artificial and dry-rotted conventions of passing society, as they are mirrored in the 'genteel,' and ignore it. Then the open road will lie before our artists and writers." Naturally on reading this we were gratified that our contributor should receive such favorable mention. Alas! that pleasurable emotion was short-lived. For the "final" edition firmly took away with the left editorial hand what had been so generously bestowed with the right. No longer was Mr. Bourne the wise and shrewd commentator on current literary tendencies. On the contrary, so remarkable was the metamorphosis between the crowded study hours of twelve and three that he was now pictured as an intellectual minnow swimming in a shallow pool. The illumination of those three hours of ratiocination went even further, and we are awed at the mighty editorial conferences which must have taken place during them. No longer must great art of the present be "an expression of the fulness of life today." The mellow philosophy of the "final" edition expressed it differently: "It isn't true that the great art of the past has been an expression of life, if by fulness is meant completeness of revelation and absence of convention. Convention has always ruled. The definition of taboo has changed, but not the fact of taboo." This would have been confusing enough, in view of the earlier amiability of the "Globe," if the following rather bitter remark left no doubt that the newspaper had undergone a change of conviction great as it was sudden: "The creative spirit of our times functions feebly largely because it is pestered and discouraged by gadflies developed out of filth who think parasitism is all there is to life." We confess we should be glad to answer the "Globe," except that, unfortunately, these lightning changes of editorial opinion make the task seem one of supererogation. Can we be sure that by the time our reply is written the "Globe" will not once more have changed its mind? We admit that we have not the "Globe's" technique of celerity in evolving new literary philosophies—that we sometimes cling to our opinions for a whole day. Evidently newspapers are not bound by any such conventional demands for consistency. Certainly it is a convenient freedom. We should be indeed sorry to learn that there was anything so ordinary as a mere difference of editorial opinion in the office of the "Globe," for we should then be forced to abandon our admiration for that newspaper's intellectual versatility.

• • •

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION will hold their annual convention May 14, 15, and 16. They have postponed accepting an invitation to Boston, on the ground that Boston offers too many "distractions" for a gathering intent upon complying with the government's requirement that conventions in war time serve a useful purpose. Therefore—New York! Will Father Knickerbocker now amend his estimate of Boston as "a state of mind" to read "a distracted state of mind"?

Briefer Mention

From Franklin and Woolman, through the journalizing New Englanders, to William Dean Howells, our literature has been fortunate in the readiness with which its makers have discoursed about themselves. Few have been so charmingly loquacious as Mr. Howells. His latest work of this kind, "Years of My Youth," originally published two years ago, has recently appeared in an illustrated edition uniform with his other books (Harpers; $2.50). The illustrations are valuable even for American readers, picturing as they do a workaday section of America, southern Ohio, that has been alien ground to most novel readers. Especially alien is that drab democratic individualistic Ohio River country of a time that was warming to the bloody solution of the slavery problem. Mr. Howells presents a faithful picture fully and vividly, so fully and vividly that the professional historian will value his account. The slavery struggle at least once came to the very heart of the family circle:

"These uncles had grown up in a slave state, and they thought, without thinking, that slavery must be right; but once when an abolition lecturer was denied public hearing at Martin's Ferry, they said he should speak in their mother's house; and there, much unaware, I heard my first and last abolition lecture, barely escaping with my life, for one of the objections urged by the mob outside was a stone hurled through the window, where my mother sat with me in her arms."

In the new dispensation following the war, the federal principle, as developed in American history, will doubtless play an important part. For this reason the thinking American, who is not perhaps very easy to find, will wish to know more about the growth of the federal principle than he presumably knows now; and for *this* reason he may care to browse in a new life of Calhoun—"The Life of John Caldwell Calhoun," by William M. Meigs (Neale; boxed, $10.). Only the professional historian will care to read every word of this two-volume, 934-page book. Mr. Meigs's point of view, in dealing with so delicate a subject, is happily that of a man who, entering sympathetically into an idea in his eager youth, now sees its inadequacy. We are therefore assured both sympathy and judgment. It is the first "full-length" portrait of Calhoun, who is revealed as an interesting figure and a great man with clearly defined limitations. It is also, incidentally, a history of battles long ago that should be vividly present to the intelligent American patriot.

"Journalism for High Schools," by Charles Dillon (Lloyd Adams Noble; $1.), is a generously illustrated and "documented" handbook that seems a little uncertain whether it is addressed to teachers or to pupils. The point is important because the pages which urge the adoption of some journalistic instruction in the high school contain several arguments calculated to make the student feel that the whole project is only a cunning device to promote discipline and protect thin-skinned teachers from anonymous "roasts." A disproportionate emphasis upon censorship unfits the book for the use of pupils. On the other hand, it contains much that is too elementary to be of value to any teacher intelligent enough to be entrusted with so exacting a subject. The author presupposes the expropriation of the school paper as a laboratory—a confiscation demanding some delicacy and perhaps not worth while, for the American pupil usually resents any invasion of his precious "activities" and there seems to be a growing doubt among teachers of journalism as to whether the laboratory method is valuable enough to justify the hard work it enforces from the instructor. Meanwhile Mr. Dillon's plea for making elementary English instruction vital through contacts with the everyday demands upon written expression is a sound one; and the teacher expected to provide such instruction will find in this book some very useful material, doubly useful for its practical hints if he be called upon to create or maintain a school paper. He should not let it be forgotten however that the language has nobler uses than those of journalism.

Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis has a very jolly way of reflecting grandmotherhood in her "Random Reflections of a Grandmother" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.). No sit-by-the-fire-and-knit ancestress is she, but a modern of the moderns, and gifted with a very charming way of writing about her houseful of three generations. She is in many ways however a most baffling modern grandmother. Her sense of humor is delightfully apparent, and yet she actually says in sober seriousness that Boston "is really the only place outside England in which any one of intelligence would be willing to live, and I am not unmindful of my privileges." Now the question is, was she trying to take us in? Literature very rarely presents so clearly the point of view of contracted cosmopolitanism for which the author stands. She is completely, unconsciously, delightfully of her class and of its standards. Her outlook is a completed product, almost a work of art.

Trust problems have been reviewed from various angles, including in their range the wise and the foolish, not to mention the hysterical. The growing mass of literature on the subject testifies to the general interest in the problem. The present work, "The Trust Problem," by J. W. Jenks and W. E. Clark (Doubleday, Page; $2.), is a thorough revision and enlargement of an earlier book, and as it is based on first-hand investigation, with all its facts reëxamined to square them with contemporary changes, the volume has special value in this new form.

Cavalry, except on the far fringes of the war, has been robbed of its historic and picturesque utility. But the horse and pony and mule have played no inconsiderable part in that desperate economy that has made modern warfare possible. It is, however, of the place that the small horse occupies in our normal, domestic economy, where his latest champion maintains that he may easily become a rival to the horse, and in the increasing use of this breed in our sports and out-door recreation, that Frank Townend Barton has written with such knowledge and enthusiasm in "Ponies and All About Them" (Dutton; $3.). Moreover, with the decline of racing on these shores and the sequestration of polo in our society as a game to be indulged in only by the rich, the chief appeal of such a painstaking volume will be to the American breeder and horse-lover. Yet it is a volume that should be in the library of all animal-friends, serv-

ing a practical as well as an educative purpose. While the time is still distant when "the game of kings" will become widely indigenous (the polo pony, as in India, drawing the family dog-cart between games), still there is a need for wider interest than is now bestowed on this attractive breed. How many of American riders acquired the rudiments of a good seat and hands on the pony of their childhood! As for the Shetland, because of his docility and endurance he is and will continue to be par excellence the child's mount. An enthusiastic veterinarian like Mr. Barton takes stock of all the characteristic and ideal points of the small horse, imparts valuable hints regarding conformation of the different types that will be appreciated by breeders, and includes indispensable chapters on anatomy, care and management, and diseases. The illustrations, especially of famous perfect types of the various breeds, are well chosen. Needless to say, a book of this definitive nature, in these parlous times, could only have found an author and a publisher across the Atlantic.

"The Human Side of Birds" (Stokes; $1.60) is the latest member of a series of books by Royal Dixon designed to demonstrate the remarkable intelligence of plants and animals, the older volumes being "The Human Side of Plants" and "The Human Side of Trees." As the titles suggest, the books are popular in treatment; the author has simply collected from his own observation and all manner of other sources the facts that point in the desired direction. Many excellent photographic illustrations help out the text. The author tells of "feathered artists," "policemen of the air," "dancers," "feathered athletes," "scavengers and street cleaners," "courts of justice," "bird actors and their theatres" and other winged people, emphasizing the human element so vigorously that one fears at times that he finds it where it isn't. Alice E. Ball's book, "A Year with the Birds" (Dodd, Mead; $3.), is a very different kind of thing—a long series of pictures illustrated with verses, chiefly by "A. E. B." Like the plates in Chapman's "Bird Life," the plates of the present book are excellent sketches so skilfully drawn and colored that they are more useful for identification than any other kind of illustration—more useful, even, than bird skins would be. With scarcely any exceptions, the plates are either as good as any others or better. Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson rightly remarks, "I should like to see the book in the hands of every Junior Audubon Society member and every school-child in America." It has all the requisites of a gift book, even unto the price, which is three dollars.

Among the indirect gains resulting from the war will be a largely increased variety in our repertoire of menus and a more intelligent interest in the value of food. Housewives and teachers of cookery who for years have been trying to interest their circles in attractive recipes to relieve the monotony of the conventional American combinations, and have been meeting with but half-hearted encouragement, are now fortified by the conservation campaign. The result is a vigorous crop of cookery books. "Wheatless and Meatless Days" (Appleton; $1.25) by Pauline D. Partridge and Hester M. Conklin—one a housewife and the other a practical teacher—is a well chosen collection of recipes, at the same time simple in the making and inexpensive. "Savings and Savoury Dishes" (Macmillan; 65 cts.), which was originally published by the Patriotic Food League of Scotland to meet the needs of small householders on war-reduced incomes, contains many old-country recipes and customs worthy of emulation here. Although such provocative names as Toad-in-the-Hole, Pot Haggis, and Cornflour Shape disguise dishes more or less familiar to us, the book contains much we can learn and more we can practice in the way of economies neglected during our fat years. "War-Time Bread and Cakes," by Amy L. Handy (Houghton Mifflin; 75 cts.), is made up of recipes for combining various kinds of flour that may be substituted for white flour. The recipes have been carefully worked out in the author's kitchen and should be welcomed by the housewife who has lately been tending toward the use of baker's bread because of the difficulty of making a satisfactory loaf from war-time flours. The recipes in the "Economy Cook Book," by Maria McIlvaine Gillmore (Dutton; $1.), are designed to carry out the plans of the Food Administration by reducing the use of wheat, meats, sweets, and fats. The book includes much of our new-found wisdom in conservation and will prove a useful kitchen handbook. The present condition of the food supply is treated simply and readably in Mary S. Rose's "Everyday Foods in War Time" (Macmillan; 80 cts.), which explains the nutritive values of our common foods and makes suggestions for adapting them to the household menu. Dora Morrell Hughes gossips about "Thrift in the Household" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $1.25) in very practical fashion and manages to include a surprising number of suggestions for economy and better management that will be new to many housewives.

A less specialized book, which is destined to supersede many of the standard old cook books as a household favorite, is "Caroline King's Cook Book" (Little, Brown; $1.50). The author reduces the whole subject matter of cookery to a few fundamental processes and basic formulæ, which can be elaborated at will to emulate the most complicated lists of recipes. It is a method of treatment that will prove illuminating to the experienced housekeeper and reassuring to the beginner.

In "Diabetic Cookery" (Dutton; $2.) Rebecca W. Oppenheimer presents a valuable handbook of recipes successfully used in the treatments at Carlsbad and Neuenahr, with diet tables and a list of places where specially prepared foods may be secured. The volume is fully supplied with information to make it practical for use in the home, and it should be valuable to anyone who has to solve the problem of a diabetic dietary.

"The Child's Food Garden," by Van Evrie Kilpatrick (World Book Co.; 48 cts.), is a useful little book which can be put direct into the hands of children in the grammar grades to teach them how to start a garden and how to take care of it. The instructions are simple and definite enough to be of use to adult amateurs who have forgotten, if they ever knew, how to help things grow.

An Important Book on the Russian Revolution

Russia's Agony

By ROBERT WILTON

8vo. With illustrations and maps. $4.80 *net.*

"Mr. Wilton was *The Times* correspondent at Petrograd, and he has here given us what is probably the best account yet written in English of the Russian Government and army immediately before the revolution, of that amazing event itself, and of the outlook in Russia as it appeared to him at the end of last year."—*The Times* (London).

"This elaborate, informing, and thoroughly reliable contribution to recent Russian history is welcome now."—*Spectator.*

A Russian Schoolboy

By SERGE AKSAKOFF. Translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. *8vo.* $2.40 *net.*

This is the third and last section of Aksakoff's memoirs, the two earlier volumes being—

A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN. $2.40 *net.*

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD. $3.40 *net.*

"As a piece of literature it is a sheer delight; as a document revealing the Russian spirit it is of singular value at the present time."—*Daily Graphic.*

Leaves from an Officer's Notebook

By CAPT. ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS
Author of "Across Persia."

With 8 illustrations. 8vo. $3.40 *net.*

"One of the most original, wise, and at times amusing books of soldiers' confessions."—*Daily News.*

The Wheat Problem

Based on Remarks Made in the Presidential Address to the British Association at Bristol in 1898.

Revised, with an answer to various critics, by SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, O.M., F.R.S. Third Edition. With Preface and Additional Chapter, bringing the Statistical Information Up to Date, and a Chapter on Future Wheat Supplies by Sir R. Henry Rew, K.C.B., and an Introduction by Lord Rhondda.
Crown 8vo. $1.25 *net.*

A warning by Professor Crookes issued in 1898, that England was in danger from a shortening of her wheat supply is reproduced in this book, together with a review of conditions in 1916, showing how it has been justified. It presents not only an English problem but treats of the world problem.

Last Lectures of Wilfrid Ward

Being the Lowell Lectures, 1914, *and Three Lectures Delivered at the Royal Institution,* 1915.

Edited with an introductory study, by MRS. WILFRID WARD. *With portrait. 8vo.* $4.00 *net*

"These final chapters from his pen bring before us again a strong, sane, and lovable man in whom religion was as real and important as in Newman himself."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers

Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, NEW YORK

NOTES AND NEWS

Norman Angell, who has written on "Internationalism as the Condition of Allied Success" for this issue of THE DIAL, is an English publicist whose contributions to the discussion of universal peace have won him a world-wide reputation. His more important books are: "The Great Illusion," 1910; "War and the Essential Realities," 1913; "The Foundations of International Polity," 1914; "The World's Highway," 1915; "America and the New World State," 1915; "Why Freedom Matters," 1916. Mr. Angell's residence is in London, but he is at present lecturing in this country.

Robert H. Lowie, who contributes a plea for the study of the history of science, is the author of "Culture and Ethnology," which is reviewed in this issue. For some years Dr. Lowie, who is now at the University of California, was one of the curators of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and he has edited various scientific journals. His earlier books were chiefly devoted to the social life of the American Indian.

Guy Nearing was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1911 and published a volume of verse, "The Far Away" (Putnam), last year. He is now in the United States Army.

The other contributors to this number have previously written for THE DIAL.

Ralph D. Paine's "With the Fighting Fleets" is soon to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

Little, Brown & Co. have postponed issuing "The Cradle of the War," a book about the Balkans by H. Charles Woods, until later in the year.

"Britain after the Peace: Revolution or Reconstruction," by Brougham Villiers, is announced by T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., of London.

The Four Seas Co. have taken over Conrad Aiken's "Earth Triumphant," originally published by the Macmillan Co.

Henry Holt & Co. announce "Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule," by Charles Downer Hazen, author of "Europe Since 1815."

The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, announce a book dealing with the continuity of life, "Insight," by Mrs. Emma C. Cushman.

Isaac Pitman & Sons, 2 West 45th Street, New York, have assumed the American agency for the scientific and technical books issued by Whittaker & Co. of London.

Alfred A. Knopf announces "Prophets of Dissent," a volume of essays on Tolstoi, Strindberg, Nietzsche, and Maeterlinck by Professor Otto Heller, of Washington University, St. Louis.

Longmans, Green & Co. have nearly ready J. E. Hutton's "Welfare and Housing: A Practical Record of War-Time Management" and John Clarke's "The School and Other Educators."

Robert H. Dodd announces the early publication of a new and enlarged edition of Benjamin F. Thompson's "History of Long Island," of which there has not been a new edition since 1843.

Forthcoming volumes under the John Lane imprint include: "Illusions and Realities of War," by Francis Grierson; "Memorials of a Yorkshire

Parish," by J. S. Fletcher; "Anglo-Irish Essays," by John Eglinton; and "French Literary Studies," by T. B. Rudmose-Brown, of the University of Dublin.

The early May publications of Robert M. McBride & Co. include: "Interned in Germany," by H. C. Mahoney; "Patenting and Promoting Inventions," by M. H. Avram; and "Finding the Worthwhile in the Southwest," by Charles Francis Saunders.

The Macmillan Co. recently took over the book business of the Outing Publishing Co. The price of the "Outing Hand Books" has been raised from 80 cts. to $1. each, and that of the "Adventure Library" from $1. to $1.25 a volume.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the "Spring Educational List" published in THE DIAL for April 11 included the "Complete United States Infantry Guide," arranged by Major James K. Parsons, and ascribed it to the wrong publisher. It was published in 1917 by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Putnams announce two publications of the Cambridge University Press: "Materials for the Study of the Bábí Religion," compiled by Edward G. Browne, and "The Book of Joshua" (in the Revised Version), with introduction and notes by G. A. Cooke, an addition to "The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges."

William E. Keily, Public-Utility Relations, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, desires to purchase Vol. III of the "Journal of the American Electrical Society," which consists of the fifth annual number and bears the date 1880. He will appreciate any information calculated to help him in his search for an available copy.

Late April issues of Dodd, Mead & Co. included: "Europe's Fateful Hour," by Gugielmo Ferrero; "Japan at First Hand," by Joseph I. C. Clarke; "Beyond the Rhine," by Marc Henry; "Out There," a play by J. Hartley Manners; and "Tales of Wartime France," French short stories translated by William L. McPherson.

New additions to Boni & Liveright's "Modern Library" are: "Bertha Garlan," by Arthur Schnitzler; Voltaire's "Candide," with an introduction by Philip Littell; "Irish Fairy and Folk Tales," by W. B. Yeats; Gissing's "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," with an introduction by Paul Elmer More; Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson," with an introduction by Francis Hackett; a selection of short stories from Balzac; and two volumes of reproductions, from Rodin and from Beardsley.

The Century list for May contains, in addition to Professor Ross's "Russia in Upheaval": "The Wonders of Instinct," chapters in the psychology of insects, by Jean Henri Fabre; "The Roots of the War," a survey of European history, 1870-1914, by William Stearns Davis; "Flashes from the Front," war correspondence by Charles H. Grasty, with a foreword by General Pershing; "Keeping Our Fighters Fit," by Edward Frank Allen; "The War-Whirl in Washington," by Frank Ward O'Malley; and two novels—"The Happiest Time of Their Lives," by Alice Duer Miller, and "Caste Three," by Gertrude M. Shields.

WHERE THE SOULS *of* MEN ARE CALLING

By LIEUT. CREDO HARRIS

—a vivid chapter from the battle front of France—
more strange, more powerful than fiction.

THE FIRST BIG LOVE STORY TO COME OUT OF THE WAR

All Bookstores $1.35 net

BRITTON PUBLISHING COMPANY

"Gertie Swartz"

Fanatic or Christian?

By Helen R. Martin

Author of "Those Fitzenbergers"

Is it Christian to spend money to make workmen happy—or is it merely fanaticism? That is the problem that a Pennsylvania Dutch family has to face when the head of the house dies. It is a problem that makes this a most entertaining story of contrasting types and conflicting wills against the quaint background of local speech.

NET, $1.40

Aliens

By William McFee

Author of "Casuals of the Sea"

The author of the 1916 literary event, "Casuals of the Sea," has rewritten this exceptional study of a sinister personality. The most interesting feature of the book is the central figure, who never comes directly before the reader yet the effect of his physical and moral, or better, perhaps, immoral influence, never escapes the story.

It is an interesting commentary on *founding a family* (in the English sense). The fascination of suspense is enriched by a splendid humor.

NET, $1.50

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

List of New Books

[*The following list, containing 116 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

FICTION.

The Threshold of Quiet. By Daniel Corkery. 12mo, 310 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Professor Latimer's Progress. A Novel of Contemporaneous Adventure. Illustrated, 12mo, 347 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.40.

Drift. By Mary Aldis. Illustrated, 12mo, 355 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

The Statue in the Wood. By Richard Pryce. 12mo, 379 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Peasant Tales of Russia. By V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated by Claud Field. Illustrated, 12mo, 185 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.25.

The Secret of the Marne: How Sergeant Fritsch Saved France. By Marcel Berger and Maude Berger. 12mo, 361 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The High Romance. By Michael Williams. 12mo, 350 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

Mrs. Marden's Ordeal. By James Hay, Jr. With frontispiece, 12mo, 307 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Lord Tony's Wife. By Baroness Orczy. 12mo, 332 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Son Decides. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Illustrated, 12mo, 223 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.35.

The Imprisoned Freeman. By Helen S. Woodruff. 12mo, 411 pages. George Sully & Co. $1.35.

Gossamer to Steel. By Janet Payne Bowles. 12mo, 221 pages. Dunstan & Co., New York. $1.25.

The Thunders of Silence. By Irvin S. Cobb. Illustrated, 12mo, 61 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts.

The Panama Plot. By Arthur B. Reeve. With frontispiece, 12mo, 326 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.40.

The Devil to Pay. By Frances Nimmo Greene. 12mo, 285 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

The Spy in Black. By J. Storer Clouston. 12mo, 306 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Wire Devils. By Frank Packard. 12mo, 318 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

On Two Frontiers. By George T. Buffum. Illustrated, 12mo, 375 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.35.

Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Illustrated, 12mo, 350 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.35.

The Diamond Cross Mystery. By Chester K. Steele. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. George Sully & Co. $1.25.

Green and Gay. By Lee Holt. 12mo, 313 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.

His Job. By Horace Bleackley. 12mo, 310 pages. John Lane Co. $1.40.

Kathleen's Probation. By Joslyn Gray. Illustrated, 12mo, 228 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Making Good with Margaret. By E. Ward Strayer. Illustrated, 12mo, 268 pages. George Sully & Co. $1.25.

It's Mighty Strange. By James A. Duncan. 12mo, 319 pages. The Stratford Co. $1.50.

The Voice of the Big Fira. By Agnette Midgarden Lohn. With frontispiece, 12mo, 428 pages. Published by the author, Fosston, Minn.

Some Honeymoon. By Charles Everett Hall. Illustrated, 12mo, 280 pages. George Sully & Co. $1.25.

THE WAR.

Face to Face with Kaiserism. By James W. Gerard. Illustrated, 12mo, 380 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2.

The Navy as a Fighting Machine. By Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. New popular edition. 12mo, 411 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Handbook of Northern France. By William Morris Davis. Illustrated, 16mo, 174 pages. Harvard University Press. $1.

Health for the Soldier and Sailor. By Professor Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk. 16mo, 148 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 60 cts.

Just Behind the Front in France. By Noble Foster Hoggson. Illustrated, 12mo, 171 pages. John Lane Co.

The A. E. F.: With Pershing's Army in France. By Heywood Broun. With frontispiece, 12mo, 298 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Over Periscope Pond. By Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker. Illustrated, 12mo, 295 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Over Here. By Hector MacQuarrie. With frontispiece, 12mo, 243 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.35.

The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace. By Laurence LaTourette Driggs. Illustrated, 12mo, 335 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.

A Soldier Unafraid: Letters from the Trenches of the Alsatian Front. By Captain Andre Cornet-Auquier. Translated by Theodore Stanton. 12mo, 110 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.

Attack. By Edward Liveing. Introduction by John Masefield. 12mo, 114 pages. The Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

My German Correspondence. By Prof. Douglas W. Johnson. 12mo, 97 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts.

"Speaking of Prussians—" By Irvin S. Cobb. With frontispiece, 12mo, 80 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts.

Our Boys Over There. By Frederic Coleman. 12mo, 103 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts.

The War and Industrial Readjustments. By Harold Glenn Moulton. University of Chicago War Papers, No. 5. 8vo, 15 pages. University of Chicago Press. Paper, 5 cts.

The Menace to the Ideal of the Free State. By John A. W. Haas. 16mo, 42 pages. Muhlenberg College. Paper.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

A Pagan Anthology. Composed of poems by contributors to "The Pagan Magazine." 8vo, 92 pages. The Pagan Publishing Co.

Reincarnations. By James Stephens. 12mo, 76 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.

Lover's Gift and Crossing. By Rabindranath Tagore. 12mo, 157 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The Habitant, and Other Typical Poems. By William Henry Drummond. 16mo, 118 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Khaki, $1.25.

Songs of Sunrise. By Denis A. McCarthy. 12mo, 100 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Melodies in Verse. By Mary B. Ehrmann. 12mo, 32 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.

Shepherd My Thoughts. By Francis P. Donnelly. 16mo, 148 pages. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cts.

Rough Rhymes of a Padre. By "Woodbine Willie" M. C. 12mo, 96 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts.

Over the Hills of Home, and Other Poems. By Lilian Leveridge. 12mo, 64 pages. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.

Mountain Roses. Selections from the poems of Mitchun M. Pavitchevitch. Translated and edited by Woislav M. Petrovitch. 8vo, 28 pages. Jos. A. Omero, New York. Paper.

Plays for Poem-Mimes. By Alfred Kreymborg. 12mo, 127 pages. The Other Press. $1.

Why Marry? By Jesse Lynch Williams. Illustrated, 12mo, 242 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Thaisa: A Tragedy. By Charles V. H. Roberts. 12mo, 181 pages. The Torch Press. $1.50.

They the Crucified, and Comrades: Two War Plays. By Florence Taber Holt. 12mo, 84 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

The Two Cromwells. By Liddell De Lesseline. 12mo, 78 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.

Purple Youth: A Play in One Act. By Robert De Camp Leland. 12mo, 37 pages. Four Seas Co. $1.

The Sandbar Queen. By George Cronyn. The Flying Stag Plays, No. 1. 16mo, 46 pages. Egmont H. Arens. Paper, 35 cts.

Night. By James Oppenheim. The Flying Stag Plays, No. 2. 16mo, 23 pages. Egmont H. Arens. Paper. 35 cts.

The Angel Intrudes. By Floyd Dell. The Flying Stag Plays, No. 3. 16mo, 24 pages. Egmont H. Arens. Paper, 35 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Last Lectures by Wilfrid Ward. With an introductory study by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. With portrait, 12mo, 295 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.

Shakespeare and Chapman. By J. M. Robertson, 12mo, 303 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

NEW BOOKS OF PRESENT IMPORTANCE

Militarism and Statecraft
Munroe Smith
Prof. of Jurisprudence, Columbia Univ.
12° *$1.50*

These brilliant studies of the German mind are referred to by Viscount Bryce in expressions of the warmest admiration. He calls the papers "a permanent contribution to history."

Democracy and the War
John Firman Coar
Prof. at the University of Alberta, Canada.
12° *$1.25*

A pertinent discussion of the issues involved in the world struggle, including religious as well as political democracy.

France, England and European Democracy
Charles Cestre
Prof. à la Faculté des Lettres de Bordeaux.
Large 8° *$2.50*

An extremely clever historical survey covering the two nations' relations from the 13th to the 20th centuries.

The Science of Power
Benjamin Kidd
Author of "Social Evolution," etc. 12° *$1.50*

A powerful posthumous work of reconstruction by the famous author of "Principles of Western Civilization."

Rising Japan—Menace or Friend
Jabez T. Sunderland
Billings Lecturer (1913-14) in Japan, China, India. 12° *$1.25*

A clear, candid answer to the question of what constitutes Japanese civilization and whether we are in danger from her.

All Booksellers

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York **London**

GREAT WAR, BALLADS

By Brookes More

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the war.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

$1.50 Net

For Sale by Brentano's; The Baker & Taylor Co., New York; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; St. Louis News Co., and All Book Stores

THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.
Fort Smith, Arkansas, U. S. A.

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (Established 1905)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

IF you want first editions, limited editions, association books — books of any kind, in fact, address:

DOWNING, Box 1336, Boston, Mass.

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

CLARENCE C. FRENCH
(Academy Julian, Paris)
GRAND RAPIDS **ENGROSSER** MICHIGAN
15th Year

The Advertising Representative of THE DIAL in England is
MR. DAVID H. BOND
407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.

Book Buyers

who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

Glimpses of the Cosmos. A Mental Autobiography. By Lester F. Ward. Volume 6: 1897-1912. With frontispiece, 8vo, 410 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Pebbles on the Shore. By "Alpha of the Plough." Illustrated, 12mo, 272 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The Riddles of Hamlet and the Newest Answers. By Simon Augustine Blackmore. 12mo, 494 pages. The Stratford Co. $2.

The Great Thousand Years, and Ten Years After. By Ralph Adams Cram. 12mo, 68 pages. Marshall Jones Co. $1.

Giant Hours with Poet Preachers. By William L. Stidger. Illustrated, 12mo, 127 pages. The Abingdon Press. $1.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.

Memoirs of Mercy Argenteau. Translated and edited with an introduction by George S. Hellman. Two vols., illustrated, 8vo, 212-178 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Boxed. $10.

Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by E. A. Helps. With frontispiece, 8vo, 405 pages. John Lane Co. $4.

The Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian. By Samuel W. Pennypacker. Illustrated, 8vo, 564 pages. John C. Winston Co. $3.

In the Days of Victoria. By Thomas F. Plowman. Illustrated, 8vo, 367 pages. John Lane Co. $3.

Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. By Lewis A. Leonard. Illustrated, 8vo, 313 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50.

My Empress. By Marfa Mouchanow. Illustrated, 8vo, 256 pages. John Lane Co. $2.50.

The Voice of Lincoln. By R. M. Wanamaker. 8vo, 363 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Roving and Fighting. By Major E. S. O'Reilly. Illustrated, 12mo, 354 pages. The Century Co. $2.

Robert Mantell's Romance. By C. J. Bulliet. Illustrated, 12mo, 256 pages. John W. Luce Co.

Tolstoy. By George Rapall Noyes. 12mo, 395 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

The Negro in Literature and Art in the United States. By Benjamin Brawley. Illustrated, 12mo, 176 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.35.

The Record of a Quaker Conscience. Cyrus Pringle's Diary. 16mo, 93 pages. The Macmillan Co. 60 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Historic Mackinac. By Edwin O. Wood. Illustrated, 2 vols., 8vo, 697-773 pages. The Macmillan Co. Boxed, $12.50.

Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer. By Frank Hedges Butler. Illustrated, 8vo, 286 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.

In the Alaskan Wilderness. By George Byron Gordon. Illustrated, 8vo, 247 pages. The John C. Winston Co. $3.50.

Scotland of the Scots. By G. R. Blake. Illustrated, 12mo, 276 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Note Book of an American Parson in England. By G. Monroe Royce. With frontispiece, 12mo, 339 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The France of Today. By Barrett Wendell. New popular edition. 12mo, 388 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

Two Children in Old Paris. From the Notes of a Journal by their Mother. By Gertrude Slaughter. Illustrated, 12mo, 268 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND ECONOMICS.

The Chicago Produce Market. By Edwin Nourse. Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essay XXV. 12mo, 304 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.25.

Coöperation. The Hope of the Consumer. By Emerson P. Harris. Introduction by John Graham Brooks. 12mo, 328 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.

Use Your Government. By Alissa Franc. Illustrated, 12mo, 374 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Tuberculosis. Its Cause, Cure, and Prevention. By Edward O. Otis. Revised edition. Illustrated, 12mo, 328 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.50.

Industrial Experience of Trade-School Girls in Massachusetts. Prepared under the direction of May Allinson. 8vo, 275 pages. The Department of Research, Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston.

Mexico's Dilemma. By Carl W. Ackerman. Illustrated, 12mo, 281 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

The War and After. By Sir Oliver Lodge. 12mo, 252 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Militarism and Statecraft. By Munroe Smith. 12mo, 286 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Through War to Peace. By Albert G. Keller. 12mo, 181 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Universal Service: The Hope of Humanity. By L. H. Bailey. 12mo, 165 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25.

A Heritage of Freedom. By Mathew Page Andrews. 12mo, 110 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts.

The Imperial Japanese Mission: 1917. A Record of the Reception Throughout the United States of the Special Mission Headed by Viscount Ishii. 8vo, 125 pages. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Paper.

Growth of Internationalism in Japan. By T. Miyaoka. 8vo, 15 pages. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Paper.

Russia, the Revolution and the War. By Christian L. Lange. 8vo, 26 pages. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Paper.

South American Opinions on the War: 1. Chile and the War. By Carlos Silva Vildósola. 2. The Attitude of Ecuador. By Nicolás F. López. Translated by Peter H. Goldsmith. 8vo, 27 pages. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Paper.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Idea and Essence in the Philosophies of Hobbes and Spinoza. By Albert G. A. Balz. 8vo, 86 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper. $1.25.

Metaphysics of the Supernatural as Illustrated by Descartes. By Lina Kahn. 8vo, 65 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper. $1.

The Theory and Practice of Mysticism. By Charles Morris Addison. 12mo, 216 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Psychology and Preaching. By Charles S. Gardner. 12mo, 389 pages. The Macmillan Co. $2.

Fifty Years of Association Work Among Young Women: 1866-1916. By Elizabeth Wilson. Illustrated, 12mo, 402 pages. Woman's Press. $1.60.

Studies in Christianity. By A. Clutton-Brock. 12mo, 169 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Counterfeit Miracles. By Benjamin B. Warfield. 12mo, 327 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The Second Coming of Christ. By Rev. S. P. T. Prideaux. 12mo, 167 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Christ Triumphant and Christian Ideal. By P. C. Schilling. 12mo, 256 pages. The Stratford Co. $1.50.

Creation Ex Nihilo. By L. Franklin Gruber. 12mo, 316 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

Religious Education in the Church. By Henry F. Cope. 12mo, 274 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Theological Essays. By A. V. C. P. Huizinga. With frontispiece. 12mo, 120 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Unofficial Christianity. By Shelton Bissell. 12mo, 98 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.

The Temple. A Book of Prayer. By W. E. Orchard. 16mo, 167 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Just a Minute! By Charles Frederic Goss. 12mo, 146 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. 75 cts.

The New Horizon of State and Church. By William Herbert Perry Fraunce. 16mo, 96 pages. The Macmillan Co. 60 cts.

The Significance of the Protestant Reformation. By Lynn Harold Hough. 16mo, 106 pages. The Abingdon Press. 50 cts.

The Holy Communion. By Charles Lewis Slattery. 16mo, 51 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

For God and Country: Hymns for Use in War Time. Edited by Louis F. Benson. 8vo. Presbyterian Board of Publications. Paper, 10 cts.

BUSINESS.

My Poultry Day By Day. By Alfred Gibson. Illustrated, 8vo, 333 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Practical Gardening. By Hugh Findlay. Illustrated, 12mo, 388 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.

How to Sell More Goods. By H. J. Barrett. 12mo, 214 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Creating Capital. By Frederick L. Lipman. 12mo, 72 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts.

THEY THE CRUCIFIED AND COMRADES

By
Florence Tabor Holt

In these two plays typical incidents of the war in France and Belgium are presented with poignancy and dramatic power. Written with an almost Maeterlinckian beauty, they will make a profound impression either when read or when acted.

Colored frontispiece by Raemaekers.
$1.00 *net.*

(*The author's proceeds are devoted to the War Relief Fund.*)

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

"AT McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

"AN AMERICAN BRITLING."—*New York Sun*

PROFESSOR LATIMER'S PROGRESS

Anonymous. Illustrated, $1.40 net.

The sentimental journey of an American professor on whose soul the war has come down heavily and who seeks a cure and an answer in a walking trip up-State.

The Sun says further:

"A guide to the spirit of America at war. It is wise and witty. It is cheerful, sane, and strengthening."

The N. Y. Tribune says:

"It would not be easy to compare it with other books unless we harked back to Holmes's immortal 'Autocrat' and 'Professor.'"

The New York Times says:

"A book delightful—and more. Brilliantly written, a keen intellectual delight. The characters are irrestible."

The Chicago Daily News says:

"May fairly be called an American 'Mr. Britling,' and as such it is particularly good."

REKINDLED FIRES

BY JOSEPH ANTHONY. *Color frontispiece, $1.40 net.*

Here is a remarkable new novel by a young American realist. The theme is youth and Americanization; the story is of Old World ideals rekindled on new hearths, as shown in the fine relation between an Old World father and a New World son. The scene is a village on the edge of the Jersey meadows. There is humor, broad humanity and a touch of romance.

HOPE TRUEBLOOD

BY PATIENCE WORTH.
Edited by CASPAR S. YOST. *$1.50 net.*

In this new novel of mid-Victorian days with its pervading sense of dark mystery, Patience Worth abandons her archaic dialect, and writes in modern English. The story is of Hope Trueblood, born in a little English village without the knowledge of a father, and suffering all that this stain inflicts in such a community. The interplay of emotion, suspense and quiet humor make for unusually sustained interest.

HENRY HOLT AND CO. 19 West 44th Street NEW YORK CITY

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO., CHICAGO.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

*Artist and Tradesman**

Thank you very much for your kind letter and please thank the Dunsany Dramatic Circle from me: tell them I am most grateful to them for their appreciation, a thing denied to so many poets during their lifetime. It is indeed most generous of them, for there is no law to compel any one to pay the simple debt of appreciation, if it is indeed due, and almost immemorial custom would support them in not paying it—yet. When a poet is dead his death certificate is regarded as a kind of invoice, and people say, "Now we must give him the thanks that we owe him." Even your letter too might well have come at such a time, for it was written on the day on which I had long expected to go to the front, in which I was disappointed only at the last moment.

Well, you ask me for "advice to aspiring playwrights"; so I will try to do as you please out of common gratitude, although I would sooner not, for it is presumptuous of me to offer advice and really I know nothing of the stage. I know that my dreams have got on to the stage, but that is not because I knew anything of its rules but because the march of dreams is irresistible, the mightiest things on earth.

Now there are two kinds of playwrights (indeed all writers are divided into two kinds, quite distinct)—tradesmen and artists.

The first are the more numerous, the more rich; they are the rulers of the time. (I mean by tradesmen the men whose *inspiration* is money.) To them I would say, "Try painting pieces of lead yellow and selling them in the street as gold bricks." Money can be made that way and it is money they need. I know it is an old trick, but no older nor more transparent than theirs; above all it is *more honest* to sell lead for gold than to sell stale phrases as thought, and false conventions as emotion. They are the men whose disinterested purpose is to "provide what the public wants," they always plagiarize the play that pleased the basest part of the mind of the greatest number last year. But because the public ate oranges in the gutter last night, it does not want the peel (with a few chemicals added) put before it as marmalade forever.

But the artists are the rulers of the generations. They are the only people to whom it is worth giving advice, and the only people who don't need it. So what can I say to them? Merely idle thoughts as they run through my mind.

A play is made of *sincerity*, with that kink in its tail that we call the dramatic, and *style*. One can say nothing of style except that a man's own style is the only one for him to write in; it grows with him and changes with him and is a part of him. One can't write in another man's style—that is *his* job: it's like trying to do your own plumbing, which may annoy the plumber and in any case isn't a bit like plumbing when it is done. Style is the expression of your own sincerity. There is not one Truth in the world, nor one world. In one drop of water there are many heavens reflected, according to where you stand and look at it. In the same way many truths shine on the human mind and are reflected back by it. One man says, "Russia is like this"; another says, "It is like that"; and another says, "It is like another thing"—all speaking the truth as they've seen it. And the fool writes a book called "Russia as it Really Is," think-

* A letter written to the Dunsany Dramatic Circle in response to a request for advice to "aspiring playwrights." In writing THE DIAL, granting permission to publish the letter (a permission previously granted by its owner), Lord Dunsany explained the tardiness of his reply as follows: "I was in the Hindenburg Line at the time and the place was not propitious to the mood of letter-writing, which comes of leisure; and we occupied our leisure there in eating, sleeping, and discussing subjects like the creation of the world and modern politicians and how to keep flies out of jam."

ing there can be only one manifestation of one thing to all the world forever.

Sincerity is a great force in all work and is too great a light to be hidden under any bushel. (I get near truisms now.) All men have sincerity and it flashes forth from their work. The man that tries to cheat you on the race course and the man that writes advertisements of poisonous drugs have sincerity: their sincere purpose is to get your money, and this purpose is seen in their style just as the same purpose is seen in the tradesman's play, with his eye all the while on the box-office.

The message of most modern plays is "Give Me Money." But the message of a work of art is too complex to be put into a few words or into a few sentences, or into words any shorter than the length of the work itself even if it is an epic. There are millions who would say of Hamlet, "What is it all about?" and expect to be told in half a minute what it took Shakespeare himself many months to write. . .

I am not my own master till this war is won, and being often interrupted I find it difficult to write a consecutive letter. But the gist of my impertinence, for it is impertinent to offer advice to artists, is sincerity of purpose and the certainty that the worker's purpose is revealed in every work. I mean let them not call grass purple if they think it green—in order to appear daringly original; or green if they think it purple—in order to please the public who believe it to be green. An artist in fact must be true to his own inspiration—

> And it must follow as the night the day
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

I think you can only have seen my "Five Plays" (Kennerley). Of these "The Glittering Gate" is without beauty, being written in cockney dialect; "The Lost Silk Hat" is frivolous; and "King Argimenes," though it has a pleasant beginning—a king in rags gnawing a bone—rather falls away from that inspiration and does not climb up as it should to a great climax, or in stage parlance "a good curtain." Yet there are certainly things in it I like myself, such as "the tear-song, the chaunt of the low born" (the words have a pleasant sound to me as I recall them) and "whoever be thy gods, whether they punish thee or whether they bless thee." Yes, that is in a new and unknown country right enough where people speak like that, and it is in an unknown country that I laid the play. But the construction is bad, though the atmosphere is all right. It was a very early play and I had the inspiration of a king sitting on the ground in rags eating his bone, and built the play on that, which is rather like building a roof and the house afterwards—but you do in America, don't you? Then there is "The Golden Doom," rather slight I fear; but there certainly is a truth in that, the very little having its share in events as much as the very great, as an inch of a rope is as important as a mile of it. I liked the start of that play, I remember—the feeling of oppression, almost of doom, and the sentry sighing, "I would that I were swimming down the Gyshon, on the cool side, under the fruit-trees." But there is only one of the five with which I am content. I love the "Gods of the Mountain." "And the doom found him on the hills at evening"—I remember how that pleased me, and the despairing cry "Rock should not walk in the evening."

But I have two plays better than that, a four-act tragedy and a rather short three-act one; and a one-act play about equal to it—all unacted yet and unprinted; and a two-act play called "The Tents of the Arabs" ("Plays of Gods and Men." Luce), perhaps a little more poetical than dramatic, which was acted in Paris and Manchester; and a three-act comedy; and another one-act play; besides two one-act plays that I don't care for and don't wish staged.

Please bow for me to the Circle that has honored me and say that if ever their fancies have found pleasure in playing by strange seas to which I have led them for a moment, your letter has well repaid me.

Yours, and theirs, gratefully,

DUNSANY.

Ebrington Barracks
Londonderry
Ireland.

The Public Library and the Public Need

Greece fell because she did not know the difference between a museum and a bank. This illuminating diagnosis of Professor Zimmern's applies not merely to the ancient world; it also has a significance for contemporary America. All over the country are store-houses of information, but these public libraries are in the nature of the Greek "liturgy," monuments of local interest. In hardly any sense are they national banks of thought. For the gold standard of intellectual life is scientific knowledge, and its currency should be available not merely to the student preparing his thesis in solitary enthusiasm, but likewise to the citizen working for a healthy government, to the business man who wants knowledge of other men's experience, to that too large majority of our population which has not had any organized learning since the meagre offering of the public schools. Who will maintain that our libraries now successfully perform all of these functions?

There are, of course, isolated instances of libraries which accomplish great things. Two typical examples are the Business Branch of the Newark Public Library, established by John Cotton Dana over ten years ago, and the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, which is said by one of its former workers to be "twenty years ahead of its public."

The Newark Public Library has had the advantage of a gradual growth that other libraries, such as the one in New York, which is the largest in the country, have lacked. The Newark library, developing with its city, has been able to make itself an integral part of civic life. It circulates not merely books but pictures and exhibits of all sorts, to the great benefit of the schools. These loan collections are distinct from the exhibitions continually maintained for the visiting public. But it is the Business Branch that is of signal importance. This is located in the very core of the business district. Within a radius of three blocks are nearly all the offices of this city of 400,000. As the library meets the needs of its clientèle in point of location, so it answers them in the arrangement of its interior and in the complete flexibility of its system. It was started on the assumption that a vital need of business is access to unbound literature of no more than immediate value. The twelve years of its history have meant the rich accumulation of material of this nature: directories, domestic and foreign, of localities, and of trades and professions; reports of the New York Stock Exchange and of transactions in local securities; maps of all sizes and descriptions—rural delivery maps, soil maps, local and general atlases—books and periodicals dealing with business administration; and technical books and journals accessible to the Branch through two daily deliveries from the Technical Department of the Main Library. The large maps are arranged on labeled shade rollers; the smaller ones in a vertical file, so that they are as convenient as cards in a catalogue. Pamphlets crowd the open shelves. These are classified by strips of colored paper, which indicate each leaflet's alphabetical and topical place. At the information desk an attendant is ready to give assistance either in the Branch itself or by telephone. From its alluring show-window to the small room holding its free typewriter, the Branch presents a serviceable attraction to the business men of this growing city. It represents to them what the consulting engineer is to a huge plant, or a consulting physician to a troubled practitioner. Last year the cost of the Branch was only four per cent of the total expenditure, but its value to its clientèle is probably inestimable.

Similarly, the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh attempts to make itself an aggressive social force. It does not limit itself to any single group in the community, but spreads a network over the city—in factories, schools, homes, and civic centres. Altogether it has over two hundred agencies, only eight of which are conventional branch libraries. Coöperation between the schools and the library is probably closer in Pittsburgh than in any other city of its size. Not merely are the children taught

to use the library, but the library provides college classes, study groups, and clubs with elaborate reference material, even to the extent of printed bibliographies. In a community largely immigrant, heterogeneous, and diffident, it is an educative instrumentality of the first order.

Yet such instrumentalities are shining exceptions. For too long a period the library, like a sinking ship, has provided for women and children first. Unless adequate steps are taken, the library will fulfill the analogy and go down. Indifference to its potentialities of service to students and business men is largely due to the lack of coördination. There is neither coördination between the libraries in different cities, nor between the libraries and the public, and occasionally it is lacking within a given library itself. The result is general dissatisfaction, and a steady drain of its best workers into other professions, with a mortal effect upon the institution.

Typical of the general chaos is the fact that each library has not merely its own system of administration, but an employment system peculiar to itself. This varies from the libraries where the Director administers the finances and does the hiring and firing as well, to those which chafe under civil service. In some cases the apprenticeship system is in effect, which means that the librarian does the work of the job above and receives the salary of the job below. Frequently library school graduates are preferred for promotion to librarians in good standing who have no library school diploma. This confusion is intensified by the lack of standard training.

Adelaide R. Hasse, Chief of the Economics Division of the New York Public Library, declares: "A corporation maintained for the sole purpose of doing business directly with the public is confined in the selection of its personnel largely to schools whose curriculum is confessedly weakest in exactly those subjects most vitally required by the corporation." The average librarian is schooled to be a combination filing-clerk and social uplifter. A library cannot be run without efficient filing-clerks. The circulation department can doubtless be run best by people who make efficient sociologists. Neither of these types of workers, however, is desirable in the reference departments. There the need is for men as well as women (ability as a librarian has not yet been proven a sex-link characteristic) who are capable of scholarly research and sympathetic collaboration. There are a few such people in the library today, but they are either underpaid or undervalued, and sometimes both.

Indeed, the salary question is a fair indication of the difficulty faced by the library today. The circle is a vicious one: the library cannot function properly until the public opens the purse-strings; the public will not grant money until it recognizes the library as a necessity. It is widely acknowledged that librarians are generally unable to live upon their salaries without substantial aid from outside sources. Library school graduates are probably as highly paid as any in the profession. The University of Illinois Library School estimates that the salary of its average woman graduate is $1175 a year, according to answers to a questionnaire sent out to the graduates of 1916. Pratt statistics for 1917 declare that there are more graduates earning $1200 than any other single figure, and there are as many earning only $900 as are earning $1500. The average salaries paid in 1917 in the Circulation Department of the New York Public Library range from the salary of the Junior Assistant at $581 to that of the Branch Librarian at $1283. The Director of one of the foremost libraries in the country has written: "I shall . . . have to confess that I am ashamed of the salaries paid at this institution, and as a matter of pride do not wish to call attention to the present unsatisfactory conditions of employment. I hope and am doing my best to improve matters as rapidly as possible." In fact the problem became so acute that last March saw the initiation of the Library Employees' Union, with the object of standardizing jobs and salaries and encouraging promotion from the ranks (that is, from among librarians not necessarily graduated from the library school). Many librarians conceive this affiliation with the A. F. of L. as a stain upon the dignity of

their profession. But when many others in the field are doing so-called "practice" work at the wage of a factory hand or a department-store clerk, it is difficult to view this underpaid and unstandardized job as a profession at all.

Standardization may eventually prove to be the solution of many of the problems which both the public and the library have to face. In a statement made before the American Library Association in June, 1917 its committee declared that standardization is the necessary preliminary to certification, which librarians desire as the means of ranking them on an equal plane with teachers as regards service and pay. Libraries could be standardized with respect to income, population served, and the lines of work undertaken. Library service could be standardized by the introduction of at least a reasonable uniformity of titles, a statement of duties, regulated hours of service, salaries and pensions, promotion schedules, efficiency records, and certification. The arguments for certification are, first of all, the arguments for economy. Secondly, it would prevent the continuance of the spoils system, of which Boston has recently shown a glaring example. By ranking the librarian's work with that of the doctor and the lawyer it would protect both the profession and the public. Moreover it would prevent an extended application of civil service to libraries, and yet permit a pension system from public funds. Finally, certification would imply the library's definite relation to the other educational agencies of the state. The two strongest arguments against it are that it would injure library extension, and that it would not be flexible enough to meet local requirements. But these seem to be outweighed by the evidence in its favor. And in working out the details these problems would get due consideration.

Standardization means a long step toward complete governmental control of the library. In a democracy such a control presents no terrors to those who set high value on the independent intellectual life. In its purpose the library is already a public institution; no one questions that it ought to come into more popular use. And in the long run, of course, popular use will mean popular control. In fact a nationalized library would function not very differently from a national bank. It would mean a federal reserve of information, on which each locality could draw as need dictated. Neither the militant concern of the librarians nor the efforts of library administrators, however, can achieve this end without active popular interest. The public must appreciate the library as its own instrument—not a literary museum, but a bank where intellectual currency may be "lent, borrowed, issued, and cared for," to promote social intercourse and accomplishment.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

In Dedication

It is well that we have come to question these
  Lip-protestations, and have grown beyond
The need of crying our uncertainties
  Down every quiet hour. There is a bond
In these near moments of our voicelessness.
  If all were said, what would there then remain
To fill a winter's evening, or confess
  In subtle ways that make all meanings plain?

We have stood together at the little door
  And looked across the threshold into clear
    Amazing spaces where the four winds are.
What can we ask of understanding more!
  Our silences are such as lovers hear—
    Like music heard through portals left ajar.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

A Gordon Craig from Broadway

Perhaps you expect such things of the German theatre. The fact remains that, outside Germany, it has not been the successful commercial managers of Europe, but theorists like Appia and Craig, who have attempted to set down practical, revolutionary, and far reaching principles of stage production. But now America has at last contributed its volume of original theory, and the author turns out to be a man who like Fuchs, author of "Die Revolution des Theatres," is an actual worker in the actual theatre and like Hagemann, author of "Die Regie," an actual director and producer. More than that, our American theorist happens to be a successful Broadway manager. He is also something else. For his name is Arthur Hopkins.

His book, "How's Your Second Act?" (Philip Goodman, New York), is dangerous. It demolishes any theatregoer's interest in the 99-95/100 per cent. pure rot which passes for the art of production in America. It also leaves a critic in peril of being absurdly ecstatic. Here is a little book—of about seven thousand words—with all the larger laws of the theatre written plain. Here is a complete æsthetic theory set down by a practical Broadway manager in the words of a Claire Briggs "regular fellow." This Broadway manager recognizes the importance of the economic organization of the theatre and the criminal power for evil in our theatrical system. He stands for synthetic, unified production—everything in one key—and tells us how to get it, in fact how he has got it. More than that, he understands modern scientific psychology well enough to recognize the application of Freudian theories of the unconscious to the theatre; to grasp why the truth of "thought through emotion" is nowhere more important that in the playhouse. This is, roughly, the nature and content of "How's Your Second Act?"

Here—extracted from Mr. Hopkins's chapter on what he calls "unconscious projection"—is the essence of America's first contribution to theatrical theory:

> It has frequently been said of my productions, that they conveyed a certain sustained illusion that seemed not to be of the theatre . . . Complete illusion has to do entirely with the unconscious mind. . . The conscious mind should play no part. The theatre is always seeking unanimous reaction. It is palpably evident that unanimous reaction from conscious minds is practically impossible. Seat a dozen people in a room, present any problem which you ask them consciously to solve, and you will get nearly as many different reactions as there are people; but place five thousand people in a room and strike some note or appeal that is associated with an unconscious idea common to all of them, and you will get a practically unanimous reaction. In the theatre I do not want the emotion that rises out of thought, but the thought that rises out of emotion. The emotional reaction must be secured first.
>
> The problem now arises: "How can we in the theatre confine ourselves to the unconscious mind?" The hypnotist has supplied us with the answer: "Still the conscious mind." The hypnotist's first effort is to render inoperative the conscious mind of the subject. With that out of the way he can direct his commands to an undistracted unconscious mind and get definite reactions. The subject has no opportunity to think about it.
>
> In the theatre we can secure a similar result by giving the audience no reason to think about it, by presenting every phase so unobtrusively, so free from confusing gesture, movement, and emphasis, that all passing action seems inevitable, so that we are never challenged or consciously asked why. . .
>
> This method entails sweeping readjustments. To begin with, author, director, scene designer, and actor must become completely the servants of the play. Each must resist every temptation to score personally. . . It must all be inevitable, impersonal, and untrammelled. It requires a complete surrender of selfishness. In fact, it demands of everyone the honest rigidity of the true artist, who will stoop to nothing because it is effective or conspicuous or because "it goes."
>
> It is the opposite of all that has become traditional in the theatre.

It is rather a pity Mr. Hopkins couldn't have given up one of his productions this season—"The Rescuing Angel," Billie Burke's vehicle, for choice—and have built up his book to the regulation tome with a thorough description and analysis of the various means he has employed in his productions to obtain what he calls "unconscious projection." It would have been much more interesting to have description of the special low couches and chairs and stools which Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Robert E. Jones have devised for use close to the footlights than to see Billie

Burke sitting on them. This doubtless seems a small matter, but out of such ingenuity springs a genuinely natural and yet well pointed movement of the players. In a Hopkins production there are a score of such elements that deserve description and analysis; the playgoer would benefit—and the rival producer—and the playgoer again. Three quarters of our progress in production has been individual experimentation and selection; three sixteenths has been learned by personal contact. A great, great deal of this waste labor could be saved by intelligent and open discussion.

Hopkins himself, even at this stage of his progress, could learn much by it. While he described and explained the system of shallow and carefully balanced settings by which he secures a certain repose essential to the cultivation of the unconscious, he might come upon a realization of the fact that consciousness of this bare balance may distract a certain part of his audience unless the design has somewhere in it one unsymmetrical touch so subtly placed as to lull that small minority without disturbing the rest.

If he went further into the acting problems than such excellent statements as "The true test of a performance is the ease with which it is accomplished," he might note that an actor may accomplish his effect with ease and sureness—with the ease and sureness, for instance, of Lionel Atwill in Mr. Hopkins's own productions of "The Wild Duck" and "Hedda Gabler"—and yet accomplish an effect quite alien to the part he plays. There have been some striking things about Mr. Hopkins's spring productions of Ibsen with Mme. Nazimova: the actress's creation of Hedwig, the etched quality of the figures in "The Wild Duck," and the strikingly exotic quality of everything in "Hedda Gabler." You must admit these things while you criticize the basically wrong conceptions of Hialmar and Gregers in "The Wild Duck" and of Tesman in "Hedda." And while you abuse Mr. Hopkins for allowing any exigency on earth to make him exhibit the horrible old-fashioned, weak, moulding-painted setting which struck the wrong note at the very start of "The Wild Duck," and while you point out that a genuine, middle-class, small-town "Hedda" —for once—might be really illuminating, you must recognize the beautiful, unreal, and grotesquely entertaining flavor of this "Hedda," keyed to Nazimova's peculiar conception of the leading part. You must recognize the thrill which Hopkins and Jones threw into the expected and discounted suicide by having Hedda, after she had closed the curtains behind her, suddenly reappear framed against the grave-black inner side of those hangings, visible for the first time as she held them back.

But you must recognize just as surely the sin of Hopkins in letting an actor like Lionel Atwill, skilled technically as he is, play his parts each night more and more for the laughter and applause that were in them. Atwill's performance, described by Hopkins himself, would make an excellent addition to the producer's statement: "It is quite essential for the reaction that I seek that we never do anything for the benefit of the audience."

If Hopkins wrote such a technical textbook, he could put in a score more of important things—important to himself as much as to the next producer. He might describe his mellow, sculpturesque overhead lighting and yet reflect on the disturbing fact that, beautiful as it is, it strikes you as beautifully unnatural unless some grand parlor or hotel or bar supplies an excuse for "indirect" chandeliers high above as a supposititious source of the light. With the little table lamp of "The Wild Duck" and white reflecting walls, this lighting played havoc with the illusion of the various times of day and weather called for in the play.

But such a book would include too descriptions of unapproachable settings like those schemed out by Hopkins and Jones for "The Devil's Garden," and the hotel corridor of "Good Gracious Annabelle." It would picture a great many perfect ensembles from the days of the now forgotten "Steve," in which Arnold Daly appeared, to the quite as much forgotten "Deluge" of last fall. It would form a record of work unique in our commercial theatre. But, in the last analysis, it could only point and illumine the unique and thoughtful essence of Hopkins's little book.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

Our London Letter

I do wish that literary persons—including professors, critics, publishers, and similar rabble—could be induced to admit that Shakespeare is a poet and to live up to their admission. When I want to read Flecker or Brooke or Housman or even Swinburne or Tennyson, I can read them in pleasantly bound and printed volumes of a convenient size with nothing to take my attention away from the poetry. But if I want to read Shakespeare, I may get any sort of an edition. Some are for the waistcoat pocket and look like diaries of engagements. Others are decorated with portraits of famous actors, depicted *in flagrante delicto*—that is, in the very act of cutting and recasting the plays to their own taste. I knew one edition that solemnly showed all the cuts and alterations made by Sir Henry Irving, and there are some that reproduce all the misprints of the folios and take an especial pride in adding the misprints of the quartos wherever it is possible. These are by way of being eccentricities, I own; the most common form of decoration is notes—critical, biographical, historical, moral, psychological, and merely childish. I however like my Shakespeare neat. I want an edition with a sensible text, produced by an editor who is not in a fever to tell me why he has adopted the emendation " 'a babbled of green fields" and who can refrain from telling me that "since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake" means that they change for the worse.

This tirade is drawn from me by the latest—and, I think, the last—volume of the Arden Shakespeare, which contains the sonnets and "A Lover's Complaint." But I mean no disrespect to the Arden Shakespeare. Why complain of a potato because it is not a lily? And the Arden Shakespeare is an admirably complete and scholarly edition, very useful and filling a felt want. But I shall never read Shakespeare in it. I doubt whether anyone could who took anything more than a scholar's interest in him. I open the book at random and on page 48 I discover lines 3-14 of Sonnet XLIV and lines 1-4 of Sonnet XLV. I also find three textual notes and 30 lines of elucidative and philogical notes, in small type and double columns. You cannot enjoy the sonnets when your eye is constantly besought to leave the verse in order to learn that the word "liberty" in Shakespeare has a meaning which varies "from the privilege of dispensing with conventions to license in the worst sense." But having emitted that last complaint, I have done. There is much to be said for the Arden Shakespeare, and I wish I had the whole of it.

And Mr. C. Knox Pooler has performed a really remarkable feat in producing an edition of the sonnets with an introduction that is neither dull nor silly. He knows as well as any that all over the world there is a horde of cranks and anti-cranks prepared to leap out on any editor of the sonnets whose foot slips for a moment. So he details one after another all the different theories in a cool, dry way which hardly indicates whether he believes in any one of them more than in another. His account of the Mary Fitton theory is very good; and there is an interesting citation of Lady Newdigate, who declares that Mary's reputation as a dark beauty is derived solely from the griminess of her effigy in the family monument at Cawsbury. He concludes with the admirable decision that "hitherto, no theory or discovery has increased our enjoyment of any line in the sonnets or cleared up any difficulty." But there is one theory that he has not quoted.

I refer to the theory which was enunciated by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland in his recent book "The English Sonnet" (Dodd, Mead; $3.). In his prefatory note Mr. Crosland announced with pomp that "the theory as to the true origin of the sonnets of Shakespeare is . . . new." One wondered helplessly in reading it who in the world Mr. W. H. was now. But the explanation, when one reached it, was the simple, sensible, but nevertheless unexpected story that follows:

> It is safe to say that when Shakespeare set out on his sonnet-writing, he was absolutely care-free so far as his affections were concerned, and the first twenty-six sonnets have no more to do with heart-unlocking in the sense insisted upon by the biographists than they have to do with the binomial theorem. We shall go further and submit that until he wrote Sonnet 144—that is to say, until he came virtually to the end of his sonnet performance—he had no clear conception of any plot or story which the sonnets should unfold, and that Sonnet 144 was written out of an endeavour to give some showing of a relation to the hundred and forty-three pieces which precede it, and help the reader to imagine that he had been perusing a set tale. In other words, "the story of the sonnets," such as it is, was evolved fortuitously out of the writing and sequence of the pieces, and the sonnets were not written out of a story, personal or impersonal.

Besides this, Mr. Crosland drops the nonchalant remark that "Mr. W. H. . . . was a fig-

ment, set up to provoke talk." Now I am not sure that I can accept even this theory wholeheartedly; but I do maintain that it may very well increase our enjoyment of the sonnets and clear away a great many difficulties. It seems to me unlikely, for instance, that Shakespeare's sonnets to the young man who was unwilling to marry have anything like their surface significance. The young man cannot have been anything more than a peg on which, by way of a convention of passionate friendship, Shakespeare hung his otherwise unrelated poetical inspirations. But I find it equally impossible to believe that the sonnets written to the unfaithful lady have not a much closer relation to actual events. This does not mean that the sonnets to the friend are insincere and those to the mistress sincere; but they are certainly on different planes of sincerity. And if this disparity of tone be once admitted, there is an end at once, I think, of the notion that the whole sequence is a connected confession or the account of any definite episode in Shakespeare's life. It seems to me much more probable that Shakespeare wrote sonnets because he wanted to write sonnets and that he now used actual incidents, now built on a convention, just as he felt inclined and, finally, that he collected all together simply because they were all sonnets.

The poetical imagination is a very strange thing. Sonnet CXLIV is a definite and a deliberate attempt to unite the young man ("the better angel") and the mistress ("the worser spirit") in a common relation to the life of the poet. But Mr. Crosland's suggestion that this is designed to give a narrative interest to the whole sequence is a little crude. Shakespeare may have imagined for purposes of poetry an intrigue, which he knew did not exist, between mistress and friend. He may even have imagined the situation arising, though the mistress and friend had never met, merely out of the contrast between his own presentation of the friend and that of the mistress. I do not know, and I am not trying to solve the insoluble. I am merely trying to demonstrate how hard the solution is. Poetic inspiration springs from deep and mysterious sources, and it is impossible to predicate a negative concerning it.

But one thing does leap to the eye from an impartial rereading of the sonnets and that is, how absurd it is to judge Shakespeare as an Elizabethan. The fact that other poets of the era wrote sonnet sequences is even more irrelevant than the fact that other poets wrote plays in blank verse. There is no Elizabethan sequence which approaches this—not even "Astrophel and Stella"—for vigor, variety, mastery of words, and sheer magic of personality. The things in which Shakespeare transcends all poets are so much more important than those which he has in common with the Elizabethans that his epoch seems perfectly unimportant. I do not put this forward as a new idea or even an idea which was worth restating for its intrinsic merits. I mention it as a matter of interest simply because it sprang up in my mind quite spontaneously while I was reading the sonnets again, and because for a moment its unassailable truth seemed to me to make it shine with novelty.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, May 8, 1918.

Desirable Residential Neighborhood

Up and down the street
In stolid, impassive rows,
With long pious faces
And decorous door-steps
That look like folded hands in mitts,
The houses of the sixties and the seventies
Solemnly regard each other:
Staid brick houses with iron embroideries,
And drab wooden houses with cupolas
And jig-saw trimmings,
Heavy-lidded,
Gazing hypocritically at the ground;
And the steep roofs, protuberant balconies,
Bristling towers and plate-glass of the nineties
Glaring disdainfully,
Their elbows drawn in.
It is winter—the trees stand gravely aside.
The houses have an air of shrugging slightly,
Cynically indifferent to this exposure
Of their bleak and dingy nakedness.
Motors like anxious black beetles
Scurry busily to and fro.
In a grimy garden where smutty sparrows hop
On the sooty grass
Three birch trees stand
Swaying their long hair,
Posturing,
Lifting white arms as if to dance.
Their feet are rooted under the grimy sod.
They sway sadly in the wind or stand
Dreaming,
Like princesses enchanted.

CLARA SHANAFELT.

La Peur de la Vie

REFLECTIONS ON WAR AND DEATH. By Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by A. A. Brill and Alfred B. Kuttner. Moffat, Yard; 75 cts.

It is curious what different types of mind and what different methods of intellectual approach have produced an almost identical diagnosis of the anemia of modern industrial civilization. Long before the present world war William James, in his now prophetic essay "A Moral Equivalent for War," expressed the criticism of the alert and discerning mind at the thinness and barrenness of a universe constructed from merely well-intentioned humanitarian ideals. To a man of such vigor and real daring a world of placid utopianism was intolerable. James's whole essay was a straightforward attempt to assess the high value of danger and risk in any endurable society. Yet so utterly unlike a temperament as that represented by George Santayana made a similar complaint in "Winds of Doctrine," saying with great bitterness that nothing was meaner and more contemptible than the desire to live on, somehow, at any price—a desire which seemed to be the chief characteristic, and to further which was the main intellectual preoccupation, of the age. Even in so unphilosophical and essentially journalistic and contemporary a writer as H. G. Wells there often recurred this same bitterness at the lack of color and movement in modern life, where, as he once expressed it, a man could live through his entire three score years and ten fudging and evading and never being really hungry, never being really thirsty or angry or in danger, or facing a really great emotion, until the agony of the deathbed. Civilization had not merely refused to calculate on death, but had come almost to the point of refusing to believe in it. The keener minds rebelled against that hypocrisy.

Then came the war, and with it that most disconcerting phenomenon which L. P. Jacks has described as "the peacefulness of being at war"—the sense, at last, that there was really danger and high adventure and the possibility of dealing and receiving death once more. Of course the conventional reformist type of mind was shocked and horrified at this emergence of death as a reality. Up to what we might call the saturation point of sensitiveness these minds dwelt with almost unctuous detail upon blood, pus, agony, and human hopes shattered to bits by unfeeling fire and shrapnel. These were the people who during the first year of the war never tired of telling us that civilization had tumbled into ruins. But as they had never really faced death before the war came, so they never really faced it afterward. Their shrinking from war's horrors was not sincere; they protested too much. Unlike the average soldier, dragged from an industrial life of doubtful happiness, thwarted in his aspirations for creative activity, crushed in his few timid strivings for genuine emotions, bound by routine, they did not accept the war as a kind of release from the diligent muffling against the realities of life and death which we call modern civilization. In all men in whose veins blood has not wholly turned to water there is left a strong instinct of what the French call "nostalgie de la boue," and while they do not pretend to like lice and mud and sudden pain and hunger and cold and an iron discipline that reduces their own individuality to zero, it would be idle to deny that they find in all these things a kind of deep gratification (a gratification which the conventional pacifist mind cannot even imaginatively appreciate) that life is not the smooth, round, tasteless monotony which the industrial revolution had almost succeeded in making it.

Naturally soldiers do not intellectualize about war in the ingenious fashion of Mr. Jacks, and for them its glamor has little connection with the trappings and parade and music of militaristic romance. What is undeniable, however, is that war, in so far as it *is* war and not a corporation-like mechanism, does satisfy a fundamental and thwarted human need. This is either ignored or denied by the conventional humanitarian mind, which suddenly in August 1914 discovered that war was horrible and men were the sons of women. And as a consequence this type of reformist intellectual approach—by far the most common—after its first shattering of amiable illusions developed a curious technique of evasion, which is precisely as much a denial of the reality of death in actual war time as it was formerly in the piping days of peace. Details are not here necessary, for we all recognize those for whom today the emphasis is all upon the happy by-products of the present agony, the new world, integration, and so on. Indeed, instead of being shocked by war out of their earlier paltry utopianism to face and to calculate upon the reality of death in life, the last four years seem merely to have made them take refuge in even more grandiose utopianisms. Too

many of the schemes for a reconstructed world after the war are merely self-protective prisons in which the well-wishers defend themselves from the assaults of the awful reality beating at their doors.

But the competent and realistic mind is not afraid either to face the possibility of death or to describe modern war in any other terms than those of permanent human values. It does not shrink from a world of danger and struggle, yet neither does it gloss over or prettify the tragic fruits of the modern battlefield. Bertrand Russell is a signal example of the humanist and realist who strikes this compromise between a recognition of the necessity for danger and color and creation and movement in a decent civilization, and a recognition of the futility and waste of modern war. He realizes, as Gilbert Cannan in his passionate little book "Freedom" also realizes, that modern wars are the atonement we make for our lack of appreciating the human evils of a pallid, "safe" industrialism. On the other side of the enemy frontier, Professor Sigmund Freud voices much the same idea in this short essay, "Reflections on War and Death," for the translation of which we have to thank the diligence and scientific interest of Dr. A. A. Brill and Mr. A. B. Kuttner. It is true that Dr. Freud's final plea has not entirely the hopeful and prophetic quality of Bertrand Russell's vision. Evidently the essay was written early in the war, for it is spotty and uncoördinated and slight. Freud has not attempted to deal with the second and less cynical part of the dilemma of modern war as definitely and optimistically as Russell. But he has stated afresh with great vigor, and with the powerful reënforcement of his well known technique of psychological analysis, the barrenness of modern civilization—a barrenness which arose from its refusal to calculate upon death.

"Life becomes impoverished and loses its interest when life itself, the highest stake in the game of living, must not be risked." In ordinary, everyday existence we can get only the thin gratification of our ever-dying, ever-resurrected heroes of literature and the stage. All our risks and our challenges of fate are vicarious. Thus we are inconsolable when death actually happens, and we act "as if we belonged to the tribe of the Asra, who also die when those whom they love perish." As Freud points out, war compels us to change all that—to recognize the reality of death, just as the death of the beloved of primitive man (who, like our own unconscious today, did not believe in death) forced *him* to recognize its reality. For war restores what civilization can hide, heroism which springs from our deep inability to believe in our own death, pleasure in the killing of the hated one in the enemy (the hatred which is the component of all love), and power to rise above "the shock of the death of friends." Freud asks us if we have not, in our civilized attitude towards death, lived psychologically beyond our means. His own answer of course is in the affirmative, and the affirmative is probably correct. He is certainly right in urging us to shake off our hypocrisy about death and to calculate upon its realities. But it is a plea which is relevant for peace as for war. Whatever civilization emerges from the present clash of arms, it can have no stability and no creative joy unless our former timidities are exorcised. Life loses its major virility when we strive at all costs to maintain it. That is the justification for Freud's plea, and it is sufficient.

HAROLD STEARNS.

A Novelist Turned Prophet

MID-AMERICAN CHANTS. By Sherwood Anderson. Lane; $1.25.

Unsympathetic as it may sound, "Mid-American Chants" is an important-looking volume rather than an important book. It burns with sincerity; it is charged with a fervent passion; it echoes great hopes and a high purpose. But these very qualities are so apparent that they seem a trifle forced; the voice of the prophet sounds a bit self-conscious and his mantle bags about the knees. Even his "Foreword" has a pat and almost patronizing tone:

> I do not believe that my people of midwestern America, immersed as we are in affairs, hurried and harried through life by the terrible engine—industrialism—have come to the time of song . . .
>
> For this book of chants I ask simply that it be allowed to stand stark against the background of my own place and generation. In secret a million men and women are trying, as I have tried here, to express the hunger within and I have dared to put these chants forth only because I hope and believe they may find an answering and clearer call in the hearts of other Mid-Americans.

I do not want to suggest that these sentences show Mr. Anderson as anything but modest and genuinely moved—and yet they strike me as somewhat dubious. What, for instance, does Mr. Anderson mean by implying that because mid-

western America is "hurried and harried" by industrialism it cannot sing. Has he forgotten Vachel Lindsay, Harry Kemp, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg? Or has he a more special definition of what constitutes song? Or is he, perhaps, laboring under the old fallacy that a harassed and over-worked race is necessarily an inexpressive and silent one. Let him consider the Greeks, nine tenths of whom were actually slaves; the Elizabethans, "harried and hurried through life" by a thousand tyrannies and oppressions; our own negroes, possibly the most spontaneous of melody makers, broken of everything but their desire to sing. If the absence of machinery and of the wage system would bring about a literary efflorescence, the æsthetic world would be led by the Esquimaux, the Javanese, and the Senegambians. Song, as a matter of scientific fact, has sprung not only out of a leisurely contemplation of art but from a sharp necessity. It has risen out of dirt and despair in jubilations as well as protests. It is both a relief and a release from the conditions that go to create it.

The conditions rather than the song are suggested in Mr. Anderson's small but ambitious volume. It would be pleasant to record that they are suggested with the same power and original utterance that were so striking in "Marching Men," "Windy McPherson's Son," and the short stories that caused such enthusiastic comment upon their appearance in "The Seven Arts." But even a casual reading of these loosely written chants reveals how frequently the author has forced his note and how much his utterance is indebted to Whitman and the idiom of Sandburg. Here is an illustration:

SONG TO THE SAP

In my breast the sap of spring,
In my brain grey winter, bleak and hard,
Through my whole being, surging strong and sure,
The call of gods,
The forward push of mystery and of life.

Men, sweaty men, who walk on frozen roads,
Or stand and listen by the factory door,
Look up, men!
Stand hard!
On winds the gods sweep down.

In denser shadows by the factory walls,
In my old cornfields, broken where the cattle roam,
The shadow of the face of God falls down.

From all of Mid-America a prayer,
To newer, braver gods, to dawns and days,
To truth and cleaner, braver life we come.
Lift up a song,
My sweaty men,
Lift up a song.

And here is the first half of one of the finest of the rhapsodies:

I am pregnant with song. My body aches but do not betray me. I will sing songs and hide them away. I will tear them into bits and throw them in the street. The streets of my city are full of dark holes. I will hide my songs in the holes of the streets.

In the darkness of the night I awoke and the bands that bind me were broken. I was determined to bring old things into the land of the new. A sacred vessel I found and ran with it into the fields, into the long fields where the corn rustles.

All of the people of my time were bound with chains. They had forgotten the long fields and the standing corn. They had forgotten the west winds.

Into the cities my people had gathered. They had become dizzy with words. Words had choked them. They could not breathe.

The defects of Mr. Anderson's prose poems are of the same character as the faults in his novels. In "Windy McPherson's Son," for instance, one could almost see the dividing line where the story broke off abruptly and shifted from intensified fact to mere colored fiction. Here the transition is less abrupt; but the pages, for the greater part, are closely related to the latter and lesser half of Mr. Anderson's remarkable books. They lose themselves in flights of oracular vagueness; in their determined effort to be prophetic they show nothing so much as an inchoate wish, a desire to adjust to the rapidly shifting world of labor—a desire that is scarcely accomplished. Mr. Anderson himself may be able to face realities, but his poetry is not nearly so courageous. It is far more evasive than most of his prose; it goes round about, rather than through, the fact. It expresses itself mainly through the sort of circumlocutory symbolism that we have learned to belittle when we find it embodied in the more regular forms.

THE PLANTING

'Tis then I am the tiny thing,
A little bug, a figure wondrous small, a sower on prairies limitless.
Into her arms I creep and wait and dream that I may serve,
And do the work of gods in that vast place.

Awake—asleep—remade to serve,
I stretch my arms and lie—intense—expectant—'til her moment comes.
Then seeds leap forth.
The mighty hills rise up and gods and tiny things like me proclaim their joy.

Man in the making—seeds in the ground,
O'er all my western country now a wind.
Rich, milky smell of cornfields, dancing nymphs,
And tiny men that turn away to dream.

Still, Mr. Anderson aims so much higher than most of his contemporaries that we should be attentive if not grateful to him. Even if "Mid-American Chants" is composed of the stuff of poetry rather than poetry itself, we cannot withhold our admiration from one whose utterance is so vibrant. From such passion, from such rude earnestness may rise the clearer voice that is implicit in Mr. Anderson's prophetic promise.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Rich Storehouse of Croce's Thought

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BENEDETTO CROCE: The Problem of Art and History. By H. Wildon Carr. Macmillan; $2.25.

Benedetto Croce has been unfortunate in the manner of his introduction to the English speaking people. His books have been translated into a jargon that is not only a caricature of his own lucid and penetrating style, but that at times hardly deserves to be called English at all. His translators have limited themselves to his formal treatises—to the great works on "Æsthetic," "Logic," "Economics and Ethics," or to the monographs on Vico, Hegel, Marx—wholly neglecting the rich storehouse of his critical essays and his informal studies of ideas and men. For through the columns of his journal, "La Critica," and through his collected and uncollected essays, Croce has carried on a ceaseless warfare against the dual enemies of his philosophy, the older metaphysics and the newer positivism, and against the dual enemies of his theory of art and literature, the older traditionalism and the newer sociology masquerading in the guise of literary history. With such weapons he has not only transformed Italian thought, but has breathed the breath of life into Italian criticism. Few Americans realize this resistless and inspiriting swordsmanship of one of the greatest protagonists of modern thought.

Nor will this book help them to realize it. It is a serious and dignified summary of Croce's philosophy, with special emphasis on one, and that the most fruitful, of its many phases—his theory of art and history. To say less would be ungenerous in the case of a book which is, after all, the first of its kind in English. But its sober method and rather stodgy style are barriers behind which brood Croce's seminal power, and no new conquests will be made by it for what is new and fertilizing in Croce's thought. No reader will suspect that he is face to face with a thinker who has given the world a vitally new concept of art, who has rejuvenated literary criticism by giving it a new purpose and meaning, who has transformed logic from a formal and lifeless thing into a function of thought itself, who has given a new interpretation to the old idea of truth and error, and a new meaning to the part played by economic activity in human life, and who, as his latest and greatest achievement, has altered man's outlook on the past and the present by unfolding the eternal contemporaneity of history. "Monks and professors cannot write the lives of poets," said an Italian critic; and it would seem as if the President of the Aristotelian Society of London is hardly the ideal interpreter for this freest of human minds—the mind of a man who has held aloof from all official position, in order that he might express himself on all occasions as seemed to him best.

I remember, some sixteen years ago when Croce sent me the first edition of the "Æsthetic" (there are now many editions, and translations into many languages), how little I suspected the real significance of the gift. I had known his historical work for some time, but knew nothing of his speculative interest and power. So it was to the historical portion of the book that I turned, and it was to this portion that I devoted the whole of my review in the "Nation," the first review of the book outside of Italy, so far as I know. I shudder to think of the few perfunctory words with which I summed up the theoretical portion, which I had skimmed through hastily and assumed to be merely another machine-made "theory of art." Professor Santayana, to whom I sent the book for review in the "Journal of Comparative Literature," which I was then editing, reversed the process, but gave an unsympathetic and (may I add?) equally blind report of its contents. If it took me a year or more to realize the significance of a friend's work and to become its champion—a book which I had at hand and was constantly consulting—how can I wonder that its message should not strike home to those for whom, because of its language, it was closed with more than seven seals? The English translation a few years later brought it many friends, among temperaments as different as Mr. Balfour and the author of "Peter Dooley," but still its significance is unapprehended by the English speaking world, where Croce has been obliged

to play second fiddle to the striking but relatively inferior thought of Bergson. Perhaps this is not wholly to be wondered at, for the "Æsthetic," though the most striking, is the first and least mature of Croce's great philosophical treatises. It loses half of its meaning without such commentary and interpretation as may be found in his later and maturer books, such as the "Logic," which is accessible in an English translation, and the "Problems of Æsthetics," the "Critical Conversations," and the "Theory of History," which are not.

So the work and personality of Benedetto Croce still await an English interpreter. No little guidance may be found in this new book, and still more in Italian, though there the slight and inadequate volume of Prezzolini remains the only book covering the whole subject of Croce's life and thought. But the literature regarding him has become enormous: articles by the hundred in every European tongue indicate the interest which he has aroused among philosophers and men of letters. Yet what shall we think of this ocean of print, which we may search in vain for a single volume of creative interpretation—a single book of which we may say: "If you wish to know what Croce means for the modern world, and what is the source of his intellectual power, read this"?

J. E. Spingarn.

Our Enemy Speaks

Men in War. By Andreas Latzko. Translated by Adele Seltzer. Boni & Liveright; $1.50.

The longer the war goes on, the more acute becomes the spiritual dilemma which it evokes. For if it be regarded as a war to end war, must not every mind carry into the coming peace the lesson that this horror can never be allowed to break loose again? Anything, then, which mitigated the ghastly reality of war would by so much relax our vigilance against its recurrence. But on the other hand, events require that we gird our loins and pursue the war to the end without faltering; in order to keep the national mind taut for the unfaltering prosecution of the war military operations ought to seem not only palatable but even exhilarating. Hence the universal preoccupation with "morale." Faith and delight in war as an effective means for pursuing national ends must be maintained in order that war may be slain forever as the vilest human scourge and pestilence. This is why the liberal mind has everywhere taken delight in a book like "Under Fire," which artistically resolves the dilemma. The conventional mind will still prefer "The Glory of the Trenches" to the realism of Barbusse, even though French soldiers testify that "Le Feu" has not inhibited them from their dread task. But to those who have had to reconcile their hatred of war with their determination to engage in it, Barbusse has been a salvation. For the ideal attitude is realistically to appreciate the horrors, and yet continue to believe that the grim work has got to be done.

Unfortunately, just as this most artistic and valuable reconciliation of the paradox has been made, we are presented with a book which makes Barbusse look like a Christian Scientist. Here is an artistic mind which has collapsed under the actual business of war, and painstakingly tells us why. The six stories of this volume reveal, in a tone of concentrated fury, a mind for which modern war is unendurable and unmitigated. No ray of extenuation and relief steals into these terrible exposures. There is none of that soft hope, as in "Under Fire," of the return to a better world. "Men in War" return, for instance in the story "Home Again," only to kill. Mutilated men, men in agony, the horror of bloodstained insanity—this, to the Austrian officer Andreas Latzko, is the sum of war. Behind the scenes, as in the story of "The Victor," the general whom war has picked from obscurity and deluged with power and riches, lie those manipulators whose greed of life has been fed by the war, and to whom the greatest affront is the word "peace." Nowhere does Latzko see a shred of rationality or justification to this business in which the world has engaged itself.

The heart of the book is the story "Baptism of Fire," which follows in torturing detail the thoughts and feelings of an Austrian captain as he leads his men under fire against the Italians. Advancing to the attack, his body is saturated with sympathy for his men as victims; his consciousness retains all its memories of the peaceful background of their lives; he sees them as harmless humans in whose murder he is assisting. Even the dead enemy arouses in him a "tangled web of memories." "Two trips on a vacation in Italy drove an army of sorrowing figures through his mind." He can do nothing, in his agonized impotence, but turn over the command to a young lieutenant who has thirsted for this advance on the enemy and who robustly handles his men as

military material. And as they are mortally wounded together the captain's last thought is of exultation that this creature of war is himself at last suffering.

It is of course easy to dismiss such a book as the product of a constitutional psychopathic condition, or at least of shattered nerves. Marschner is certainly no typical officer. Most officers are neither neurotic nor of the type which learns to think of its men as replaceable wastage, of the enemy as a mechanical target or as a swarm of noxious rodents, of wounds and agony as so much routine for the doctors and nurses. Yet is it necessarily neurotic to retain this full consciousness of soldiers as suffering, sensing human lives side by side with the activity of sending them into battle? The ordinary man is able to suspend, when he thinks or acts in combat, all his usual concepts, memories, and desires for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Otherwise war would be impossible. What makes this book so unprecedentedly grisly is that the author insists on seeing the war not in terms of itself, but in terms of ordinary kindly human life.

The stories of "Men in War" are composed with sufficient skill to give one the disquieting thought that they may not be the work of a constitutional psychopath, but of the artistic temperament. If so, then we have to conclude that modern war, seen through the artistic temperament of a Hungarian like Latzko, loses all contact with human sanity. If there were many more Austrian officers like this one, Austrian morale would collapse. Is it possible that part of the demoralization reported there is due to temperamental reactions such as are pictured in this book? Then the lesson for the nation which wishes to keep up militaristic morale is not to let the artistic temperament get anywhere near the trenches. A man who reports the experience of war as lying without the pale of human sanity is infinitely more dangerous than any conscientious objector. It is not for the sake of the artist's sensitiveness that he should be exempted from all war service; it is for the sake of military morale. If this book means anything, it means that militarism should weed out its Marschners and coerce them back to the ivory towers of their art, to the egoism of their own spiritual and moral integrity. For if this is the way the artist sees war, his apathy is something the shrewd militarist will fairly beg for.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

The "Sage and Serious" Poet

EDMUND SPENSER: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Herbert Ellsworth Cory. University of California Publications in Modern Philology; $3.50.

For the past ten years and more scholars have been unusually occupied with the study of Spenser. In America, Long, Greenlaw, and Padelford, to mention only the most active, have examined various aspects of his poetry; in England, scholars like Miss Winstanley have shared in the work. There was need of an attempt to reinterpret Spenser in the light of their investigations. And for this attempt Professor Cory is in many ways especially well qualified. He is not a newcomer in the field, and his previous studies have revealed a tendency to view Spenser's achievement in its larger rather than its special aspects. Moreover, one peril of the present undertaking was eclecticism, and from this he is saved by the possession of a theory of his own, a conception of Spenser's development from the "Shepherd's Calendar" to the cantos on "Mutability" which completely dominates his use of particular contributions. As a result, though we are kept in touch with what other scholars have done, we are never diverted from the main purpose of his study, the presentation of the poet in a new light.

We should not be diverted, that is, if Professor Cory kept to his Spenser. But he does not. He also has a theory of criticism, in which he is almost as much interested as he is in his avowed subject, and which is constantly intruding into his study of Spenser. The preface hints at the reason. "Already the academic student of literatures ancient or modern," he writes, "is the object of the gentle contempt of his more robust colleagues." He is not content, like most of us who teach literature, to acknowledge the fact privately, turn it to such mental profit as he can, and go on with his business as if the joke were too old to be worth bothering about—which it is. Perhaps his more robust colleagues at Berkeley are more robust and sarcastic than the average. If so, they will henceforward have to hurl their sarcasms at others than him, for he has collected a critical armory from all the modern movements and sciences—the labor movement, feminism, imperialism, ethnology, heredity, psychopathology, the empirical study of ethical values, and so on. He does not overtly use all that he retails in the preface, but he uses enough to remind one at times of David in the armor of Saul and to set one thinking that a literary critic had best keep

to his sling, as David eventually did. If one cannot endure the taunts of Goliath of Gath, the proper retort is still a smooth stone from the brook. All this display of method seems particularly inappropriate to the interpretation of Spenser, whose own respect for learning appeared so unobtrusively. This too modern method, moreover, sometimes leads to an over-emphatic style. To say of the lines which conclude Book VI of the "Faery Queen" that they "hiss with the dry sneer of despair" is surely to lay on style with a trowel. Critics may disagree about the moods of Spenser, yet even Professor Cory would probably admit that the phrase was excessive. Let us hope that on reflection he would also renounce the adjective "purblind," which he bestows rather too easily on those who disagree with his estimate of the "supreme poet."

However, the value of this study is not dependent upon method or style. What the reader brings away from it is a new conception of Spenser, a conception which, even when it is not wholly plausible, is always provocative. For what we have here is no "discovery," to be accepted or rejected on specific evidence and filed as a fact or a mare's nest, but an interpretation, suggestive of many possibilities. That is the advantage of trying to see a poet as a whole, with one's own eyes: one may exaggerate the significance of this or that trait, but one's portrait of him is likely to help others to see him more clearly.

Professor Cory's point of view is avowedly that of Dowden's essay on "Spenser, the Poet and Teacher." He holds, as Dowden did, that to see nothing in Spenser except the poetry of romantic delightsomeness is to misunderstand him fatally. He believes that Spenser is essentially what Milton called him, in the much hackneyed phrase, "sage and serious." From one opinion or the other all fundamental criticism of the poet must start, and Professor Cory takes his stand by Milton. Of course there is danger in stating the issue too simply. The question is not merely whether the poet of the "Faery Queen" was in earnest about his teaching. Some have maintained that his teaching was a pure convention imposed upon him by the standards of his day, which demanded that an epic should be edifying, although the majority of commentators have agreed that Spenser's declaration of purpose was sincere. Yet most of the latter would still maintain that what has made his poetry last is not moral flavor but sheer romantic charm, the delightsomeness which has always won him followers, generation after generation. And that view merits something more than mere denunciation. To insist that Spenser, like Dante, is a "supreme poet" is only to make the disagreement harder to compose; for about a supreme poet, at this late day, there is not likely to be much chance for misunderstanding. No, Spenser will not be accepted for a supreme poet, nor his moral value considered the equivalent of the really great moralist's. Perhaps the question resolves itself into one of taste, and is therefore not to be argued. If so, the hedonists might be met with their own weapons; for surely, to fail to perceive that Spenser's greatest work has a tone of moral dignity and sweetness which is quite as delightful to those who care for these qualities as its merely sensuous charm, is to convict oneself of defective sensibilities.

Proceeding from this fundamental conception of Spenser—that he is a man of sincere moral earnestness—Professor Cory endeavors to trace the line of his natural development. We have had studies in Spenser's art and in his philosophic idealism, his religion; yet heretofore nobody has conceived of following his moral and emotional experiences down the line of his successive poems. I have not space for a full survey of all the results, and a summary is never quite fair; but fair or not, the gist of it may, I think, be given in a sentence: the poet's career proceeds from an ardent youthful hope of being the prophet of his country's true greatness, through disillusion and bitterness as he sees his counsels ignored, to a final mood of reconciliation with the world, which is not the ignoble peace of philosophic retirement but a casting forward into eternity. The crucial point of this is the conception of Spenser as a prophet. Every reader of his poetry has noted the occasional moods of dejection or discontent, and these have commonly been laid to the disappointments of his material career. Professor Cory sees otherwise. According to him, these disappointments, though real enough, were only secondary; the main cause of Spenser's heartache was the failure in his larger hopes. He had begun his "Faery Queen" as an "epic of the future," a promulgation of the spiritual conditions under which his country might thrive. He had centred his hopes for the realization of these in his patron Leicester, who was to marry the Queen (as Arthur was to be united with

Gloriana) and settle the kingdom firmly on the true bases of national greatness. But Leicester died before the first three books were finished, and his death took the heart out of the poet's enterprise. The discouragement was completed by the course of the nation's life, as it became clear that the governing classes cared nothing for the ideals on which the poem was grounded. From the disillusion of this experience, which may be traced in the aimlessness and sense of futility of the later books, the poet was to recover only in his final years.

To discuss the validity of this thesis without following the critic into detail would be ungenerous. It is argued with sincere conviction, and if at times the evidence seems rather frail for the conclusions, one need only reflect that, after all, the benefit of studies such as this does not necessarily lie in conclusiveness. Professor Cory has suggested more than a merely interesting view.

R. E. Neil Dodge.

May Sinclair, Sentimentalist

The Tree of Heaven. By May Sinclair. Macmillan; $1.60.

If only "The Tree of Heaven" were not so subtly and so well constructed. The author has thoroughly documented the history of the Harrison family from the youth of its men children until, as men, they fall in the great war. It is a family which lives in the "ruinous adoration" of a mother's eyes. The children, beautiful in body and fine of mind, are painted against a background of desiccated lives—a grandmother and three spinster aunts full of the subtle antagonisms of old women for the unsuccessful of their sex, one drunkard uncle and one uncle mismated. Those waste people are painted in early in the children's lives, at the height of their adolescence, and as survivors of the three sons—Michael, Nicky, and John—who have been sucked into the war. Here you have part of the book's conscious irony.

Then there is the approach of war down the years upon the unconscious members of the Harrison family. Michael's resistance to war is forecast in his humanism and libertarianism: he is ardently for Irish freedom at the age of thirteen. Nicky by the predisposing hand of the author is made to invent a "forteresse mobile," a sort of forerunner of the tank. Frances, the mother, is shown in sublime upper-class satisfaction informing herself of the affairs of the nation by skimming the columns of the "Times," only to have those affairs thrust themselves violently into her life and her children's lives.

Even the author's great "reality"—that imminent death and transfiguration her young men write about and face in battle—is forecast in the middle third of her book, called "Vortex." Here the children of the Harrison family are engaged in various adventures: Dorothy in intellectualist feminism, Michael in futurist art, Nicky in scientific invention and sex. And each of the adventures is made to seem pale in retrospect from the overwhelming tide of war.

If only the book were not so well constructed. For it is full of strange beauties of insight into a mother's feelings, the sheer and naked thoughts of children, the pervasive consciousness that makes a family, the awesome mysteries of young girlhood. There are scenes whose haunting beauty lies not in any phrase but in the simplicity with which human beings are observed. There is a chapter of Nicky and his cat Jerry, of the yellow eyes—"the soul of Nicky is in that cat"—which has the best of childhood in it, as has Nicky's earache and the smile he made carefully so it would not hurt him. There is the Veronica of honey-colored hair, "a little, slender girl in a straight white frock," who sees ghosts like Ferdie, her mother's lover. There are even descriptions of crowds that seem by some nearly orgiastic ebb and flow of words to represent motion. There is the pageantry and exaltation of a suffrage procession seen through the eyes of Veronica, who did not know she had been chosen to lead because of her youth and "her processional, hieratic beauty." Spots there are of foreseeing and retrospection which would have been richer if Miss Sinclair hadn't been afraid of writing imagism like Miss Richardson's, author of that important trilogy "Backwater." Miss Sinclair hasn't been so afraid as some writers of upper-class bias of her own and other people's unbidden thoughts. And so the book, written in a fine feminine hand, is full of subtle and truthfully observed impressions.

But it is too inexorably harnessed to what Miss Sinclair has made her people in their unprophetic amaze call "Armageddon." She might have rested on the Harrison family as she saw it, with the stray thoughts of Frances, the unfolding of Michael and Nicky and the cousin Veronica, the

art world and the other worlds of turmoil that make their way into the circle. But she has rested her book upon an apex of war. So doing, she challenges a criticism of her understanding of war. So doing, she has romanticized Nicky because partly he was to do the right thing in that war; while Michael, the poet, who at times seems to represent her heart's desire, she has been tenderly charitable to—and has cruelly misrepresented and misunderstood. Miss Sinclair's attitude toward war has vitiated her attitude toward Michael, as toward art. She has an incredibly mean and cheap sneer at Michael, poet and resister of war: "After all, the Germans had been held back from Paris. As Stephen pointed out to him, the Battle of the Marne had saved Michael. In magnificent defiance of the enemy, the 'New Poems' of Michael Harrison, with illustrations by Austin Mitchell, were announced as forthcoming in October." She is cheap again when Lawrence Stephen, a figure she intended to be of artistic potence and freedom, is as it were converted to war and is made to say: "My grandmother was a hard Ulster woman and I hated her. But I wouldn't be a thorn in my grandmother's side if the old lady was assaulted by a brutal voluptuary, and I saw her down and fighting for her honor." Her use of the upper-class slang, "funk," which means not doing things in an upper-class way, failing from the upper-class point of view, is just a little facile.

If the "reality" of war is as her men and women see it, it is a very partial reality. Michael after his conversion to war dismisses a Frenchman, who can be none other than Henri Barbusse, with: "It's a sort of literary 'frightfulness.'" One questions Miss Sinclair's taste in dismissing Barbusse through the pen of her exalted young man. There is no less reality in Barbusse, who still fought, though without exaltations and great mystic "realities." Barbusse's realities were the stinks and horrors of war mixed with its humanities, on the one hand, and on the other, the deep realization that the roots of war are in social and economic inequality. Of this sort of reality Miss Sinclair seems to have taken cognizance in only one sentence of her book. It was when Michael saw "that the strength of the Allies was in exact proportion to the strength and enlightenment of their democracies." For the rest, it is to be feared that Barbusse might find "The Tree of Heaven" just a little naïve and perhaps sentimental.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Luther K. Zabriskie. Putnam; $4.

The former Consul at St. Thomas devotes this volume of 339 pages to a semipopular description of our latest territorial acquisition. Three of the 35 chapters in which the book is divided serve for a historical introduction. Then he follows with a geographical description of each of the three important islands. Their commerce, their banking facilities, their products, and their occupations complete two thirds of the work. Three short chapters deal with general social conditions. The remaining fourth of the book treats of recent events, and of the story of the transfer to the United States. The narrative is largely made up of quotations from contemporary documents. In contrast with other works dealing with these islands, particularly the recent volume of Westergaard, the present work is much lighter in character and aims to be more general in its description. It is obviously a work of love on the part of the author, and it will warrant careful attention on the part of the curious reader.

THE LANGUAGE OF COLOR. By M. Luckiesh. Dodd, Mead; $1.50.

This book is modeled upon an old pattern—a pattern useful to the preparation of themes in college or papers at Women's Clubs. It covers much ground, and at no point digs deep. Yet fair as is this description of the type, it is not fair to the merit with which the pattern is followed in this specific book. For the casual reader desirous of having something about "Color" on the shelves of his library, will find "The Language of Color" suitable to his needs. In its four divisions it covers the mythology, the historical and emotional associations of color, the symbolisms of the several colors, and the scientific facts of color, particularly the psychological facts, which are well considered in the light of modern experiments on color preferences. Even the æsthetics of color is discussed. These interests may not clash; but they are more or less differentiated, and their nearly parallel treatment gives the false implication that the data and opinions are of comparable importance and stand on comparable evidence. An author with greater insight than the present is demanded for a book of real perspicacity and clarity. Yet this criticism is perhaps itself open to the criticism that it is not just to judge a book for not accomplishing what it does not attempt. For a rapid survey of the field the volume has its uses; it opens invitingly the door to the house of color.

Furniture of the Olden Time. By Frances Clarey Morse. Macmillan; $6.

Twenty years ago our country was overrun by a cult of the old. The "old-fashioned" and the "new-fangled" were locked in a death grip, and in matters æsthetic the former seemed about to triumph. Old furniture, dusty pewter, and even fishing-nets as ceiling decorations were in vogue. The "old for old's sake" was a watchword. It was the open season for "the quaint." "Junk and Dust, Junk and Dust," sang Gelett Burgess in a waspish mood as he attacked the affected connoisseurship of the time, which bade fair to strangle the impulse toward a rational æsthetic attitude. But much furniture has come out of Michigan since then. It is through the circulation of such books as "Furniture of the Olden Time" that we are being brought to see the trend of our national taste. Once we were free of the mid-Victorian incubus, the return to the Colonial type of furniture was more than mere sentiment. Indeed, had our Colonial period been from 1400 to 1600 instead of two centuries later, it is inevitable that our preferences today would have been the same. We should not now rave over Henry IV or Henry VIII pieces or other Gothic work, for the simple reason that the Anne-Georgian period saw the development of the best forms and the finest furniture craftsmanship all over Europe. This perhaps is more a matter of evolution than art, but its realization is extremely important to a young nation of our industrial tendencies. Miss Morse deals with furniture actually in America and much of it American made. The various pieces—chairs, settees, and so on—are grouped in separate chapters, a process slightly cumbersome, but no better system has so far been evolved. The illustrations, though small, are excellently chosen and reproduced, and the book contains two welcome chapters on musical instruments and staircases.

Ninety-Six Hours' Leave. By Stephen McKenna. Doran; $1.35.

Any author who can write so fine and discerning a study of the change in English life from the old world of peace to the new war world of today as "Sonia" was, can lay legitimate claim to a holiday. Mr. McKenna frankly takes his holiday in this gay little story of three British officers on four days' leave. One's first temptation is to regard the book more as an expression of happy versatility than as an intrinsically interesting example in the genre of high-spirited good humor. This is the unfortunate penalty one often pays for writing an excellent serious novel; but "Ninety-Six Hours' Leave" is an amusing bit, and Mr. McKenna could venture to be its sponsor quite on its own merits. It is a nonsensical fable about assuming a disguise for fun and the absurd contretemps which result. Interest in the mood and temper in which it was written persists after the book has accomplished its avowed purpose of entertaining. One wonders if German officers on leave have as light-hearted a time. For it is one of the most enduring traits of the British temperament not to take even a world-cataclysm too seriously—it is something to be endured, to be "seen through," and to be laughed at as a great joke. Mr. McKenna convinces you that the type of old civilization which, even when it faces the greatest crisis of its history, is not grim about it—that such a civilization will defeat Germany by its enduring jest.

Two Summers in the Ice Wilds of Eastern Karakoram. By Fannie Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. Dutton; $8.

Eight summers' explorations in the remotest fastnesses of the Karakorams from 1898 to 1912 create the background of knowledge and experience for this account of the greatest achievements of these noted Himalayists; to wit, the exploration of 1900 square miles of mountain and glacier. The crowning accomplishment was the exploration and mapping of the great Siachen or Rose Glacier, the longest non-polar ice mass in the world, forty-six miles in length, and ranging in altitude from 12,000 to 18,705 feet. The task was an arduous one, not devoid of danger from mud flows, crevasses, and avalanches, to say nothing of an earthquake which crumbled the cliffs and filled the air with dust for days. Long familiarity on the part of the authors with these dangers of mountain-climbing and ice work has robbed this book of the freshness and novelty of new adventure, although there is enough material therein for repeated thrills. Instead of receiving stimulus from an exhilarating tale of achievement the reader is wearied by acidulous replies to critics of, and comment upon, previous accounts of the authors' mountain experiences. He is even more pained by the strident assertion and repeated emphasis on the part of the feminine author of her share in the enterprise. One finds himself unconsciously looking for the legend "Votes for Women" printed large across the excellently elaborated map of the Rose Glacier. However, this quality is doubtless useful in conquering mountains, physical as well as political and social, and the work as a scientific treatise on glaciers and the topography of the eastern Karakoram has a large, permanent value. The 141 photogravures are superb portrayals of mountain scenery at the top of the world, many of them novel and instructive pictures of the glacial ice in action.

A Cycle of Sonnets. By Edith Willis Linn. James T. White & Co., New York; $1.25.

Sonnets, and Other Lyrics. By Robert Silliman Hillyer. Harvard University Press; 75 cts.

The vogue of free verse has accomplished this —that we can no longer be deceived by mere pageantry of words held together by the conventional meters. The appeal of real poetry in such meters however has not been lessened. Miss Linn's vocabulary contains such words as "somnolent," "opalescence," "incarnadined," "limned," "bedight," "chalice," "minarets," "cerulean," "pleached," "gnomon," "solstice," "estival," "florescence." Behind this rich flow of words there is seldom to be found an idea justifying the existence of the sonnets. In spite of some very pretty and worth while poems, the volume gives the impression, furthermore, that Miss Linn has not derived her inspiration from reality. On two occasions the sonnet on the left page tells of the impermanence of her love, while that on the right insists that she will love on eternally.

Mr. Hillyer's sonnets, on the other hand, are vitalized by consistent, well expressed ideas and are additional evidence that the sonnet can be used with signal success in the face of the revaluing of poetical standards going on today. The best of his poems are intimate, real, satisfying. Some are mere Elizabethan imitations, but these are in the minority; the others show an individual expression which promises much. Mr. Hillyer understands well what can be done and what cannot be done in a sonnet. The other pieces are both good and bad; sometimes he has caught the lyric quality of the best American poetry. Taken as a whole the book is a readable addition to our poetry, and heralds a welcome addition to our poets.

The Psychology of the Future. By Emile Boirac. Translated and edited by W. de Kerlor. Stokes; $2.50.

A recent view, supported by the evidence of an increasing number of books like the present, sets forth that in matters substantiated by clear scientific evidence we believe with strong reasonable confidence; but in those of which we have only inexpert or uncertain knowledge, like politics and psychical research, we have absolute, unshakable convictions. For these, like instincts, speak with the authentic voice of an older nature. M. Boirac should have called his work "The Psychology of the Past." His voice sounds like that of a primitive man proving his modernity by speaking through a telephone. The book is one of the many contemporary attempts to revive occult mysticism by conscripting some of the products of scientific observation—like trance, dual personality, hypnosis—or by forcing analogies with X rays and wireless telegraphy. But the oil and water will not mix; it is the old story of telepathy and clairvoyance and psychic healing and messages from the beyond. It is just a change of costume, old folk superstition in the dress of Greek words, and a pretentious logical gesture in imitation of the wand of science. Whether one finds this sort of thing amusing or pathetic depends upon one's mood: one can be either like Puck contemplating the folly of mortals, or like Carlyle in despair over the ineducability of nineteenth-century minds. Books of this kind create a luminous fog in which the unwary see, as in a halo, the reflection of their own limitations. Reputable publishers should have some conscience about extending their pernicious influence by translation. Absurdity vies with absurdity on every page, and pretense is added to pretense, from the jacket, which announces that the human body "radiates a powerful magnetic energy," to the last page, which gives up a "cryptopsychic" interpretation of the universe.

A Year of Costa Rican Natural History. By A. S. and P. P. Calvert. Macmillan; $3.

Barriers of language and culture have long separated us from our sister republics to the south, and even the recently greatly improved facilities for transportation as a result of the growth of the banana trade have not turned any considerable tide of tourist travel to the tropical shores of the Central American republics. Indeed, if one is looking for the luxuries of travel in the tropics, he will find little to entice him in Professor and Mrs. Calvert's narrative of their year of varied experiences in the upland cities and forests of Costa Rica.

Dragon flies were the quest. It took the explorers into the banana plantations, the lowland jungles, and upland forests, by canyon streams, by morass and mountain lake. The book is an entomological diary of daily jungle adventures, of successful stalks on mosquito hawks and water bears, of the joys over quarry taken and the disappointments over big bugs that escaped. In fact, the general reader is often lost in the multitudinous details of entomological lore which tire and do not illuminate. A topical treatment with well-developed examples and an omission of minor, oft-repeated details would have made a more readable work. But the book contains valuable information, not only for the prospective traveler in Costa Rica, but also for anyone going for scientific exploration into the American tropics. It gives a sympathetic and reliable picture of present-day village and country life in Costa Rica.

HUGO GROTIUS: the Father of the Modern Science of International Law. By Hamilton Vreeland, Jr. Oxford University Press; $2.

Grotius was born at seven o'clock in the evening, and died "exactly at midnight." His "vital organs were sealed in a copper casket and buried in the Cathedral of Rostock, to the left of the choir." These and many other facts can be learned from this short biography. For the book is narrowly biographical, containing no discussion of the Grotian legal philosophy nor of its contribution to European thought. True, one of the twelve chapters is called "The 'De Jure Prædæ'" and another "The 'De Jure Belli ac Pacis'"; but both chapters do little more than describe the circumstances under which the books were written, briefly state their contents, and inform us that they are masterpieces. Earlier writers are mentioned only to exonerate Grotius of plagiarism. It is perhaps fortunate that the writer so restricted himself. When he translates "jus" as both "law" and "right" in the same sentence, we cannot help suspecting that he does not know that the confusion of these two words is fundamentally characteristic of Grotius and all his followers. Mr. Vreeland, in all the laudation of his hero pro tem, never hints at the great Hollander's chief service to the world—his resting law on a basis other than theology. If Mr. Vreeland does not know these things, it is better that he content himself as he has, recounting the miscellaneous historical details which make up the volume. He loves all facts impartially, the small and irrelevant as much as the great and significant. He loves them *as facts*. An oasis in this desert might have been Grotius's escape from prison in a trunk; but Mr. Vreeland was on the lookout and carefully prefaced the story with a statement of how it turned out. He would probably be shocked at the thought of a historian consciously trying to prevent his work from being dull.

OVER HERE. By Hector MacQuarrie. Lippincott; $1.35.

This is frankly a book of gossipy impressions by a young Lieutenant of the Royal Field Artillery, sent to this country as inspector of production for the British Government, after being invalided from Ypres. Now most books of gossip seem impertinences in war time. But it would be an exceedingly finicky and humorless person who did not find "Over Here" a delightful three hours' excursion. Lieutenant MacQuarrie does not pretend to be writing a literary masterpiece, and as he hopes his book will be read at home—that is, in England—as much as in the country where he has been so observing and gracious a guest, he can afford to be franker in his criticisms. He discovers the ethnology of a big steel town, the money-spending possibilities of Atlantic City, the privileged position of American wives, the "chicken," the cocktail and the mint julep, the country club, and the human side of that European myth "the American business man." It is all very gay and amusing. And the temper of it is almost a rebuke to some of our excesses. "I don't believe either, and no one I knew in France during my year there believed, that the Boche were *always* dirty in their tricks, though I will admit that they show up badly as sportsmen. . . I dislike intensely this savage hate propaganda that is being affected here [in the United States]. It is stupid, useless, and dangerous. Didn't some philosopher say that if he wanted to punish a man he would teach him how to hate? . . . I always feel that in the same way you hide love from the rest of the world because you are proud of it, so you hide hate because you are ashamed of it." There speaks the true sportsman. We like Lieutenant MacQuarrie all the better for this directness. But from the time he learned to accommodate himself to the public horrors of our sleeping cars we liked him anyway. The spirit of Anglo-American coöperation is stronger for his having come here.

FORECASTING THE YIELD AND THE PRICE OF COTTON. By Henry Ludwell Moore. Macmillan; $2.50.

The mark of a real science is said to be the power of prediction, the power to forecast the future. Given certain conditions, certain results must follow. But in the social sciences—like economics, sociology, and history—the human equation enters and must be reckoned with; and while it is doubtless ultimately true that all human actions are the result of definitely related forces, it is also true that these forces and their relations are so complex and elusive that they have, thus far at least, escaped our grasp. This is especially true in the field of economics, although some advance has been made by the use of statistics and mathematical methods. The present essay on the yield and the price of cotton is a scholarly attempt to obtain a method by which accurate prediction may be possible. Mathematical methods of probability are used to reduce to system the extraction of truth contained in official statistics and to compute with relative exactitude the influence of various factors. An informing chapter on the mathematics of correlation describes clearly the method used. Two chapters are devoted to a critical examination of the methods and results of the Department of Agriculture as to the yield and value per acre and of the current reports of the Weather Bureau as to rainfall and temperature. A better method of correlation is substituted for the offi-

cial one, and the conclusion seems to be worked out that given certain conditions, a certain yield can be forecast. The same method is then carried over into the field of demand. Here however the result is not so conclusive, because when the supply of cotton varies, it is necessary that the demand for other articles remain the same if the demand for cotton is to be forecast accurately. Changes in style—the human equation—enter into the problem. Who could have forecast, for example, the slump in the bicycle industry? Again, a court goes into mourning and there is an unpredictable demand for black goods. The demand for cotton goods may be more stable than that for most goods, but the effect of high prices on consumption is a very difficult problem to solve correctly. Many economists question the value of mathematical statements except as illustrating previously ascertained truth. The trouble lies in the fact that the conclusion is wrapped up in the mathematical premise. Professor Moore has however made in this study a distinct and interesting contribution to economic literature.

South-Eastern Europe: The Main Problem of the Present World Struggle. By Vladislav R. Savic. Revell; $1.50.

It is altogether likely that the most difficult task that will fall to the negotiators of the coming peace will be the solution of the Balkan problem. Statesmen, diplomats, and warriors have vainly sought such a settlement through the centuries; one of the most colossal blunders of the past hundred years—the revision of the treaty of San Stefano at Berlin in 1875—was committed in the course of the search. Two or three main requirements of the situation are obvious to all fair-minded people. The Turk as a ruler should be finally and completely expelled from Europe. The just claims of Greece should be recognized. Most important of all, the whole vast stretch of territory from the Drave and the Isonzo to the Bosphorus and the Ægean should be laid out in a new group of states based fundamentally upon the principle of nationality. One of the most important of these new, truly national states would, under any arrangement, be that of the Jugoslavs, or Southern Slavs, composed of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes; and in Savic's "South-Eastern Europe" are presented in vivid fashion the arguments for this particular part of the general readjustment. The author is a native Serb who has been head of the press bureau in the foreign office at Belgrade, and also a correspondent of various English and other foreign newspapers. He writes good journalistic English and shows a considerable acquaintance with modern European history and politics. The reader must occasionally make allowance for an excess of enthusiasm. Yet on the whole the tone is restrained and the argument unassailable.

How the Jugoslavs came to be in the Balkans, the incongruity of their exposed international position with their pacific character, the wrongs which they have suffered from Austria-Hungary, the rôle of Servia in the Balkan wars and in the present conflict, the aspirations and rights of the South Slav peoples, the reasons why Americans should be interested in seeing justice done in Southeastern Europe: these are the matters to which space is chiefly given. The South Slav state which Mr. Savic conceives would include, besides Servia and Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Carniola, Goritzia, half of Istria, all of the Dalmatian coast, and other pieces of land, aggregating one hundred thousand square miles and having a population of about fourteen millions. To create such a state would mean, of course, to unite certain Balkan states that hitherto have been independent, to dismember Hungary, and to attach the coastal territories for which Italy is actively reaching out in the present conflict. Assuming the defeat of the Teutonic powers, the chief difficulty is likely to arise from the clash of interests with the Italians. Mr. Savic presents fairly the Italian claims and then produces strong armument to show that they should not be allowed to stand as against the superior rights of the Jugoslavs. Italian expansionists have an unanswerable case in the Trentino, and a fairly good one in Trieste. But the Dalmatian coasts southward to Albania (which Mr. Savic would leave autonomous) are ethnically and in other ways far more Slavic than Italian. It is to be hoped that the Italian demands in this quarter will not be pressed, for the result could hardly fail to be discord and misfortune all round. To fulfill the legitimate aspirations of a long divided and oppressed people, thereby contributing to the future stability of the Southeast, and to set up the very sort of barrier to Teutonic imperialistic advance southeastward which the Berlin and Vienna governments in 1914 proposed to avert—these the author convincingly puts forward as the great reasons why "Jugoslavia" should, at the restoration of peace, be allowed at last to become a reality.

On the Headwaters of Peace River. By Paul Leland Haworth. Scribner; $4.

We owe most of the good books of backwoods travel to men who are lured into the wilds by the spirit of adventure rather than stern necessity. If Daniel Boone had been a writer, there would have remained comparatively few opportunities for men like Ernest Thompson Seton, Stewart

Edward White, and Paul Leland Haworth to distinguish themselves. But the earlier woodsmen had neither the leisure nor the ability to chronicle more than the barest outlines of their achievements. Mr. Haworth possesses in a marked degree the faculty of seeing in retrospect the picturesque features of an expedition. With a guide who had been part way he penetrated into the upper reaches of the Peace River basin and explored some hitherto unvisited country. While the trip involved some hardships and required considerable skill in woodcraft, it did not present any extraordinary danger. The adventures were chiefly those which come to all hunters and fishermen who get far away from beaten tracks. There was enough pot-hunting to make it interesting from the sportsman's point of view, inasmuch as the game included bear, moose, mountain sheep, and the like, and certain of the streams provided royal fishing. Mr. Haworth named one of the unmapped peaks Mount Lloyd George, a stream after the heroic aviator Warneford, and a mountain range for Marshal Joffre. He discovered the glacier that makes the Quadacha River white and cleared up a popular misconception of the reason for the phenomenon. These were practically all of the geographical results of the expedition. The book is mainly a very fascinating record of an out-of-door man's good time.

A Soldier's Memories. By Major-General Sir George Younghusband. Dutton; $5.

It is safe to say that the reminiscences of British army officers dating from the period before the present world struggle will soon give way to the experiences of youthful veterans now engaged in making history. One would expect the old and the new schools to belong to the period of the Boer War and after; but the latest War Office statistics show the heavy toll taken of the South African veterans. Thus such volumes as Sir George Younghusband's are the last to cover the period from the Afghan to the Boer War. From the literary point of view, apart from the technical point of view now grown obsolete, the change will be welcome. It is a commonplace that wit and humor have had small place in these records of the recent past, when a certain brand of labored, smoking-room hilarity glossed the horseplay and skylarking familiarly associated with the "griffins"—as raw young subalterns are termed on their first, callow appearances in India. Since the Territorial regiments took up the garrisoning of India and the Colonies during the present war, the hobbledehoy of the Kipling school has given way to the university-bred and far more intelligent type of junior officer.

General Younghusband (not to be confused with a scholarly brother who led the British to Lhassa) has seen fit to regale us with many such excerpts from a life devoted to soldiering in India, Egypt, and South Africa, and the selections are not very amusing. We are certain that subalterns of the new army will have better taste than to train their dogs to "go for niggers," and those of them who have seen the heroism and sacrifices of the Indian Army in France, East Africa, the Dardanelles, Palestine, and Mesopotamia will certainly refrain from designating their Aryan comrades by that name. But General Younghusband is frankly of the old school, and his pages contain interesting and exciting records of Asiatic adventure. Glimpses of the early days on the Northwest Frontier of India, of the customs and methods of fighting among Afghan and Afridi, including experiences among the picturesque Shans of the Burmese frontier, on the Egyptian hinterland, and in South Africa, help to light up swashbuckling annals that were nuts and wine to the adolescent Kipling, but which are rapidly growing old-fashioned. General Younghusband only once surpasses himself —in his portrait of the Column Commander he fought under in South Africa; we can only hope that the new army will discover many men of that knightly mould. The author has been free in recording the names of kings, generals, and many nonentities in his pages, but we wish that the name of the Column Commander had survived.

We did not expect to find the General illuminating on the Indian problem, and we are not disappointed. He belongs to that defunct school of Anglo-Indian officials who, writing on India and the Indians, are at their best when they are sentimental. Thus the devotion of the old native officer, Ibrahim Khan, to the Younghusband family is fittingly recorded. It is to the civil and military officers of the present generation that we look for a solution of the problem. On the whole, the author's long service in India has not gleaned the rich harvest of that fascinating ethnical laboratory we have been rewarded with in books from men slightly his junior. Nor are the sketches of the men he has met, from King Edward to officers like Roberts and Kitchener, of any value to the biographer. Writing like a soldier, however, he makes his impressions, including those of a brief sojourn in America, typical of that military valetudinarianism of which General Younghusband is a notable example. We are indebted to him for some interesting data on British mess and regimental customs which will appeal to the new army, together with a chapter on the almost forgotten deeds that won the coveted Cross for some of his contemporaries in Victorian India.

Casual Comment

The German imperialists who are so gaily plundering the border states of Russia and so busily handing out dukedoms and petty principalities to the faithful, will not read President Wilson's Red Cross speech with any considerable pleasure. It is the first public announcement from the Allied side that the open season in Russia has definitely closed. Sooner or later the clique of titled bandits who are leading Germany and the German people to ruin will realize that there is a certain irreducible minimum which they must offer before they can even discuss peace with the Allies. That minimum has been stated in Germany itself and by the majority of a body they now affect to despise—the Reichstag. Sooner or later the military party will realize that the famous phrase of the resolution—*no* annexations and *no* indemnities—does represent a political reality which they must calculate upon. May the German people themselves soon realize it too. For although the Allies may demand much more than a status quo peace, from the temper of President Wilson's speech it is clear they will not even discuss peace until this much has been guaranteed.

• • •

In a recent issue of the London "Nation" Augustine Birrell concludes a review of "A World in Ferment" with this remarkable sentence: "In an hour of testing trial we may indeed be thankful to possess across the wide Atlantic such leaders of men as the two American Doctors—Wilson and Butler." We say "remarkable," for in any event it would be something odd to discover an English contemporary so eager to prove the intellectual leadership of an ally, hitherto seldom conceded any intellectual leadership, as to advance this astounding comparison. The sentence is all the more remarkable however in view of the curious pattern of the review which precedes, the strangest mosaic of satire and amiability that we have read for a long time —even in the "Nation." That characteristic of Dr. Butler's style and method of thought, sententious platitude, has evidently not escaped so discerning and shrewd a critic as Mr. Birrell. But he is terribly nice about it: "I will add, as nearly as possible in Dr. Butler's own words, which at times glow with 'an unconquerable optimism' I find it easier to love than to share, half-a-dozen of his *Sententiae,* which may serve us, in default of any Thomas Fuller of our own, for 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times.'" Here the desire to please American academic vanity obviously clashes with the desire to be somewhat harsher than any vanity could endure. Mr. Birrell should be advised that he really does not need to be so meticulously discriminating and friendly. American intellectual circles will not be aggrieved at any severe judgment on Dr. Butler's intellectual processes. And Mr. Birrell may rest easy in his mind about such severity's tending by ever so infinitely little to disturb that intellectual rapprochement which is one of the happiest by-products of the present Anglo-American coöperation.

• • •

What Miss Deutsch has to say about librarians' salaries in this issue of The Dial is reënforced in a letter recently prepared by a committee of the Association of American Library Schools and addressed to library trustees and librarians. The letter sets forth that the present great demand, in business and in government bureaus, for persons skilled in filing and indexing has created a situation which "has affected directly or indirectly nearly all libraries and has become a grave one in some of the larger." Last year, for instance, two departments of the New York Public Library lost no less than 208 trained employees to this competition. The committee estimates that "probably 1000 persons receiving salaries from $500 to $1000 have been drawn out of active library work by initial salaries of $1000 to $1500." Clearly this competition will not relax during the war, and may not afterward; so that the libraries must face the alternatives of paying higher salaries or submitting to incompetent service. What used to be an agitation for a just wage is rapidly becoming a grim economic necessity. It is probable that in most cases librarians, and in many cases boards of trustees, are powerless to meet the situation from present appropriations; but in addressing them, the committee, who can scarcely address the holders of the public purse strings throughout the country, have done what they could to get the situation recognized in the proper quarters. It remains for library officers to urge upon the authorities not only the justice of higher salaries, but their immediate necessity if the library is not to fall away from what efficiency it has attained in its public function.

• • •

That the nefarious interlocking of business with politics has its parallel in the academic world in the interlocking of business with doctrine and academic control is of course no secret. The cases of Nearing, Keasbey, Cattell, Dana, Beard, and others keep reminding us, and the dignified if impotent Association of University Professors does not let us forget. But that impatience with the situation should take the form of a programme for a new College of Political Science, free from all control except

a firm purpose to speak and teach the truth, is a bit of news as welcome as it is exciting. A plan is afoot to create in New York a College of Political Science that shall study political questions purely in the spirit of science, that shall seek in that spirit to train public servants by means of courses leading to the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The instructors are to be chosen from the most distinguished specialists in the various branches of social science. They are to have complete self-government, to be free from administrative responsibilities and the administrative machine of deans, presidents, and "the usual administrative retinue." Such administration as may be needed is to be carried on by a board of trustees, one half of whom are to be elected annually by the faculty, which is also to have exclusive power of appointment and dismissal. The influence that such a college could wield over the political and academic life and standards of the country is, if it lived up to its programme, little short of controlling. There should be no delay in its establishment.

• • •

THE QUESTION OF WHAT PART ADVERTISING and reviewing play in the making of a book is perhaps an older one than we think. Henry Adams, it seems, asked it a generation ago. "The Life of John Hay" lately gave away the long kept secret of his authorship of "Democracy," and Henry Holt & Co., his publishers, now divulge the fact that he was also the author of "Esther," a novel issued in 1884. "Democracy" was marketed in the usual way and has run through sixteen editions. "Esther" was neither advertised nor sent out for review, the author making it a test of a book's opportunity to succeed on its own merit—and who remembers "Esther"? Had the novel been another "Democracy" the test might have had some value. But when was an author—or, for that matter, his publisher—a sound judge of his book's merit? Even while the publisher is advertising the book's excellence, the reviewers begin speaking for the ultimate judge, the public; and that is a verdict which generally occasions some revision, either downward or upward, in their claims. Make reviewing difficult, and you delay, more than likely you prevent, the handing down of that verdict. Wine may perhaps dispense with a bush, but books are not books without reviewers.

• • •

IN THE AMUSING QUARREL D'ESTIME, AS IT might be called, between Postmaster General Burleson and ex-President Roosevelt apropos of the degree of patriotism manifested by the New York "Tribune," "Collier's," and the "Metropolitan" as contrasted with the Hearst newspapers, Mr. Burleson certainly has the better of the argument—so far, at any rate; for it is not like the Colonel to allow anyone else the last word—when he points out that "all but two of the articles in the Hearst papers referred to by Mr. Roosevelt were published before the passage of the Espionage Act (June 15, 1917) and some of them before our entry into the war." This is the hit direct. For if the provisions of the Espionage Act are to be made retroactive there is no logical reason why it should stop short at any particular point. It might even go back to the time when Colonel Roosevelt said nice things about the Kaiser—long before the present war, to be sure, but mere chronology would be irrelevant were the retroactive principle strictly applied. It might even include professors who received honorary degrees from German universities, and praised the meticulous efficiency of Prussian scholarship. It might cover all who have seen æsthetic charm in the stage-settings of the Munich theatre. In fact, who of us would 'scape whipping if all the nice things we said about Germany and the Germans before we entered the war were brought up against us? That is the reductio ad absurdum of the theory that the Espionage Act is a kind of free-for-all test of character from birth (as some excited individuals are actually trying to make it) instead of what it obviously is, a special measure for war time and war time alone.

• • •

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION WAR Service (discussed in THE DIAL for January 31) now reports that more than three million books were donated to the soldiers and sailors in the recent campaign. Not only the number but also the high quality of the donations exceeded the librarians' expectations. The library thus assembled is one third larger than the Congressional and handsomely lives up to the Association's announced aim: "For every man in service a book in service." Best of all, it permits the library funds to be devoted more to building and maintenance than to the purchase of books. Here is cause for congratulation—but not for ceasing to give. Shortly there will be long casualty lists among the three million volumes, whose ranks must receive constant reënforcements from fresh donations. One must however observe certain precautions in his giving: these librarians, like their public colleagues, play the censor. Zola's "L' Assommoir," Daudet's "Sapho," and Maupassant's "Bel-Ami," it appears, are to have no chance to rub the bloom off our soldiers. But if one is so fortunate as to possess a copy of the famous expurgated edition of Felicia Hemans's poems, one has no right to withhold it from the army.

Briefer Mention

Many, we suppose, are the reasons for traveling: pure wanderlust; the desire to say, "Yes, I have been there"; and the expectancy of its being the short road to culture. And as many as the reasons for doing it are the varieties of books written to coax the cautious dollar from the pockets of those who are smitten with the travel fever. We remember hearing one of our best known globe-trotters say some four years ago that South America would be the tourists' Mecca in the near future. Since that time numberless have been the books issued regarding that continent—some picturing it a second Eden, some as the breeding-place of every ill known to man, and some taking a middle ground. In "Vagabonding down the Andes" (Century; $4.) Mr. Franck shows it as a country little removed from savagery, where even the largest cities do not know the alpha of cleanliness or sanitation and where the natives are still using the primitive instruments of the Incas. He asserts over and over that many of the leaders in society there are of an intelligence equal to that of a schoolboy in our country. To one of Mr. Franck's temperament, however, this very primitiveness is one of the country's chief charms. With the winding road ever beckoning him on, he makes the journey from Colombia to Argentina mostly on foot along the little frequented roads and trails of the mid-Andes. He gets so far out of touch with the world that he is obliged to make himself understood with his few words of Quichua, the ancient Indian language. Part of the journey is amusingly reminiscent of R. L. S., for Mr. Franck buys a donkey to carry his luggage. Whatever the difficulties of bitter cold, or hard travel, the adventurer clings to his camera and as a result we have a most unusual collection of photographs. The book makes good reading but is hardly likely to create enthusiasm in the breast of the ordinary tourist or business man. One prefers to suffer the tribulations of South American travel by proxy.

In striking contrast to the cold, forbidding Andean landscape and hard travel there, is Robert Shackleton's comfortable motor trip through the soft smiling landscape of Great Britain—a trip made with almost no engine trouble, over nearly perfect roads, and punctuated by stops at the best of inns. Mr. Shackleton tells how, in six weeks, all points of historical or literary interest or of beauty were visited in a roundabout journey that goes through Wales, over into England, along the Wye valley, the coast of Somerset and Devon, the whole south coast of England, north to Canterbury, London, and on to Oxford and Stratford, Warwick, Coventry, east to the North Sea coast, then inland again to Lincoln and York, and on north into Scotland to Edinburgh, the lakes, the highlands, and back southwest to Glasgow, and south through the English lake country, Sherwood, Haddon Hall, and at last to Liverpool. "Touring Great Britain" (Penn Publishing Co.; $2.50) is three things in one: a readable story, a splendid guidebook, and a beautiful gift book.

In "The Adirondacks" (Century; $2.50) T. Morris Longstreth is possessed of much enthusiasm for his subject but little native ability in organizing his impressions. He starts out by writing a sort of daily journal which gives an account of his trip through the mountains. Then he breaks off into chapters, wherein he discusses the tree and animal life found there, the inns, a few of the better known peaks—all somewhat incoherently done. When at length he gives us a bibliography of Adirondack literature, we discover that there really is a need both for reliable, comprehensive guides and for records of impressions. Both are indeed meager and incomplete. Perhaps the nearest approach to the latter is Dr. Henry Van Dyke's account of his ascent of Ampersand in "Little Rivers."

"Finland and the Finns," by Arthur Reade (Dodd, Mead; $2.), is a timely book, considering that the world is looking so much to Russia and her sister states just now. It is a clear exposition of the various political and social problems of the Finnish people. This means giving the reader an interesting historical perspective wherein is traced the varying Russian, Swedish, and Finnish influences. Finland is a most remarkable example of a country preserving intact its national traits in spite of outside oppression. There are also fine chapters on the painting, music, and literature of Finland, on education there and the status of woman, and a sufficiently clear account of the chief industries. Beside all this the author shows us both city and country folk—their manners, customs, and beliefs. Today one is permitted to study the potentialities of any country and especially of a country as young (politically speaking) as Finland, for it is only within the last decade that this race has managed to make its own language the official one for every purpose. Just here is where Mr. Reade's book is valuable: it is an authoritative source of material for such a study—material wholly pertinent and sensibly classified—a book not to be missed by any student of today's affairs.

One would imagine that there was no corner of Europe but had been described over and over, yet that there is something new Eugénie M. Fryer reveals, classifying some beautiful places under the title of "The Hill-Towns of France" (Dutton; $2.50). She has put them into four groups: "First, the large town, commanded and protected by the turrets and massive towers of its walls and citadel; second, the feudal castle, the residence of some great lord about whose walls a straggling town has grown up; third, the fortified town, communal in character, which governed by no overlord and possessed of no castle, protects itself from invasion by fortifying its houses and churches also; fourth, the monastic hill-town, its defences built primarily to defend a shrine." It is in one sense a guidebook, but it is no less a book to be enjoyed by the winter fireside. Almost thirty towns are described without too many clichés, and the history or romance of each one given; and such is the art of the author that the very spirit of France, the essence of her beauty and strength, is put upon the page. The book is charmingly illustrated with both drawings and photographs.

For all our admiration for France, even our affection, French literature cannot yet be said to appeal very widely to American readers. Certainly the easiest form to begin with is the short story, and Willard Huntington Wright's "The Great Modern French Stories" (Boni & Liveright; $1.50) offers a convenient and interesting means of approach. Its introduction of twenty-nine pages traces with clarity and some distinction, but with a rather noticeable disregard of foreign influence—Scott is barely mentioned and Poe not at all—the development of French fiction as a whole, rather than that of the short story, from Rousseau to Barrès and Philippe. Then follow in satisfactory translations twenty-two stories by a score of writers—it is Maupassant who is represented by three. Such a choice must of course include some stories that have become hackneyed through inclusion in numerous anthologies, but most of them are fresh as well as typical of their authors. Short biographies of the authors and a discriminating account of available translations of their works into English, a valuable assistance to libraries and other purchasers who would avoid inadequate editions, complete this useful and well arranged book.

The casual traveler in our Southwestern country who comes suddenly upon the serene gray ruins of an old Spanish mission outlined against the radiant sky must stop to wonder what events in the human drama produced the air of mystery and romance which hangs about its crumbling walls. Its architecture, conspicuously out of time and place in its present environment and thereby the more precious; a solitary goat nibbling in subdued fashion in the deserted kitchen garden; half remembered tales of subterranean passages for retreat: such fragments of recollection will be happily revived by the "Stories of the Old Missions of California" in Charles Franklin Carter's book (Paul Elder; $1.50). These legends are recognized in the recorded history of the period and they reflect the spirit of rebellion which occasionally flared up among the mission Indians, as well as the peaceful and industrious life which for the most part they followed under the civilizing influence of the Fathers.

In his folk stories of the sea Wilbur Bassett tells us that all the tales of "Wander-Ships" (Open Court Publishing Co.; $1.50) are variations from five familiar types: phantom-ships, devil-ships, death-ships, reward-ships, and punishment-ships. "The Flying Dutchman," for instance, is technically a punishment-ship. Still it is reassuring that each new appearance of a wander-ship tale, bringing with it something of glamor and mystery, makes its own uncritical appeal to lovers of the sea. In these days one wonders whether the advent of the submarine may not produce a whole new literature of sea legends. And the submarine itself—is it to add a sixth classification to Mr. Bassett's five, or will it find itself at home among the devil-ships? The author's notes on the origin of wander-ship legends include variants of the narratives which are often more interesting, because less elaborated, than the versions he has selected.

That English scholarship pursues its wonted way despite the abysmal distractions of the great war within hearing distance is suggested by the latest volume of "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature" (Oxford University Press; $2.40) containing the papers read during the session 1916-17. Aside from a paper on Carlyle's "French Revolution," which cannot avoid letting the din of the present in, the essays concern themselves with "The Romantic Age in Italian Literature," "Ann Radcliffe," "The Modern Hindustani Drama," "Dante and Boethius," "Currents of English Drama in the Eighteenth Century," and "Góngora." Of the "French Revolution" J. Holland Rose remarks: "The whole work, indeed, belongs to the poetry of revolt—a revolt directed against the new Supply-and-Demand England quite as much as against the shams of *l'ancien régime*." And later: "Was not the seer of Chelsea right? Has not our modern civilization blinkered the soul and hobbled the feet of man? Is he not the tool and victim of the machinery created about a century ago? And is not civilization now in danger of perishing under the load of the inventions, of which, even in their initial stages, Carlyle discerned the danger?" This reminds one of Bergson's remarks, at the beginning of the war, about the swallowing up of man by the machinery he has created, and of Emerson's line of long ago, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind."

How often has the spectator thought of the ideals that animate the actor?—the great actor, for it is simple enough to gage the standards of the "my part" performer. How much is the product of intellect, how much of emotion, how much of training? Mrs. Fiske claims in the book "Mrs. Fiske: Her Views on Actors, Acting, and the Problems of Production," by Alexander Woolcott (Century; $2.), that from the beginning good acting is science almost to the very end, although "great acting, of course, is a thing of the spirit; in its best estate a conveyance of certain abstract spiritual qualities, with the person of the actor as medium." But as for her personal taste, "as soon as I suspect a fine effect is being achieved by accident, I lose interest. I am not interested, you see, in unskilled labor." Mrs. Fiske is of course the scientific actor par excellence. Her present production of "Madame Sand" is visible proof of that. She appeared on the stage as soon as she could walk; she had a speaking part as soon as she could talk; for her the stage has never held any glamor. It is as natural a phenomenon as the air or the sky. Upon such a biographical background does Mr. Woolcott, one time dramatic critic of the New York "Times," base his table talks with Mrs. Fiske. They contain brilliance, humor, sound sense; to anyone who loves the theatre, they are enthralling. For Mrs. Fiske is a scientist no less in regard to theatrical production than in her method of acting. She believes implicitly in the artistic integrity of the professional stage. Her views on the repertory theatre and the earnest students of the drama will shock and astound those ladies and gentlemen.

The Greek Theater and Its Drama

By ROY C. FLICKINGER

Professor of Greek and Latin, Northwestern University

THE noteworthy features of ancient drama and its production, which are usually regarded as unrelated, have been marshaled by the author under one co-ordinating principle. The material is freshened at every point by conclusions of the latest investigators. The range of topics discussed is unusually wide; scores of books, magazines, and monographs would be required to obtain the same information. Moreover, the results of the author's own researches appear on every page. The illustrative material is profuse, and much of it appears now for the first time. The bibliographical references are sufficient to put the reader in immediate touch with the latest and most significant works in the field.

A full General Index makes it easy to reassemble the material and examine it from a different point of view. To any serious student of the drama, whether ancient or modern, the work is indispensable. It is written in a style attractive to the general reader, and presupposes no knowledge of the Greek language.

The complete Index of Passages which is appended to the volume will enable teachers to emphasize the salient points of antiquarian interest in any play which they may be reading with a class.

xxviii+342 pages, cloth; $3.00, postage extra (Weight 2 lbs. 11 oz.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5803 Ellis Avenue

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

COMMUNICATION

THE OXFORD METHOD IN ENGLISH INSTRUCTION

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your reviewer's article of April 11, entitled "The Oxford Spirit," suggests the possibility of utilizing the methods of Oxford in our study of English. As a graduate of Oxford, or more strictly as a holder of the certificate given to women by Oxford in lieu of the Honors degree, I am deeply interested in the point touched on by Mr. Hack. How far the general doctrine of Oxford could be applied to our secondary system I am unable to say; but in the English work of our colleges two at least of its methods should produce far better results than we are at present obtaining. Those two methods are the refusal to treat English composition as a separate study, and the system of "set books."

Every student of letters, ancient or modern, at Oxford, must write, write, write upon the books he is studying and the affiliations of those books. He is obliged in many cases to extend his study to other literatures and he must invariably relate his literary topic to its historical and philosophical background. Thus the realization of the immense nexus of influences spread through all literature and all history, of the binding and loosing power of personalities and of systems, of the recombinations which we call "literary periods" comes sooner and more clearly to Oxford students than to those of other universities. And the power of expression is not there cultivated as an isolated growth; Oxford believes that only the developing mind can set free real power to express, and that the growth of such power proceeds most sanely by discussing the essayists, the historians, and the poets whose noble and lucid English may at once discipline the student's language and stimulate his thought. The mass of trivial, ephemeral, and personal subject matter so frequently offered to and offered by students of our "required theme" courses is once for all excluded.

Inasmuch as the great majority of the men who conduct these Oxford courses have themselves undergone that training, they are as able to criticize their students' expressive power as to criticize their facts or their logic. The prime difficulty in applying this "Oxford method" throughout our letters and history courses would be the number of present day instructors who are insensitive to English speech, and insensitive because of the false separation of their study-discipline from their expression-discipline during their undergraduate years.

The other aspect of Oxford's "English" method of which I would speak is the study of "set books." The so-called "rapid reading" courses of some of our colleges are no parallel to the Oxford work. One play by such an author, two poems by such another, part of a novel by another, one canto of So-and-so's epic, so many chapters of a certain history—these and a score of similar extracts are to give the American student his idea of the "period." And when this is covered at the rate required by our short-term colleges, it is next to impossible that a clear impression of any single work or of the interrelations of those works should be received

or retained. Oxford selects a few works from each "age"; these are read in part in class, discussed as wholes in class and in the papers, with their values, their influences, their relations. Collateral readings are advised and urged; and in the Honors Finals the student has to show not only knowledge of the "set books," but related reading and thinking not done under guidance.

I write "knowledge"; but at Oxford neither reading nor knowledge is a substitute for thought.

ELEANOR PRESCOTT HAMMOND.

Chicago, Illinois.

NOTES AND NEWS

Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Baron Dunsany, is well known not only by his plays, upon which he comments in the letter printed in this issue of THE DIAL, but also by his volumes of fantastic tales: "The Gods of Pegana," 1905; "Time and the Gods," 1906; "The Sword of Welleran," 1908; "A Dreamer's Tales," 1910; "The Book of Wonder," 1912; "The Last Book of Wonder" (all published in America by Luce); and "Fifty-One Tales," 1915 (Kennerley). He is now an officer in the Coldstream Guards.

J. E. Spingarn, whose "Creative Criticism" (Holt) was reviewed in the leading article of THE DIAL for August 16, 1917, was formerly Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University. At present he is on active duty as a Major of Infantry in the United States Army. Among his earlier books was "New Criticism" (Lemcke).

R. E. Neil Dodge, whose edition of the poems of Edmund Spenser appeared in 1908, is an Assistant Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin.

As an undergraduate Herbert J. Seligmann was an editor of "The Harvard Monthly." He has since been connected with "The New Republic" and is now engaged in newspaper work in New York City.

Poems by Clara Shanafelt have appeared in "Poetry" and "The Egoist."

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for THE DIAL.

Joseph Jastrow's "Psychology of Conviction" is on the May list of Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Structure of Lasting Peace," by H. M. Kallen, which was concluded in THE DIAL for February 28, is about to appear in book form under the imprint of the Marshall Jones Co.

Among the May books of D. Appleton & Co. are "An Ethical Philosophy of Life," by Felix Adler, and "Problems in Cost Accounting," by DeWitt C. Eggleston.

The Harpers have just issued a new edition of Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," enlarged to include chapters on the battles of the present war.

The Lichnowsky "memorandum" is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the title "The Guilt of Germany." The volume will include Von Jagow's reply and a preface by Gilbert Murray.

EUROPE'S FATEFUL HOUR

By Guglielmo Ferrero

Author of "Ancient Rome and Modern America," "Greatness and Decline of Rome," etc.

This great Italian writer and publicist in his new book takes up the problems of the war not in the narrow sense of Italy's national aspirations, but rather from the point of view of the fundamental causes and issues of the struggle so vitally affecting civilization. Mr. Ferrero's studies of Roman history have made him world famous as an interpreter of the human aspects of the conflicts attending the rise and fall of nations. *Demi 8vo.* $2.00

THE GRAFTONS

By Archibald Marshall

Author of "Exton Manor," "Abington Abbey," etc.

More of the delightful new English family Mr. Marshall introduced in "Abington Abbey" where we left the daughters of the Abbey still unmated with the promise of further revelations in a book to come. That book is here in "The Graftons." A great deal of Mr. Marshall's delicate humour and many joys are combined in a novel that reads exactly like life itself. $1.50

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AND THE WAR

By Hereward Carrington

Author of "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," etc.

A discussion of the psychology of the soldier in action, the psychology of German "frightfulness," and various phenomena of death which have been noted during this war, at the battle front and by relatives at home. $2.00

THE MIRACLE OF ST. ANTHONY: A Play

By Maurice Maeterlinck

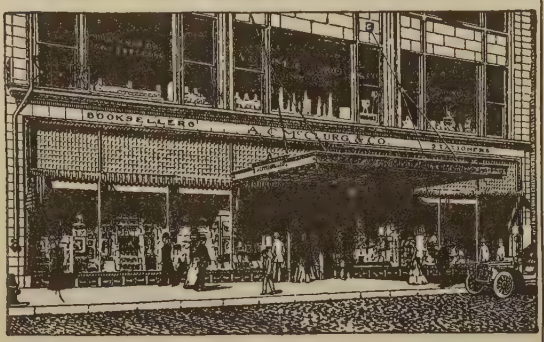
A humorous satire contrasting the attitudes of the rich and the poor toward spiritual things. This is the authorized translation by Teixeira. *With a biographical sketch of Maeterlinck by Edward Thomas. A portrait frontispiece. Binding uniform with the author's other works.* *Cloth,* $1.50

PATRIOTIC PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By Virginia Olcott

There has been a strong demand in our public libraries for just such plays as these, and they will meet with the enthusiastic approval of parents, teachers and children. These plays deal with such timely subjects as food conservation, industry, thrift, and Red Cross work. *Illustrated in color and in black and white, showing costumes, etc.* $1.25

New Books Published by
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other book-dealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

Special Library Service

We conduct a department devoted entirely to the interests of Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities. Our Library Department has made a careful study of library requirements, and is equipped to handle all library orders with accuracy, efficiency and despatch. This department's long experience in this special branch of the book business, combined with our unsurpassed book stock, enable us to offer a library service not excelled elsewhere. We solicit correspondence from Librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

Retail Store, 218 to 224 South Wabash Avenue

Library Department and Wholesale Offices:
330 to 352 East Ohio Street

Chicago

The Century Co. have forthcoming a translation of the latest Goncourt Prize winner, "La Flamme au Poing," by Henry Malherbe, and "The Fighting Engineers," by Francis A. Collins.

The Bible Institute Colportage Association, 826 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, wishes to get in touch with writers who make a specialty of evangelical religious stories of moderate length.

Volume IV of Eden and Cedar Paul's translation of Treitschke's "History of Germany in the XIXth Century," covering the years 1819 to 1830, is one of the May issues of Robert M. McBride & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for early issue an addition to their "Musician's Book Shelf Series"—"On Listening to Music," by E. Markham Lee—and Arnold Wright's "Early English Adventurers in the East."

"The Waste Basket," which is published from Chicago, is a new bi-monthly magazine written exclusively by young people between the ages of sixten and twenty-one. It offers prizes for prose and verse.

Next month the Macmillan Co. will publish "Your Negro Neighbor," by Benjamin Brawley, whose book "The Negro in Literature and Art" was issued this spring by Duffield & Co. The latter contained a supplementary chapter first printed in THE DIAL of May 11, 1916. Mr. Brawley is also the author of "A Short History of the American Negro" (Macmillan).

Hereafter the books of Thorstein Veblen—"The Theory of the Leisure Class," "The Instinct of Workmanship," "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution," and "The Nature of Peace"—will appear under the imprint of B. W. Huebsch at the uniform price of $1.60. Mr. Huebsch announces that other volumes by this author are now in preparation.

Among the late May publications by Dodd, Mead & Co. will be: Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of St. Anthony," translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos; "Out There," a play by J. Hartley Manners; "Great Ghost Stories," edited by Joseph L. French; "Psychical Phenomena and the War," by Hereward Carrington; and "The Revolution Absolute," by Charles Ferguson.

Brentano's are publishing this month the first two volumes of their series of "Harvard Plays" (boards, $1. each). Volume I contains recent plays from the "47 Workshop," the laboratory of Professor George Pierce Baker's course in dramatic composition, "English 47"; and Volume II contains some recent plays of the Harvard Dramatic Club. Professor Baker has edited the collections and has supplied an introduction.

May non-fiction issues of George H. Doran Co. include: "The Achievements of the British Navy in the World War," by John Leland; "Aircraft in War and Commerce," by William H. Barry; "Winged Warfare," by Major W. A. Bishop; "Frontiers of Freedom," by Secretary Baker; "Japan or Germany," by Frederic Coleman; a volume of verse by Amelia J. Burr, "The Silver Trumpet"; and two books by Annette Kellermann—"How to Swim" and "Physical Beauty: How to Keep It."

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 152 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

THE WAR.

Over the Threshold of War. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Illustrated, 8vo, 375 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. Boxed, $5.

Bombs and Hand Grenades: British, French, and German. By Captain Bertram Smith. Illustrated, 8vo, 90 pages. E. P. Dutton Co. $2.

A Minstrel in France. By Harry Lauder. Illustrated, 8vo, 338 pages. Hearst's International Library Co. $2.

Flashes from the Front. By Charles H. Grasty. Illustrated, 12mo, 306 pages. The Century Co. $2.

Shellproof Mack. By Arthur Mack. Illustrated, 12mo, 224 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35.

Shock at the Front. By William T. Porter. 12mo, 151 pages. The Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.25.

Women of the War. By Mrs. Francis McLaren. With an introduction by H. H. Asquith. Illustrated, 8vo, 160 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

Liége, on the Line of March. By Glenna L. Bigelow. With frontispiece, 12mo, 156 pages. John Lane Co. $1.

Letters from an American Soldier to His Father. By Curtis Wheeler. 12mo, 114 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 75 cts.

FICTION.

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. 12mo, 250 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.40.

His Second Wife. By Ernest Poole. 12mo, 302 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Mainland. By E. L. Grant Watson. 12mo, 311 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Gold and Iron. By Joseph Hergesheimer. 12mo, 332 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Rekindled Fires. By Joseph Anthony. With frontispiece, 12mo, 347 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.40.

Soldiers Both. By Gustave Guiches. Translated by Frederic Taber Cooper. 12mo, 321 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.40.

The Man Who Survived. By Camille Marbo. Translated by Frank Hunter Potter. With frontispiece, 12mo, 191 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.35.

Where the Souls of Men Are Calling. By Credo Harris. With frontispiece, 12mo, 298 pages. Britton Publishing Co. $1.35.

The Flying Poilu. By Marcel Nadaud. Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. Illustrated, 12mo, 217 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

First the Blade. By Clemence Dane. 12mo, 317 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Toll of the Road. By Marion Hill. With frontispiece, 12mo, 321 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Fighting Fool. By Dane Coolidge. 12mo, 291 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Hope Trueblood. By "Patience Worth." 12mo, 363 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

The Amazing Interlude. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Before the Wind. By Janet Laing. 12mo, 352 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Ann Annington. By Edgar Jepson. 12mo, 298 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

The Happiest Time of Their Lives. By Alice Duer Miller. Illustrated, 12mo, 368 pages. The Century Co. $1.40.

The Lonely Stronghold. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 12mo, 381 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Enchanted Barn. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. With frontispiece, 12mo, 313 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.35.

Merry Andrew. By F. Roney Weir. Illustrated, 12mo, 361 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35.

The Heart of Arethusa. By Frances Barton Fox. With frontispiece, 12mo, 333 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35.

The Girl in His House. By Harold MacGrath. Illustrated, 12mo, 149 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Johnny Pryde. By J. J. Bell. 12mo, 175 pages. Fleming H. Revell. $1.

Announcing the following titles —unusual books for readers of discriminating taste—

The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored
HORACE MEYER KALLEN
$1.25 Net

Reflections on War and Death
DR. SIGMUND FREUD
$0.75 Net

Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton
LEWIS A. LEONARD
$2.50 Net

Awake! America
WILLIAM T. HORNADAY
$1.25 Net

Common Sense in Politics
THE HON. JOB E. HEDGES
(New Edition) $1.00 Net

The Prisoner of War in Germany
DR. DANIEL J. McCARTHY
(Third Edition) $2.00 Net

During the German spring drive over 90,000 prisoners were taken. Here is the chronicle of what their lives will be

MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY
116 West 32d Street, NEW YORK

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONVICTION

BY JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR JASTROW'S new book takes up the following subjects: The Psychology of Conviction; Belief and Credulity; The Will to Believe in the Supernatural; The Case of Paladino; Antecedents of the Study of Character and Temperament; Fact and Fable in Animal Psychology; "Malicious Animal Magnetism"; The Democratic Suspicion of Education; The Psychology of Indulgence; The Feminine Mind; Militarism and Pacificism. Like all of Professor Jastrow's work, it is both authoritative and readable. It is also especially timely, in that, as he points out, the war has contributed a very large field of phenomena for the study of psychology.

$2.50 *net*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Boston and New York

New Publications

Dynamic Psychology

By ROBERT SESSIONS WOODWORTH, PH.D. 12mo, cloth, pp. ix+210. $1.50 net.

Recent contributions to abnormal, social and animal psychology have brought in a number of new and important considerations especially relating to the motivation of conduct and to the proper conceptions of psychology. The author here attempts some constructive criticism of these new ideas.

American City Progress and the Law

By HOWARD LEE MCBAIN, PH.D. 8vo, cloth, viii+269. $1.50 net.

This volume discusses the legal aspects of important present-day reform movements in American cities, such as home rule by legislative grant, control of the smoke nuisance and of billboards, regulation of building heights, zoning, excess condemnation, municipal ownership of public utilities, control over living costs, provisions for recreation, and the promotion of commerce and industry by cities.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
LEMCKE & BUECHNER, Agents
30-32 West 27th Street New York

"One of the most momentous books which this century has so far produced."—Manchester Guardian.

There's a book I've been intending to get for some time.

You've said that of many books which have been reviewed widely and praised in extraordinary fashion.

You said that of

"Pelle the Conqueror"

the great epic of labor by Martin Nexö in a new two volume edition.

Send THE DIAL ($3.00) to a friend for a year and keep "Pelle" ($4.00) for yourself. Both for $4.00—the price of the book alone. Surely you have a friend who would be grateful to you for a fortnightly visit from THE DIAL.

Remember: $7.00 value for $4.00

The publication of the translation of "Pelle the Conqueror" was started as a joint enterprise by Henry Holt & Company and a British publisher. War conditions have made it impracticable to draw further supplies from England. The book is now published here in a two volume edition ($2.00 net a volume). The volumes run to about 600 pages each. Former edition, $6.00: this edition, $4.00.

Short Stories. By Guy de Maupassant. 12mo, 165 pages. Current Literature Publishing Co. Limp leather. $1.

Dere Mabel: Love Letters of a Rookie. By E. Streeter. Illustrated, 12mo, 62 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cts.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Stag's Horn Book. Edited by John McClure. 16mo, 432 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.60.

Soldier's Scrap Book. By William R. Kane, Ridgewood, N. J. 16mo, 110 pages. 60 cts.

Posthumous Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. 8vo, 194 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

An Easter Ode: 1918. By George Edward Woodberry. 4to, 12 pages. The Woodberry Society. Paper.

The Burglar of the Zodiac. By William Rose Benét. 12mo, 152 pages. Yale University Press. $1.25.

The Silver Trumpet. By Amelia Josephine Burr. 12mo, 133 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.

Tropical Town, and Other Poems. By Salomón de la Selva. 12mo, 132 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

Hours of France: In Peace and War. By Paul Scott Mowrer. 12mo, 71 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Bill of the U. S. A., and Other War Verses. By Kenneth Graham Duffield. 16mo, 62 pages. Henry Altemus Co. 50 cts.

Louisiana: A Pageant of Yesterday and To-Day. By Maud May Parker. 8vo, 65 pages. D. H. Holmes & Co. New Orleans.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Appreciations and Depreciations. By Ernest A. Boyd. 12mo, 162 pages. John Lane Co. $1.35.

French Literary Studies. By T. B. Rudmose-Brown. 12mo, 129 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

Anglo-Irish Essays. By John Eglinton. 12mo, 129 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

Illusions and Realities of War. By Francis Grierson. 12mo, 192 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

Shandygaff. By Christopher Morley. 12mo, 326 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

Lighted Windows. By Dr. Frank Crane. 12mo, 256 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND REMINISCENCE.

The West Florida Controversy, 1798-1813: A Study in American Diplomacy. By Isaac Joslin Cox. 12mo, 699 pages. The Johns Hopkins Press. $3.

Jasper Mauduit: Agent in London for the Province of Massachusetts-Bay, 1762-1765. The Charles Grenfill Washburn Collection of Letters. 8vo, 194 pages. The Massachusetts Historical Society.

The Last of the Romanofs. By Charles Rivet. Translated by Hardress O'Grady. Illustrated, 12mo, 309 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish. By J. S. Fletcher. Illustrated, 8vo, 225 pages. John Lane Co. $2.50.

The Roots of the War. By William Stearns Davis. In collaboration with William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler. With maps, 12mo, 557 pages. The Century Co. $1.50.

Armenia, a Martyr Nation. By M. C. Gabriellan. 12mo, 352 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.75.

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. By Sir Edward Creasy. New and enlarged edition. With maps, 12mo, 535 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The Life and Times of Stephen Girard. By John Bach McMaster. 2 vols. Illustrated, 8vo, 481-469 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. Boxed, $5.

Memories of Midland Politics: 1885-1910. By Francis Allston Channing. Illustrated, 8vo, 434 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.60.

Confessions of the Czarina. By Count Paul Vassili. Illustrated, 12mo, 298 pages. Harper & Bros. $2.

Joan of Arc. By C. M. Stevens. Illustrated, 12mo, 344 pages. Cupples & Leon. $1.50.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, ETC.

The Limits of Pure Democracy. By W. H. Mallock. 8vo, 397 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.

India and the Future. By William Archer. Illustrated, 8vo, 326 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

The Lost Fruits of Waterloo. By John Spencer Bassett. 12mo, 289 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Social Democracy Explained. By John Spargo. 12mo, 338 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

What is National Honor? By Leo Perla. With an introduction by Norman Angell. 12mo, 211 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The War and the Coming Peace. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. 12mo, 144 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.

Reflections on War and Death. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill and Alfred B. Kuttner. 12mo, 72 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. 75 cts.

The American Spirit. By Franklin K. Lane. 12mo, 131 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cts.

Regulation of Railways. By Samuel O. Dunn. 12mo, 354 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

The Illinois and Michigan Canal. By James William Putnam. Illustrated, 8vo, 213 pages. University of Chicago Press.

Scientific Distribution. By Charles F. Higman. 12mo, 183 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The Rockefeller Foundation: A Review of Its War Work, Public Health Activities, and Medical Educational Projects in 1917. By George E. Vincent. 8vo, 47 pages. Paper.

Vocational Education of Girls and Women. By Albert H. Leake. 12mo, 430 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

The Story of a Small College. By Isaac Sharpless. With frontispiece, 8vo, 237 pages. John C. Winston Co.

EDUCATION.

Democracy in Education. By Joseph Kinmont Hart. 12mo, 418 pages. The Century Co. $1.80.

Library Ideals. By Henry E. Legler. Compiled and edited by his son Henry M. Legler. 8vo, 78 pages. Open Court Publishing Co. $1.50.

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Twelfth Annual Report of the President and the Treasurer. 8vo, 154 pages. Paper.

Report of the Secretary, 1916-17. Illustrated, 12mo, 92 pages. The General Education Board. Paper.

Report on College and University Administration. Two parts, 8vo, 308-388 pages. Colorado College. Paper.

Greek Leaders. By Leslie White Hopkinson. Under the editorship of William Scott Ferguson. 12mo, 259 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

The Profession of Journalism: A Collection of Articles on Newspaper Editing and Publishing. Taken from the "Atlantic Monthly." Edited by Willard Grosvenor Bleyer. 12mo, 292 pages. The Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.

The Melodic Method in School Music. By David C. Taylor. 12mo, 171 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.

The Original Version of "Love's Labour's Lost": With a Conjecture as to "Love's Labour's Won." By Henry David Gray. 8vo, 55 pages. Stanford University. Paper.

War Addresses of Woodrow Wilson. With an introduction and notes by Arthur Roy Leonard. With frontispiece, 16mo, 129 pages. Ginn & Co.

The Oregon Trail. By Francis Parkman. Edited by Harry G. Paul. With frontispiece, 12mo, 397 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Essentials of French Pronunciation. By Major Charles F. Martin. 16mo, 147 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 80 cts.

National Ideals in British and American Literature. A syllabus prepared by members of the Department of English in the University of North Carolina. 8vo, 85 pages. University of North Carolina. Paper. 50 cts.

American Ideals in American Literature: A Syllabus. By Edwin Mims. 8vo, 12 pages. University of North Carolina. Paper. 10 cts.

American Ideals. A syllabus for the use of extension centres. By Norman Foerster. 8vo, 14 pages. University of North Carolina.

America and Her Allies. Section A: France. A syllabus for the use of extension centres. 8vo, 12 pages. University of North Carolina. Paper.

Selections for Speaking in the Public Schools: 1. Lee, Lincoln, and Washington Anniversaries. 2. The Present Crisis. 8vo, 42-29 pages. University of North Carolina. Paper. 10 cts. each.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

The Field of Philosophy. By Joseph Alexander Leighton. 12mo, 414 pages. R. G. Adams & Co. Columbus, Ohio.

The Sources of the Hexateuch. By Edgar Steffield Brightman. 12mo, 395 pages. The Abingdon Press. $3.

Six Interesting Books

TWINKLETOES
By Thomas Burke
The story of a daughter of Limehouse. By the author of "Limehouse Nights." $1.35

SUSPENSE
By Isabel Ostrander
All that its title implies. "Enough mystery for two novels in one." $1.40

CAPTAIN GAULT
By William Hope Hodgson
The adventures in deception of Captain Gault, merchant-seaman and prince of smugglers. $1.35

"NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE"
By Bernard Adams
Life at the front as it really is when "nothing of importance" from a military standpoint is occurring. $1.50

INTERNED IN GERMANY
By H. C. Mahoney
Life in the German prison camp of Ruhleben as seen and experienced by a British prisoner of war. Illustrated. $2.00

PATENTING and PROMOTING INVENTIONS
By Mois H. Avram
A complete and authoritative discussion of this important subject by a leading industrial engineer. $1.50

Robert M. McBride & Co.

Publishers **New York**

"Another poet to place beside the name of Rupert Brooke."—N. Y. Times.

ARDOURS AND ENDURANCES

By ROBERT NICHOLS

Poems of rare beauty and spirit by a young English soldier, of which the *Chicago Evening Post* says: "Let me simply recommend this wonderfully vivid poetry of the shock and crash of war, and of the thoughts and emotions which they evoke in a poet who knows what it is to be a soldier." *Net $1.25*

SOLDIERS BOTH

By GUSTAVE GUICHES

A novel for every father and mother who has a son in the trenches. It is the story not of the fighting in France, but of the people and country just back of the lines—the very villages in which our boys are billeted when not on the firing line. It tells of the true heroic France that is supporting her men in the face of almost unsurmountable difficulties. *Net $1.40*

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

"THE DIAL is the only American journal that has been able to keep about itself the atmosphere of free speculation."

—from a reader.

Do you realize that

THE DIAL

is rapidly becoming one of the most talked of and widely read publications of general interest?

THE DIAL still stands as the foremost journal of literary criticism in America.

In addition it is establishing its authority fully as firmly in the broader field.

Thorstein Veblen says:

"There is insistent need of such a publication as THE DIAL, to speak without fear or favor or respect of persons, and with a clear vision of the shifting forces that are now beginning to make the New Order,—to speak sanely and soberly and without undue bias of outworn preconceptions."

John Dewey says:

"THE DIAL is a journal to be reckoned with by those who think, especially because of its combination of honest informed book reviews with humane and progressive social policies—and, not least, good writing, hard hitting, tolerant, straightforward writing proceeding from an imaginative vision."

You have friends who pride themselves on keeping abreast of the rush of current events and changing ideas.

Won't you bring THE DIAL to their attention?

Special five months trial offer for one dollar

THE DIAL, 5-23-18.

608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please enter my name on your special five months trial offer. I inclose $1.00.

_____

_____

_____

The Holy Spirit. By William Ives Washburn. 12mo, 133 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The Experience of God in Modern Life. By Eugene W. Lyman. 12mo, 154 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

As Tommy Sees Us: A Book for Church Folk. By Rev. A. Herbert Gray. 12mo, 118 pages, Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

THE ARTS.

Pictures of War Work in America. By Joseph Pennell. 8vo, 36 plates. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.

Beyond Architecture. By A. Kingsley Porter. Illustrated, 8vo, 200 pages. Marshall Jones Co. $2.

The Bethlehem Bach Choir. By Raymond Walters. Illustrated, 8vo, 290 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

Ethics and Esthetics of Piano-Playing. By Constantin von Sternberg. 12mo, 103 pages. G. Schirmer. $1.25.

Pause; A Study of Its Nature and Its Rhythmical Function in Verse, Especially in Blank Verse. By Ada L. F. Snell. 8vo, 86 pages. University of Michigan. Paper.

SCIENCE.

The Wonders of Instinct. By Jean-Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and Bernard Miall. Illustrated, 8vo, 322 pages. The Century Co. $3.

Man Is a Spirit. By J. Arthur Hill. 12mo, 199 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

The Causes and Course of Organic Evolution. By John Muirhead MacFarlane. Illustrated, 8vo, 875 pages. The Macmillan Co. $4.

Flora of Bermuda. By Nathaniel Lord Britton. Illustrated, 8vo, 585 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Destinies of the Stars. By Svante Arrhenius. Translated by J. E. Fries. Illustrated, 12mo, 256 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Triangle of Health. By Alma C. Arnold. 12mo, 184 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

Annual Report of the Director to the Board of Trustees: 1917. Illustrated, 8vo, 222 pages. Field Museum of Natural History. Paper.

BUSINESS.

Managing a Business in War Time. Business Practices and Methods Actually Tested under War-Time Conditions, Including Data Based on Official British Investigation. 2 vols. Illustrated, 12mo, 402 pages. A. W. Shaw Co., Chicago. $3.

Modern Methods in the Office. By H. J. Barrett. 12mo, 209 pages. Harper & Bros. $2.

The Business of Finance. By Hartley Withers. 12mo, 204 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

Girlhood and Character. By Mary E. Moxcey. 12mo, 400 pages. Woman's Press. $1.50.

Home Help in Music Study. By Harriette Brower. 12mo, 211 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

The Woman Voter's Manual. By S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler. 12mo, 180 pages. The Century Co. $1.

Your Vote and How to Use It. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. 16mo, 263 pages. Harper & Bros. 75 cts.

Caroline King's Cook Book. By Caroline B. King. Illustrated, 12mo, 275 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Thrift in the Household. By Dora Morrell Hughes. 12mo, 288 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25.

Household Management. By Florence Nesbitt. 16mo, 170 pages. Russell Sage Foundation. 75 cts.

Wheatless and Meatless Days. By Pauline Dunwell Partridge and Hester Martha Conklin. 12mo, 225 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Economy Cook Book. By Maria McIlvaine Gillmore. 12mo, 215 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Everyday Foods in War Time. By Mary Swartz Rose. 12mo, 117 pages. The Macmillan Co. 80 cts.

War-Time Bread and Cakes. By Amy L. Handy. 16mo, 66 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts.

Health and the Woman Movement. By Clelia Duel Mosher. 16mo, 45 pages. Woman's Press. Boards, 25 cts.

JUVENILE.

A Short History of Discovery: From the Earliest Times to the Founding of Colonies on the American Continent. Written and drawn by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Illustrated, 8vo, 126 pages. David McKay. $1.50.

Some Nursery Rhymes of Belgium, France, and Russia. Selected and rhymed into English by L. Edna Walter. Belgian airs harmonized by Lucy Broadwood. Illustrated, 4to. The Macmillan Co. $2.

Tales from Birdland. By T. Gilber Pearson. Illustrated, 12mo, 237 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Stephen's Last Chance. By Margaret Ashmun. Illustrated, 12mo, 250 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Great Sioux Trail. By Joseph A. Altsheler. Illustrated, 12mo, 341 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

The Aztec-Hunters. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated, 12mo, 363 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.35.

Jim Spurling, Fisherman. By Albert W. Tolman. Illustrated, 12mo, 291 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

America First. By Frances Nimmo Greene. Illustrated, 12mo, 121 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

Cackles and Lays. By Margaret Lavington. Illustrated, 12mo, 75 pages. John Lane Co. $1.

Polly's Garden. By Helen Ward Banks. Illustrated, 12mo, 96 pages. The Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

The Child's Food Garden. By Van Evrie Kilpatrick. Illustrated, 12mo, 64 pages. World Book Co. 48 cts.

The Adventures of Bobby Coon. By Thornton W. Burgess. (The Bed-Time Story Books.) Illustrated, 16mo, 118 pages. Little, Brown & Co. 50 cts.

The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk. By Thornton W. Burgess. (The Bed-Time Story Books.) Illustrated, 16mo, 118 pages. Little, Brown & Co. 50 cts.

REFERENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mythology of All Races. Vol. 12: Egyptian. By W. Max Müller. Indo-Chinese. By Sir James George Scott. Illustrated, 8vo, 450 pages. Marshall Jones & Co. $6.

The Book Review Digest. Thirteenth annual cumulation. Reviews of 1917 books. Edited by Margaret Jackson and Mary Katharine Reely. 8vo, 699 pages. H. W. Wilson Co. $5.

Foster on Auction. By R. F. Foster. 12mo, 360 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Royal Auction Bridge. The Laws and Principles. By Ernest Bergholt. 16mo, 147 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Royal Auction Bridge. The Art and Practice. By Ernest Bergholt. 16mo, 219 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Ice-Breakers. By Edna Geister. 12mo, 93 pages. Woman's Press. $1.

Offensive Fighting. By Major Donald M. McRae. Illustrated, 16mo, 196 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Police Reserve and Home Defense Guard Manual. By Major William A. Dawkins and Inspector Cornelius F. Cahalane. Illustrated, 12mo, 152 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

U. S. Army Facts and Insignia. By Valdenar Paulsen. Edited by Major Lucius A. Hine. Illustrated, 16mo, 96 pages. Rand McNally & Co. 50 cts.

French Medical Vocabulary and Phrase-Book. Prepared by Joseph Marie. Second edition. 16mo, 32 pages. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

The Soldiers' English and Italian Conversation Book. Translated and adapted by Ida Dickinson from W. M. Gallichan's English-French Conversation Book. 16mo, 128 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co.

War Fact Tests for Graduation and Promotion. Prepared by William H. Allen. Illustrated, 16mo, 80 pages. World Book Co. Paper, 24 cts.

War Gardens. By Montague Free. 16mo, 114 pages. Harper & Bros. 50 cts.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. On the Preparation of Manuscrips, On the Reading of Proof, and On Dealing with Publishers. 12mo, 64 pages. The Macmillan Co. Paper. 30 cts.

The Anti-Prohibition Manual: 1918. 16mo, 128 pages. Published by the National Association of Distillers and Wholesale Dealers.

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (Established 1905)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

IF you want first editions, limited editions, association books — books of any kind, in fact, address:
DOWNING, Box 1336, Boston, Mass.

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

The Advertising Representative of THE DIAL in England is
MR. DAVID H. BOND
407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

FOR AUTHORS **ROMEIKE**
operates a special literary department, as complete in every detail as an entire
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Having the use of our international facilities this department is known and patronized by as many authors and publishers as make up the entire clientele of an ordinary bureau.
With our exceedingly large patronage it is necessary for us to maintain a standard of efficiency and service which cannot be approached by bureaux that devote their efforts to the acquiring of new subscribers without thought for those they have. An inefficient press clipping service will prove irritating, so don't experiment. Use the reliable
ROMEIKE
108-110 Seventh Avenue
NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1881

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.
Book Buyers
who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANOFS

By Charles Rivet, the Petrograd correspondent of the Paris *Temps*
Translated, with an Introduction by Hardress O'Grady *Illustrated. Net,* $3.00

The New York *Herald* says: "A distinct addition to the important literature of the part Russia has played in the world struggle. Mr. Rivet knows Russia and the Russians, and he has the happy faculty of being able to impart his information convincingly and strikingly. In this book he gives the whole story of the Russian revolution and tells why it had to be. And in conclusion he says that it would be a crime against humanity not to rejoice greatly at what has happened in Russia."

GONE TO EARTH

By Mary Webb, *Author of "The Golden Arrow," "The Spring of Joy"* *Net,* $1.50

About what novel of recent days—or years—could the Literary Editor of a newspaper of the standing of *The Sun* (New York) say (in a review covering a whole page):

REBECCA WEST'S VERDICT: "Let us recall what Miss West said about it: 'The year's discovery has been Mary Webb, author of "Gone to Earth." She is a genius and I shouldn't mind wagering that she is going to be the most distinguished writer of our generation.'"

THE IMPRESSIVENESS OF "GONE TO EARTH." "'Gone to Earth' is the most impressive English novel since Thomas Hardy gave us 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' It has many points of resemblance to 'Tess.'"

THE AUTHOR'S HIGH LITERARY LINEAGE. "Mary Webb is of the line of Meredith. In 'Gone to Earth' are many Meredithean traits of style, but the fantasticalness which Meredith allowed himself is not present."

THE CHARACTERS OF THE STORY. "They are put before us with exquisite and unobtrusive humor and understanding. There is fun in this book; make no mistake about that. There is comprehension, which is of far more importance; and there is the power to convey, which is most important of all."

THE AUTHOR'S LITERARY IMMORTALITY. "'Gone to Earth' will be read, it will be remembered. Its author is assured of something more than mere notice hereafter."

SALT, OR THE EDUCATION OF GRIFFITH ADAMS

By Charles G. Norris, *Author of "The Amateur"* *Net,* $1.50

This novel tells the story of an American boy who went through school and college but who was not educated until later. It is a startling commentary on the methods of which our young men are fitted for life. Griffith Adams is an American type; there are thousands like him. His story is the history of the average collegian—only that his is perhaps the more fortunate. Business, Friendship, Love, all have their part in this story of a lovable character. *In press*

THE UNWILLING VESTAL

By Edward Lucas White *Net,* $1.50
Author of that Remarkable Historical Novel "El Supremo"

The *Outlook* says: "Mr. White in his fascinating story of old Rome purposely makes Emperor, Vestal Virgins, slaves, and every one else talk like the people you see at movies or meet on the railway. For once we have a story of classical days over which we do not go to sleep. The same is true, of course, of 'Quo Vadis,' but that remarkable book is far less unconventional than this."

HOURS OF FRANCE in Peace and War

Net, $1.00
By Paul Scott Mowrer
Special War-correspondent of "Chicago Daily News"

Poems of France, from her agony in the fighting line to the calm beauty of a village church in peaceful Brittany. Simple, direct, intense, they strike that note of intimate personal feeling.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD and Other Poems

Net, $1.25
By W. M. Letts

The *Philadelphia Telegraph* says: "It is a pleasure to commend to the lover of true poetry such a book of verse. One wishes the war had inspired in American versifiers such poetry as this little volume contains."

POEMS AND LYRICS

Net, $2.00
By George Reston Malloch

Verses, glowing with color and swaying with rhythm. They are intensely and gloriously alive, and the varied nature pictures which the writer throws upon his checkered canvas are beautiful, sinister and mysterious. The author has caught the very Spirit of Pan and set him dancing across his pages.

BEFORE THE WIND

By Janet Laing *Net,* $1.50

A delightful comedy of silent laughter and chuckles. Place, the coast of Scotland. Time, the present. Principal characters, seven women, not very young; one man, not very young also. A young girl and a V.C. disguised as a chauffeur. Villain and Villainess not so very bad. An underground passage, robbery, love and a Zeppelin raid furnish the many startling incidents and amusing results.

THE RETINUE and Other Poems

By Katharine Lee Bates *Net,* $1.50

Containing the principal war-poems of this distinguished author, written from 1914 to 1916 and recording the gradual change of American opinion towards the war. Other poems also, of singular beauty and distinction which abound in rich and exquisite imagery and delicate turns of expression.

THE OLD HUNTSMAN and Other Poems

By Siegfried Sassoon *Net,* $2.00

The *New York Sun* says: "Mr. Sassoon's talent is made evident in many a brilliant line of clean, strong poetry. But it is for the war poems that his present volume will be read and remembered."

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME and Other Poems

By Lilian Leveridge *Net,* $1.00

Poems of universal appeal, tender sympathy and compelling pathos, that help to ease the sorrow in the hearts of those who feel, but cannot express. Joyous, hopeful verses, that brighten the daily outlook; wafting from the hills a spirit of restfulness and peace, but withal of inspiration and courage.

GIRLS' CLUBS — Their Organization and Management

By Helen J. Ferris *In Press*

What have other workers with girls found successful? This is the question which confronts every Leader of GIRLS. The answer to the question may be found in this book on Girls' Club work. From the experience of many workers with girls, the material has been gathered and presented in a definite, practical way. The organizing of Girls' Clubs is today being urged as a constructive war-time policy. Work with girls has been and is a vital problem. Those who are meeting it will find help in this book on Girls' Clubs.

Postage extra. At all bookstores

E. P. Dutton & Company, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO., CHICAGO.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

Announcement

THE DIAL announces that on July 1 its publication offices will be moved to New York and that on October 3, 1918 it will begin weekly publication.

This step is taken in order to consider more comprehensively the shifting forces which are now making for a new social order. Contemporary ideas change and crystallize more rapidly today than at any previous period in history. Even literary criticism, if it attempts to reflect the intellectual temper of the day, must be more alert. No journal can now retain any reality or vigor which does not react to the tendencies characteristic of our age.

THE DIAL is not content to present to its readers discussions of these significant forces merely through the medium of book reviews. For this reason it has determined to extend the editorial policy to include, in addition to the present literary features, discussion of internationalism and a programme of reconstruction in industry and education.

This new editorial policy will in no sense be a break with THE DIAL'S tradition. Rather it will be the logical development of that tradition to meet the changing conditions which are making not only for a new social order but for a new epoch in literature and the arts. To these new problems THE DIAL will bring that liberal spirit of intellectual curiosity and constructive criticism which has distinguished its literary policy in the past.

The present features—the book review service and the general articles on literature, art, music, and the theatre—will be continued and extended. The important current publications will be reviewed promptly in order that the complex pattern of intellectual progress may be contemporaneously reported.

THE DIAL will be interested in principles and fundamental readjustments rather than in evanescent political issues. It will not use the excuse of tolerance or of flabby intellectual good will to evade the task of formulating definite opinions. But it will not cling stubbornly to any conclusion before the discipline of new facts. With a sympathetic attitude toward the novelties of the present and the proposals for the future, THE DIAL will not forget the experience and illuminations which history provides. Committed to no dogma or preconception, THE DIAL will strive to be hard-hitting, straight-thinking, and authoritative.

The editorial coöperation of those recognized as the most effective thinkers in their particular fields has been secured. The Editors will be: John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, Helen Marot, and George Donlin. The Associate Editors will be: Harold Stearns, Clarence Britten, Randolph Bourne, and Scofield Thayer.

John Dewey is known in America for his creative contributions to the problems of education. Abroad he is accepted as America's senior thinker and philosopher since the death of William James. Mr. Dewey will write for THE DIAL on educational subjects.

Thorstein Veblen, who will contribute articles dealing with economic and industrial reconstruction, is perhaps best known through his volume "An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace." Mr. Veblen combines with an accurate knowledge of facts a ruthless power of analysis and a brilliant irony which makes his style an intellectual adventure.

Helen Marot, who for many years has been associated with American labor organizations, brings to the problems of readjustment both imagination and practical understanding. She has published one book, entitled "American Labor Unions."

THE DIAL'S present editor, George Donlin, will act in the capacity of Editor-in-Chief.

Pilgrim Sons of 1920

The United States contains a people which has been recruited in the main from Europe. Today some millions of Americans, most of whom have never seen Europe, are returning thither to fight for the cause of the Allies. Many will lay down their lives. A few may find new homes in the Old World. But most will come back again, bringing with them thousands of comrades who, having been informed about America, will wish to settle here. I am told that of the Australian troops forty thousand have chosen British wives, many of whom have sailed for the Commonwealth in advance of their husbands. American soldiers also may marry European girls, who will set forth across the Atlantic to build up homes. Most of these girls are likely to be British, but in any event each state and each city in the Union will have in its midst a new type of citizen, young, with many years of activity ahead, and with special memories —a special experience for mental background.

We have seen how the texture of American life has been woven of racial elements from Ireland, Poland, Germany, and other lands. The retired soldier will tell his story to his children and his grandchildren. No later research by scholars will materially alter his first-hand impression. He is today serving on a jury, taking evidence on the spot, examining witnesses, and drawing up the verdict. The future opinion of America rests not with editors, special correspondents, and lecturers but with "the boys" who have seen things for themselves. Their views will determine national policy and their hopes will inspire national ideals. They are crossing the ocean and leaving a bridge behind them. Americans cannot appreciate in advance what a difference will be made by "the boys" when they get talking here among their friends, after the war.

At the moment, this vast human force is directed against a foreign foe. Whether in camp or in trench, the American soldier has disappeared from civil life and we do not know what opinion he is forming. In Europe, the talk of soldiers is already beginning to tell. Russia has found that out, and so has Italy. The United States will discover that the pilgrim sons of 1920 will make as much history as the pilgrim fathers of three hundred years earlier. We expect in Britain that whatever is academic or unreal in our political machine will be swept away. Liberalism will embrace Labor, the Socialists, Free Trade, the International Ideal. Conservatism will be a sincere and vigorous reaction, not on the old Tory lines but rather along the principle set up by Sir Robert Borden in Canada. In the United States also the Republican and Democratic parties must become instruments of definite popular impulses and aims, or vanish in the furnace.

An editor in this country receives newspapers from Europe. He is startled by their contents and often takes refuge in a cautious silence. He does not quite like the evidences of war-weariness which greet his eye. He is worried by the growth of Socialism in Italy and France and Britain. I am not criticizing his reticence. Possibly he is a wise guide. War is surgery which requires an anæsthetic. But when the American soldier is billeted somewhere in England or France he does not close his eyes or stop up his ears. He is doubtless most interested in the very paragraphs which American editors are most reluctant to emphasize. He will come back to tell his neighbors that in Britain the state runs railroads, tramways, gas, water, telephones, telegraphs, savings banks, shipping, tubes, and even food supply and coal mines. He will add that in every European country, including Germany, Austria, and Hungary, trade-unionists sit in the legislature. He will describe great schemes of national housing. He will describe how in no European country are rich men debarred from politics or poor men looked at askance if they enter politics. He will discover wage earners in the British Parliament who spend years in public life without amassing

one penny for themselves. It may be that, stirred by these object lessons, he will himself seize on the American citizenship which he has defended and will make of politics something nobler than has yet been imagined, whether in Europe or America. Witnessing, as they will, parliaments in London and in Paris where ministers are constitutionally responsible to the legislature, it may easily happen that the pilgrim sons of 1920 will open interesting discussion about Congress, its powers, responsibilities, opportunities. There is not an institution in your land that will escape a searching comparison.

Hitherto American statesmanship has preserved a dignified isolation from foreign responsibilities. In the future the manhood of America will hold a constructive opinion on world progress. Other countries, even Britain, will be entities for which American blood and treasure will have been poured out—in which American funds are heavily invested. To know those countries intimately will be a simple matter to men who have spent months, possibly years, in them. The knowledge which one country has of another is always likely to be out of date and it is the duty of responsible writers to bring the impressions of the past into accurate conformity with the facts of the present. These American soldiers will have seen the last of the old British Empire. London is no longer, and will never again become, the money market of the world. She is borrowing from New York. Britain is no longer the chief carrier of the world. While her ships sink, America builds. Nor is Britain the keystone of the alliance against Germany. That influence also has passed to Washington. And all this means that in the diplomatic reconstruction of the peoples of the earth America will be heavily involved. She must sit at the peace table; she must act as arbitrator and mediator, not only between allies and enemies but between ally and ally. The time is probably far distant, if not in years at least in agony and supreme effort, before this situation can arise. But I am here writing for responsible Americans, who have the duty of thinking things out in advance. The most dangerous unpreparedness is not of munitions but of mind.

Britain has led; she is now obviously following. It may be because her statesmanship in Russia and Austria-Hungary lacked imagination. It may be because neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George discovered a counterpart to Mr. House. Or it may be sheer public spirit which cares nothing if others get the credit provided that the thing required is done. But the fact remains that no President has ever wielded such influence within Great Britain as Mr. Wilson, and a problem which must be faced is in two words—the British Empire. I will be quite frank about it—I am proud of that Empire. To keep four hundred millions of people from murdering one another is a notable achievement. And it is not done by compulsion. But does anybody suppose that the British Empire will be unchanged by the war? He lives in a fool's paradise. The British Empire must be restated in international terms. It must be woven into the League of Nations. Its sanction must be not Britain alone but mankind. And America will help in the quiet transformation. At least, one hopes so.

People still talk as if this or that colony "belonged" to Great Britain—as if territory were "a possession." How much land in India is owned by or pays rent to any white British subject? British rule is, in the main, and always ought to be merely a form of social service. The multitude of officials who go forth from public schools and universities and "govern" native races return when they are fifty as poor in pocket as when they set out, except for a pension which in America would be called nominal. I am not claiming any infallibility for these men. Usually their mental bent is conservative. Often they are proud, reserved, and even prejudiced against ideals and theories. But their life work is, in the main, to help the weak, to maintain order, to combat famine and disease, to build railroads and highways, to cut away corruption among tax-gatherers and blackmail among police. The self-governing dominions are masters of their own fiscal arrangements, and in such matters they are independent of

all Imperial control. But India and the Crown Colonies, which are ruled under specific instructions from London, are as open to international as they are to British trade. Our view has been that, by seeking no commercial privileges, we shall get our share of commerce without encountering jealousy from other powers which do not exercise so wide a sovereignty as our own happens to be. It has been at Germany's hands alone that we have received bitter enmity, not because we excluded German enterprise—on the contrary, it was prospering in many parts of our Empire—but because Germany wished to substitute for our conception of service her conception of dominion.

President Wilson's messages have committed America forever to a world-wide foreign policy. As he expresses it, he stands by Russia as well as by France. No words are fuller of meaning than those. They signify that American influence in Russia and the Near East will be, not perhaps the same thing, but none the less as real a thing as British influence in India. Britain has labored under the badge of sovereignty. The watchword for America may be, let us say, brotherhood, coöperation, a partnership in responsibility with other well disposed powers. She will work in harmony with Japan, France, Britain, and with the Russians themselves. But if this should be her destiny, then there is nothing in substance to differentiate her aims and motives and methods from those which animated the founders of modern Uganda or the reformers of modern Egypt.

To many Americans such a field for activity offers serious pitfalls. "We are not ready" is what they say. They know that there is a seamy side to relations between the white man and the colored or Asiatic races. They are not reassured by the language of altruism. To all of such unconvinced and skeptical persons I would submit that somebody will have to accept responsibility for Jerusalem, and Bagdad, and Africa, and German islands in the South Seas. This war was fought not for the expansion of the British Empire but for the safety of democracy, and Britain cannot assume, unaided, the whole "white man's burden." The financial resources at her disposal will be insufficient. There must be guarantors of her good faith and partakers of her obligations.

In due course events, including the return of American troops and especially of men trained previously in universities, will force these considerations on the notice of the people. I suggest that the press should lead the way. Editors are doubtless confused by the bewildering complexity of a world in chaos. Headlines cause headache. There is now a supreme opportunity for the detached, well informed, impartial leader-writer. He should be free from all idea of making a case. Clear, continuous, interpretative treatment of foreign news should be assured for every American citizen who pays his two cents for the journal of his district. Today the craft of writer is war work of the highest importance. It may make the difference between American idealism in the world and something very much lower.

And is American thought so ill equipped as some Americans seem to believe for contributing to the solution of international difficulties? I am by no means convinced of this. Great Britain has experience—that is true. But America has a fresh outlook and a detachment from entangling traditions. In every case, almost, she has approached native races as a missionary and not as a trader or a soldier or as a magistrate. Her weapon has been persuasion and reason, not power and secular authority. Her achievement has been limited, doubtless, in actual bulk —missionaries are few and, according to political standards, they are weak. But in concentrating as they have done on medicine and on education the missionaries have seen further, I think, than the statesmen. It will be the statesman who will gradually absorb into his policy the missionary's foolishness, not the missionary who will need to absorb the statesman's wisdom. Many Americans and American organizations have therefore studied the world from the right angle—as a place where all men and women should enjoy a certain divine status and receive the

acknowledgment thereof from kings and governors. To combine the ideals of America with the experience and sagacity of Europe is the great and urgent duty, I suggest, of American and European journalists. We need to work together, realizing that the matters on which we discourse are no longer, if they ever were, merely academic or sensational. For millions they involve the issues of life and death. I have said something of the mind of the soldier. The messages of President Wilson have a military value just because they affect the minds of soldiers. They put a case for which brave and enlightened men are prepared to die. Mere detestation of the enemy is not enough. In a long war like this you must add a principle of hope, a larger loyalty, embracing the true interests of all mankind, if an international army, with an international navy, fighting an international battle, for an international cause, is to prevail.

P. W. Wilson.

Letters to Unknown Women

HELEN

To Helen the Queen:

Had I lived in your own time it is most probable that I should never have spoken to you. I might have seen you or have been killed before your indifferent eyes when all Hellas contended for possession of you. But now you are dead and your lovers also are dead, your name, your reputation, your beauty are at the service of any slave or descendent of Thersites who chooses to make you the subject of his desecrations. In this way, O Queen, posterity is revenged upon all who were eminent for beauty, talent, or courage in the past. Lucian has shown us your skull bleaching in Hades, but could you know all that has been said of you by poets of many tongues and races you would consider Lucian the least insulting of those who are unable to respect the dead. Thus a poet of my own country, some four hundred years ago, dared to place upon the stage a scene in which you revisited the world as the mistress of a conjurer. Had you remained loyally with Menelaus your fame would never have been thus questionably published. It is not for me to censure a great lady and a queen, but you must consider the ignorance of a barbarian and a slave, and pardon my indelicacy.

I pose a question. Did you exist? In the flesh, I mean, and tangibly—a woman mortal and attractive who began this tradition of adultery which has had so many terrifying consequences for the world? Or rather, O gold-sandaled one, are you a dream of the poet, a lovely symbol of an unrealizable desire, a type chosen to represent the eternal Até's apple that is woman, the source of the contention of men—a (forgive me) sexual abstraction? Assuming that you did exist, you would, if you were still sentient, consider this question absurd and irrelevant. But I am one of a diseased generation. We do not live as you lived, in yourself, for yourself, and by yourself, but vicariously, through arts and literature—diseases that were unknown to you. And your story is part of our lives. Therefore it concerns us to know whether you were a woman or a symbol.

You are altogether elusive—that tale of your preserving wifely fidelity ten long years in Egypt, while your lover embraced a cloud, needs a faith which our skepticism cannot muster. Moreover we know too much to regard you altogether with awe and reverence—you have a pathological interest for us. We debate about you; our more emotional writers consider that your mere name gives their verse an incomparable embellishment. Others feel that your case is over-rated, too emphatically stressed. But in any event you elude us.

I am not familiar with the queens of my day—those I have seen, at a respectful distance, were neither young nor lovely. No man would be so foolish as to run away with them, and it must need the force of great reasons of state to compel the kings, their husbands, to act the part of lovers. Thus, taking into account all

that the poets who lived nearest to you have recorded, we cannot believe that you resembled the ordinary queen of our present life. You were, it appears, beautiful.

Well, you were beautiful. But how? Sometimes we think of you as the dream created by the Greeks, of that material loveliness which moved them far more than it ever can us sluggish barbarians. Were you that beauty, that unattainable beauty who forever flees the Menelaus of reality to live with the Paris of romance? Were you that tenuous loveliness, that flowerlike fragility, that misty instability? If so, yours is a great destiny—to represent the yearning of all Hellas, to be the immortal projection of that yearning!

But there is Clytemnestra, your sister. Was adultery a strain in your heredity?

Grant that you were, that you existed. You still elude us. Were you a sort of Madame Bovary fretted by the inanity of life in a provincial sort of court, surrounded by frigid soldiers and unintelligent lawyers who would have died rather than salute your cheek unchastely? An Hellenic Madame Bovary, who threw herself into the arms of the first charming young man who cared to solicit her favors? This at least would explain the tenacity of your husband, who was not content to leave your punishment to swift disillusionment, but who prolonged your guilty honeymoon for ten years by his incredible obstinacy. You were indeed fortunate both in your husband and in your lover.

But that is only half the story. Sometimes we picture you a sort of Gudrun, a brutal kind of sensual woman imposing your passion upon an unsophisticated boy, taking pleasure in tearing him from his country sweetheart, forcing yourself upon his family and delighted in a gross way by the slaughter and suffering you caused. It is indeed but the justice of the world as we know it that you should escape from the consequences of your adultery, while Andromache, the faultless wife, Hecuba, the venerable mother, and Cassandra, the virgin, all suffer horror upon horror through you. The cynicism of this pleases our somewhat frigid skepticism, though here again we begin to suspect that you are a symbol. Menelaus is too stupid a man to be so easily moved by his æsthetic mood—you are too much like the dream of Hellas at the moment when you are forgiven. Still, nothing can spoil our enjoyment of this savory injustice.

Yet again you elude us and we fumble with the concept of Fate. Are you a marionette in the great game, a puppet of Fate using Aphrodite to jerk the string that moves you? The golden apple—was it not Fate that sent Herakles to pluck it? Are you the motive that dislodges upon Hellas its pre-ordained confusion? Can we really believe that ten thousand ships would furrow the Ægean because your face was beautiful? Must we not rather believe that Fate sent some strange madness into men's hearts, so that they murdered each other, in appearance for you, in reality for some inscrutable Fate? Are you that error in the lives of just men which brings them to destruction, to terror, to death? Are you that smiling poison, that disastrous loveliness? We cannot tell. But, O Queen, O deathless, smiling, golden one, this we can tell, that the memory of your beauty—whether real of feigned—still afflicts our hearts, and for your sake, because of you, we are sick and desolate with a wild yearning that nothing can appease, not the cold wind of our hills, not the drab insipidity of our cities, not the confusion of our disordered thought. Queen, it is said that reverence is gone from the world; certainly, if you returned to the earth you would not know it as the place where you walked with gold-braided hair upon white turrets to watch the chivalry of Troy and Hellas battle for your sake. But at least this same old yearning for inexplicable loveliness remains, and you would find a few who would bring you flowers to remind you of the smooth lawns below Ida.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Gardens

Far green stretches where the summer plays
On golden English holidays,
A scarlet streak on some Italian hill—
And these pale struggling greens upon my window-sill!

ANNETTE WYNNE.

*An Imperturbable Artist**

Though it give aid and comfort to the enemy, I must confess that my heart still goes out in gratitude to one Bernard Tauchnitz of Leipzig, from whose paper edition I first came to know Leonard Merrick. "While Paris Laughed" is a new volume of his stories, soon to be published, which carry one back indeed to the days when those jolly knaves of Montmartre—Tricotrin the dramatist, Pitou the composer, and Lajeunie the novelist—first played their pranks for us, they the tragic and the impoverished, breakfasting on brave hopes and warming their hands before the "sacred fire," inheritors of the imperishable vagabond spirit that defies the boundaries. Into these new tales Leonard Merrick the story-teller has put some of his best effort.

To define the fascination which is the chief and most enduring attraction of Leonard Merrick the novelist, is a difficult matter. His talent in this field is at once more profound, more delicate, and less apparent to the average reader who knows him for the most part through his short stories alone. Mr. Howells, who was one of his earliest critics in this country, was first impressed by the "singular shapeliness" and the form of his novels. His feeling for proportion and emphasis in writing is to be compared with the same qualities in a good architect or in a painter. He leads the mind to grasp what is essential, for his form is an intrinsic part of the emotion he wishes to convey. Divorce his style from his subject and you have mere scaffolding—or to change the metaphor, mere uncoördinated oils and colors. Is it this "singular shapeliness" that constitutes his charm? Not wholly, I think. Briefly, it consists for me in the intimate treatment of his subject matter, combined with his emotional reserve, and in the evident, sincere, and deep-rooted enchantment which his own work holds for him. Though he writes of poverty and cheapness he does not grovel, and though the emotion of his story would tempt an ordinary writer to exhaust it by abandonment he has intensified it by his restraint.

Probably it is this reserve, so unaccustomed to it are we modern readers, that has prevented the immediate popularity of his work. Frequently an author needs but to mention the stage to obtain a flock of readers; but Mr. Merrick's books—filled with actors, actresses, authors, and managers—have attracted only a small circle. To be sure, he depicts almost without exception the struggles of these people, not their successes, and rather holds up to ridicule the adulation of the public. The romance of the "romantic couple" Blanche and Royce Oliphant of "The Actor-Manager" existed chiefly in the imaginations of the public who saw them behind the footlights and not behind the breakfast dishes; and if the public could have had a private view of Peggy Harper, the marionette made into the semblance of an actress by months of managerial coaching, its enthusiasm might have been tempered by something approaching disgust.

Mr. Merrick applies a realism to its darlings of which the public can hardly be expected to approve. Times have changed since he began to write, and the public is interested as it has never been before in the private lives of the writers and the actors who provide its amusement; but the interest is purely personal and Mr. Merrick's dictum still holds true: "To choose an author as the protagonist of an English play—or of an English novel—is to handicap the thing from the word 'go.'" That he sees this fact so clearly, that he can treat it with humor and without bitterness, that he does in fact make copy out of his own misfortune and continue to let it make not a jot of difference in his choice of a subject, is in itself a warrant of his abiding sense of humor and his artistic imperturbability.

Sainte-Beuve considered it necessary for the proper comprehension of an author to

* E. P. Dutton & Co., Mr. Merrick's publishers in this country, have announced a uniform edition of his books with introductions by English writers. "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," with an introduction by Sir James Barrie, will be published early this summer. It will be followed by "The Position of Peggy Harper," with an introduction by Sir Arthur Pinero; "The Man Who Understood Women," with an introduction by W. J. Locke; and "When Love Flies out o' the Window," with an introduction by Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

frame the man's work in his life: *Tel arbre, tel fruit.* This is more than usually true of Merrick. In "The Worldlings" we read of his heartbreaking years in the South African diamond fields; in "The Actor-Manager," of the lonely years in London when he was struggling for theatrical and literary recognition, and when he met, one may imagine, with something resembling Logan Ross's reply to Tatham in "Peggy Harper":

"We don't want human beings, my boy, we want parts. The audience don't want to hear *why* he wasn't drowned. Show him, my boy; it doesn't matter how he was saved, bring him on: 'That *I* am here to prove!' Terrific round of applause. See what I mean? You lose your grip if you explain things."

A clerk with whom he took lodgings during those days of struggle and disappointment, and who is now well known in the New York business world, wrote to his friend on the publication of "Peggy Harper": "How I remember some of those lodgings you describe in your new book." Let us take a look at them, and incidentally review a very fine scene. It is in "Cynthia." On the eve of Kent's marriage Kent and Turquand, who have shared lodgings, share also a melancholy farewell dinner at the Suisse and return early to their rooms:

There was a pause, while the pair smoked slowly, each busy with his thoughts, and considering if anything of what he felt could be said without its sounding sentimental. Both were remembering that they would never be sitting at home together in the room again, and though it had many faults, it assumed to the one who was leaving it a "tender grace" now. He had written his novel at that table; his first review had come to him here. Associations crept out and trailed across the floor; he felt that this room must always contain an integral portion of his life. And Turquand would miss him.

"Be dull for you to-morrow evening, rather, I'm afraid, won't it?" he said in a burst.

"Oh, I was alone while you were in Dieppe, you know. I shall jog along all right. . . . You've bought a desk for yourself, haven't you?"

"Yes. Swagger, eh?"

"You won't 'know where yer are.' . . What's that—do you feel a draught?"

"No—I—well, perhaps there *is* a draught now you mention it. Yes, I shall work in style when we come back. Strange feeling, going to be married, Turk."

"Is it?" said Turquand. "Haven't had the experience. Hope Mrs. Kent will like me—they never do in fiction. . . You might tell her I'm not a bad sort of a damned fool, will you? And—er—I want to say, don't have the funks about asking me to your house once in a way, old chap, when I shan't be a nuisance; take my oath I'll never shock your wife, Humphrey—too fond of you. . . Be as careful as—as *you* can, I give you my word."

His teeth closed round his pipe tightly. Neither man looked at the other; Humphrey put out his hand without speaking, and Turquand gripped it. There was a silence again. Both stared at the dead ashes. The clock of St. Giles-in-the-Fields tolled twelve, and neither commented on it, though they simultaneously reflected that it was now the marriage morning.

"Strikes me we were nearly making bally asses of ourselves," said Turquand at last in a shaky voice. "Finish your whisky and let's to bed."

It is in scenes like this that Mr. Merrick shows his greatest power. In everything he writes he grasps the essential spirit of human relationships; and though one may laugh at his humor, and delight in his turns of speech, or suffer acutely with his people when they strike hard times, still it is the picture like this that remains in one's mind after the plot and the humor and the words are lost. The spirit of his relationships remains—and the people who made them. His characterization is like his style—exact, and at the same time infinitely suggestive. How well we know Blanche Ellerton in her various moods, from the time that she lies awake after the candle is put out repenting of her engagement seven hours after its consummation, to that other moment when, after tempting Fairbairn to wrong his friend, her husband, "the woman whom he had yet to understand lay back upon the sofa with her eyes closed—thinking too." Blanche Ellerton, under the author's hand, becomes a person infinitely more real to us than many of our so-called friends. We see her at the table, red-eyed, her face bathed in tears and eau-de-cologne, composing her advertisement of "her little angel in Heaven," while Oliphant sits in the next room, stunned beside his boy's cot. We see her attending lawn parties where fashion was "being charitable in elaborate toilettes," and posing with her husband, to whom in private it was hardly worth while to speak. And there are twenty others in his novels all as carefully drawn, as clearly conceived.

Mr. Merrick's "heroes" are so real that one does not even notice their reality. He never describes them directly and rarely speaks of them through his other characters; for the time being they are Merrick, and Merrick they. One should use the singular however; there is but one, profoundly studied, represented in all the boundless wealth of possibility offered by the conception of an absorbing personality. This hero is like Mr. Merrick, as we have seen, in many superficial ways. But what of the real Merrick? His impersonality is extraordinary. It is as if he said: "The greatest compliment you can pay me is to be so enthralled by my stories that the writer of them does not interest you—not even exist to you as a separate entity." It is the reserve of a man whose life is so completely in his work that other self-expression and all self-assertion are unnecessary.

But what is his real philosophy of writing? What are the literary ideals that underlie these delicately constructed stories of struggle and disappointment or fulfillment, of tragedy and humor? "My business is to present," he remarks, "not to defend. Were tales tellable only when the hero fulfilled both definitions of the word, reviewers would have less to do." To this business of his he keeps very closely. He does defend, but it is through creating sympathy for the object of his own sympathy, never by objective protagonism. But on the other hand, he speaks of "life, which has no construction and no moral," and the first impulse of the critic is to pounce upon an inconsistency. For Mr. Merrick does construct and he does imply a moral, although he does not point it. Yet life and art in his mind are as distinct as mirror and portrait in the conception of a painter. His realism is the product of his imagination, which transforms life in the construction of art. Much the same interpretation is to be found in his own words; and it is impossible not to believe that Oliphant's ambition of the "dream theatre" embodies Merrick's own hope for literature:

> The men and women live! They are not puppets pulled by inexorable strings through four acts to a conventional end. Reward for virtue and punishment for vice are shown to exist in the soul, and not in material success and failure. To depict the world as a school, where virtue wins the prize and vice gets a flogging, is immoral. The dramatist who comes to me is free: free to be true to his convictions and his art . . . *and the love within him for all humanity would point the moral when it needed pointing.* . . The one command laid upon him is to see things nobly—that his deeper vision shall help the crowd.

If Wilde's dictum remain true, that "in a novel we want life, not learning," then Leonard Merrick is indeed a novelist. That he contemplates life through the comparatively small opening of the stage does not prevent him from obtaining fundamental breadth of vision. His surface action may lack variety, his essential motivation never. His people, though confined to a narrow sphere, exhibit the emotions of human beings, not of actors, actresses, and managers only as such. In modern novels the tendency is to plaster modern ideas onto life, and the ideas have a way of interesting the authors more than the life interests them. The result of attempting to tell a story with living characters, to make them utter consistent propaganda, and to make the story represent an Idea with a capital *I* is likely to be a rather hazy, incomplete, and discordant patchwork. Mr. Merrick does not attempt this alluring task; but he does gain and give a sense of completeness which many more famous than he are lacking in. Primarily he is a writer, not a philosopher. This qualification may have kept him from a place among the greatest writers, but at least his perfection in the work he aspires to do lifts him far above the ranks of the spurious philosophers in literature.

To have lived his life, to have faced his struggles—still more difficult, to have faced the lack of appreciation of that public for whom he wrote; and yet to have kept the delicate edge of his irony unblunted by bitterness, and his humorous optimism unspoiled, indicates an independent devotion to his art that is indeed rare.

"'I mean to be true!' cried Humphrey Kent. 'I won't sell my birthright for a third edition.' . . The man was an artist, and he could not help the care he took."

RUTH MCINTIRE.

Our Paris Letter

I have been reading again Matthew Arnold's essay on "The Literary Influence of Academies"; it has not converted me. I am still of the opinion that I expressed in THE DIAL four months ago —that academies are the bane of literature and art, and the enemies of individuality. Matthew Arnold thought that English literature would have gained, and the purity of the English language would have been better preserved, had there been in England an institution like the Académie Française. He says with truth that Richelieu intended the Academy to be "a high court of letters for France," a "sovereign organ of opinion," and he adds, "This is what it has, from time to time, really been; by being, or tending to be this, far more than even by what it has done for the language, it is of such importance in France." It is true that the Academy has at certain epochs since its foundation nearly three centuries ago exercised such an authority in matters of intellect and taste as Matthew Arnold indicates and desires. Sometimes that authority may have been well exercised, but it would be very difficult to prove that in the long run the Academy has benefited French literature. Certainly one may be thankful that it has had no such an authority for a long time past. For had the Academy been able to do so, it would have suppressed every new movement in French literature during the last fifty years.

Even if it be possible, as Matthew Arnold supposed, to discover a "law of good taste"—and for my part I doubt it—he forgot that such a law could only be relative and provisional. "Je comprends tout, mais il y a des choses qui me dégoûtent," says Félicie Nanteuil in "Histoire Comique." The tendency of an official academy is to try to stereotype taste and, by means of tradition, to impose the taste of one generation on all its successors. That is very evident in the case of art: the "tradition" which the Académie des Beaux Arts maintains and tries to impose in its school is merely the taste of the epoch of Louis-Philippe exalted into a doctrine.

The attempt to stereotype a language is as pernicious as that to stereotype taste. I contest Matthew Arnold's view that the Académie Française has rendered great services to the French language. It has fought against every new word and expression and admitted an innovation only when it could resist no longer. Only quite recently have we been officially permitted to say "chic" or "épatant," which every inhabitant of France except a few pedants has said for years. The tendency of an academy is not to embellish the language but to impoverish it; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the Académie Française was at the height of its power and influence, the French language was impoverished to a deplorable extent in obedience to a "law of good taste." The loss is irreparable and it has ruined French poetry. Prose has overcome the disadvantage, although the paucity of words in the French language makes it one of the most difficult in the world to write well; but modern French is not a poetical language, thanks to the academic pedants of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whereas the French of the fifteenth century was one. Even Voltaire, perhaps the greatest prose writer that the world has ever known, must share the blame. In literature and art, as in everything else, I am for liberty against authority; both have their disadvantages, but experience shows that those of liberty are the less.

The Académie Française seems to recognize that its authority as a "high court of letters" is impaired, for it shows a tendency to set itself up as an arbiter of civic and military virtue and an organ of patriotic manifestations. Just before the war it elected General Lyautey, and the only new Academician elected since the war began until the other day was Marshal Joffre. Whatever may be the military qualities of these two eminent generals, neither of them has the smallest qualification for membership of an institution whose objects are those set out in Richelieu's statutes. The other day the Academy met to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of Henri Roujon, Jules Lemaître, and Albert de Mun; there are still six vacancies, for ten Academicians had died since June, 1914 and only one election —that of Marshal Joffre—had been held since then. M. Anatole France, who has returned to the Academy since the war, after refusing for several years to attend its meetings, took part in the election; but his conversion—or reaction—which most of his friends profoundly regret, cannot obliterate the scathing irony with which the pretensions of the Academy are demolished in "Les Opinions de Jérôme Cogniard." Certain Academicians had proposed that Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Reims, should be elected as the successor of Count Albert de Mun as an homage

to the city which has suffered so terribly from the war. The cardinal however, who must have a sense of humor, solved the problem by refusing to be a candidate. In the "Temps" on April 29 M. Paul Souday, one of the few independent critics left in the Parisian press, congratulated Cardinal Luçon on his good sense. If Reims is to have a representative in the Academy, the natural person to choose, as M. Paul Souday remarked, would be the Mayor of the town, who has shown no less courage and devotion than the Archbishop. But M. Souday rightly maintained that it is not the business of the Academy to reward public services and that it was not founded to be "an organ of civic manifestations or a salon of notables of every description." This development however is a sign that the original functions of the Academy are becoming obsolete. Its recourse to those who are in the public eye is a desperate attempt to recover its lost prestige, and at the same time an admission that it is no longer able to fulfil its original purpose.

Long since the Académie Française became political, and the political opinions of candidates have much more influence on their chances than their literary qualities. It is a great disadvantage to be a Republican, even a moderate one; the Academy likes *bien-pensant* gentlemen, even if they write bad French. The two Academicians just elected both fulfil that condition: one of them, Mgr. Baudrillart, completely; the other, M. Barthou, relatively; and neither of them writes bad French. Mgr. Baudrillart is the Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris and the author of many historical works; it seems for some reason to have been generally agreed that an ecclesiastic should be chosen to succeed M. de Mun and, as M. Souday said, Mgr. Baudrillart seems to be the only ecclesiastic with any pretensions to a chair in the Academy. M. Barthou, who succeeds M. Roujon, was Prime Minister in 1913 and was the author of the Three-Year Service Law; to the latter fact he owes his election, although he has literary tastes and is the author of works on Mirabeau and Lamartine. The chair occupied by Jules Lemaître was not filled; in four ballots no candidate obtained the clear majority required by the statutes. The two serious candidates were M. Abel Hermant and M. Henri Bordeaux. M. Hermant is not a great writer, but he has produced some interesting and amusing novels showing considerable powers of observation and some psychological gifts. M. Bordeaux is a prolific producer of sentimental trash—which since the war has become patriotic trash—and thirteen of the twenty-seven Academicians present thought him worthy to succeed Jules Lemaître, who after all was somebody both as a writer and as a critic. The reason is that M. Bordeaux is *bien-pensant*—which has not always prevented him from being more or less pornographic—whereas M. Hermant has a shady past, politically speaking. Thus does the sovereign organ of opinion show its capacity to impose upon us a high standard in matters of intellect and taste. If Matthew Arnold were still living he might revise his essay.

Again I have to record that the unofficial Académie Goncourt gives no more support to Matthew Arnold's thesis than its ancient rival. On April 29 it again refused to admit Georges Courteline within its ranks; M. Henri Céard was elected to fill the place of the late Judith Gautier. M. Céard was, it is true, chosen by Edmond de Goncourt in 1881 to succeed Paul de Saint-Victor as a member of the Academy; but Goncourt changed his mind and nominated M. Rosny *aîné*. Three years later Edmond de Goncourt appointed M. Céard to be one of his executors (the other was Alphonse Daudet), but he again changed his mind and substituted M. Léon Hennique. Perhaps it was to console M. Céard for having replaced him that M. Rosny *aîné* and M. Hennique both voted for him the other day. They could hardly pretend that they honestly believe his gifts to be more remarkable than those of Georges Courteline, who would have been a member of the Académie Française long ago if that institution came anywhere near to realizing the intentions of its founders. M. Céard is the author of some novels and plays which have had as little success as they deserve and, having been an adept of the naturalist school and a disciple of the Goncourts and Zola, he has in recent years vilified Zola in reactionary newspapers. The Académie Française has narrowly escaped setting up M. Henri Bordeaux as one of the forty examples, with General Lyautey and Marshal Joffre, of the highest obtainable standard in matters of intellect and taste. The Académie Goncourt has asked us to regard "Terrains à véndre" as superior to "Boubouroche" and "Le Train de 8h.47." If these are the laws of good taste, let us all be anarchists.

At the Petit Palais an opportunity is given of comparing the results of officialism in art with its

effect on literature. A Salon is being held there, the first since the war; but it is unlike the usual Salon in that it is entirely composed of works by members of the two official societies. The absence of "outsiders" exposes the poverty of the societies more plainly than ever; never has it been more evident that the outsiders have saved previous Salons from utter banality. As might be expected, the rooms of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts are rather more interesting and alive than those of the Société des Artistes Français, which produce a depressing sensation of lifelessness. It is almost miraculous that in a country which has initiated all the great movements in modern painting it should be possible for so considerable a number of painters to have so completely escaped the influence of those movements as have these who claim the proud title of "Les Artistes Français." One would imagine, as one walks through the rooms, that even Impressionism, now made respectable by age, had never existed. And one has the sense of having seen all the pictures before: one *has* seen them all before at successive Salons any time these twenty years. Only the numerous portraits of Marshal Joffre and other generals and a few conventional battle pieces, which might represent any war at any epoch except the present, attest the influence of the war. The level of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts is higher and it includes more painters of real talent; but even its members too often repeat themselves almost mechanically, and some of them are much below their own standard. At present the influence of the war on art does not seem to be favorable. A charming distemper painting of a little girl, rapidly painted and purposely unfinished, by Albert Besnard, shows the great qualities of the artist whom Degas described as "un prix de Rome qui a mal tourne," from the point of view, that is to say, of his masters. Not often has Besnard come up to this in recent years. Four paintings and a pastel by Degas only serve to emphasize the banality of the rest of the exhibition; yet none of them is a particularly fine or characteristic example. An exhibition of contemporary French art is just opening at Madrid. Its organization has been entrusted to the Académie des Beaux Arts; thus does the state understand artistic propaganda abroad. It is more than probable that none of the movements that have made contemporary French art what it is will be represented in the exhibition.

The terrible anxiety of a month ago is somewhat relieved; for although the danger is not yet over, the fact that after six weeks the Germans have not attained one of their objects greatly increases the possibility that they will never attain them. In an offensive, time is on the side of the defenders. In spite of such mishaps as the loss of Mont Kemmel, we are justified in believing it to be probable that the attack will be definitely checked. But the military situation is still grave. The offensive has naturally silenced political controversy to a great extent, but the Socialist party has been violently attacked for deciding to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx. So much so that, by a small majority, the Executive of the party went back on its previous decision to hold a great demonstration for the whole of Paris, and there will be only smaller meetings in the various districts. The party has however issued a manifesto on the occasion, the work of M. Bracke and M. Jean Longuet (a grandson of Karl Mark), in which the importance of the life and work of the founder of modern Socialism is set forth. Some of the leaders against the Socialist party show a strange ignorance of Marx's character and doctrines. Unfortunately a knowledge of economic questions is not very common in France and there is a certain insularity which leads to ignorance about everything outside France itself. But a paper of the reputation of the "Journal des Débats" ought not to say that the theories of the greatest economist of the nineteenth century have no merit but their obscurity; and it is hardly worthy of the "Temps" to declare that Marx was a bitter enemy of France, seeing that he protested against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine as "a crime which revives the policy of conquest in the second half of the nineteenth century" and wrote on January 16, 1871 that France was fighting "not only for her national independence, but for the liberty of Germany and of the world." Marx has even been represented as an apologist of German militarism and an apostle of the bureaucratic state, although he declared the abolition of the state as now understood to be the object of Socialism. The remarkable little book by M. Emile Vandervelde, "Le Socialisme contre l'Etat," which I noticed last month, refutes such errors as these, and certain journalists might read it with profit.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, May 6, 1918.

Conscious Control of the Body

MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE: Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization. By F. Matthias Alexander. With an introduction by Professor John Dewey. Dutton; $2.

Nature and civilization are names. Nature stands for the conditions of human life that we find; civilization, for the conditions of human life that we make. In neither are we particularly prosperous or particularly at ease. For civilization is the adventure of a race seeking to escape from nature, and nature is the goal of a race seeking freedom from the oppressions of civilization. "Back to nature" is the universal device, employed even by Germans—and no people is more worshipful of its own Kultur-toxins. There exists a widespread and distinguished gospel of life summed up in this maxim; and its apostles vary from the pulpiteer Wagner, famous for his promulgation of "The Simple Life," through the pietist Tolstoy, famous for his practice of it, to the prophet Edward Carpenter, famous for his definition of its righteousness. The title of Mr. Carpenter's definition is, indeed, final in the condemnation of the man-made world—"Civilization, Its Cause and Cure."

To the fellowship of Wagner, Tolstoy, and Carpenter may be added F. Matthias Alexander. To the diversities of preacher, pietist, and prophet may be added that of scientist. But where his predecessors see the cure for civilization in an abandonment of it, Mr. Alexander sees the cure in a growing control of the human organism at work in it.

In many ways Mr. Alexander's theory and practice bear a striking resemblance to Freud's. It may be said, in fact, that Mr. Alexander treats the body as Freud does the mind. The work of the two men seems to me to be supplementary, and I am not sure that Alexander's is not more fundamental.

The observations on which he bases his work are, briefly, these: The human body is an organism having an inconceivably ancient inheritance of adaptations to conditions of life to be found only in nature. The instinctive responses of the body—its postures, attitudes, adjustments; how it walks, sits, runs, attends, moves its trunk and arms, and so on—are responses coördinate with conditions to be found only in a very primitive world, in which unreflective bodily activity is at maximum and thought at minimum. The growth of the body did not keep pace with the complications of the nervous system. The complication of the nervous system meant the coming thought and the emergence of a new and human world, the world of civilization. But the physical organs with which we utter and obey thought are the old animal organs of the expression of instinct and impulse and appetite. These organs do not fit well into a world of books, desks, skyscrapers, machines, and drinks. The physical organs with which we utter and obey thought are mostly not arranged to respond to the evocations of posturings, manners, and movements which are the signs of social consciousness and response. The soldier's, machinist's, farmer's, desk-worker's, and gentlewoman's postures and movements are distortions and cripplings of their bodies. There is hardly a man or woman in the civilized world whose efficiency is not lower, whose energy is not wasted, whose physical system is not in strife—"the scene of a civil war, and the heart, lungs, and other semiautomatic organs are in a state of perpetual readjustment to opposing conditions," those of nature and those of civilization.

The effect is a growing depletion of the nervous life of civilized mankind—breakdowns, hysterias, cripplings, and accompanying quackeries like physical culture, osteopathy, and mental healings, aimed to relieve these conditions but failing in the long run. The cause of their failure is that they affect symptoms, not causes. And the causes here are conflicts within the organism itself, conflicts generated by opposing directions of action in the conditions of life itself. One way out would be to abandon civilization as Tolstoy and Carpenter suggest. But that is neither feasible nor courageous nor desirable. In the mind which has created civilization man has an infallible instrument for the correction of its evils. The way out is the reintegration of bodily action, by means of conscious control.

To attain this control however requires a long process of reëducation. A clinical experience of more than twenty years has convinced Mr. Alexander that most people are the victims of what he brilliantly calls a "debauched kinæsthesia." They have a sense of physical ease or adjustment which is habitual and fixed. That sense sets the standard of posture for them. Yet from the point of view of correctness, the feeling of comfort and ease may accompany the most deleterious posture. Thus there is, in terms of the mechanical arrangement of the body, one position, and one only, which is the position of "mechanical advantage," though because of vicious training and

long standing habit, that position may at first make the subject feel as if he were set out of shape. The readjustment of the organs in terms of the position of "mechanical advantage," and the attainment of a new kinæsthesia are thus basic to a handling of the body at maximum advantage in all the activities of life. Conscious guidance and control will do this; and as Professor Dewey says, Mr. Alexander "possesses and offers a definite method for its realization."

H. M. KALLEN.

The Middle Way in Mysticism

A MANUAL OF MYSTIC VERSE. Edited by Louise Collier Willcox. Dutton; $1.25.
DREAMS AND IMAGES: An Anthology of Catholic Poets. Edited by Joyce Kilmer. Boni and Liveright; $1.50.
POEMS OF CONFORMITY. By Charles Williams. Oxford University Press; $1.40.
TO-MORROW, and Other Poems. By Innes Stitt and Leo Ward. Longmans, Green; $1.

That person would be not only polite but wise who said nothing inflammable concerning the religious poetry of others. He should not forget that religious poetry is probably of all poetry most seriously an affair of the heart; he ought to speak discreetly therefore, and deal with reserve.

Discriminations however should not be dispensed with; for if religious poetry is to be estimated at all, it obviously can be estimated less as religion than as poetry. Once the reader commences discrimination, he will come to the conclusion that the fear of the Lord is not necessarily the beginning of poetry. In particular he will see, even if he but skims these four volumes, that the most important poetically—the "Manual of Mystic Verse"—is one of the less strictly religious. In this volume, even the adverse minded must concede, is contained much of what is excellent in poetry, certainly most of the best in mystic poetry; it cannot be denied that the excluding of the mediocre and the worst, of which there is a good deal to do, has been thorough and sure. One sounds the bass strings of his imagination in being a mystic; and when one goes so low, the distinction between music and noise is frequently not discoverable. Yet from noise this anthology is free: there is practically no one in this various company of the mystic and the mystically inclined whose tone loses clarity as it gains emotion. Of the impression made by the collection as a whole hardly less can be said; it is an impression much removed from the indistinctness, the empty symbolism that mars so much mystic thought and verse. You are really not sensible of the dangers of mysticism when you read poetry characterized by so much restraint, by so much dignity and humanity. The poems are freely secular, wide ranging, and rich in the depth of experience they draw upon; and as a consequence the tones with which they speak of Divinity are authoritative and final rather than fanatic. These poets, you feel, praise God from well filled minds, and there is the implication in their language that they know what discipline of the heart is. For with all their positive intuitions, their "associations with eternity," they do not fail to see, and to use in their praise, the many things that the excessively mystic would neglect or deny, the things that lend themselves especially to poetry—not only the inheritance of sense but also all which humanity has won for itself by patience and degrees, and without which it is only accidental that the inheritance of sense can become poetry. In fact one is ready to believe that the debt which such successful mysticism owes to cultivation is not slight; for certainly the debt is not a small one which poetry itself owes to cultivation. We are apt to grow negligent in our recognition of such debts when we contrast the urbane, difficult, and slow progress of cultivation with the swift and vivid passions that kindle poetry and religion; and the mystic, in proportion to his degree of mysticism, is likely to grow contemptuous. Yet even the mystic, unless he is bent on final dissolution, must pause to admit that if cultivation has made us artificial it has also made us articulate. So there is countenance perhaps, in view of the original and liberal soundness of these particular mystics, for the question: Does not he love God best who can remember otherwise than derogatorily the force of "what man has made of man"?

Of the next volume, "Dreams and Images," one regrets that so much cannot be said. Like the "Manual" it skirts easily the dangers of mysticism; it does so however by being more restricted, more official, and more partisan. It voices a less rich and varied spiritual experience, and it lacks the equanimity and resonance that make the poems of the "Manual" the excellent praise and spiritual fortification that they are. There is, of course, no defect of fervor; yet one feels acutely a thinness of expressive resources, and if not a disavowal, a neglect both of the rich poetic textiles that the senses supply and of the valuable patterns that cultivation furnishes. The urgent necessity that poetry is perpetually under of being

at once unique and inevitable, novel and familiar, discloses in this volume a good deal that seems to have been in circulation before, and leads to the suspicion that the stores here drawn upon are not copious. These poems are too slightly charged with the perception which chiefly, perhaps alone, clarifies passion and gives it authority. The writers seem to have been in too much haste to praise: they should have gone about; they should have looked at the world less narrowly; they should have known that after all the way afield more abounds in the praise of heaven which they are seeking than does the hard high road of dogma. Conceding that such a road if it is hard is also fine and smooth, and that those who travel it are safe from the amorphous subjectivity which overtakes the too indulgent mystic, one still feels that if one's companions must be not only orthodox but poetic, their view should have perspective enough to include the art as well as the object of art. The Lord is better praised and man more lastingly fortified in the "Manual" than in "Dreams and Images," because those who wrote the former made haste more thoughtfully in their fashion of praise, and with wider consideration, than those who wrote the latter.

Yet the author of "Poems of Conformity" has taken thought too, one finds, after having searched somewhat uncertainly through their adorned and intricate convolutions. Reviewing his impressions of this volume one is surprised to find at the end a postscript of dissatisfaction that he can scarcely explain. It is not because of thinness; that shortcoming cannot be charged to Mr. Williams's rather complicated maturity; his verse is even somewhat euphuistic in its exhibition of craft and poetic abundance. His orthodoxy, too, is richer in experience and has more weight certainly than that of most of the poets in "Dreams and Images." Pursuing the matter one comes presently to the conclusion that it is the poet's sophistication that he dislikes; and almost at once arises the suspicion that this sophistication shelters as comprehensive a mystic as one has yet seen. Mr. Williams possesses an abundance of verse ideas of a valuable sort; the flights of his imagination are somewhat short, but they are multifarious and very skilfully guided; he seems markedly absorbed in the science of distinction, for he sins by virtuosity sometimes; yet in spite of all this he stands rather betrayed by the blank mysticism of a poem like "Richmond Park." Such a betrayal has, indeed, all the appearance of an accident, for the author has ordinarily a firmly orthodox religious voice and so abundant and involved, yet so well modulated, an utterance that one is inclined to credit him with being better practiced in the art of felicity than in felicity itself. So the reader is forced to return upon himself and ask what has become of his distinction between the "Manual" and "Dreams and Images," of his impression as to the greater excellence and more liberal maturity of the former. But he will find that the distinction still holds, for it is not hard to see that the "Poems of Conformity" are mature in a more narrowly specialized way than those in the "Manual."

One becomes the more convinced in this impression when he turns to the more ingenuous emotion and less skilfully guided impressionability of Mr. Innes Stitt and Mr. Leo Ward. The same distinction which is to be seen in its outcome by a comparison of the "Poems of Conformity" with those in the "Manual" can be seen here in its inception. The disparity is even emphasized by the arrangement of the poems in the volume, for those dealing with the same or relative aspects of religious emotion are so paired that comparison is inevitable. And Mr. Ward is at a disadvantage in being placed so close to Mr. Stitt, who, perhaps no richer in potentiality, is yet more arresting by his greater clarity and immediacy. The spiritual unity of the two is doubtless—as their editor says—complete, but poetically they are in very different ways. The reader must seek the frequently remote meaning of Leo Ward through intricacies and subversions which do not always justify the labor they entail—as those of Mr. Williams usually do. One sometimes fails of ready comprehension and wonders if a meaning is really there. The result is unfortunate for Mr. Ward, for one turns to such poems as "To-Morrow," by Innes Stitt, rather predisposed to accept their easy intelligibility as a mark of superiority. And one finds them not only easily intelligible; they are at once familiar and distinguished; they are characterized by sincere inspiration, by lucid perception, and by a very delicate spirit of choice. Really such achievements should be held not only as the better art but also as the better religious praise, the better spiritual fortification. In such achievements is not forgotten the value, so greatly prized by Emerson, of "things used as language," a value the too partisanly religious neglect, to their own detriment; yet neither is the purpose of such praise forgotten in the business of composing it.

C. K. Trueblood.

Lords of Language

OSCAR WILDE, HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS. By Frank Harris. With a chapter by Bernard Shaw. Two vols. Published by the author; $5.

Oscar Wilde was himself too good a story-teller not to have relished this tactfully reasoned account of his own life. In what I take to have been Wilde's most mature phase and accordingly that in which his personality found most complete expression, in those last years in Paris, we know he always began the day by the absorption of apéritifs. Like the conscientious artist that he is, Frank Harris has modeled his book upon his hero even in this detail: he begins with a twenty-two page report of the trial of Oscar Wilde's father, a distinguished Dublin oculist, for the seduction of one of the younger and more charming of his patients. We already know the book is to be what Oscar would have called "scarlet."

It is appropriate that so diverting a narrative should now be issued in a less unpopularly expensive edition than the form in which the book was first published two years ago. Incidentally this life of Wilde is the most satisfying we possess, not merely containing much personal data, but also vivified and made articulate by the dramatic genius of the author. The style is clear and easy, not seldom illumined by such good things as this reflection on Oscar's talk: "It was all like champagne; meant to be drunk quickly; if you let it stand, you soon realized that some still wines had rarer virtues."

This hagiology should at length burke those heretics who would deny the importance of our most æsthetic martyr. For he that can keep the centre stage in a book by Frank Harris has certainly vindicated his right to wear those spurs which in his case were so early won across the teacups of Oxford. To few men after their death is it given to carry off so signal a triumph as this of holding through two volumes our undivided attention, even with Harris all the time in full view and of course not allowing us for a moment to forget that he has taken out all the big dogs of his day on leash for airing. Neither are the famous dogs of other days allowed to sulk behind the wings. The book includes several score and among them such diverse thoroughbreds as Luther and Baudelaire, Bentham and Michelangelo, Socrates and Bernhardt, not to mention the old headliners, Alexander and Caesar. But our producer appears to see in Goethe his best drawing-card. Indeed we find him on the first page of the little circular sent around to advertise the show. During the performance proper we are treated to the great Boche at least once in every number solemnly stalking across the scene for all the world like the negro giant in "Chu Chin Chow." Were there not already a rather cumbersome bunch of appendices dangling from the end of volume two, I should recommend to Mr. Harris that in his next edition he include a "Who's Who" of the performers. Harris's Wilde, as at once more condensed and more readable, might well supersede in the education of America President Eliot's somewhat diffuse "Harvard Classics."

But I have no right to treat as a vaudeville what the word "Confessions" in the title might well have admonished me was to be a tragedy. Also in that same little annunciatory tract we read: "Yet his ruin and death were an exemplification of the moral law; he was punished wherein he had sinned." Yes, a tragedy it is, with the protagonist likened to Milton's Satan and "the wild horses of Fate had run away with the light chariot of his fortune." Whether or not Shaw be correct in his diagnosis of Wilde as a prey to an obscure disease called giantism, we are certain that Fate at any rate has here contracted a like complaint. The book is almost as bad as a play by Sophocles. Were it not for such romantic touches as the thrice repeated phrase "strange sins" and for the stimulating atmosphere of "The Police Gazette," I fear some of us moderns could not have survived this biography of the purest modern of us all. Seriously, it is provoking to have that deft master of the quirk and cigarette silhouetted against a not less disturbedly fumy heaven than that behind the Dresden Rubens of Christ on the Cross.

Together with these impertinent paraphernalia of tragedy we find a not less impertinent, if less Greek, moral bias. Not only does Harris exhaust us as well as Wilde with interminable arguments against his friend's *péché favori,* but also he must needs whitewash Oscar of blasphemy. He forgets that he is not writing a character reference, that all the good words in the world cannot make Oscar a curate now. We have startling evidence of how potent the Puritan tradition yet is when a writer of Harris's ability can state as a truism that "all high humanity is the reward of constant striving against natural desires." All through the book we are aware of two presences at either shoulder of our author, Melpomene the trumpet-mouthed and the more nasal Virtue. In the end the more expansively fateful lady gets in the last word:

Since Luther we have been living in a centrifugal movement, in a wild individualism where all ties

of love and affection have been loosened, and now that the centripetal movement has come into power we shall find that in another fifty years or so friendship and love will win again to honor and affinities of all sorts will proclaim themselves without shame and without fear. In this sense Oscar might have regarded himself as a forerunner and not as a survival or "sport."

Really one cannot let this sort of guff pass. What has social solidarity to do with an abnormal manifestation of sex? And if in fifty years Wilde is to be honored, why not now?

Though he used it only to heat the curling-iron for his complicated coiffure of paradox, yet Oscar Wilde undoubtedly had in him a spurt of the divine fire. Try to read a man like Chesterton and you will not go far before your nerves begin to blench from those metallic paradoxes which come with all the precision of an automatic alarum. In Wilde, on the other hand, they are never the mere jolts we find them in the ordinary writer. Each has a peculiar grace and flavor of its own and one is no more the double to another than are two persons merely because both happen to be dressed in other than the expected costume. Such a book as "The Decay of Lying" has only one fault: the argument is so patently just that the style almost wearies us—charming though it be—and we desire nuts less easy to crack.

Of course to the Philistines these ideas were, are, and ever will be very real paradoxes indeed. Here lies the secret not only of Wilde's literary method, but also of his life: both his words and his poses were forever addressed to the Philistines, and that he should have found them worth mystifying is the real tragedy. Nowhere else than in England could a man of Wilde's intelligence have been bunkoed into taking the propertied classes at their own valuation. There, however, so inexpugnably are they entrenched that better men than he have accepted conditions and become, like him, despite their genius, mere snobs. Such power has the shell-fire of public opinion when kept up from the home through school and university. From Lord Byron to Lord Alfred Douglas we can watch file by the terrible troop of the damned. Had Dante been an Englishman he would have constructed in hell a tenth circle and there we should have seen no more piteous figure than Oscar Wilde. Yet mediocrity remains the prime condition of popularity, and we are pleased to find that our fop of genius never was quite the button on the cap of London society that he liked to imagine.

But if we feel his writing to be self-conscious, let us remember that in this world sanity cannot be otherwise; and of such affectations as there are we can truly say that they take our heart as no sincerity ever could do. His teaching, too, was essentially good, for in all his writings we find that most needed and most difficult of lessons: to perceive the value of the passing moment is the aim of all sound culture.

Frank Harris was a staunch friend and will always be sure of the respect and honor due to one who had the generosity to stand by a wronged man when all England forgot the meaning of the words fair play. But if it was the part of a friend to arrange for flight and to counsel it with so multiform an ingenuity, yet it was the part of a Roman, however imperial he thought himself, to stand trial. Harris was of course also right in urging his friend to conciliate "Philistine jurymen." But knowing Wilde and knowing Anglo-Saxon jurymen, does anyone believe that to have been possible? Wilde's behavior at the trial would have been a gesture for which we could now have little but admiration, if only in the sequence he had carried it off. Knowing what followed, we fear lest of the many explanations he afterwards gave for his passivity, the true one was that had he not brought suit against Queensberry and had he later fled to France, "everyone would be laughing at me"—to a snob the one unthinkable disaster.

Even so, a more virile character would have put up a fight. Reading Wilde's life we can well believe his assertions of distaste at the animalism of Trinity and Oxford and his friends' witness that he always shrank from any gross or crude expression. The same idiosyncrasy of temperament comes out in his inability to comprehend Aubrey Beardsley, even when illustrating his own "Salome." He was not sufficiently downright to savor the falcon-like intensity of him who so sheerly pounces to the sanguine heart of his subject. It would have been better to have kept complete silence than to have spoken of that divine guttersnipe as an "orchid-like personality."

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol," says Frank Harris, "is beyond all comparison the greatest ballad in English: one of the noblest poems in the language." Lord Alfred Douglas in that most terrible of all books, "Oscar Wilde and Myself," demonstrates to his own satisfaction the worthlessness of all his friend's work. I am not fond of the word demonstrate applied to questions of taste, but surely if there ever can be a demonstration in such matters, we have it in Harris's juxtaposition of some verses from "The Shropshire Lad" and parts of "The Ballad."

In such company, to my ear at least, "The Ballad" rings second-rate: the best one can say of it is that it is less insipid than the rest of Wilde's verse.

Harris speaks of the "De Profundis" as "the best pages of prose he ever wrote." Here again some of us would differ; we think that Oscar Wilde wrote better things than this pompous rigmarole in which he calls his grief at his mother's death "the incommunicable pageant of my purple woe." Despite the at least mauve quality of Lady Wilde, such an expression seems a bit thick. I wish Frank Harris had not liked the "De Profundis" so well: the influence has not been good. This extraordinary letter is an example of man's attempt to persuade himself that all is for the best and in particular that his individual fortune, whatever it be, is good. When Oscar was proud, he did not have to reflect much to reach the decision that pride is a virtue. Now that worldly disaster had overthrown his pride, there became for him no virtue like humility. In the light of his pose at the trial, this is all rather funny, but pitiful too; and regarding the "De Profundis" as a piece in the structure of Wilde's whole life, it assumes truly frightful proportions. Written to expose the perfidy of Douglas, it exposes in even more embarrassing fashion the writer himself. For the world then saw that he who had roared so prettily, now that the lion-tonic of adulation was taken from him, could only bleat those damning dicta which all humanity inevitably applaud.

Harris, like everybody else, is interested in the question of Wilde's unproductiveness those last years in Paris. Again and again he urged his friend to write, but always in vain. Why would he do nothing? Was it perhaps that literary composition had never been so easy for him as he had once pretended? Did Wilde analyze justly when he said he could write only of joy, and his prison life had made that henceforth impossible? How then could he talk, as he surely did, with the old verve and abandon? Was not the real reason that Oscar Wilde had at last come to know himself and consequently his limitations? Did he not see that of his writings his plays were the best? And was not their worth almost wholly in the brilliant dialogue? A true artist, he devoted himself to what was best in him, his conversation. What right had those who were privileged to hear him to grudge him his support? Is there any earthly reason why we should not pay for conversation as well as for books? It is fitting that the manner of payment for this most haphazard of the arts should also be unregulated. As Wilde himself said, "at any rate we who talk should not be condemned by those to whom we dedicate our talents. It is for posterity to blame us." In favor of good conversation there is, besides, the excellent argument that, after all, those who in any period can really enjoy the best of a language are so few they can easily be reached in the more intimate manner. Wilde appears to have possessed when animated a rare personal phosphorescence, such as we expect to find only in women and there not often. This combined with the genius of the man must have been irresistible. Mr. Harris is temerarious so lightly to condemn the method of Socrates and of Dr. Johnson.

But in the end we tire of all these facts and theories, so cumbrously do they hang about the gracious figure of Oscar Wilde. Let us remember him an undergraduate, seated in Magdalen Lodge, attended by the Alice-in-Wonderland porter, lazing away an Oxford afternoon. The bright-eyed commoners hurry through on willing feet to river and to playing-field. But the clever and the comely stay despite themselves. They collect about the heavy speaker of light words, a somewhat young and oily god of a new Sargasso Sea. Meanwhile the captain of the Eight is cursing that there should be no other less perilous exit from Oxford's first rowing college.

Those whom the world loves die hard and so we have more than one precious conflicting legend that Oscar Wilde yet lives. Because of his sacerdotal physique I think he would prefer us to think of him as a monk in that Carmelite Monastery in Spain. Dear lover of the irresponsible, erstwhile so elaborately an idler, cherisher of the ardent nothingness of everyday, now he habits where only the vines are irresponsible and life is a carven jade. Perhaps he is seated even now on a warm stone bench and looking out across the Atlantic. Perhaps he sees the doughty figure of Frank Harris astride his mustang plunging along over the blue backs of the waves, one hand easily controlling his remarkable mount while with the other he holds out before him, still wet from the printer, the sheets of this book; for he is eager and liberal of his own as only a cowboy can be. The venerable Carme basking in the sunlight perceptibly smiles: he is aware that this world also has its compensations.

Scofield Thayer.

A Varied Harvest

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE. By "Alpha of the Plough." Dutton; $2.
DAYS OUT, and Other Papers. By Elisabeth Woodbridge. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.
SHANDYGAFF. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page; $1.40.

Essays—three sheaves of them, garnered by three different hands. One is an English hand; one is a New England hand, gloved after the manner of the "Atlantic Monthly"; and the third is—well, in the absence of positive knowledge one would best be content to call Mr. Christopher Morley's hand Anglo-Saxon, without too pronounced a lunge toward the specific. Mr. Morley calls himself an American, and is resident in our East; but—his name, his years at Cambridge University, even the verb "shews" on the jacket advertisement (the author's own composition). . . . Though the reading public is destined to become increasingly aware of him, and that very shortly, Mr. Morley is still on the right side of thirty, and his biography therefore is not to be gathered from any of the usual works of reference. One might telephone some publishing office or other literary centre for his origins and his life thus far; but somehow one rather enjoys one's own surmises. I shall continue to figure Christopher Morley as an English university man who has transferred himself to the United States early enough to undergo, willingly and quickly, the process of Americanization. Anyhow, he writes as cheerily and intimately of New York and Long Island as of London and Suffolk.

There is no room for such uncertainty about "Alpha of the Plough." He is unqualifiedly British through and through, and is a seasoned, practiced hand. His book is made up of papers reprinted from the London "Star." He tosses these trifles off as deftly as the man in the front window of the restaurant tosses griddlecakes—and almost as mechanically. Nor does he fail to contribute the obligatory piece to show how the trick is turned. "On Writing an Article" pleasantly gives the method away, telling how one may get to the end without reaching his subject at all. But the book is a reissue, and the text calls for less comment than the pictures. These, numerous and exceedingly apropos, are by Charles E. Brock. One longs to write a book of essays, if only on the chance of getting Mr. Brock to illustrate them. How he could ever be adequately paid for putting in so much invention, understanding, taste, and variety—but that is between him and his publishers.

Miss Woodbridge's book is another matter. She relies wholly on her own good pen and unillustrated text. She too is deft, and she is zestfully original, in her trig New England way; but "Alpha" has a richer reservoir to draw on and is steadied by long-established conventions. If you find "Alpha" a little stale and cut-and-dried, you will find Elisabeth Woodbridge fresh and unhackneyed. The Anglo-Saxon world has room for both.

It assuredly has room also for Mr. Morley—and a waiting niche, which he will doubtless adorn, if he does not allow certain second-rate phases of this new world to get the upper hand of him. He exhibits both sides of the shield, is on both sides of the water—a straddle which he accomplishes with ease and spirit. His spirits, indeed, seem uniformly high, and one credits him with a good hearty young mental digestion. He is sprightly, alert, and various. He is skittish and informal too—in the fashion, ofttimes, of the young Englishman who is away from home and home regulations. He can strike a high note, as in his observations on President Wilson or on the German Emperor; and he can fall, with facility, to the lower strata of ordinary American "humor," as in "Time to Light the Furnace," or in "Febrifuge," where he handles unceremoniously, as elsewhere, certain of his brethren of the pen. He can dexterously blend English memories and American "actualities" in such a paper as "The Art of Walking"; and he can go off on absolutely unique inventions, full of "thick-coming fancies," as in his guidebook pages descriptive of the town of "Strychnine." If there is anywhere pattern and sanction for such a jeu d'esprit, I don't know where it is.

Morley is interesting to read and interesting to write about; but I must go back to the others. He, as I have implied, can readily dip to the level of the shirt-sleeve feuilleton, and he is prompt to acknowledge that his personal associates are literary celebrities, and as such may be put to any informal use; but Miss Woodbridge, even at her lightest and most elastic, does not quite forget that she has appeared in the Contributors' Club of "The Atlantic." Thought, usually; fun, often; but with decorum, whether in "Manners and the Puritan" or in "Clubs among the Cubs." And "Alpha" is genteel without end. Mr. Morley's literary manners are variable. There was of course a time,

forty or fifty years ago, when the American reader—under the spell of Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, and the rest—assumed that literature was primarily a vehicle for the self-expression of the gentleman. We know better now, when the rough-and-ready is having its day as never before. But the essay still has a few old-time shreds of gentility clinging to it. Perhaps it will be the last of the literary forms to be completely informalized and rowdified. Shirt sleeves, if swollen by the afflatus, might better pass the essay by and seek other accessible media. In the case of Mr. Morley one inclines to appeal from a Christopher intoxicated by the novelties and freedom of a new world to a Christopher sobered by a consciousness of the fine things he can achieve if he will only settle down to the work.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Purpose and Flippancy

HIS SECOND WIFE. By Ernest Poole. Macmillan; $1.50.
THE BOARDMAN FAMILY. By Mary S. Watts. Macmillan; $1.50.

Ernest Poole's latest novel is of a pleasing brevity and of a sustained interest—no small virtues among so many works of fiction in which bright and disconnected incident seems to be the one imagined artistic value. You scarcely expect him to have abandoned his well worn American theme of redemption, but you are pleasantly surprised to find that his sociological emphasis has been much mitigated. In his other books his social conscience led him always into "problems," but his artistic sense seemed incapable of holding him back from pursuing them to an almost crank-like exaggeration. The great engineering project in "The Harbor," the wonderful school in "His Family" swelled to an apocalyptic rôle that became slightly absurd even to the sense of the most inflamed "social worker" or youthful idealist. And in the latter book the process of living on in our children's lives received a damnable reiteration that fairly numbed our eugenic good will. Mr. Poole did not purport to be writing large-mouthed allegories of modern engineering and education. After all, he was telling a living story of the kind of people that we all know. But what chance had they in a sociological setting so heavily out of drawing? How could anybody help being a prig, living in such a glare of institutional responsibility, or acting always so that the sociological scriptures might be fulfilled?

In the present novel that falseness of emphasis has been much relieved, the sociology immensely deflated. We are given a straight story of personal redemption, the restoring of a young architect to his earlier ideals, back from the mad materialistic pursuit of money. There lingers an odor of the crank in that idea of an apartment house built up in receding tiers. But it is a long way ahead from the crazy dream of Bruce's in "His Family," the city of a thousand stories, with elevators and subways shooting about within it. When in the present book the devil takes Joe up into the high mountain, it is to show him, I admit, alternate red, white, and blue apartment houses on Riverside Drive, named after the presidents. But "His Second Wife" shows, on the whole, the slow maturing of Mr. Poole's imagination. To Mr. Poole these ideas do not yet seem funny; he is too much concerned with them as symbols of the struggle between mammon and the ideal. He does not feel a strain on our credulity that idealism should be so easily taken in by the grotesque, or express itself as determinedly in the grotesque. The idealism that Mr. Poole's heroes usually embody is of a very inchoate and disturbingly inarticulate nature. But in this book we are on safer ground. The motif of Ethel, the second wife, who brings about Joe's redemption in a union with his unmammonized old associates, is the familiar culture-thirst. She is seeking the purposeful people who talk about Art and Music, and holding herself doggedly to the cultural line marked out by her fiercely feministic little professor in college. The solution which restores her husband brings her to the cultural fountain of Greenwich Village in the happiest kind of an ending for a serious story of redemption. And in the absence of the brooding institutional problem even Ethel seems so much less priggish than the characters in Mr. Poole's other books that we are almost willing to excuse him his worn and faded theme.

His people, it is true, still sound like persons whom we have never met ourselves, but whom we hear a friend talk about so much that we come finally to feel almost acquainted with them. The feeling of intimacy would be better conveyed perhaps if Mr. Poole were more detached from them. There is always too much evidence that he is sharing their immaturities and making out a case for his motifs. His tone is always more or less tight and protective, as if the admission of any cynicism or even speculation about his ideals would undermine them. Life to him

seems too dangerous to be allowed to run around loose in a novel. It will not do to give the natural man entrance unless the plot is prepared to knock him on the head the minute he enters. At one point in "His Second Wife" the word "sensual" is thus properly rebuked. I can hardly think that Mr. Poole wants to write didactic novels. Yet no one is using fiction today more devotedly as a vehicle of old-fashioned moral purpose. And the strangest thing about Mr. Poole is that it is all apparently done in the name of modern ideas. Yet after all, Ethel, who finds herself so unexpectedly stepping into her dead sister's rôle, with the necessity to fight back the latter's ambitious influence that had drawn the young husband away from his dreams, is a soundly and conscientiously conceived character. There is a type of well-bred American girl who does exhibit just this combination of infantile desire and sophisticated introspection, of Joan of Arc enthusiasm for feministic causes and cringing in the face of the concrete dominating male, of extreme sexual timidity and curiosity about "modern" notions. She is the girl from whose instincts the bloom of health has been rubbed by the sterile family life and education which have worked so hard over her. She is already beginning to seem a little old-fashioned, but her hesitating priggishness is worth preserving in a novel.

In Sandra Boardman, Mrs. Watts presents us with very much the same kind of girl, but the author's imagination is unable to do anything else with her than turn her into a sort of mummified professional dancer. There is nothing inherently improbable about this pleasant girl's leaving the admirable home of one of the best families in an Ohio city to make a career for herself in New York. But having got her there, Mrs. Watts reduces this young person of good sense and taste to a sort of mechanical whirling dervish of musical comedy, lets her become preposterously affianced to her unusually awful Jewish manager, and then extricates her only by the trick of sending them to England on the Lusitania, from which she rescues only Sandra. Mrs. Watts fills her pages with so much vulgarity that I may perhaps be permitted the vulgarity of saying that at this perfectly obvious trickery I felt exactly as if my pursuit of the sincere and convincing in American fiction had been met by an unusually impudent thumbing of the nose. One is the more indignant because Mrs. Watts has so much talent. She writes with an intimacy, a fluency, a good humor that show her a competent disciple of Thackeray. You are really acquainted with her characters. She has the jolly attitude towards life that Mr. Poole lacks, and she is devoid of moralistic bias. But her glaring deficiencies of taste spoil one book after another. With her ease, humor, and astonishing feeling for the commonplaces of American existence, she can yet cheapen a book until she leaves you with a feeling of utter intellectual ribaldry. It is not only because she has the most hair-raising equipment of pseudo-current slang possessed by any American novelist, and slaps it on with a hand that knows no mercy. The air of flippancy which she always manages to reach comes from something deeper than that. I think it is that she lacks all sense of the value of her material, or at least of the proportionate values. The earlier chapters about the Thatcher and the Boardman families, the boy and girl life, are charming. This homely veracity is the thing that Mrs. Watts does best. Her easy careless style is suited to it. It is her metier. But the story of Sandra's life in New York has not the least artistic relation with this early setting. It is another novel altogether, and only a feeble artistic sense could run it so placidly along after the broad and vivid picture of the Boardman family. This family was her theme, and Sandra's adventures are an irrelevance which could only be justified by some conscientious development that would put them in the key of the earlier picture. Mrs. Watts however attempts no such development. The last touch of gaucherie is provided by the recivilized Sandra's appearance in an army camp, married to the honest sweetheart of her youth. "The Boardman Family," about whom the book is supposed to be, have long since evaporated from their biographer's interest.

Is this trickery and bad taste the result of Mrs. Watts's desire for an interesting plot? Does she pad out with Sandra because she feels that the light-minded reader is tired of the family? Or is it just American artlessness to write invertebrate novels? Mrs. Watts moves inorganically about with her slangy youth until you long for the prig again. Mr. Poole's plot is at least an honest one, organically knit. An honest plot is better than a tricky one. But perhaps American novels would be better if the writers were less concerned with plot and incident, and more with the task of telling their story with all the length and depth and breadth of its significance.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Briefs on New Books

Denmark and Sweden with Iceland and Finland. By Jon Stefansson. Putnam; $1.50.

The most recent addition to the "Story of the Nation Series" is a history of the Scandinavian lands. The author, Dr. Jon Stefansson of King's College, London, is an Icelandic scholar of some eminence, perhaps best known for his study of Scandinavian place-names in England. In the present volume Dr. Stefansson deals particularly with the history of modern times: his theme is the long and disastrous strife between the kings of Sweden and Denmark for the hegemony in the North and the control of the Baltic, the story of Danish power in the sixteenth century and of Swedish leadership in the seventeenth. The account is reasonably accurate and will prove helpful to all who would learn the main facts of Scandinavian history; it is, however, thoroughly conventional and possesses no outstanding excellences. The story of the middle ages in the North is told in the most meager detail; the author apparently does not appreciate the fact that the development of literary culture in the earlier centuries was probably of more lasting importance than the struggle for empire in later days. Two good chapters relate the separate histories of Iceland and Finland; but there is no separate treatment of Norway. This kingdom was, it is true, under Danish rule for four centuries; but in the middle ages Norway was, at times at least, the most important country in Scandinavia; and it has again enjoyed a century of honorable and independent history since 1814. Dr. Stefansson seems also to overestimate the rôle of the kings and scarcely appreciates the parts played by the great statesmen. On the whole his account is too much a history of the doings of courts and capitals; the great popular movements that after all shape the life of a nation are not given the prominence and detailed treatment that they deserve.

Pictures of War Work in America. By Joseph Pennell. Lippincott; $2.

Joseph Pennell has been at work supplying a substitute for the tremendous inventory of wartime achievement. In his new book "Pictures of War Work in America" he has given us thirty-six lithographs of the new America. Quite apart from their significance as images of our country today, they carry a new connotation of labor. One feels that Mr. Pennell should have tried for a bigger title than "War Work": in his preface there is a reference to the wonder of work, and perhaps if the title had been changed to "The Wonder of Production" it would have been more in keeping with the remarkable lithographs it embraces. Work has never ceased through the ages. Men like Millet, Menzel, and Daumier have shown us the workman and his sweat; while Pennell deals with work as arduous and as grim, he features the boundlessness and immensity of it. Where Millet dealt with the combat of hoe and weed, Pennell swings us in the immensity of production. He gives us man's control of forces, where before we had a drawn battle between the two. Seen in retrospect Pennell's early work, while always full of artistry and technical excellence, seems to have been inspired by a certain prompting of dilletantism, a certain facile grace which, though it made his cathedrals beautiful, hardly made them as significant monuments of their time as our munition works are of our own. In romantic days the hero was made the first swordsman of France. Today Pennell makes steel transcendental. It is endowed on his lithographic stone with the same power and glory that the Greek gave to the human figure, that the quattrocento painter gave to God, that the landscapist gives to the sun. Where so many war artists have descended into cheap commercialism in their strain for novelty, it is interesting to note that Pennell keeps his new strength within the bounds of art and also without any strain on his medium. His massing of blacks in "The Prow" and "The Riveters" is splendid. The Government has shown discernment in deciding that Mr. Pennell should be the one artist to see and record the newest wonders.

America's Message to the Russian People: Addresses by the Members of the Russian Mission. Marshall Jones; $1.50.

The Russian Revolution. By Alexander Petrunkevitch, Samuel N. Harper, and Frank A. Goldberg. The Jugo-Slav Movement. By Robert J. Kerner. Harvard University Press; $1.

It has taken us a year to realize how tragically important was the task of the special diplomatic mission sent to Russia to carry America's greeting to our younger sister in democracy. It then seemed eminently proper that Elihu Root should be at the head of the mission; he was our foremost statesman and diplomatist. After all, his job was to keep Russia in the war and to capture its wavering good will for the Allies. Today, of course, we have the wisdom that comes after the event and can see that probably no more unfortunate choice could have been made. There is a pathetic staleness now in Mr. Root's surmise that the Russian revolution was something more than a mere conventional political phenomenon, in his warning to the "better classes" that, unless due restraint were shown, the rights of property might be destroyed, along with opportunities for commercial development and profit. Yet Mr.

Root is careful never to mention Socialism by name—at least not in Russia. He reserves his comment for a speech in New York on his return, when he makes an engaging analogy between those holding the doctrine of internationalism and our own hard-harried I. W. W. This book is a record of the spiritual obtuseness and lack of imaginative sympathy on the part of our chief messenger to the new Russia. And so we have to turn to the lesser luminaries who, if less brilliant, are intellectually less stubborn. Their chance for understanding Russia is correspondingly greater. Mr. Harper in an essay called "Forces Behind the Revolution" sketches the changes following the overthrow of the Czar. These changes are noted in orderly manner; he gives them their due weight. Perhaps he gives them a bit more. He would have strengthened his style and point if he had given more emphasis to the intense longing on the part of the Russian people for peace—albeit a general democratic peace—and for an opportunity to work out their revolution without external complications. Mr. Petrunkevitch discovers that the intellectuals in Russia failed to understand the revolution. Mr. Goldberg contributes an interesting account of the rottenness of the Russian court prior to the debacle. And Mr. Kerner summarizes the struggle of the Jugo-Slavs for national unity.

LETTERS OF JOHN HOLMES TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND OTHERS. Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. With an introduction by Alice M. Longfellow. Houghton Mifflin; $2.50.

Holmes, Lowell, Thayer, Longfellow—amply buttressed with great names and adorned with expensive illustrations, this somewhat fragile book is ushered into a warspent world. And on the whole, though John Holmes seems to have achieved nothing in this life save character, the publication of his letters is justifiable—maybe justified—first, because his character is charmingly individual; and secondly, because it is significantly typical. John—"There is but one John," said Lowell, who loved him—was the younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was born in 1812 in the old gambrel-roofed parsonage near Cambridge Common, graduated from Harvard in 1832, housed with his mother in the old house as long as she lived (which was very long), and then moved across the Common to Appian Way No. 5, where he remained peacefully through his old age, more or less confined by a chronic lameness. Sometimes he could not walk at all; but there were more times when he hobbled about in comparative freedom. His many friends agree as to his bright-mindedness and keen sense of the droll, his quaintness and courtesy. He knew everybody in the village, at least by sight, even unto the cats.

> One kind of population is plenty at No. 5 A.W., viz., cats. They seem an Ecumenical Council. Rose, a great favorite with Miss, disappeared from Saturday night till this forenoon, when she sauntered in at the front gate with that irrelevant air that cats have, and showed little emotion at the great joy she caused.

John Holmes's provincialism, which exceeded Oliver Wendell's, was nearly as local as a cat's. Playfully, but with underlying meaning, he wrote to a friend:

> I shall surprise you perhaps by telling you that I too am going to make an excursion; and where do you suppose? I am going across the water. What do you say to that? I am going to leave my native home—its solitudes, sweet though sad—its associations—its group of familiar friends—and cross the dreary waste of waters to Boston.

He was a dear old courtly droll Brahmin, whose like we shall not see in the twentieth century. He died, appropriately, in 1899.

THE LESS FAMILIAR KIPLING AND KIPLINGANA. By G. F. Monkshood. Dutton; $2.

This book is a sufficient refutation of the claim that Kipling's reputation is extinct. No publisher would produce so wholly unnecessary a book about a forgotten man. There is probably no modern writer whose bibliography is so confusing as Rudyard Kipling's. No list even approximately complete of his uncollected works, and of the original places of publication of the collected works, has ever been compiled. Mr. Monkshood has done nothing to better our knowledge. He devotes about thirty pages to summarizing the sketches reprinted in "Abaft the Funnel," a volume which, in America at any rate, is not so scarce as to justify such an expenditure of effort; the remainder of the book is a hodgepodge of anecdotes, brief quotations from uncollected works, parodies, and bibliographic notes. Little of the material is new, and most is accessible in better form elsewhere. The most scathing parody ever written—that by Hilaire Belloc in "Caliban's Guide to Letters"—is not given, and those which are given are not worth reprinting. The bibliographic notes add nothing to the information contained in the bibliographies of Yorke Powell, John Lane, Luther Livingston, or the pretentious and unsatisfactory "Kipling Dictionary" published five or six years ago. Were Mr. Monkshood's pursuit of Kiplingana as indefatigable as his publishers assert, he would have found the series of articles which appeared in "Notes and Queries" early in 1914, and would thereby have corrected some of the errors which he repeats from the writers just named. Some day a complete biography and bibliography of Rudyard Kipling will be written, but it is not likely that Mr. Monkshood will be the author.

Notes on New Fiction

What quaint forms our new international idealism may take in an American mind is shown in an intellectual extravaganza like the anonymous "Professor Latimer's Progress" (Holt; $1.40. The author is apparently relying on a certain smart frivolity of tone to charm the reader towards a serious moral and to comfort any skepticism the war may have given him about religion or society. Professor Latimer is a kind of American Dr. Pangloss who seeks relief from the intellectual oppressiveness of the war in a walking trip through the countryside, intent on restoring his faith in the best of all possible worlds. Movie actresses, amateur sociologists, experimental psychologists, tuberculosis experts, retired reporters liberate his mind; and, talking all the while, he returns home cured, convinced that the evils of society are overrated. He demolishes a young puppy who has insulted Labor by picturing it as oppressed; he exposes a psychologist who wishes to destroy his soul with statistics; he has a dream fight with their father, the Devil; he puts the modern woman in her place. Each person he meets becomes a means of his indignantly reëstablishing for himself some particular bright side of things. If the author were only a Voltaire all this might be excellent fun. But unfortunately he really wants us to believe in his God and to believe that in his process of setting the world straight America is really going to set the eternal verities back on the wall. So his entertaining, if somewhat spinsterly, satire ends in the exquisite banality of the Professor's actually achieving comfort and consolation. Surely nothing is flatter than satire which ends in a moral. This book's dénouement makes the whimsicality of the style highly offensive. The whole thing is put off color. You suspect a provincial mind which has wrapped its naïve conservative credulity in a smart sophisticated style. The mind of the author, which one might have taken as acute, betrays itself as essentially frivolous. With the best will in the world to be at home with the ideas he tosses so lightly, he seems to lack even that sense of their significance which would justify him in ridiculing them.

"Flood Tide" by Daniel Chase (Macmillan; $1.50) is the kind of book one hesitates to varnish over with too high a gloss—out of sheer liking for the honest grain of the thing as it is. Mr. Chase surveys his hero's progress from the small Massachusetts town of his birth to college, through business in Boston and New York, to leisurely society—and back again. A young man's book, and no satire! Further marks of strength are the vividness of his vision and his unflinching style, though nowhere do you catch more than a profile of John Coffin, the hero. But an amiably American work it is, hero or no hero. There are other signs of nationality, for as in its ancestor "Silas Lapham" the hero's rise comes only after his financial downfall. Is it the puritanic story of the Rich Young Man and the Kingdom of Heaven that makes us so self-conscious about money? From Whitehaven John Coffin went on to college—very evidently Dartmouth—and in the chapters on undergraduate life Mr. Chase really begins his story. Among the easily recognizable types is one Langdon, editor of the college paper, who incidentally gives an illuminating definition of college as "catalysis." Coffin planned to return to college as an instructor, but was diplomatically thwarted by his father. He actually did start in a wholesale grocer's in Boston. From here, according to the monotonously and conventionally melodramatic way of business men, he rose to be head of a chain of retail stores in New York, in company with a Jew named Marks and his boyhood friend Stowell. Quite as clearly as in the chapters on college life, the author sketches the commercial scenes and figures of this period:

> "There was also an old ark of a typewriter, second cousin to a drop forge and related by sound to a McCormick reaper. Stowell used this as a gymnasium. . . . In the yards below me a switching engine crept about, coughing apologetically but insistently, in search of some car which had fallen into bad company."

But the business once established, Coffin neglected it for North Shore society and even a voyage of exploration to South America. This life, hardly more congenial than business, sent him back to his boyhood home—and a love affair tardily renewed. Again in Whitehaven he begins life over after the simultaneous smashup of Marks and the Stores. The book leaves him free to pursue a latent interest in painting. Good in many ways, "Flood Tide" is exceptional in one respect: it improves. Not a few of our writers, Booth Tarkington for one, seem rather to tire of their work after the second third of it. Mr. Chase lives up to his title. It is the early, and probably autobiographical, chapters which are the weakest of all. This will not be Mr. Chase's first and only book.

If Joseph Anthony had ended "Rekindled Fires" (Holt; $1.40) on page 219 he would have had a most charming novel. Stanislav Zabransky—Stanley Zabriskie for scholastic purposes—is about to lead a strike in the tobacco works in Creekville, New Jersey, when he is most amusingly and amazedly sent off to college under the patronage of his patriarchal Bohemian employer and the local Sons of Bohemia. College is, of course, the inevitable sequel to those school days, so winningly portrayed, when Stanley is the intellectual pride of the little immigrant community, teaching his father to read and conduct-

ing the literary affairs of union and saloon. Life can hardly be as idyllic and entertaining as this among the Bohemian and German factory workers of a New Jersey village, but we take the picture at its own valuation so long as Stanley stays strictly at home and the world is only as large as the village. The author's humor plays delightfully about the local racial and political feuds, the union and the school, the shrewd old parents, Stanley's adventures with his American boy friend. All this community life makes very novel material, which is treated by the author with a warm intimacy and charm that is altogether appealing. But the college life that follows is neither novel nor interesting. The pointlessness of Stanley's adventures betrays the amateur's hand, which was concealed while the author stayed with us in Creekville. Our imaginations could have done better with Stanley's progress than Mr. Anthony has. And incarceration in a Missouri college as instructor in philosophy seems a cruelly banal ending for so charming a boyhood as Stanley Zabriskie's.

"Why the 'ell," one can imagine Thomas Burke saying to himself, "wasn't I born where cinnamon and aconite, betel and bhang hang on the air, and luxurious, leisurely revenges are executed with poison and slender knives?" Why not indeed, except that then there would have been little in London's Chinatown to stimulate his interest. His senses would have been accustomed to the odors and sights that now permeate him with an exotic feeling of mystery and adventure, and every Mongol would not be so crammed with delightful dramatic possibilities. Mr. Burke's "Limehouse Nights" was melodrama carried to the *n*th degree: melodrama of the senses, of the imagination, of human events, of phrases even. There he was, in fact, such a passionate young melodramatist that one forgave him his crudities. But these stare one rudely in the eye from "Twinkletoes" (McBride; $1.35). No matter how bad the company a story writer's characters keep, they really ought not to harbor "the light of love-madness" in their eyes. Neither is it any longer fashionable for "torrents of bright curls" to "foam" about any young lady's neck, nor for prize fighters to talk like a sick schoolgirl about love, however sentimental they become. Mr. Burke's melodramatic bent is betraying him. Twinkletoes, for example, the little dancing girl who is his adored heroine, is made intolerably good and sweet just to deepen the horror of what happens one night when she goes on a little party. How can anyone help disliking a heroine who had "epigrammatic legs in their darned stockings," who is sentimental about her father and makes everyone including Mr. Burke sentimental about herself? He and she are both at their best when Twinkletoes is living as well as talking the vernacular. But vernacular and local color do not make the man or the story. When Nemesis descends upon Twinkletoes, and Chinatown learns how her education was bought at the price of her father's crime, when she weeps and gets drunk and goes to the bad, then Mr. Burke repents him of some of his ways. Then too, even at the most tear-stained spot, he has the hardihood to observe that "she was no longer a little girl, but a tortured organism." Perfervid critics have run up and down fame's ladder plucking the busts of O. Henry, Robert Louis even, and Lafcadio Hearn off their pedestals and setting Mr. Burke's in the vacant niches. It won't do. He has flashes of poetry, imagination, passion, humor. But he has not disciplined himself and he writes too often with the irresponsible excitement of a police court reporter or a builder of thrupenny thrillers.

"The Long Trick" by "Bartimeus" (Doran; $1.35) resembles nothing so much as a group of recruiting posters, drawn from life, presenting scenes on the Great Fleet in the North Sea. "Groups of Droll Officers Chaffing in the Wardroom," "Group of Midshipmen Dining in the Gunroom," "A Shore Picnic," "Galley Races, Sparring Matches, and Other Diversions aboard Ship" some might be called. The term novel, and the division of it into chapters successively numbered, is accordingly a bit misleading, for otherwise the author has made no particular effort toward continuity. "The Long Trick," "Bartimeus's" first "novel," is a natural successor to "Naval Occasions" and "The Tall Ship"—the one vivid in episode, the other keen in local color. Their virtues are the faults of "The Long Trick" as a novel; and there seems to be no real reason for insisting that this is a novel. If it is less than that in some ways, it is on the whole a great deal more. A studied plan would weaken the natural effect of "Bartimeus's" unadorned narrative. The decks of these ships are firm enough to walk on; the characters have substantial hands to shake; and the same ironic tang flavors the conversation of these enlisted men that marked that of Kipling's heroes in India. Now and again, with a sweep like Conrad's, "Bartimeus" will turn such a descriptive phrase as: "They passed each other thus. The waves that washed over the raft rolled the dead man's head to and fro, as if he found the situation rather preposterous." With such chapters in mind as that recounting the Battle of Jutland, one has no wish to disparage "The Long Trick" in calling it a series of war posters. Real artists with clear eye and firm hand are also making them.

It would be difficult, also, to apply the term fiction to any of the six sketches comprising Mr. L. P. Jacks's "The Country Air" (Holt; $1.). "Farmer Jeremy and His Ways," the first and

most creditable, is what a somewhat accelerated Addison might do in 1917; "Farmer Perryman's Tall Hat" is a distinctly rustic anecdote; there is a flavor of the sixteenth century in "A Gravedigger Scene"; "Macbeth and Banquo" seems, in spite of its address, of its tramps and smells and South Africa, and in spite of its title, to be something after the way of the urbane and superficial eighteenth century; in "Mary" Mr. Jacks appears to be taking unchivalrous British revenge on the New Woman; "That Sort of Thing," for all its banter, one suspects, is chiefly an editorial on the shocking state of British schools. There are many paragraphs and passages that would do distinct credit to a book of essays; there is humor; there is the grace of wit; there is distinction in the writing; there is evidence, even, that Mr. Jacks easily lays his hands on the materials of fiction; there is the dispatch so necessary to modern stories. But when all is seen, it is clear that this volume lacks what most of us understand by fiction. One might say that "Mary" is a novel in the making—if one thereupon hastened to add that the editor of "The Hibbert Journal" is not the man to make it. Mr. Jacks, in spite of the length of these sketches, evidently lacks the "breath" requisite for a novel; and he has the tone of a man too long committed to other opportunities than those of fiction. The fifth and sixth pieces seem to reveal one who has rather more joy in the exploits of the essayist than in the successful mise-en-scène which makes fiction.

Ladies between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight would do well to move very prudently, these days, for they are being watched. Yet some of the heroines of printers' ink are enjoying life more than sensible people can imagine. The rules of the game are few: an utter willingness, even a fanaticism, for taking a bath is the first. If there is not a bathtub around the corner at the end of an affecting scene, the whole business will go wrong. Then, it is evident that a Latin quotation in a crisis calms the nerves as nothing else can. Another requirement is the presence of a pittance, left by a dying dotard, of at least five, if not ten, thousand a year. And last, one must have, like all other paper dolls, an assortment of silk nightwear, for early morning walks in meadows and other appropriate occasions. Thus provided, the heroine proceeds to trip things up generally. The reader will see at once that any one of the novels of Robert W. Chambers—and among them his newest one, "The Restless Sex (Appleton; $1.50)—complies with all requirements. It is a perfect Soda Clerk's Paradise in its delightful details of elegance and æsthetics. The lady, gray-eyed and charming, makes a marriage of pity (although living in Greenwich Village she really need not have bothered) but lives icily chaste until the happy suicide of her gifted, but dowerless and starving, husband catapults her into the arms of the hero, the dark horse from the first, as everyone knew. At this point all those who are not already engaged follow the example of the happy pair; those whose marriages are unhappy go back into the repentant and forgiving embraces of their mates (unless they have first tidily "ended everything"); and after a good bath everyone is ready for dinner. Anne Warwick's story "The Best People" (Lane; $1.50) offers just as much pure joy to the Dressmaker's Apprentice. When a fascinating widow of twenty-seven takes the boat for Japan and determines to write her entire set of experiences in letters and diary, it is really only fair that most of the men should wind up by kissing her passionately, or otherwise showing their allegiance, in order that the quaintly beautiful settings should have some reason for appearing. Luckily the lady learns one of the oldest lessons—that people are just the same whether you meet them in Brinsville, or Japan, or Timbuctoo. Sans hope, sans purse, sans wardrobe, she races back to find the long-neglected man at home.

"The Bag of Saffron," by Bettina von Hutten (Appleton; $1.50), by reason of its fine workmanship and careful detail presents a more plausible as well as a more interesting case. The story is that of a young girl, brought by a somewhat renegade and certainly dying father to be cared for by her maiden aunts. Her gift is charm, not beauty; and her passion is that of acquisition. Her worldly sense rarely deserts her, and when it does, it is brought back again in haste. So strongly has she resolved upon a rich husband that when she has at last discovered herself to have been moved by an irresistible inclination—one cannot call it love—and married to a man who has next to nothing, she takes advantage of circumstances and runs off with the magnificent heart-eater who can give her what she must have. There seems however to be a weak point. After the scandal has been quenched, and everyone in London is at the lady's door, does it seem quite fair to suppose that upon hearing of the mortal illness of the unhappy youth who failed to satisfy her cravings, she should plunge into the night to reach his side—and suddenly discover that she knows at last what love is? Her former selfishness can hardly have been changed permanently, one would say. The result of her impulse is to settle everybody happily down in a warm climate, where the generous husband pays the bills, presumably, and watches the two young creatures beginning over again. Granted he is given a former ladylove—one of the aunts—it is a little too much to imagine his acquiescence. The workmanship, as has been said, is delightful—no clogging lists of tiresome details, yet a distinct

picture of the Yorkshire country. The characters of the aunts are exceedingly well done, without overdrawing, and the connections of the valley folk, their manners and speech, satisfy the reader. It is of course true that American soil is too new to have acquired a deep-rooted affiliation to its dwellers, but that is not the whole reason why so many English novels charm us by their richness of detail and color of atmosphere. Convincing or not as the book may seem, there is so much beside the lady errant in it that it compels attention.

It is rather unfortunate that the publishers of "Days of Discovery," by Bertram Smith (Dutton; $1.50), should have made comparison to that delightful classic, "The Golden Age." Mr. Smith's group of greedy vengeful little tyrants, unconnected—save by an occasional gold-crossed palm—with their remote elders, do indeed suggest mischievously distorted shadows of our friends in "The Golden Age." Not that the book is unreal. There is adventure, and surprise; the smell of bonfires, and the elvish experiments of curious childhood; there is whimsical outlook clothed in fantastic description. But through all the detail—"deliberately literary," in spite of the publishers—one cannot hold these dogged discoverers to one's bosom. In fact one cannot give them a civil glance until the first four chapters have been forgotten.

A swashbuckling romance in the setting of the time of the French Revolution, with enough scheming and plotting and hairbreadth 'scapes to meet the most exacting requirements, is "Lord Tony's Wife" by the Baroness Orczy (Doran; $1.35). It is another successful adventure of The Scarlet Pimpernel, where that invincible hero defrauds the guillotine of its prey, and revenge of its accomplishment. The story presents a very clear picture of the bloody days of '93, but there is an unfortunate adeptness on the part of the French peasants and bourgeoisie to fall readily into the Elizabethan idiom in moments of stress.

"The Pawns Count," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown; $1.50), is a story of international intrigue with the complications ingeniously managed in the author's best manner. The plot seems a bit pallid however at a time when the daily press furnishes war news as dramatic as any romance. A beautiful American girl in the rôle of a secret service agent successfully matches her wits against pro-German plotters. Japan and England as well as Germany and America are involved in a search for the formula of a new explosive which is juggled about mysteriously among the intrigants. There are thrilling incidents, a casual love interest, and a dénouement which piques interest.

Casual Comment

The Dial naturally takes great interest in the dispatch from London of May 21, printed in our newspapers, stating that Mr. Robert Dell, long correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" and since recently a contributing editor of The Dial, had been asked to leave France. For a considerable period letters from Mr. Dell on literary and political subjects have been appearing regularly every month in our columns, and the obvious displeasure of the French Government towards a responsible and well known foreign correspondent comes as something of a shock. It hardly accords with our conceptions of the generous attitude of France towards complete freedom of expression (an attitude in which Mme. Fischbacher—in her letter printed on another page—takes a just pride). Yet in view of Mr. Dell's expulsion, we are showing our respect for the desires of the French Govèrnment, as we understand them, by withholding from this current issue the political portion of Mr. Dell's Paris letter, written and mailed to us only a few days before the order for his expulsion was signed—"a purely political expulsion," the dispatches state. We wish to make it clear that our decision does not reflect on Mr. Dell, who is in our judgment a true friend of France, desirous only of assisting her cause. Good relations between associated peoples are, we believe, best promoted by allowing every possible latitude to responsible foreign correspondents, and in general the more fearlessly they tell the truth, the better. Of course statesmen may be sometimes annoyed at this frankness, but it is hardly necessary to balance the respective advantages of giving pleasure to statesmen as against the good which comes from a genuine understanding and rapprochement between peoples. In the final analysis, that understanding and rapprochement can come only from both countries' knowing the truth about each other, and it is that task of fearless mediation which Mr. Dell has in our opinion honestly and sincerely attempted to perform.

* * *

In not publishing the political portion of Mr. Dell's letter, we do not feel that we are dealing unfairly with our readers. Mr. Dell's attitude has been made clear in the "Manchester Guardian," from which great organ of liberal opinion in Britain, the "Evening Post" of New York has reprinted the offending disclosures *in extenso*. The facts are thus known in England and America. Since Mr. Dell based his articles mainly on what has already appeared in the French press, it follows that he has said little, if anything, which is not equally well known in Paris.

The whole question of policy revolving about the now famous Prince Sixtus note will evoke as bitter controversies among future historians as among present-day publicists. For our part, we cannot but feel that Mr. Dell did a real service to the world in presenting all the facts to the open light of public opinion. Many will say that an honorable basis of peace was presented and recklessly thrown away (as, for instance, the London "Nation" already says very plainly); others will assert that the offer was a mere insincere trap. But we do know that President Wilson himself tried to detach Austria-Hungary from Germany: his failure for the moment so to do is of course attributed by different people to different causes. Some claim that the thing was on the face of it impossible; others, that the President did not receive adequate information or support from the three leading European Allies. M. Clemenceau was clearly among the skeptics. He turned down Austria-Hungary, bluntly and with characteristic decision. He may have been right—he may have been wrong. It is obvious that not all French statesmen agreed with his procedure. It is equally obvious that his manner was not President Wilson's. All that we can presume to say at this distance is that the Prime Minister of France is a better judge than we can be of what was the best handling of French psychology.

* * *

The issue really need not be pursued further because it has immeasurably broadened. President Wilson has announced that he stands by Russia as well as by France—which means that Asia is involved with Europe and that America is involved in Asia. The fate of Alsace-Lorraine is properly an international and hence world question, yet after all what convinced President Wilson of Teutonic insincerity was less Germany's dubious proposals about the lost provinces than her open and flagrantly predatory and cynical treatment of the Ukraine, Rumania, and the Soviets. Against this background of avowed and cruel imperialism, the alleged desire by France to secure the left bank of the Rhine seems trivial. Yet with all due respect to M. Clemenceau we are bound to say that we agree with President Wilson and Mr. Balfour. It seems to us that the formal or informal presentation of this demand was unfortunate, coming at the time it did. The Rhine boundary doubtless presents military advantages which appeal strongly to French strategists. Nevertheless there are French statesmen who hold, as Mr. Dell holds, that such an annexation of German soil would leave two neighboring nations still at daggers drawn. Indeed, it is far from certain that on this particular matter France is unanimously behind M. Clemenceau. It is even less certain that the true interests of France would be served by annexations of large German-speaking territories. Certainly the answers of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons recently to the persistent questioning of Mr. Asquith gave the impression that such ambitions no longer constituted any part in the present war aims of France.

* * *

The future of France is still in peril. She cannot live beside a power so treacherous and cruel as Germany without the security of some form of international organization. And the elements of that international organization are already rallying to her aid. Outside the Central Empires and disorganized, helpless Russia, the whole world is rushing to her help. May we, therefore, make one suggestion for the consideration of our French comrades? Hitherto, nationalism in France has burned with a white heat. But is that the whole story today? Can we ever forget Edith Cavell's last words: "Patriotism is not enough"? The real guarantee for all Republics in the future will be international—a League of Nations. It will assuredly not be any secret treaty, a confidential scrap of paper, the writing on which fades, like certain inks, with daylight. Slowly but surely British diplomacy is facing West and escaping from narrow entanglements. French diplomacy, so quick to appreciate a large and abstract principle, has nothing to lose and everything to gain by admitting the influence of Washington. With the particular relations between President Poincaré, M. Clemenceau, and the French Parliament and people we of course have nothing to do, although it is clear that there has never been a greater need than there is today for solidarity. But the entrance of the United States into the struggle as an unexhausted factor suggests that the original Allies, who have fought so gallantly, can safely take a broad view of their destinies. Hard bargains in advance of victory do no good. They may do harm and create misunderstanding. It is the armies of herself and her friends which secure a certainty of justice for France, not a private pact with a Russia that has collapsed. While, therefore, we much regret the loss of Mr. Dell's services as our Paris correspondent (he will continue to be one of our regular contributors), we cannot but think that the incident will do good in so far as it removes ignorance of what is really happening amid the mysteries of European statecraft. It helps clear the ground for a straight fight between the democratic and the autocratic principles.

Books for Summer Reading

THE DIAL offers herewith a list of outstanding books published during the spring of 1918, assuming that it will be understood that such lists are suggestive rather than final.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored. By H. M. Kallen. Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.50.

India and the Future. By William Archer. Alfred A. Knopf; $3.

Per Amica Silentia Lunae. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

Appreciations and Depreciations. By Ernest A. Boyd. The Talbot Press; Dublin.

Some Modern Novelists. By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50.

On Contemporary Literature. By Stuart P. Sherman. Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50.

Platonism. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press; $1.75.

The Oxford Stamp, and Other Essays. By Frank Aydelotte. Oxford University Press; $1.20.

A Boswell of Bagdad. By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Co.; $1.35.

Diaries of Leo Tolstoy—Youth, 4 vols. Vol. 1. 1847-1852. E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell and Others. Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Expansion of Europe. By Wilbur Cortez Abbott. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co.; $6.50.

National Progress, 1907-1917. By Frederic A. Ogg. Harper & Bros.; $2.

The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Vol. 4. Robert M. McBride; $3.25.

Mysticism and Logic, and Other Essays. By Bertrand Russell. Longmans, Green & Co.; $2.50.

The Psychology of Conviction. By Joseph Jastrow. Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50.

Totem and Taboo. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. Moffat, Yard & Co.

Reflections on War and Death. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill and Alfred B. Kuttner. Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cts.

Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. The Macmillan Co.; $3.50.

The Philosophy of Benedetto Croce. By H. Wildon Carr. The Macmillan Co.; $2.25.

On Reading Nietzsche. By Emile Faguet. Translated by George Raffalovich. Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.25.

Philosophy and the Social Order. By Will Durant. Macmillan; $1.50.

Man's Supreme Inheritance. Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization. By F. Matthias Alexander. With an introductory word by John Dewey. E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

An Ethical Philosophy of Life. By Felix Adler. D. Appleton & Co.; $3.

POETRY.

Posthumous Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. John Lane Co.; $1.50.

Moments of Vision. By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Co.; $2.

Poems. By Edward Thomas. Henry Holt & Co.; $1.

Reincarnations. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Co.; $1.

Nocturne of Remembered Spring, and Other Poems. By Conrad Aiken. The Four Seas Co.; $1.25.

Pavannes and Divisions. By Ezra Pound. Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

Toward the Gulf. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

Sonnets, and Other Lyrics. By Robert Silliman Hillyer. Harvard University Press; 75 cts.

Mid-American Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. John Lane Co.; $1.25.

Georgian Poetry: 1916-1917. G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

DRAMA AND THE STAGE.

Artists' Families. By Eugene Brieux. Translated by B. H. Clark. Doubleday, Page & Co.; 75 cts.

The Miracle of St. Anthony. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.

The Harlequinade. By Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

Representative Plays by American Dramatists. 1765-1819. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Harvard Plays. Edited with introductions by Professor George P. Baker. 2 vols. Brentano; $1 per vol.

Essays on Modern Dramatists. By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

How's Your Second Act? By Arthur Hopkins. Philip Goodman.

BOOKS ON WAR AND PEACE

Men in War. By Andreas Latzko. Translated by Adele Seltzer. Boni & Liveright; $1.50.

Our Revolution. By Leon Trotzky. Collected and translated by Moissaye J. Olgin. Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25.

"The Dark People": Russia's Crisis. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

Deductions from the Great War. By Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Face to Face with Kaiserism. By James W. Gerard. George H. Doran Co.; $2.

Topography and Strategy in the War. By Douglas W. Johnson. Henry Holt & Co.; $1.75.

Militarism and Statecraft. By Munroe Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons.; $1.50.

The End of the War. By Walter E. Weyl. The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

The Structure of Lasting Peace. By H. M. Kallen. Marshall Jones Co.

The Aims of Labor. By Arthur Henderson. B. W. Huebsch; paper, 50 cts.

Freedom. By Gilbert Cannan. Frederick A. Stokes Co.; $1.

Liberty and Democracy. By Hartley Burr Alexander. Marshall Jones Co.

America Among the Nations. By H. H. Powers. Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

Credit of the Nations. By L. Laurence Laughlin. Charles Scribner's Sons; $3.50.

FICTION.

On the Stairs. By Henry B. Fuller. Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.50.

The Return of the Soldier. By Rebecca West. The Century Co.; $1.

The Threshold of Quiet. By Daniel Corkery. Frederick A. Stokes Co.; $1.50.

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. George H. Doran Co.; $1.40.

Old People and the Things That Pass. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

South Wind. By Norman Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.60.

The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. Gorge H. Doran Co.; $1.50.

Pilgrimage: III. Honeycomb. By Dorothy Richardson. Alfred A. Knopf.; $1.50.

The Tree of Heaven. By May Sinclair. Macmillan Co.; $1.60.

His Second Wife. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

Aliens. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.50.

Gudrid the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.40.

The Unwilling Vestal. By Edward Lucas White. E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

The Wife, and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.

COMMUNICATION

"LE DROIT DE RÉPONSE"

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have several times been unhappily surprised at reading Mr. Robert Dell's letters from Paris in THE DIAL and have been tempted to write, either to the author or the editor of these letters. I refrained from doing this with the thought that an intelligent and sincere American (as no doubt the correspondent of this magazine must be) could not live very long in France without learning to understand something of the character of our country and that he would soon escape from the little circle of "defeatists" which had quite evidently shut him in at first. And I would have thought myself presumptuous to interpose, even by a letter, between this stranger who came to judge my country and the people and conditions he met here.

However, his last letter, published in THE DIAL of March 14, which has just reached me, awakens in me such deep surprise and indignation that it seems impossible to keep silent any longer; I cannot refrain from trying, in such measure as I can, to put you and your readers on guard against so wrong and unjust a picture of my country. Pardon me for this interference. You cannot imagine what a blow it is, at the very hour when we hear the shells falling on Paris, at the very hour when we are in agony for our men at the Front, from whom in these last days we have had no word, to open an American magazine and find there depicting Paris this phrase: "Four months ago I said that the war was nearly forgotten here. That is still more true now."

I have not the faintest intention of discussing the details of this letter from Mr. Dell. The "affaire Caillaux" forms the basis of it and whatever your correspondent may say, the "affaire Caillaux" has little interest either for French women or for the French men who are at war. They regret it, because of the shadow which some persons are trying, without much success, to cast over the country by its means, and they wait for the verdict which will be given. Those who are interested in it—passionately, I admit—are some politicians of the rear who hope to reap a profit from it and those men who, having lacked the courage to remain in active service, are truly very desirous to hear something else talked of besides that which is happening in the army, in which they have no share whatever. These men make up a very small group—rather despised by us—but a stranger who comes to France in war time can very easily be made their dupe.

Our best men left Paris four years ago. They went away in the first days of August, 1914 and many, many of them sleep in the fields of the Marne and the Yser, of Champagne and Verdun. And those who survive are also far away—in a land where Mr. Dell will never meet them, for if he should ever risk himself there, it would be only as an amused stroller, on a carefully chosen day, in a "quiet sector."

So Mr. Dell does not know the real Frenchman. And neither has he been able, since he is a stranger, to enter into the families where he would have found the wives, the sisters, the children, the fathers and mothers who no longer have sons, and where he would hear them speak not of Caillaux and Clemenceau, but sometimes of the spirit and *always* of the memory of those who are gone. Evidently Mr. Dell has not known how to see this; so what is there left for him? Only some little political circles where he finds, naturally, those who have nowhere else to go—the "defeatists" and the "embusqués."

It is a shame! And be sure, Monsieur, that you understand the meaning of my protest. I do not for a moment accuse Mr. Dell of treachery (although there is sometimes a very disturbing resemblance between his remarks and the arguments of the German and neutral pro-German journals). I believe that up to a certain point he can give proofs and quote articles (more or less correctly understood) in support of each of his affirmations, but what he has written is much worse than a direct slander. It is, if you like, a hideous caricature instead of a portrait. The features which he has chosen belong to his subject—and it is an honor to France that even in her most vital hours all types of opinion can be expressed here—but he seems to have chosen the most unworthy and discordant features to the exclusion of all others. We ourselves scarcely know them; they are such a petty factor in the composition of our country. What he has given you is not the semblance, but the frightful distortion, of a beautiful face whose true nobility he has not wished to see.

If it were simply a question of Mr. Dell himself, I would not be so insistent. Rather I would almost wish (if he is sincere) to try to meet him and teach him to know a little about the true France of which he is so ignorant—not the France of cafes and halls which he seems to frequent exclusively, but the France of the soldiers and their families. But it is not simply a question of Mr. Dell, whose opinions, after all, are of only secondary importance. It is a question of your readers, who form a part, and I believe an enlightened part, of the opinion of that great country, America, which is in this tense hour the supreme hope of the world. That is why I write to you. We have in France a privilege called the "right to respond," by virtue of which any one who considers himself slandered in a publication can compel the editor of the article to accept his protest and to print it in the very place in which the slander appeared. Here it is, naturally, a question neither of right nor compulsion; but I consider, Monsieur l'Editeur, that it would be an act of high justice on your part to receive and make known to your readers, in whatever form you think best, this protest which comes from France. The person addressing you is neither a journalist nor a professional writer. She is just a woman—whose only brother fell near Rheims; whose husband has been away since August, 1914; and who is bringing up her children alone, in memory of those who are fallen and with profound faith in the future

of her land. It is because she does not speak to you in her own name, but in the name of the thousands and thousands of French women who are living the same lives and thinking the same thoughts, that she does not despair of being heard.

MARGUERITE FISCHBACHER.

Paris, France.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mme. Fischbacher should have observed that the date line of the particular letter of Mr. Dell's which aroused her eloquent protest showed that Mr. Dell was writing before the beginning of the German offensive of March 21. His next letter was cut for reasons of space, but its first sentence was to the effect that his own words—now that Paris talked of nothing but the military situation—had come as a blow in the face. Mr. Dell is not a recent arrival in Paris; neither is he an American. For many years he has been the correspondent of the Manchester "Guardian" in the French capital, and as such has had exceptional opportunities to learn conditions at first hand. He has personal friends among practically all of the recent Ministries. Mme. Fischbacher may also be surprised to learn that no one has written with such bitterness towards the "embusqué" as Mr. Dell himself, who, whatever may be his faults of observation, does know the French soldier and is well acquainted with his feelings. THE DIAL'S confidence in Mr. Dell is expressed at some length in the "Casual Comment" pages.]

NOTES AND NEWS

The index to the current volume is now ready and will be sent post paid to those readers who wish to receive it, provided they will send in their request within thirty days. This index is included in the library copies of THE DIAL, but it is the publisher's impression that few others will be interested in receiving an index and he feels justified in saving white paper under existing conditions.

P. W. Wilson, author of "Pilgrim Sons of 1920" in this issue of THE DIAL, is the American correspondent of the London "Daily News," of which he was formerly the Parliamentary correspondent. He was a member of Parliament from 1906 to 1910. Mr. Wilson's book "The Christ We Forget" is published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Scofield Thayer, who reviews Frank Harris's "Oscar Wilde" for this number, now joins the editorial staff of THE DIAL. After receiving the degrees A.B. and A.M. from Harvard, where he was Secretary of "The Harvard Monthly," Mr. Thayer studied for two years at Magdalen College, Oxford. He has since been writing in New York City.

Annette Wynne is a graduate of New York University (M.A. 1916). She is about to bring out a book of child verse.

The other contributors to this number have previously written for THE DIAL.

"The Muse in Arms," an anthology of war poems edited by E. B. Osborn, the English edition of which

SUMMER READING

TO CHEER

"A Prose Epic of Heroism"

THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES

By LT. CONINGSBY DAWSON, author of "Carry On," etc. *Frontispiece. Cloth,* $1.00 *net*

"From beginning to end, 'The Glory of the Trenches' is a happy book. It is happy, not because the author has escaped suffering or even horror, but because—whether or not he puts it into plain words of literal statement—he has grasped something beyond those things."—*New York Times.*

A Message of Comfort and Good Cheer for Fathers and Mothers of "Soldier Boys"

THE FATHER OF A SOLDIER

By W. J. DAWSON, author of "Robert Shenstone," etc. *Cloth,* $1.00 *net*

"This book comes from the heart and goes to it. It is the effort of a father who has reached a great height to make others realize that no lesser height is possible."—*New York Evening Post.*

TO INFORM

How Haig Fights and Feeds His Armies

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON, author of "The Rebirth of Russia," "The War After the War," etc. 16 *Illustrations. Cloth,* $1.50 *net*

"The only book of its kind in the field of war literature. It presents a huge area of intricate and humanly fascinating energies co-ordinated in effort for a mighty end, and it covers the whole territory with an economy of text little short of being marvelous."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The "Black Monk" of Russia

RASPUTIN AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL ("Count Paul Vassili") 16 *Illustrations.* 8*vo. Cloth,* $3.00 *net*

Here the author of "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" presents the details of the extraordinary career of that sinister personage—Gregory Rasputin—with truth and accuracy.

"Uneasy Lies the Head"

MY EMPRESS

By MARFA MOUCHANOW. 16 *Illustrations.* 8*vo. Cloth,* $2.50 *net*

Twenty-three years of intimate life with Her Former Majesty, the Czarina Alexandra of Russia, from her marriage to the day of her exile, written by her First Maid in Waiting. An intimate glimpse behind the purple curtain.

Secrets in the Lives of the German Princes

LOVE INTRIGUES OF THE KAISER'S SONS

Chronicled by WILLIAM LE QUEUX *Illustrated. Crown* 8*vo. Cloth,* $2.00 *net*

Here the veil is lifted from the private lives of the Kaiser's sons, showing how they were frequently involved in affairs of the heart with girls in all classes of society.

JOHN LANE CO. NEW YORK

Order From Your Bookseller

"AT McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

"The most comprehensive, thorough, and systematic presentation of German-American relations."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Survey of

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

between the

UNITED STATES and GERMANY

August 1, 1914—April 6, 1917

(*Based on Official Documents*)

By JAMES BROWN SCOTT, *Major, U. S. R.*

"A record which, if all other books in the world were to be destroyed, would itself alone be an abundant condemnation of Germany and an abundant vindication of our present course in warring against the Hun."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"An invaluable book of reference concerning the events leading up to the participation of the United States in the greatest war in history."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"It is the most damning array of evidence yet adduced."—*Phila. Bulletin.*

Royal 8vo, cloth, 506 pages, net $5.00

At all Booksellers or from the Publishers

Oxford University Press, American Branch

35 West 32nd Street - - New York

was reviewed in Mr. Shanks's letter from London in THE DIAL for January 31, is now announced in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Small, Maynard & Co., who published the 1917 "Anthology of Magazine Verse," have taken over Mr. Braithwaite's previous anthologies, 1914-1916. The 1918 volume is now announced.

Paintings and works of art which have been donated for the benefit of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund will be on sale at the Anderson Galleries, New York, June 5-7.

D. L. Stevens, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., has prepared "A Bibliography of Municipal Utility Regulation and Municipal Ownership," which is published by the Harvard University Press at $4.

For June publication Houghton Mifflin announce "Life in a Tank," by Captain Richard Haigh, and "High Adventure," a new book by Captain James Norman Hall, the American aviator who was recently reported dead, but is now reported wounded and a prisoner.

Late May issues from Moffat, Yard & Co. included: "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored," by H. M. Kallen; "On Reading Nietzsche," by Emile Faguet, translated by George Raffalovich; "Totem and Taboo," translated from Freud by A. A. Brill; and "Personality and Conduct," by Maurice Parmelee.

The early June Lane list includes: "Messines, and Other Poems," by Emile Cammaerts; "Rasputin and the Russian Revolution," by Princess Radziwill (Count Vassili); "Love Intrigues of the Kaiser's Sons," by William Le Queux; "Flower Name Fancies," a series of drawings illustrating flower nicknames, by Guy Pierre Fauconnet; and a special issue of "The International Studio" devoted to "The Development of British Landscape Painting in Water-Colors."

Two more magazines have recently issued their first numbers. "The Hispanic American Historical Review," a quarterly, is published from 1422 Irving Street, N.E., Washington, D. C. The editors are: Charles E. Chapman, Isaac J. Cox, Julius J. Klein, William R. Manning, William Spence Robertson, and James A. Robertson (Managing). "The Arbitrator," which is published monthly by the Free Religious Association of America, devotes each number to a pro-and-con debate of some question of "political, social, and moral interest," the first issue discussing the prohibition of the liquor traffic. An appended questionnaire is designed to elicit the opinions of readers for summary in a subsequent number. The address of "The Arbitrator" is Box 42, Wall Street Station, New York City.

Among the early June publications of the George H. Doran Co. are: "The Real Colonel House," by Arthur D. Howden Smith; "The New Revelation," by A. Conan Doyle; "Across the Flood," by Lord Reading; "Germany as It Is To-day," by Cyril Brown; "When the Somme Ran Red," by Captain A. Radclyffe Dugmore; "The Merchant Seaman in War," by L. Cope Cornford; "A Canadian Twilight," by Bernard Freeman Trotter; "The Warp and the Woof," by Rev. George Steven; and Harold Begbie's "Albert, Fourth Earl Grey."

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 61 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

THE WAR.

Tales from a Famished Land. By Edward Eyre Hunt. 12mo, 193 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

Under the German Shells. By Emmanuel Bourcier. Translated by George Nelson Holt and Mary R. Holt. Illustrated, 12mo, 217 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A Surgeon in Arms. By Robert J. Manion. With frontispiece, 12mo, 310 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The New Book of Martyrs. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Florence Simmons. 12mo, 221 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Heart of a Soldier. By Lauchlan MacLean Watt. 12mo, 258 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

A General's Letters to His Son: On Obtaining His Commission. 16mo, 111 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

Winged Warfare. By Major W. A. Bishop. Illustrated, 12mo, 272 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

The Merchant Seaman In War. By L. Cope Cornford. With a Foreword by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. 12mo, 320 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

The Fighting Engineers. By Francis A. Collins. Illustrated, 12mo, 200 pages. The Century Co. $1.30.

Trucking to the Trenches. By John Iden Kautz. 12mo, 173 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

A Prophecy of the War. By Lewis Einstein. With a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. 12mo, 94 pages. Columbia University Press.

The War-Whirl in Washington. By Frank Ward O'Malley. Illustrated, 12mo, 298 pages. The Century Co. $1.50.

Keeping Our Fighters Fit. By Edward Frank Allen. 12mo, 207 pages. The Century Co. $1.25.

"Across the Flood." Addresses at the dinner in honor of the Earl of Reading at the Lotos Club, New York, March 27, 1918. 12mo, 90 pages. George H. Doran Co.

Wake Up America! By Mark Sullivan. 16mo, 101 pages. The Macmillan Co. 60 cts.

FICTION.

YOU No Longer Count. By René Boylesve. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. 12mo, 270 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Pretty Lady. By Arnold Bennett. 12mo, 352 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

The Promise of Air. By Algernon Blackwood. 12mo, 279 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Graftons. By Archibald Marshall. 12mo, 337 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Foe-Farrell. By "Q" (Quiller-Couch). With frontispiece, 12mo, 358 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Caste Three. By Gertrude M. Shields. With frontispiece, 12mo, 450 pages. The Century Co. $1.40.

Over the Hills and Far Away. By Guy Fleming. 12mo, 325 pages. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Way Out. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated, 12mo, 313 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Man from Bar-20. By Clarence E. Mulford. Illustrated, 12mo, 319 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.40.

Shot With Crimson. By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated, 12mo, 161 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.

The Rose-Bush of a Thousand Years. By Mabel Wagnalls. Illustrated, 12mo, 77 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cts.

Her Country. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. 12mo, 81 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.

Ransom! By Arthur Somers Roche. 12mo, 312 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

Czech Folk Tales. Collected and translated by Dr. Josepf Baudis. Illustrated, 12mo, 196 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Great Ghost Stories. Selected by Joseph Lewis French. 12mo, 365 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Sea Power and Freedom. A Historical Study

By Gerard Fiennes. Introduction by Bradley Allen Fiske, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. 8°. 32 illustrations. $3.50 net

Until Admiral Mahan published his epochal book, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," in 1890, few had realized what a distinctive influence sea power has had on history. But Admiral Mahan only took up the period between 1660 and 1873. This most important and readable volume discusses the question throughout all the ages, including actions in the present war. A volume that cannot fail to be of greatest interest to the intelligent reader.

First, the readers of the "Bystander" were seen to go about their daily affairs with a broad grin, then London began to chuckle, and then the Empire began to rock with laughter. And all because

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

out there in the trenches, had begun to make little sketches on odd scraps of paper. Now the world is chortling over these Bairnsfather books:

Fragments from France, 8°, 143 plates, 15 smaller illustrations, $1.75. Fragments from France, Part V. 4°, paper, 32 plates, 50 cents. Bairnsfather—A Few Fragments from His Life. Large 8° text by a friend, 26 full pages, 26 text illustrations, $1.25. Bullets and Billets—His Experiences in the Trenches, with 18 full page and 23 text illustrations, $1.50.

In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

John McCrae, physician, soldier and poet, died in France, a Lieutenant-Colonel, in January 1918, but his memory will live for many a day through these war verses which are thought by many critics to be the best poetry so far produced by the war. The exquisite poem that gives the book its title has been widely reprinted in the newspapers, but most of the others are unknown to American readers.

All Booksellers

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York **London**

GREAT WAR, BALLADS
By Brookes More

Readers of the future (as well as today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having a historical basis—and inspired by the war.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful and pathetic ballads.—

True to life and full of action.

$1.50 Net

For Sale by Brentano's; The Baker & Taylor Co., New York; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; St. Louis News Co., and All Book Stores

THRASH-LICK PUBLISHING CO.
Fort Smith, Arkansas, U. S. A.

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative
156 Fifth Avenue, New York (Established 1904)
RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION
Thirty-eighth Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address
DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

IF you want first editions, limited editions, association books — books of any kind, in fact, address:
DOWNING, Box 1336, Boston, Mass.

For the Book Lover
C. Gerhardt, 25 W. 42d St., New York
Rare books—First editions. Books now out of print. Latest Catalogue sent on request.

The Advertising Representative of THE DIAL in England is
MR. DAVID H. BOND
407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

The Putnam Bookstore
2 west 45th St. Just west of 5th Ave. N. Y.

Book Buyers
who cannot get satisfactory local service, are urged to establish relations with our bookstore. We handle every kind of book, wherever published. Questions about literary matters answered promptly. We have customers in nearly every part of the globe. Safe delivery guaranteed to any address. Our bookselling experience extends over 80 years.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Poets of Modern France. By Ludwig Lewisohn. 12mo, 199 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

The Retinue, and Other Poems. By Katharine Lee Bates. 12mo, 138 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

From the Front. By Clarence Edward Andrews. 12mo, 220 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

Rhythms. By Charles Reznikoff. 16mo, 24 pages. Published by the author. Paper.

Three Plays. By David Pinski. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. 12mo, 234 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Out There. By J. Hartley Manners. Illustrated, 12mo, 182 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Wisconsin Plays: Second Series. 12mo, 217 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50,

Rise Up, Jennie Smith. By Rachel L. Field. 12mo, 22 pages. Samuel French. Paper, 25 cts.

The Land Where Lost Things Go. By Doris Halman. 12mo, 67 pages. Samuel French. Paper, 25 cts.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND REMINISCENCE.

The Expansion of Europe. By Wilbur Cortez Abbott. Illustrated, 2 vols., 8vo, 463-512 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $6.50.

Sea Power and Freedom. By Gerard Fiennes. Introduction by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. Illustrated, 8vo, 374 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Santo Domingo: A Country with a Future. By Otto Schoenrich. Illustrated, 8vo, 418 pages. The Macmillan Co. Boxed, $3.

The French and American Independence. By J. J. Jusserand. 16mo, 212 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Great War: the Causes and the Waging of It. By Theo. D. Jervey. 8vo, 103 pages. The State Co., Columbia, S. C. Paper.

A Spiritual Æneid. By R. A. Knox. 8vo, 263 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Albert, Fourth Earl Grey: A Last Word. By Harold Begbie. With frontispiece, 12mo, 183 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Acte Final de la Session de la Havane, 22-27 Janvier, 1917: Résolutions et Projets. Institut Américain de Droit International. 8vo, 129 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Reports to the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907. Edited by James Brown Scott. 4to, 940 pages. Oxford University Press. 15s.

The Guilt of Germany. Prince Karl Lichnowsky's Memorandum, together with Foreign Minister Von Jagow's Reply. With frontispiece, 12mo, 122 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts.

Liberty and Democracy. By Hartley Burr Alexander. 12mo, 229 pages. Marshall Jones Co. $1.75.

The Revolution Absolute. By Charles Ferguson. 12mo, 329 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Japan or Germany. By Frederic Coleman. 12mo, 232 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Conflict of Tax Laws. By Rowland Estcourt. 8vo, 16 pages. The University of California Press. Paper, $1.25.

Welfare and Housing. By J. E. Hutton. Illustrated, 12mo, 192 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Women Wanted. By Mabel Potter Daggett. 12mo, 384 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Collective Bargaining and Trade Agreements: in the Brewery, Metal, Teaming and Building Trades of San Francisco, California. By Ira A. Cross. 8vo, 131 pages. University of California Press. Paper, 30 cts.

The Truth about the I. W. W. 12mo, 55 pages. The National Civil Liberties Bureau, New York. Paper.

JUVENILE.

Bird Woman. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated, 12mo, 235 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The Call to the Colors. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Illustrated, 12mo, 324 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

Woodcraft Girls in the City. By Lillian Elizabeth Roy. Illustrated, 12mo, 329 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

Patriotic Plays for Young People. By Virginia Olcott. 12mo, 174 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

NOTABLE ARTICLES IN THE JULY

YALE REVIEW

Should We Build the Channel Tunnel?

BY MAJOR GENERAL GREENE, U.S.V.

A Proposal for the Immediate Building by the United States Government of this Long-discussed Bond between England and France as a Military Necessity to Win the War.

Illusions of the Kaiser and the Allies

BY E. J. DILLON, British War Critic

A Stirring Attack on the Preoccupation by the Allies with the Military Situation in the West to their Serious Neglect of the German Tactical Development in Russia and the Orient.

Why Holland has Kept Neutral

BY HENDRIK W. VAN LOON, Historian and War Correspondent

An Effective Statement of the Consistent Efforts of the Dutch Nation, while Pro-Ally in Public Sentiment, to Remain Neutral.

The New International Order

BY ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

A Timely and Highly Important Public Discussion of the New Social Order which is Emerging from the World Struggle, by the Chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party and Former Member of the British War Cabinet. This Article may well become one of the most Significant Papers of the Times.

and

A delightful essay by **Meredith Nicholson,** in a new vein.

"Jerusalem Delivered," a poem interpreting Jewish Ideals, by **Louis Untermeyer.**

"The Valleys of the Blue Shrouds," a war poem by **John Finley.**

The American Soldier's Social Problems in Europe.

The Airplane, American Women and the War, Etc., Etc.

Special Notice to DIAL Readers

This exceptionally interesting number of The Yale Review, America's leading quarterly, will be mailed free to anyone subscribing for the year beginning with the next (October) number. Price, $2.50 a year; 75 cents the copy. On sale at all important bookstores in the country.

THE YALE REVIEW, New Haven, Conn.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE DIAL.

"Unquestionably the Best"

The Boston Transcript: Of all the books that have come to our notice, works dealing primarily with the problem of Bagdad, Prof. Morris Jastrow's "The War and the Bagdad Railway," with its illustrative map, is unquestionably the best.

THE WAR AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

By MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D.
14 illustrations and a map. Cloth, $1.50 net

Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Ex.-U. S. Ambassador to Turkey: "My purpose was to congratulate you upon this excellent study and valuable contribution to possible terms of peace."

The New Republic: "Hard to match for brevity and clearness. As an Oriental scholar, Prof. Jastrow is singularly well equipped to set forth in the light of history the conditions that have made Asia Minor such a disastrous breeder of strife, and this is, in fact, his most interesting contribution."

THE WAR AND THE COMING PEACE

By MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. $1.00 net

A companion volume to the author's "The War and the Bagdad Railway," which has taken its place among the valuable books called forth by the war. Prof. Jastrow in this book, carrying out the spirit of his other work and applying himself to the deeper aspects of the war, the "undercurrents," as the author puts it, shows how both the great conflict and the coming peace must be looked at from the angle of the moral issue.

It is written for those who wish to pass from a consideration of surface events to a deeper interpretation of the great conflict; it aims especially to provide a basis on which a structure of *enduring peace can be erected.*

A Remarkable Biography

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF STEPHEN GIRARD

MARINER AND MERCHANT

By JOHN BACH McMASTER. 7 illustrations, 2 volumes, Octavo. $5.00 net

It seems strange that there has never been an adequate biography of the famous Stephen Girard, but the subject has now been handled by a master hand. From the immense mass of material available, John Bach McMaster has been able to build up a great story, told in large part by Girard himself, through his letters, papers and memoranda concerning events and people. It is not only the story of a noted man, who left his impress upon history, but also of the times in which he lived.

What Did We Get for $25,000,000?

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

Our New Possessions and the British Islands
By THEODOOR DE BOOY and JOHN T. FARIS
Profusely Illustrated. $3.00 net

Describes everything one would wish to know about these Islands, which were formerly the Danish West Indies and recently purchased by our Government. Special features: Five magnificent maps made especially for this volume; over 100 original photographs; hints and suggestions to investors; complete information for travelers; entertaining sketches and stories of the history and romance of the Islands.

By the Author of the Very Popular "HOW TO LIVE AT THE FRONT"

OVER HERE

By HECTOR MACQUARRIE, Lieutenant Royal Field Artillery. $1.35 net

Serious and sprightly snap shots of our country which Americans will read with keen delight. "A contribution to the foreign school of personal impression which is so kindly in its point of view and so interesting and informal in its style that the American reading public will doubtless take it immediately to their hearts as well as their book shelves. . . This rapid synopsis of some of the topics touched upon by the gallant author does not give any idea of the humor, the zest, the delightful quality of his book."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

OVER THE THRESHOLD OF WAR

Personal Experiences of the Great European Conflict

By NEVIL MONROE HOPKINS, Ph.D., Major, Ordnance Reserve Corps, United States Army. 70 illustrations. Many from snapshots by the author. Drawings, documents and colored proclamations. $5.00 net.

Written in a charming narrative style from a truly remarkable diary of the first few months of the great World War, taking the reader into the feverish atmosphere of Europe during the dark days of the gathering war clouds, and in the early months of the crash which followed. The proceeds from the sale of this book will be donated by the author to the fund of the Belgian Scholarship Committee of which he is Chairman.

LIPPINCOTT BOOKS

1792 1918

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
MONTREAL PHILADELPHIA LONDON

Officially Authorized by the SECRETARY OF WAR

OFFENSIVE FIGHTING

By MAJOR DONALD McRAE, U. S. A.

This book tells how the actual fighting is done. Major McRae saw a year of hard fighting. He gives specific detailed instructions on the officers' work of the armies in France. 16 original sketches to illustrate the text. $2.00 *net*

THE ENCHANTED BARN

By GRACE L. H. LUTZ, Author of "The Best Man," "Marcia Schuyler," etc. Frontispiece in color. $1.35 net

"A clean, sweet story told with fine art; a story to leave a pleasant taste lingering on one's mental palate. There are thrills in the story, too, and enough of mystery to satisfy and hold attention of any right-minded reader."—*The New York Herald.*

For Boys and Girls

AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF SIGNS, SIGNALS AND SYMBOLS

By DAN BEARD, National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America. 350 illustrations by the author. Octavo. $2.00 net.

A fascinating subject and who better qualified could be selected than Dan Beard to write about the signs and signals of the Indians, foresters and animals in the woods, tramps and secret organizations in the towns and cities, the Morse Telegraph code, the wigwagging of the navy, the deaf and dumb language? These are all here, carefully illustrated, most intelligently decribed.

WINONA'S WAR FARM

By MARGARET WIDDEMER
Illustrated. $1.25 net

Winona and her friends of the Camp Fire Girls, together with a party of Boy Scouts and a Society of little girls called "The Blue Birds," have great fun in war farming.

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO., CHICAGO.

DATE DUE

OCT 29 1984
RETD OCT 30 1984

PERIODICALS MUST BE RETURNED
TO PERIODICALS DESK ONLY

DEMCO 38-297

3 8198 316 06